Mary Pickford's Favorite Stars and Pictures

Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix tell "Why I Have Never Married"
The reading of this page will teach you the care of your gums and may prevent your toothbrush from ever "showing pink"

The soft modern food that tastes so delicious does not give the gums the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave.

The soft modern food that tastes so delicious does not give the gums the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave.

Soft foods and hasty eating are weakening gums and ruining teeth

The greatest dangers with which the teeth are threatened today are the dangers which follow in the train of a weakened gum structure.

The records of the clinics and the daily experience of the dental profession show an alarming increase in the number of tooth troubles which have their source in the gingiva (the gum structure) of the human mouth.

And the causes of this condition are not difficult to discover. Undoubtedly the greater nervous tension under which we live, and lack of sufficient exercise are, in many cases, contributing factors, but the source of most tooth troubles today can be traced to the modern diet.

How soft foods cause the toothbrush to “show pink”

Let’s face frankly the situation of your teeth and your gums. If you are an average person, you eat soft foods, with an undue amount of creamy substances and practically a total lack of roughage. Probably, too, you often eat it hastily; few people masticate their food one-tenth as much as is proper.

What is the result? Instead of stimulating the circulation of the blood in the gums, by the normal massage incident to proper mastication, gums get little or no “exercise.” Pyorrhea, infected roots, diseased sockets and gingivitis are just the normal effects from the given causes.

How Ipana helps soft gums become healthy

Ipana is a tooth paste comparatively new. Yet in the short time it has been before the profession, thousands of dentists have written us that they have adopted it in their practice, and prescribe it to patients, especially when those patients show signs of congested, soft or bleeding gums.

In stubborn cases they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush, thus helping to restore the circulation, to relieve the congestion, and to provide the gums with that exercise that they need so badly, and which our modern food does not give them naturally. Granted enough exercise, enough stimulation, just as an athlete’s muscles develop under exercise and use, the gums will grow firm and healthy.

In strengthening soft gums and in healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Dentists throughout the country use it after extraction to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and under-nourished gums, their normal tonicity.

Send for a Trial Tube of Ipana Tooth Paste

You can judge from the generous sample tube, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable cleaning power, but you can judge, too, its fine flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

Ipana Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.
51 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name...........................................................................

Address...........................................................................

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

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.
3,000 Years Ago They Began Building Sets for

George Fitzmaurice's

Production of

The Eternal City

with
Barbara La Marr
Lionel Barrymore
Richard Bennett
Montagu Love
Bert Lytell
and
20,000 others

From the book by
Sir Hall Caine

Adapted by
Ouida Bergere

Produced by
Samuel Goldwyn
not now connected with
Goldwyn Pictures

At Rome, Italy, and
New York, with the
Co-operation of the
Italian Government

Staged Midst the Historical Beauty
Spots of Rome. A Tense Poignant Romance

Shown Throughout the World After January First

A First National Picture

Now Showing—The Ultimate in Comedy Productions—Potash and Perlmutter

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
1924

Make its leisure hours better hours!

Be one of those who live their lives today—not always postponing happy times till a future that may never come!

Every day is a great day that sees work keenly done and entertainment keenly enjoyed.

This is Paramount's gospel, the gospel that you work hard enough to deserve in your spare time the finest entertainment that all Paramount's unique resources can give—and plenty of it!

Don't let rest hours be rust hours! See a great Paramount Picture today and let it send you out alight with the life and the drama and the fun that shine in every foot of it!

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

Vol. XXV

Contents

January, 1924

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Hal Phyfe
Barbara La Marr

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference
8

Brickbats and Bouquets
Frank Letters from Readers
14

Rotogravure:
Who Is the Beauty of the Screen?
Here Is a Portrait Gallery of Lovely Women: If You Select the Winner, You Will Receive Her Autographed Photograph
19

Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)
James R. Quirk

Mary Pickford's Favorite Stars and Films
Herbert Howe

Why I Have Never Married
Richard Dix

These Two Famous Screen Favorites Take the Public into Their Confidence

The Autobiography of Pola Negri

Announcing the Great Magazine Feature of 1924

Winners of PHOTOPLAY'S Cut Puzzle Contest

List of Names of Those to Whom Goes the $5,000 in Prize Money

Motion Picture Statistics for 1923
Ralph Barton

Screen Figures for the Year

Liar's Lane (Fiction)
Richard Adams

The Story of a Young Man Who Took $50,000 to Hollywood
Illustrated by Arthur William Brown
Contents—Continued

Alice and Miss Terry  Bland Johaneson  41
The Dual Life of Mrs. Rex Ingram

Natacha Valentino’s New Wardrobe  42
Paul Poiret Creates for Her Costumes of Bizarre Simplicity

The Tiger Queen  Mary Winship  45
Aileen Pringle Is Elected by Elinor Glyn for the Leading Role in “Three Weeks”

The Glare of the “Klieg” Lights Turns into the Firelight’s Soft, Warm Radiance  William J. Moll
Another Article on Home Decoration, Showing What Can Be Done with the Fireplace

His Wife’s Worst Faults  48
As Depicted in Drawings by W. J. Enright

Over the Top at Bunker Hill (Photographs)  49
D. W. Griffith Leads the Heroes of the Revolution in the Film “America”

Close-Ups and Long Shots  Herbert Howe  50
Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities

Extra! Extra! (Photographs)  52
Broadway’s Lights May Some Day Shine for These Younger Actresses of the Eastern and Western Studios

Not in the Scenario (Fiction)  Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton  54
The Third Installment of This Remarkable Serial Story of a Motion Picture Company on Location

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

What Chance Has a Man in Pictures?  Herbert Howe  57
The Answer Is Malcolm McGregor

Athlete, Preacher, Actor  Lucile N. Tate  58
Fred Thomson Steps from the Pulpit to the “Lot”

Rotogravure:  59
Who Is Your Favorite Screen Beauty?
Another List of Stars from Which to Make Your Selection

Natacha and Rudie! (Photograph)  67
Well, Almost, at Any Rate

The Shadow Stage  68
The Department of Practical Screen Criticism

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture  Terry Ramsaye  72
Chapter XXII: A Titanic Struggle for Domination and Liberty

Gossip—East and West  Cal York  74
Just an Old One-Reeler  Martin J. Quigley  77
A Picture That Was Not Made in Vain

The Silver Crazy-Quilt  79
“Stills and Titles” by Ralph Barton

“Here’s Roxey”  Martha L. Wilchinski  80
Why Should I Dress Up?
As Related to Lucinda Reichenbach

She Sets the Styles for the Stars  82
Clare West Designs Those Elaborate Costumes You Admire

Questions and Answers  The Answer Man  85
Is Edison Wrong?
Twelve College Men Are Attempting to Prove That He Is

Why Do They Do It?
Screen “Breaks” Caught by Readers of Photoplay

Friendly Advice  Carolyn Van Wyck  129
The Department of Personal Service

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 12

What Kind of Women are Most Attractive to Men?

A remarkable analysis of feminine beauty and charm. What is it that attracts men most? Is it beauty? Is it charm? Or is it that intangible quality that we call personality?

Have you ever noticed that the demure little girl without beauty, but who has been gifted with or who has cultivated personality, is a social and business success, that men are attracted to her, while her beautiful, well - groomed sister is completely overshadowed?

Herbert Howe
who probably knows personally more screen stars than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of Adela Rogers St. Johns, has written an article for the next issue of Photoplay, in which he analyzes the attractiveness of women, using as examples the outstanding feminine stars of the screen.

Next issue of

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

Out January 15
Again She Orders—

"A Chicken Salad, Please"

For him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. But how she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire her. He smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only she could be so thoroughly at ease.

She puts the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands with pencil poised, to take the order.

"A chicken salad, please." She lets herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised voice. Why? She wondered that again. This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew he must be noticing. She wasn't sure of herself, she didn't know. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But it is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

Every day in our contact with men and women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are robbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says, "Good manners make good mixers." We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.

Do You Make Friends Easily?

By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a better mixer. This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If a Dinner Follows the Wedding

—Would you know exactly how to proceed to the dining room, when to seat yourself, how to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment cannot be concealed.

Book of Etiquette Gives Lifelong Advice

Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help, advice and suggestion is required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems, answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, to avoid embarrassment and humiliation, send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer explained in the panel. Let the Book of Etiquette give you complete self-possession; let it banish the crudities that are perhaps making you self-conscious and uncomfortable when you should be thoroughly at ease.

Mail this coupon now while you are thinking of it. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton with no identifying marks. Be among those who will take advantage of the special offer. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 771, Garden City, New York.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 771
Garden City, New York

I accept your special bargain offer. You may send me the famous two-volume book of Etiquette, in a plain carton, for which I will give the minimum only $1.50 total—regularly $2.98; regular price $2.98. I am to have the privilege of returning the books within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

Name

Address

[Check this square if you want three books with the beautiful full-leather binding at $2.98 with same return privilege.]

Orders from outside the U. S. are payable $2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., $2.44 cash with order.)
ABYSMAL BRUTE, THE — Universal. — A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-hither in his eye, played by Reginald Dyer, is a beautiful St. Bernard, active in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON, THE — Hodkinson. — Lady Hamilton comes to a bad finish, but her road of life is not tedious by any means. Rather lovely acting. Not for children. (July.)

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND — Fox. — A man unjustly accused, vanishes. Pursued by detectives, he vanishes in eerie atmospheres, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. That's all. (October.)

APRIL SHOWERS — Preferred. — Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. Not highly recommended. (November.)


BAD MAN, THE — First National. — Holbrook Blinn as a villain in this picture is as in the stage version. One of the most amusing films of the month. (December.)

BAVU — Universal. — A story of Bokhorel Radiesthesia and its use in the South Sea is as they dance, swim and play. Colorful and interesting. (October.)

BLACK SHADOWS — Pathe. — A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Sea tell as they dance, swim and play. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLINKY — Universal. — The best picture. Hoot Gibson has had. The meek son of an army colonel eats the army and finds trouble. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE — Paramount. — Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Gloria Swanson wearing some clothes as only she can. Put it on the preferred list. (October.)

BOSTON BLACKIE — Fox. — The inside of the world's most disagreeable prison, with a happy ending. (August.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE — First National. — A fantasy picture, amusing and well done. Sort of Arabian Nights entertainment. The Oriental prologue is delicious. Berta La Marr and Ernest Torrence in cast. (October.)

BRIGIT SHAW, THE — First National. — A rather typical picture of life in Havana intrigue with Cuban strippers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Well acted by Redbad Bartolome, Dorothy Gish, Jetta Goudal and William Powell. (July.)

BROADWAY GOLD — Teart. — A formula picture of the good little chorus girl forced into matrimony with a dying rich man. He gets well, of course, causing complications. A jazz party is well done. Just fair. (August.)

BROKEN WING, THE — Preferred. — A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a wall into the area of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly and is interesting throughout. (September.)

BURNING WORDS — Universal. — The Canadian Mounted, and a trooper who gets his man. This time the man is a brother. (August.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE — Pathe. — A dog story: Buck, a beautiful St. Bernard, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY — Fox. — A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, told well and well directed. John Gilbert excellent in title role. A delightful example of how a picture can be done right. (July.)

CHAPTER IN HER LIFE, A — Universal. — A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweety forgiven. Rather saccharine, although well acted. (November.)

CHEAT, THE — Paramount. — Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Miss Negri's acting better than the direction. Good entertainment and just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CHILDREN OF DUST — First National. — A pleasant little picture of the small boy and the blonde girl. Harvey Carse's direction. (November.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ — Paramount. — A fast story, using plot, costumes and delightful photography. Altogether, good entertainment. (September.)

A special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photo plays 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 photo plays 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.

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE — F. B. O. — One of William P. Frache's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting mar it. (August.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH — Preferred. — High society, American heiress, decadent Russian dukes and so on. Some novelty, but not much punch. Some of the settings are beautiful. (September.)

DAYTIME WIVES — F. B. O. — At amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographe. Some-what preachy, but you can stand that. (November.)

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE — Universal. — A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with many surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DEAD GAME — Universal. — Hoot Gibson does some hard riding and fast thinking. (July.)

DESERVING, F. B. O. — The best picture. Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert after many adventures and a good love story. (September.)

DESIRE — Metro. — Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown out. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE — Asoo, Exhibitors. — Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie story."

DEUTSCHE WEGA — Paramount. — It shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE — Independent. — Absurd and artificial melodramas of the Great Northwest. Undoubtedly the worst. (December.)

DIVORCE — F. B. O. — Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

DOES IT PAY? — Fox. — Hope Hampton as a vampire who gets all the valuables in sight. It isn't very good and it won't do for children. (November.)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. — Paramount. — Universal. — A western that should have been a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August)

DOCTOR QUISTO CRANE — Z. C. B. — Universal. — A medical drama in which a medical drama in which a student, who eventually becomes a doctor, is the story of the title. (August.)

DOUBLE DIVORCE — Universal. — A stupid young man buys property of a confidence man, and get the story, with choruses as a great value. Otherwise how could it all end so happily? (July.)

DRIFTING — Universal. — Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivacious demimondaine. Fine entertainment. (November.)

DULCY — First National. — A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Show down the facility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE — Metro. — An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "Happy ending." Mary Alden does beautifully. Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE — Fox. — Roaring melodrama for the symphonies, Shirley Mason sharing starring honors with Charles Jones. Everyone who likes adventure will enjoy it. (October.)

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE — Metro. — A Northwest picture with Renee Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent story, cast and direction. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE — Goldwyn. — Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

EXCITERS, THE — Paramount. — A scanty little comedy melodrama with plenty of action and speed. Tony Moran and Bebe Daniels at their best. Good entertainment. (August.)

FAIR CHERISH, THE — F. B. O. — Rather hackneyed and repulsive in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (September.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]
CHARLES RAY

in The Courtship of Myles Standish

If you enjoy a story of thrilling adventure—a drama of love and courage—a romance of youth—then you'll sit spellbound when you see Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

Here is a picture which shows us the journey of the Pilgrims as it really was—a voyage full of peril and suspense—a fight against Indians, famine, and disease. And woven into this blood-tingling narrative is that famous love story from which the picture takes its title. Neither money nor time was spared by Charles Ray to produce "The Courtship of Myles Standish." It is both magnificent and beautiful—a masterpiece among super-productions.

And what other actor could so perfectly portray the role of John Alden? In giving us a vibrant flesh and blood portrait of this brave fighter—true lover—a friend among friends—Charles Ray does the finest work of his career.

What "The Birth of a Nation" did for the South, "The Covered Wagon" for the West, "The Courtship of Myles Standish" does in equally thrilling measure for the founding of America. Ask when it will be shown at your favorite motion picture theatre.

Produced by
CHARLES RAY PRODUCTIONS
Directed by Frederic Sullivan
Presented by
ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS
Arthur S. Kane, President
35 West 45th Street, New York City
Physical Distributors, Pathé Exchange, Inc.

This is an Encore Picture

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.
Do You Believe
in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as babies with the same kind of attention—the one boyed up with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life and then after several years, the one man, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

**At the Age of 2**
He still believes in Luck

**At the Age of 20**

He believes in Luck himself.

**At the Age of 30**

**At the Age of 40**

Out of Luck. A big success.

**At the Age of 60**

Down and out. Well provided.

American School of Photography
Chicago, Ill.

American School, Dept. G, 171
Drexel Ave., 5th Sth and Chicago

Muench, Dec.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

---

**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

(Continued from page 8)

**FIGHTING BLADE, THE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

**FIGHTING BLOOD**—(Second Series)—F. B. O.—With fantastic effects, with a pret and blood leading woman for the O'Hara boy. About the usual price ring serial. (October.)

**FIGHTING STRAIN, THE**—Steiner.—Badly written, but well-acted. (October.)

**FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE**—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagner opera of the same name. Shot in Germany and was told and photograped, with Ella Hall doing good work. (October.)

**FOG, THE**—Metro.—A story of small-town ethics with the "how his soul was saved" ending. The cast is good, but the play is not the best. (October.)

**FOG BOUND**—Paramount.—One of the formulas. Innocent man accused of a murder gets away without a trace, but unable to make a hero he wins another fortune, and being handsome wins the girl. (July.)

**FORGIVE AND FORGET**—Apollo.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It is an effective melodrama, well acted and well directed. (November.)

**FRENCH DOLL, THE**—Metro.—Mac Murray in a typical Mac Murray picture—leg,lingerie and lure. Also she's very Parisienne. (November.)

**GARRISON'S FINISH**—United Artists.—The old, hackneyed race track story, with the Southern colonel, the doped horse 'n' everything. Jack Pickford has the lead. Race scenes the best. (August.)

**GENLEMAN OF LEISURE, A**—Paramount.—Another one of the streamers. With George Grossman it becomes rapid and interesting. Jack Holt is featured, but the best acting is by Frank Nelson as a burglar. Above the average. (October.)

**Girl from the West, THE**—Ayvonn.—Complacently and inane imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (Dec.;mber.)

**Girl I LOVED, THE**—United Artists.—We recommend this about for its wild publicity stunt of presenting the entire family. It deserves your attention. A fragile, wintry little lyric inspired by J. W. Whittaker's "Riley's poem of a country boy who loves his foster sister." Ray gives one of the best performances of the screen year, superb in its humanness and tenderness. We cannot recommend it too highly. (July.)

**Girl of the Golden West, THE**—First National.—Another return engagement of that old story marred by difficulties of casting. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer the leads. (August.)

**Girl who Came Back, The**—Preferred.—The dead girl doesn't come back, but she does get diamonds and two husbands. So everybody's happy, unless possibly the audience. (July.)

**GO-GETTER, THE**—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The story of a news writer, from magazine to screen, but it is a pleasant, well-rounded narrative for a' that. (July.)

**GOING UP**—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies. Playing with Donald MacLean at his best. Laughs for the family. (December.)

**Gold Diggers, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photographe of New York, Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usually painted. Good entertainment. (November.)

**Gold Madness**—Roe.—A verbose and clonky picture, but somewhat lacking in plot. It's more of a method, and petulantly entertaining. (November.)

**Green Goddess, THE**—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a serious, but not particularly funny, which is as good as the stage version. One of the best of the season. (October.)

**Gun Fighter, THE**—Fox.—A feud picture with William Boyd and Hoagy Carmichael working up thoroughly. The title describes it. (November.)

**Haldane of the Secret Service**—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeittists, but with some good Houdini stunts. (December.)

**Heart Raider, THE**—Paramount.—Jazzy and often amusing, with Agnes Ayres setting the pace. An unexpected comedy, but set in beautiful surroundings. (August.)

**Hell's Hole**—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Betty Flynn and Charles Jones as cow- poxer and his budding wife. Good entertainment and a trick ending. (October.)

**Her Fatal Millions**—Metro.—A swiftly moving comedy of a girl's life—Violet Dana's—to a man she believes loves her. (September.)

**High Life**—Educational.—A Mermaid comedy with Lige Conley starred. A lot of old tricks, but rather well done. (November.)

**His Last Race**—Phile Goldstone.—Robert Young and Mildred Natwick in a horse racing villain in a Bertha M. Clay story. Full of "movie stuff," but most exciting. (November.)

**Homeward Bound**—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan story about homecoming. Story is unconvincing and commonplace, and there is never any doubt that Thomas will embrace Lila Lee at the end. (October.)

**Hollywood**—Paramount.—Dozens of the picture stars shown unconventionally to prove they are just humans after all. A rattling good picture, with a lot of laughs. (November.)

**Human Wreckage**—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's film protest against the drug evil. Not a cheery story, but one that will touch the heart and make an immense audience. (September.)

**Hunchback of Notre Dame, THE**—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney as Quasimodo, diabolically fascinating portrayal for which he is famous. The sets are marvelous. A picture of a fallen angel. (October.)

**Huntress, THE**—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

**If Winter Comes**—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but tiring with tears. It follows the Hutchinson novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Mark Sabre does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

**Is Conan Doyle Right**?—Pathes.—A pictorial exposé of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have preceded it. (October.)

**ITCHING PALMS**—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

**Knock at the Door**—A.—Johanne Walker.—The film history of the one where there is begun. Much ado about nothing. (November.)

**Lawful Larceny**—Paramount.—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak, but that is compensated by fairly good entertainment. (October.)

**Law of the Lawless, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe. With Dorothy Jordan and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

**Legally Dead**—Universal.—Theatricaly unloved, but a unable to use a dead man back to life. Nice as much, except for the acting of Milton Selznick. (October.)

**Lights Out**—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Well acted. (October.)

**Little Johnny Jones**—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hines is very good in this George M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and a good horse help a lot. Socially, technically and as a story, it cannot be beat. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

**Little Old New York**—Cosmopolitan.—A character study of a man with Martin Davies doing the acting of her career. Well acted, beautifully staged musical which is less so much going on, you don't mind that. A formula picture, but a good formula. (October.)

**Lost in a Big City**—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind that. A formula picture, but a good formula. (October.)
Come! The Stars Are Giving a New Year Party to You!

You are all invited by the stars and directors of First National to its happy celebration beginning New Year's day—a month's joy fest supreme at the finest theatres in the land. Never such a wealth of big pictures—stirring drama and riotous comedies, with special programs. Come everyone and enjoy them.

Hope Schower
Richard Barthelmess
Constance Talmadge
Eric Lyon
Ruth Roland
Colleen Moore
Maurice Tourneur
Marie Doro
Frank Lloyd
Bela Lugosi
Sylvia Brommer
George Fitzmaurice
Barbara La Mar
Frank Lloyd
Gail Patrick
Frank Borzage
Ben Alexander

A FEW OF THE MANY BIG ONES

Thomas H. Ince
presents
ANNA CHRISTIE
Adapted by Bradley King from Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer prize play and directed by John Griffith Wray under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince.

Samuel Goldwyn
(Not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures)
presents the
GEORGE FITZMAURICE production
THE ETERNAL CITY
Scenario by Ouida Bergere, from the story by Sir Hall Caine
Joseph M. Schenck
presents
NORMA TALMADGE
in
The Woman of Sahara
BLACK OXEN
A FRANK LLOYD
production with
Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle
From Gertrude Atherton's famous novel

FIRST NATIONAL MONTH
JANUARY 1 - 31, 1924
Celebrated At Your Favorite Theatre

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

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LOVEBOUND--F. B. O. — Well-acted, consistent story, with stout silent character. The heroine who falls in love with her secretary. The girl's father is a jeweler by trade, and the hero is a nephew who has been a police detective. The whole story is well-developed. Shirley Mason is lovely. (July.)

LOVE BRAND--Universal—Spanish ranch owner, gang of crooked capitalists, beautiful daughter of rich man loves rancher, and plot falls. All right, if you like this type of thing. (August.)

LOVE PIER, THE--Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn—Anita Stewart in the old tale of the girl who loves her father's employee. The girl finds Miss Stewart doing some fine acting. (September.)

LOVE TRAP, THE--Apollo—Melodrama filled with complications,氢短 rappers and diapers. Good plot, but handicap for not holding to theme. (December.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph—Prompts for the ladder carrier. A simple story, full of pleasant loko and kindly folk. Mary Carr excellent. Good and interesting. (August.)

MADNESS OF YOUTH—Fox—An engaging crook enters a home to rob a safe, meets the daughter of the victim. Marriage and honor in the end. John Gilbert is sincere and with Billie Dove makes the affair almost flawless. (July.)

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers.—A difficult story to screen and cut. Foreign tale, entirely satisfactory picture. Starts off well, but slumps at the end. Florence Vidor the great redeeming feature. (August.)

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph.—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting both below standard. (November.) (August.)

MAN OF ACTION, A—First National—Likable Douglas MacLean as a man playing a crook. Interesting, but incongruous. Perhaps, some day, MacLean will get a story of his own. Then, look out. (August.)

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon—Thomas Dixon's pet project for the Bell. He faced this as challenge to "machine-made pictures." The machine wins. (August.)

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount—The story is based on the Fanny, fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

MARRYING THE MOVIES—F. R. O.—Again the Hollywoodized comedy, only too often a second-rate show; what the authorities should be able to do. (September.)

McGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal—Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual dauntless hero. Plenty of action and interest, and even laugh lines. (November.)

MERRY-ROUND—Universal.—One of the best pictures in months. A Viennese story, with the atmosphere capitalistically maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (November.)

MICHAEL O'HAIRLON—Hodkinson—The too-sweet story of a Chesterfield street urchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave. (August.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitagraph.—Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Every- thing happens, virtue is rewarded and vice punished. (November.)

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines, a false accusation and, finally, vindication. Formulas again. (October.)

MONNA YANNA—Fox—Would have been better if not so heavy. Crowd scenes are well done, and Lee Foyl in tiny role is charming. Only fair. (December.)

MOTHERS IN-LAW—Gassner—Many dresses cut in short, ten-year-old girl, a lot of gossip — the usual thing. Not highly recommended. (October.)

MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE—Fox—Sarah Nisbet is lovely, a very convincing performance. (August.)

MISERS—F. B. O.—A little better than the usual story, but not of much interest. (September.)

MISTRESS OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and sly mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. Sickeningly sweet. (February.)

NEVER-DO-WELL, THE—Paramount.—Not altogether successful, nor altogether uninteresting, for Thos. Meighan hit it, Old-fashioned. (September.)

NOISE IN NEWBRO—M.—Cinderella of the small town gets the prince, and a very fine story it is, Viola Dana gins up this weak concoction. (September.)

NOTHING ENTHUSIASTIC, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and sly mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. Sickeningly sweet. (February.)

NOISE IN NEWBRO—M.—Cinderella of the small town gets the prince, and a very fine story it is, Viola Dana gins up this weak concoction. (September.)

NOTHING ENTHUSIASTIC, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and sly mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. Sickeningly sweet. (February.)

OCTOBER CAPER—F. B. O.—Well-acted, consistent story, with stout silent character. The heroine who falls in love with her secretary. The girl's father is a jeweler by trade, and the hero is a nephew who has been a police detective. The whole story is well-developed. Shirley Mason is lovely. (July.)

OLD FASHIONED FASHION—F. B. O.—Well-acted, consistent story, with stout silent character. The heroine who falls in love with her secretary. The girl's father is a jeweler by trade, and the hero is a nephew who has been a police detective. The whole story is well-developed. Shirley Mason is lovely. (July.)

OLD WIFE AND NEW WIFE—F. B. O.—Well-acted, consistent story, with stout silent character. The heroine who falls in love with her secretary. The girl's father is a jeweler by trade, and the hero is a nephew who has been a police detective. The whole story is well-developed. Shirley Mason is lovely. (July.)

ONLY LOVE—Paramount.—A delightful handling with Marathon's Millie of a story. Wilson's role fits her admirably, and May McAvoy is a star born. (September.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal—Hoot Gibson as a young cowboy transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. There are many laughs and much merriment. (December.)

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artificats.—A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a hit. Should be shown to a laughter here. Tragedy on. (December.)

PENROD AND SAN—First National.—One of the entertaining gems of the month. Real boys will be tickled by it. Members of the F. B. O. and its members who that he was once a boy. Don't miss it if you enjoy kids. (August.)

PETER THE GREAT — Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jan- nings, in the title role. This is a real picture and one that should not be missed.

POTASH AND PIRMUTTER—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage, with Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. Always interesting and filled with hearty laughter. (November.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that there's where there's heart beating to excitement. (November.)

PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS—Another tirade against the jazz bables of 1923. This time it is adapted to the girl who left the home- less and finds her way back to prosperity. (August.)

PRODIGAL SON, THE—Stoll Film Corp.—Succeeded the glem of this production ends and deadbeats, lost loves and debts. (July.)

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson.—A screen version of the Secret Service of the Confederate. A charming production, but perhaps a little fanciful to please generally. (November.)

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount.—Roger is the plot with fine acting and photography, and an effective story. Madonna, May Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is mostly wasted. Tiresome picture. (October.)

RAGGED EDGE, THE—Goldwyn.—A Harold Lloyd romance, with good acting and direction. From China to the South Seas. (August.)

RAILROADED—Universal.—A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined. Love finds a way. (August.)

RAMLIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. Lots of riding and excitement. (December.)

RAPIDS, THE—Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the building of a town by a man with brains and grit. The steel plant scenes are excellent. (September.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture, filled with excitement and thrills. Ray Milland scores again. (November.)

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox.—Half scene and half educational. Shows the heeds of Soviet Russia, a revolting group, but worth study. (September.)

REMITTANCE—F. B. O.—Ethel Clayton's lovely looks shine out from the dim and misty East, where Ethel gains a sacred vase and nearly loses her life. (July.)

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.—A comedy of the honeymoon, with all the old situations worked out. (October.)

RIGHTEST OF THE RIGHTEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alabama hills with E. E. Lincoln in the leading role, and a good ending. A fine film between Lincoln and George Siegmann. (December.)

ROSETTA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star. Mary Pickford—dainty and charming. It is a series of situations all pointing in the direction proving why Ernst Lubitsch has such a high reputation. One of the best of the year. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro.—Charmingly Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gains speed. Good entertainment. (September.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A high- amusing comedy, the locals being a Western "cow- opera" lot. Joe Keaton is as usual great, and Edward Horton provide the bulk of the many laughs. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hied rival on opposing teams. That's about it. (November.)
Rupert of Hentzau—Selznick. A lively, romantic tale, with lots of excitement and thrills, but far behind its Anthony Hope predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." (September.)

Rustle of Silk, The—Paramount. The tribulation of a British statesman, his unfathomable wife and an adhering lady's maid, who loves the statesman (the man, not the office) and doesn't much like drama. But told with fine taste and discretion, Betty Compson, Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle excellent. (July.)

Salomy Jane—Paramount. Best Hart's famous story made into an ordinary West Coast melodrama. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while, but not for children. (November.)

Sawdust—Universal. Unconfused realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide. (September.)

Secret of Life, The—Principal Pictures. The private lives of bees, bats and huge lake bare by a new photographic process. Extremely interesting. (November.)


Scararamouche—Metro. One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

Self-Made Wife, The—Universal. Three fourths of this picture is good. The end falls badly. Also unnecessarily, just to work in a jazz party. (September.)

Shadows of the North—Universal. William Desmond as a minor who fights off claim jumpers. Happy ending, after good fight and some great shots of a canoe in the rapids. Fast melodrama. (October.)

Shattered Reputations—Lee Bradford—Medore picture, artificial and badly acted. (November.)

Shock, The—Universal. Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cripple of the underworld. The miracle idea is brought in. Strong, but unpleasant—and, of course, with a happy ending. (August.)

Shoatin' for Love—Universal. Shall shock is the underlying theme of this swift Western. The hero, back from the war, walks into a feud which is fully as exciting. (September.)

Short Subjects—Educational. One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting bill; "Kino-grams," a Bruce scene; "Speed Demon," Gene Sarazen demonstrating golf, and two comedies. (September.)

Shifting Sands—Hodkinson. Desert stuff, camels against the sky and the other usual things. Sand storms, bands and much excitement, but not much of a picture. (December.)

Silent Command, The—Fox. A story of the navy. Propaganda type of picture. A good narrative of the sea, well told. For the family. (November.)

Silent Partner, The—Paramount. An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. Leatrice Joy excellent. (November.)

Six Days—Goldwyn. Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement, a remarkably good cast and direction. Very fine throughout. (November.)

Six-Fifty, The—Universal. A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back with nothing very original, but fair entertainment. (November.)

Sixty Cents an Hour—Paramount. An ambitious soda clerk plans to marry the daughter of the bank president, and go into business—all on seven-dirty a week. A riot of laughter. (July.)

Sky Proof—Fox. A racing picture after the style of the Karl Mock made famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place—you know the rest. Acting and direction of the picture runs smoothly. (August.)

Slander the Woman—First National. And still the formula! Beautiful heroine, wrongly accused, goes to the Frozen North. There, in the great, open spaces, things happen. Mostly, good photography. (August.)

Sidney, The—Paramount. A forced and artificial story of life in a Canadian village. Alice Brady, even, fails to register. (August.)

Snowdrift—Fox. A cooling Summer picture, with lots of ice and snow. A little waff, misadventures for the plot. In the great, open spaces, things happen. Mostly, good photography. (August.)

Social Code, The—Metro. A "find the woman" melodrama with Viola Dana as a society beauty and not so good as usual. Could have been a good picture, but isn't. (November.)

Soft Boiled—Fox. Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. One fight, in a shoe store, is exceptionally funny. Good, if you like Mix pictures. (October.)

[Continued on page 17]
A Protest (?)  

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has received a number of letters during the past few weeks besetting the editor because of an article published in the November issue, entitled "Who and What of the Photoplay?" Is it true that they are all right? Is it false that they are all wrong? Or is someone else publishing the same article under a different name? Is she an actress? Has she any following? Does the public want her? Will the public pay to see her pictures? Why is she featured above Lew Cody, Nita Naldi and Conrad Nagel? 

The similarity shown in these letters, not only in tone, but also in their wording and in some expressions, aroused the suspicion that they were inspired. With these letters, a protest came a number from other readers of PHOTOPLAY, stating that they had been asked to protest, but saw no reason to do so. Enclosed with these letters was a form letter sent apparently to hundreds of motion picture fans, requesting them to write to the editor of PHOTOPLAY and object to the picture being printed. 

Here is a copy of the form letter: 

1214 Laurel Avenue, 
Pasadena, California. 

MY DEAR CLUB FRIEND: 

Have you read the November issue of PHOTOPLAY? If you did, you noticed—first of all, that a perfectly disgraceful article about OUR Hope Hampton in which the manager was out of the way to say unjust and unfair things about a star whose recent work deserves only praise. Hope has received numerous letters from club members complaining about the unfairness of Photoplay, and their apparent prejudice—doubtless a personal one, and one that has no business entering a fan magazine from a professional standpoint. Nor from a personal standpoint, for that matter, since Hope Hampton is above reproach in every respect. 

Shirley and I both know Hope Hampton intimately. Hope is one of our dearest personal friends, and we have had every opportunity of seeing her as she is; seeing her as a gay, wide-awake girl—alive with brilliancy, sincere in her admiration for true friends, and warm with the love of those who know her best and admire her most. Hope is everything that her trustiest friends could wish of her. She is up to the expectations of a lady, a real actress, and a loyal friend. I'll admit that I am cross, and thoroughly disgusted with the unfairness of Photoplay. It seems to me that they are fully deserving of the hammer, and it is therefore up to us (as loyal friends of Hope Hampton, and at the same time as a supporting club) to write Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. 

Sincerely, 

Walter I. Moses. 

Ruddy and Richard  

Youngstown, Ohio. 

Dear Sir: "The Bright Shawl." I have just seen it and cannot refrain from saying that, second to "Blood and Sand," I think it is the finest picture I have seen for a long time. I have always admired Richard Barthelmess, but my admiration has grown tenfold since seeing his latest play. 

Last month some one from Sweden said that Valentino's admirers range from ten to sixteen years of age. This is decidedly wrong, as my mother and my grandparents, who are far from being of the age of either ten or sixteen, declare him to be the most graceful and charming actor that they have seen. And they surely ought to know if anyone should, after living in the large city of Pittsburgh, and seeing some of the most celebrated actors on the stage, as E. 11. Southern, Henry Irving and William Gillette. 

While in Pittsburgh last April, I saw Rudolph Valentino and his wife dancer. Later he was asked to speak. He did so with such grace and charm and with such excellent and masterly English, while every one looked on with admiration. One could see he had many admirers; young men, young women, elderly men and elderly women, while the children of ten years old were few. 

It is only ignorance, who have lived in the country all their lives and have never seen the really great actors and great plays, who do not appreciate Rudolph Valentino. We, who appreciate good acting, will make it our business to appreciate the talents and efforts of this truly great actor. He will return and we will wait patiently for him. 

Adel Marie Baker. 

We Burst with Pride  

San Jacinto, Calif. 

Editor PHOTOPLAY Magazine: 

Dear Sir: I am glad to note that you are now declaring, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was her last picture. 

There is a controversy as to whether Miss Minta was—or is—Miss Minta. 

The general impression seems to be that Miss Minta has, in some mysterious way, disgraced herself, that the public is tired of her, and that she has been replaced by "somebody else." 

I am exceedingly glad that you criticised "The Girl I Loved" so well. I consider it the most beautiful picture that I have ever seen, barring none. And "Driven!" I like it better than any other "mountaineer" movie. It is the most characteristic picture that has ever been made in this locale. 

I sincerely hope that this letter will not hurt anyone's feelings, and that it will not arouse any criticism. It is written to congratulate this magazine on its many good qualities and to suggest that which you have been doing will need and rather contradictory to the first sentence, but I'll say again that it was a long time ago. So please take the hint and publish some very nice things each. 

I am sure that I have gotten over what I wanted to, so my mission is a success. 

Alice Moore. 

A Refreshing Note  

Oak Park, Ill. 

Editor PHOTOPLAY Magazine: 

Dear Sir: I am considering the discussion concerning photoplays and photoplaygoes goes on in your columns these days: isn't it high time that somebody's voice was raised in defense of Mary Miles Minter? 

The general impression seems to be that Miss Minta has, in some mysterious way, disgraced herself, that the public is tired of her, and that she has been replaced by "somebody else." 

I am exceedingly glad that you criticised "The Girl I Loved" so well. I consider it the most beautiful picture that I have ever seen, barring none. And "Driven!" I like it better than any other "mountaineer" movie. It is the most characteristic picture that has ever been made in this locale. 

I sincerely hope that this letter will not hurt anyone's feelings, and that it will not arouse any criticism. It is written to congratulate this magazine on its many good qualities and to suggest that which you have been doing will need and rather contradictory to the first sentence, but I'll say again that it was a long time ago. So please take the hint and publish some very nice things each. 

I am sure that I have gotten over what I wanted to, so my mission is a success. 

Alice Moore.
PLAY PIANO BY EAR
Be a Jazz Music Master


No matter how little you know about music—even though you "have never touched a piano"—if you can just remember a tune, you can quickly learn to play by ear. I have perfected an entirely new and simple system. It shows you so many little tricks that it just comes natural to pick out on the piano any piece you can hum. Beginners and even those who could not learn by the old fashioned method, grasp the Niagara idea readily, and follow through the entire course of twenty lessons quickly. Self-instruction—no teacher required. You learn many new styles of bass, syncopation, blues, fill-ins, breaks and trick endings. It's all so easy—so interesting that you'll be amazed.

A Simple Secret to Success
No need to devote years in study to learn piano nowadays. Special talent unnecessary. Every lesson is so easy, so fascinating that you just "can't keep your hands off the piano." Give it part of your spare time for 90 days and you will be playing and entertaining almost before you realize it. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi—no difficult lessons or meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to the songs you play. Once learned, you have the secret for all time—your difficulties are over and...

You Become Master of the Piano
Even talented musicians are amazed at the rapid progress of Niagara School students and can't understand why this method was not thought of years ago. Naturally, the Niagara Method is fully protected by copyrights and cannot be offered by any other school. A special service department gives each pupil individual attention.

Be Popular in Every Crowd
One who can sit down at any time without notes or music, reel off the latest jazz and popular song-hits that entertain folks, is always the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought after and invited everywhere. Make yourself the center of attraction—master the piano by spending an hour a day studying the fascinating Niagara Method. As easily as thousands of others have learned, so you, too, can learn and profit—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at dances, motion picture houses and other entertainments.

Decide to Begin Now!
Just spend a part of your spare time with a few easy, fascinating lessons and see how quickly you "catch on" and learn to play. You will be amazed, whether you are a beginner or an advanced student.

Write for interesting, illustrated booklet, "The Niagara Secret"—it describes this wonderful new method of playing piano by ear. This booklet sent FREE. Enclose 6c. in stamps and you'll receive an interesting chart.

Ronald G. Wright. Director, NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

CLIP THIS COUPON NOW
Niagara School of Music, Dept. 619, Niagara Falls, N.Y. Without obligation mail me your booklet, "The Niagara Secret." I enclose 6c. in stamps for chart and names of successful students.
Name
St. and No. or R. F. D.
Town
State
Age
Ever take piano lessons? How many?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR, SNAPS, EXTRACTS, Perfume, Toilet Goods, Experience unexciting position you can get in sales or offices. We START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHING everything money can buy — men and women. $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Try it — 1st Class, no experience necessary. Former large orders $25 et seq. W. H. Hillery and Co., Drawer 50, East Orange, New Jersey.

MAKE 52 TO 52 WEEK RETURN REPRESENTING A EXCLUSIVE PRODUCT, for men and women. 25c to $250 weekly. Earn your living, make a fortune, without capital or experience. For full particulars, write to "G. Person", 25c; accept our D, 39c,c; week.

AMERICAN ACRYLIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 15a East Broadway, New York, N. Y. 25 to $15 Daily Easy—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Luxury. Must wear or replace free. Guaranteed suitable to all. 100 per cent. Satisfaction money back. Write for full particulars. 25c postpaid.

NEW WONDERFUL, OVER 1900, PROFIT is yours. Used by all leading doctors in every town. Washes, dries, cleans, sterilizes, weaves, mops, etc. Greatest year round seller. Write Hare, Brush Works, 152 2nd St., Fairfield, Iowa.

AMERICAN LOOSE LEAF LETTERS, 10c per set, make very solid. Wonderful reprinter and good profit maker. Free auto to writers. Write to The Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. 10-A, Grand Rapids, Mich.

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AS OUR AGENTS. Earnings $25 to $750 in first year. Write to The Blair Laboratories, Dept. 522, Lynchburg, Va.

PATENTS

PATENTS, WRITE FOR FREE GUIDE BOOK and FULL PARTICULARS on writing and selling inventions, especially new processes, devices, etc., for which opinion of its patentable nature, written references, names of inventors, and drafts of claims are given on request. Two cents will procure fully 100 such samples. Liberal offer to offer agents. Metallic Letter Co., 452-A North Clark, Chicago, Illinois.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATENTS should write for our book, how to Get Your Invention. Send model or sketch of invention for free opinion of patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 240, Wash. D. C.

AMERICAN SODA MACHINE, INC., 214 Commercial, Patented on improvement. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 181, St. Louis, Mo.

PREMIUMS

$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST. If you write the four years of our song: "Empty Arms," you will receive $500.00. The song is copyright and we shall send you the contest rules and terms of this long, New York, November 25.

A CASH PRIZE IS AWARDED FOR THE best second verse written for the song: "Remember." Those who write the best will receive a free list of rules by addressing Equitable Music Corporation, 486 State Theatre, New York.

ENTERTAINMENTS


MUSIC LESSONS GIVEN

You can read music as this quickly

IN YOUR HOME. Write for today's FREE BOOKLET. It contains a complete course on how to read, play, and write music. Full course $6.00. Piano, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only cost is the music. Write today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 67 Lakeside Blvd., Chicago.

Clear Your Skin

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions I want to send you my simple home treatment plan. It is a nature, soothing, and rapid complexion, and cured thousands of such cases. Simple plan and easy to follow. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment plan.

W. H. WARENO, 449 Gray Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

PIANO JAZZ

By Maxine and Ted. With us without trouble. Short Course Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required, Self-taught. Many voices created. 30 Lessons, 97 styles of Boss, 300 symphonic Effects, Blue Harmony, Beethoven, Bruch, Khachaturian, etc. With free interview to Maxine and Ted. 

Write today for Free Book.

WATERMAN PIANO SCHOOL 247 South Street Bldg., New York, N. Y.

WRITE JOKES

EARN FROM $50 TO $100 PER WEEK writing jokes, cartoons and humorous stories for newspapers. $1.00 for full particulars. Must have something written and letter of recommendation for material. Our short course in humorous material paid for. Earn in one week from $5.00 to $10.00.

Write today for full particulars.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF HUMOR

Dorothy W. Baker, Cleveland, Ohio.

Doris Nederdaver.

For a Holiday Present nothing will be more greatly appreciated than a subscription to PHOTOPLAY. You will find a subscription page on page 8.
A sallow skin is a skin that is asleep
You can awaken it!

It isn't only a rosy skin that looks young; some skins have little natural red. But there is something fresh and living about the color of a young skin that no one ever mistakes.

Your skin will keep that fresh, brilliant look of youth just as long as the pores and blood-vessels remain in active condition; when they become sluggish and lethargic, the color fades and the whole tone of the skin becomes dull and lifeless.

Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use this treatment and see what a revivifying effect it will have:

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send 10 cents for a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations

The Andrew Jergens Co.

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 40 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Name
Street
City State

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Copyright, 1923, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
Who is *The* Beauty of the Screen?

MARY ASTOR

AGNES AYRES

MABEL BALLIN

MADGE BELLAMY
Write to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY and tell him who, in your opinion, is the most beautiful woman on the screen. Not the best actress, but the most beautiful. Every person who sends in the name of the winner will receive a photograph of that actress, autographed by her. Send in your choice before February 1.
Beauty has two distinct classes—beauty, and beauty plus distinction. There are women of such distinctive beauty that they rise above ordinary standards. Has the screen such a beauty? There is the inward loveliness which ranks with harmony of features. Is one of these your choice? In this gallery are all types. Whom do you choose?
BEBE DANIELS

MARION DAVIES

PRISCILLA DEAN

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE
Let your answer to this question protect your delicate garments

To test a soap by actually washing a delicate silk or wool garment is to run a serious risk.

We believe, therefore, that you will gladly welcome this simple, but conclusive, test of a soap's safety, which can be made without endangering anything you own.

Here is the test:

Ask yourself: "Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

See how quickly and easily your answer clears up all your doubts! It is at once evident that if a soap is too harsh for your delicate skin, it must be too strong for delicate textiles.

When you apply this test to Ivory Flakes, your mind leaps at once to an inevitable conclusion—of course Ivory Flakes must be safe, because it is the flaked form of the same Ivory Soap which has cleansed and protected lovely complexions for more than 44 years.

Use this simple method

To wash fine things with Ivory Flakes is as simple as it is safe. A teaspoonful, instantly dissolved in a quart of hot water and diluted until lukewarm, gives an over-flowing bowlful of gentle, yet thorough, swift-working, cleansing suds. A few moments of dipping and squeezing, and your blouse or sweater or sheer silk stockings are daintily clean again.

Though Ivory Flakes possesses a margin of safety beyond other soaps, it is so inexpensive that you can use it economically for all the other things in your home that deserve careful laundering, and for dishwashing as a protection for your hands.

We should like to have the pleasure of sending you a free sample of Ivory Flakes, and a copy of our illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments." The note in the right-hand corner of this page will tell you how to send for them.

Ivory Flakes is for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere—in both 10 cent and 25 cent packages.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes dainty clothes last longer

Valenciennes lace and radium silk

WASHED 19 TIMES

This delicate pink nightgown, of radium silk and Valenciennes lace, was washed in Ivory Flakes on the recommendation of its owner's grandmother, who had been using Ivory Soap for delicate things ever since her girlhood.

"The color didn't fade a single bit," says the letter that accompanied the nightgown, "and the lace was not harmed either. I washed the nightgown 19 times after that and each washing was so successful that I feel I can now praise Ivory Flakes too highly." (Clipping and owner's letter on file at the Procter & Gamble office.)

FREE—This package and booklet
A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautiful illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be mailed to you without charge, if you will send your name and address to Section 45-AF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

The award of the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal of Honor to “Robin Hood” as the best picture of the year 1922, announced in the last issue of this publication, has met with universal approval. The selection has been generally praised by the press and public and the motion picture business itself. In acknowledging it, Douglas Fairbanks was most gracious, as always. “The public has signified its approval of the picture through the box office,” he said, “but it is gratifying beyond words to feel that they thought so well of it as to take the time and trouble to send in their votes for it. I shall always do my human best to continue to please them.” And in addition to taking sincere pleasure in awarding the highest mark of public expression of appreciation to Mr. Fairbanks, we want to take this opportunity to tell him that he and his work will always be an everlasting credit to the art and industry to which he is devoting his life’s best endeavors.

And while we are on the subject of Douglas Fairbanks we cannot let pass without comment his recent action in announcing that he has instructed his attorneys to bring suit against a publication that has intimated very broadly that there was domestic trouble between Mr. Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford. I am sure Miss Pickford has nothing but a feeling of pride when she is referred to as “the wife of Douglas Fairbanks.” Too many of these statements in newspapers and magazines have been allowed to go unchallenged, and we congratulate both Doug and Mary on their courage in putting a stop to it.

The motion picture business is approaching a dramatic climax. Everyone is going in for bigger pictures because the public is demanding them, and so far, seems willing to pay for them. In at least one way it is a good thing. It is a real case of the survival of the fittest, and the strong-hearted and quick-thinking will run ahead of the pack and leave the weaklings far behind. Vision, daring, and ability are the important factors in this business, as in any other. The firm which does not have at its very head a man who combines these qualities will be trampled under in the furious advance. It is a heart-breaking struggle.

A few weeks ago Famous Players decided to close down the major part of their production activities for a few months. The stock of the company tumbled on the Stock Exchange. As a matter of fact it should have gone up. The decision was a very wise one. It was sane and courageous. The company is well supplied with productions and the action was an intelligent effort to bring the business back to normal conditions. Costs have been soaring. Actors and actresses have been getting really exorbitant salaries. It was a 1923 gold rush. Producers were bidding against each other like drunken sailors for sure-fire casts. Directors were vying with each other to achieve spectacular results and personal glory without regard to cost. Some one had to call a halt. And it has given the business a lesson it will not soon forget.

Producers are again inveighing against the high salaries of players. And again they have only themselves to blame. Instead of casting actors according to their fitness for roles, producers have been engaging them for their “names”—names which are supposed to aid the box office but which, as a matter of fact, mean little. As a result of this illusion, a few players who have a more or less fictional fame have been able to get preposterous salaries, while many others equally good have been unable to get work at all. With very few exceptions, producers are afraid to take a chance on a beginner. They engage their players by their price tags. The Standard Oil Company and other big business firms take young men and educate them in the business. Thus they are not compelled to pay exorbitant salaries through shortage of capable men. In contrast, motion picture producers have taken the easiest way—and have to pay the price.

Can you imagine the Prince of Wales standing in line at a moving picture theater awaiting his turn to buy a ticket when the tall, uniformed attendant is howling “standing room only”? Neither can we. But it came pretty close to that in London during the run of “The Covered Wagon” at the London Pavilion. The prince arrived, and one of his friends explained to the manager that he desired three seats. There wasn’t an empty seat in the house. Imagine the feelings of the unfortunate manager. He explained that every seat was occupied, but that he would arrange with some of the members of the audience to accommodate the party. “I wouldn’t have anyone disturbed for the world,” said this real prince, and made arrangements to see the picture another night.

What a wonderful human being is Norma Talmadge! The other day she was discussing her future with a distinguished foreigner who expressed surprise at the enthusiasm of the American public over its favorites. He had noticed in his travels through the United States, he said, that she was universally respected and loved.

“Yes,” said Norma, “that makes me very happy, and is really the greatest reward of the work. But I realize that we must continue to be worthy of their respect and admiration. If I do not continue to make good pictures I am not entitled to it.”
Mary Pickford’s Favorite Stars

Her Favorite Stars

Douglas Fairbanks

Charles Chaplin  Lillian Gish  Charles Ray

Mabel Normand  Rodolph Valentino  Norma Talmadge

Jeanne Eagles  Sam de Grasse  Pauline Lord

Mary Pickford and her niece, Mary Pickford Rupp

By Herbert Howe

The time is coming when the screen will be controlled by a big business combine.

"Neither Douglas nor I will ever again take dictation from business men who sit in their mahogany offices back East, with their big cigars, seeking to control a business which they do not understand.

"The public demands artists, but these men do not understand the temperament of artists."

"Valentino quit. So will Douglas and I, so will Charlie, Harold Lloyd and other artists when they find they are no longer free to express themselves.

"I am no longer in pictures for money. I am in them because I love them.

"I am not vain. I do not care about giving a smashing personal performance. My one ambition is to create fine entertainment.

"If I ever retire from the screen I will become a producer—unless I am forced into retirement by the combine."

Such is the ultimatum hurled with the force and curtness of a Mussolini from under a flowery girlish hat that crowns the wisest head in motion pictures—Miss Mary Pickford’s.

Premier Pickford at Luncheon

Frankly, I had no interviewing intent when I went to lunch with Mary Pickford. I went to get her advice as to real estate investments in Los Angeles.

The Editor

No better character revelation of Mary Pickford could be had than in her attitude in listing her favorite stars and favorite films especially for us.

She regarded the work with the utmost seriousness and spent two weeks making her selections. After the lists had been compiled she made two revisions to get the exact order of her preferences.

By devoting hours of thought and priceless time in order to give an absolutely sincere and conscientious compilation, Mary reveals the reason why she is The Queen. For this conscientiousness, sincerity and indefatigable zeal, combined with her rare mentality, are applied to everything that Mary Pickford does in the service of the public.

Mary is our Queen because she is our most loyal subject.

Read this story and you will know why Mary Pickford is queen of the films and always will be. With keenness and candor, she discusses the screen of to-day, its problems and personalities.
and Films

Will Mary ever retire from the screen? If so, what will occupy her attention? She answers these questions for the first time definitely.

Mary says—

The important thing in pictures is not the story but the treatment. Setting, acting, story may all be splendid but it's the treatment that lifts a picture out of mediocrity. The ideal working combination is a fine director with a fine scenario writer. Unfortunately—

The time is coming when the screen will be controlled by a big business combine. When that time comes, I shall retire. Then I shall become a producer, unless I am forced out by the combine.

I do not care about giving a smashing personal performance. My one ambition is to create fine entertainment.

Stars must take responsibility for their pictures as well as for their performances. Look at the way Pala Negri was blamed for "Bella Donna," and the fault was not hers.

Charlie Chaplin is the greatest director of the screen. It's a pioneer. There will never be another Chaplin. How he knows women—oh, how he knows women!

I do not cry easily when seeing a picture, but after seeing Charlie's "A Woman of Paris" I was all choked up—wanted to go out in the garden and have it out by myself. Our cook felt the same way.

When I consulted a prominent banking man on the reality subject, he said: "Go to Mary, she knows more about it than anybody in Los Angeles."

I recalled an important business conference of the United Artists' Distributing Corporation. D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Miss Pickford and several shrewd officials were assembled in discussion of weighty problems, when suddenly D. W. exclaimed: "Leave it to Mary; she knows more about the business than any of us."

Not long ago the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce requested views toward the greater development of the city. The mayor, the district attorney, the leading business men replied with long essays, but the gem that glittered out of the heap was a terse little epitome from Mary Pickford, so brilliant of analysis and foresight, so sound and feasible of outline that the Chamber of Commerce ordered it bound for public record.

The troubadours of the press have long celebrated the wonder of Mary with chains of her charity, her talents, her beauty, her girlish charm and elishness. As I say, I found her about as elfish as Benito Mussolini. She hasn't as big a jaw as Benito but it's just as firm and determined.

She's a woman, a powerful, practical woman, keen of perception and judicious of reason. Her ability as an interpreter is secondary to her ability as a creator of entertainment. No rôle she can play on the screen is as great as the rôle she plays in the motion picture industry. Mary Pickford the actress is completely overshadowed by Mary Pickford the individual.

During lunch at the long table in her studio dining room she carried on discourse with director, scenario writer, publicity man, camera man and production manager. A premier in cabinet session.

Precise and sententious remarks issued amazingly from the symbol of girlish loveliness at the head of that table.

"I have only three hundred billboards for the New York showings of 'Rosita,'" she said. "Do you think that enough? I wanted five hundred. I think billboards very important in the advertising campaign."

"Douglas, how many billboards have you for 'The Thief of Bagdad?'" she asked, turning to her husband, seated at her left.

Doug, whose mind was less on business than on the approaching food, was toying aimlessly with his knife. Mary took it from him and put it down.

"You'll put out your eye," she reproved.

"I've got fifty billboards," said Doug. "The first of the year is a long time off."

"You need to reserve billboards a long time off," was Mary's pert rejoinder. "Douglas, the make-up on your chest is much darker than your face. There is too much contrast. I'm sure the camera is going to get it."

Doug's director, Raoul Walsh, said he thought it was all right.

"I'm sure it will pick up darker in some lights," insisted Mary.

"You had better powder over it a little, Douglas."

Douglas, nibbling grapes, said, "All right, dear."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
Why I Have

By Bebe Daniels

I have contemplated marriage, have been on the verge of it. But I would not give up my work for marriage. It seems very difficult to reconcile a career and a husband. It's so difficult for the man. To me, marriage is a sacrament, and when I marry, I hope it will be "until death do us part" and even after that. I do not believe in divorce, for myself, at least, and so I am going to do my part to be reasonably sure before I take the sacred vows that my marriage has the best possible chance of being a successful one.

In other walks of life than ours, the matrimonial problem doesn't seem so difficult to solve, although I believe we are living in an age of tremendous readjustment between the sexes. But in our profession it seems so easy to make mistakes in selecting a life mate. The obstacles in the path of happiness seem so much greater.

For a girl to be happily married and, at the same time, give the necessary time and interest and energy to a career, she must have a husband of unusual understanding. No matter how hard she tries, how good her intentions may be, after the ceremony is over it is too late to remedy certain fundamental conditions. The understanding must be complete before marriage, and such a requirement as that would, of course, prevent a lot of marriages.

Men, as a rule, want their wives to themselves. Not only do they want their time and attention, but they want their thoughts. Men, for centuries, have been trained to expect that their wives should be subordinate to them, financially, professionally—that they should stay at home and bear children and conduct the house.

But if a girl has worked conscientiously for years and attained any degree of prominence and success in her profession, she isn't satisfied to abandon her ambitions any more than a man would be satisfied to give up his.

Frankly, I would not give up my work for marriage. I have worked since I was seven years old. It is my life. I don't see any fair reason why I should give it up.

And yet, it seems very difficult to reconcile a career and a husband. Most of the examples I have seen haven't encouraged me.

It's so tremendously difficult for the man. I understand that. They are seeing what has been their tradition, their very world, tumble about them. They are facing basic changes. Their heritage of lordship over the [continued on page 119]

EVERY girl looks forward to the time when she will be a wife and mother. Nature planted that desire in the heart of every woman and nature is still the strongest force. Education and progress have in no way dimmed that eternal longing for wifehood and motherhood that, for generations, has been a part of every feminine heart. And most women feel that, until they have borne a child, they have not fulfilled the cycle of existence nor touched the highest point of being.

I am no exception to the rule. In fact, I believe that force is stronger in me than it is in most women today.

But to me marriage is a sacrament, and when I marry I hope it will be "until death do us part" and even after that. I do not believe in divorce, for myself at least, and so I am going to do my part to be reasonably sure before I take the sacred vows that my marriage has the best possible chance of being a successful and happy one.

That is why I have waited and why I am one of the few girls on the screen still single. Many have tried it and failed.
I want to marry. No man's life can be complete without a wife and, particularly, without children. They say the father complex is not active in most men, but I believe it is in me. If I don't marry, I'll adopt some children. But maybe the reason I've been waiting and hoping to find my right girl, why I haven't been ashamed to wait even though I felt very humble myself—maybe the reason is that I've looked upon my wife as the woman my children would some day call Mother—and that's a very important thing.

Never Married

By Richard Dix

It is a difficult thing to stop and analyze why you have never married. Almost as difficult as to analyze why you have. Try it yourself, sometime.

Marriage comes natural to some people. There are marrying men and marrying women, who look forward to that state as the correct and proper one for all mankind. There are others who shy at the mere thought and have to be blindfolded by love, snared by clever tricks and gently eased into double harness.

There is no law in the world so powerful as the marriage law, no law so necessary to the future of the race and the development of a people. Seriously I think every man should marry and have children. But somehow, it just hasn't happened to me.

I suppose the truth is, though my masculine ego hates to admit it, that the real reason is because no woman has ever been sufficiently in love with me to really want to marry me. If one had been she would have.

Up to this moment, I have never felt the surge of that great and wonderful love that wipes out all considerations of the future and sweeps you helpless and blissful to the altar. I hope I will. Love is a perfect anaesthetic. Only, when you come to, instead of being minus a pair of tonsils or an appendix, you're plus a rib.

When that feeling comes, you no longer analyze and study and weigh things pro and con in an effort to assure yourself some happiness before the final knot is tied.

Oh, I have been in love plenty of times. I've gone through most of the stages. It's just never happened to be the marrying kind of love. There is the stage of puppy love, which is an emotion of the soul, and which may occur any time in childhood. I remember when I left home at 16 to go on the stage in New York and earn my living, I left a girl behind me. She was very pretty. I think she had soft brown curls, and I know she had dimples. I adored her, with a hopeless, helpless adoration. I remember all the way to the depot in the "surrey" I planned that when we said good-by on the station platform I would kiss her. She had promised to wait for me. I didn't kiss her. That is one thing life can never give to me, that missed kiss.

She didn't wait. When I came home two years later, she had married the postman. I have since grown philosophical about everything except that kiss. For I have never wanted to kiss a woman quite so badly since, with quite that lovely, white flame.

Then, there is the period of romantic adventure. A man is interested in woman, paralyzed by her many attractions, her understandableness, her mystery. Curiosity drives him into unbelievable experiments. I believe most men marry to try to solve this mystery. They think if they can possess a woman, live with her constantly, they shall find the answer to the eternal riddle. Perhaps it is one of those riddles without an answer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]
PHOTOPLAY Magazine has the honor of presenting the life impressions, commencing in the next issue of the great Polish actress, considered by many to be the greatest artist the screen has revealed—and certainly its most interesting figure of the hour.

The name of Negri has something of the dignity and mystery that surrounds the name of Duse, commanding as it does a respect for an art rather than for a personality. Aloof and solitary, Pola Negri has remained disdainful of cheap publicity and contemptuous toward petty criticism. Yet she has a story to tell more romantic than any of fiction.

"Poverty and suffering in my childhood and tragedy always," she writes in the opening chapter. "Before I knew happiness I saw death. Death, imprisonment, the black plague and Cossacks killing, killing. Torture and oppression, war and revolution, starving children and frantic mothers and friends shot down by my side... The Four Horsemen always riding over my country."

A fatalist in the shadow of tragedy, she yet writes with sardonic humor, particularly of her Hollywood experiences.

"My life has been one revolution after another, but Hollywood was the worst."

With candor and ruthless disregard of the Pollyanna conventions, by the observance of which many stars have sought to build profitable personalities, Negri reveals herself, saying: "I don't care what people think of me personally. I don't care whether they like me or hate me when they leave the theater, but I do want them to say, 'Pola Negri gave a marvelous performance.'"

In Berlin they called her "That Tiger Cat!"

On the screen she achieved renown as the pagan, soulless Carmen. Since coming to this country she has been termed ruthless and temperament. And yet this tiger cat, this wild gypsy and temperament actress, supports an orphanage of two hundred children on her estate in Poland!

So it is not only in admiration for Negri, the magnificent artist, but because we know of her greatness and sincerity as a woman, that we feel honored in the privilege of presenting this story of—

Appolonia Chamulec, daughter of a Hungarian gypsy, who has become the world-famed Pola Negri.

An Amazing Revelation

The Autobiography of Pola Negri

Commencing in the next issue of Photoplay Magazine
Here Are the Winners of Photoplay's Cut Puzzle Contest

First Prize—Mrs. S. M. Farrell presents her solution in the shape of an elaborate fan made of orange and black georgette. Navy blue lace ornaments it, combined with a small wreath of colored flowers, which are placed at the base. Words are quite inadequate to describe the amount of work and care lavished upon it. The pictures of the stars are inserted under a layer of orange georgette, and are correct in every detail.

Here are the correct names of the 24 stars whose pictures appeared in the contest:

**July**
- Mabel Normand
- Anna Q. Nilsson
- Jane Novak
- Conrad Nagel
- Eugene O'Brien

**August**
- Colleen Moore
- Marguerite de la Motte
- Mabel Ballin
- Lionel Barrymore
- Lloyd Hughes

**September**
- Billie Dove
- Renee Adoree
- Eleanor Boardman
- T. Roy Barnes
- David Powell

From the 30,000 solutions received to the cut puzzle contest which appeared in the July, August and September issues, Photoplay has at last selected the winners of the fifty prizes. The list of winners is published herewith.

It has been no easy task to determine these winners. The vast flood of answers, which far exceeded every anticipation of the management, necessitated the hiring of additional office space and of a corps of employees to open and sort the solutions. Every one was carefully examined; every one was acknowledged.

For more than a month this work went on until, from the great pile of answers, approximately 2,000 were selected as correct so far as proper fitting together and identification were concerned. Then came a search for minor errors, misspelled names and other little defects, because the prize-winning solutions must be one hundred per cent perfect.

This search reduced the eligibles to about 1,100. From that time on the task became one of picking those best arranged, which showed the most care, the most artistic skill in arranging and presenting. This was the hardest of all. The judges, selected from Photoplay's staff, had many long and

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Prize Winners</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>First Prize—$1500.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. S. M. Farrell, Reynolds Apt., Ellensburg, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Second Prize—$1000.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Helen K. Lucas, 1524 Orange Grove Ave., Hollywood, Cal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Third Prize—$500.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madeleine E. Doupe, 608 McMillan Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fourth Prize—$250.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frances E. Studer, 182 Oakdale Boulevard, Deatur, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fifth Prize—$125.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. P. Stevens, 295 Twelfth Street, Portland, Ore.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Twenty Prizes of $50.
- Pauline Sandell, 127 Kingshighway Pk., St. Louis, Mo.
- Hazel Kreuser, 1100 Goodyear Ave., Akron, Ohio.
- Ronald McDonald, 25 La Chevrerie St., Quebec, Canada.
- Ethel M. Colby, 2338 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Katherine Marle Lang, 108 South Penn St., Pottsville, Pa.
- Howard T. Vogel, 1102 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Mrs. Leon Grossberg, 260 Oakdale Ave., Akron, Ohio.
- Mrs. John F. Sikesman, 376 W. Church St., Jacksonville, Fla.
- Emil Paulson, 1617 E. 77th St., Terrace, Kansas City, Mo.
- Mrs. F. M. Graham, 1403 Rosemont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- S. Clyde Fitts, 79 W. Harris St., Apt. A, Atlanta, Ga.
- Albert Henaunt, 138 Boyer, Montreal, Canada.
- Al. A. O'Brien, 1420 E. Henry St., Savannah, Ga.
- Maria Myers, 11718 Bowling Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
- Mrs. Margaret Rupp, 5629 Dorechester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Jack Nissen, 485 Senee Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Miss Irene Kettleson, 867 Malve Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.

Twenty-Five Prizes of $25.
- Miss Helen Merker, 245 E. 31st St., New York City.
- Charles J. Sova, 148 W. 126th St., New York City.
- Mrs. Norma Campion, 583 Kithgar Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.
- Helen Ashford, Wakinsville, Ga.
- Miss Jane Moore, 621 Harrison St., Topeka, Kansas.
- Mrs. Emma Weiss, 419 Fritz Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
- Floyd Graham, 136 Summer St., Galesburg, Ill.
- Frederick F. English, 416 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
- William C. King, Roanoke, Ind.
- Jean O'Brien, 3050 College Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
- Daniel Low, 1402 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Mrs. Minnie Trice, 1507—17th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio.
- Mrs. Irene Christensen, 1634 Willow Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Elizabeth McCarthy, 149 Central Ave., Springfield, N. J.
- Emil Mueller, 132 Maple Ave., Irvington, N. J.
- Norma L. Baker, 1614 E. 79th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
- Grace Kaufman, 1214 Wheeler Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
- Frances A. Tipton, 657 E. 72nd Ave., Seattle, Wash.
- Mrs. Grace Reed, 1717 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- M. H. Johnson, 830 S. Clarion Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- Mrs. H. L. Fiedler, 601—19th St. S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
- Miss Harriet G. Glenn, 1214—15th St., Altoona, Pa.
- George D. Billings, 207—16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
heated arguments before the final decision was made. And each and every one of the judges is convinced that the awards as published here are fair and just.

Some of the most elaborate and beautiful solutions were out of the running because of small defects. There is presented here a photograph of some of these. Many of them are beautifully arranged and mounted, and many show great ingenuity, but each and every one had some fault that took it out of the prize-winning class.

While every state in the Union was represented among the answers, the great bulk came from thirteen states, from the District of Columbia and from Canada.

Many countries outside of America were also heard from. Among the replies from foreign lands were contributions from Costa Rica, Hawaii, Holland, the Philippines, the Argentine, Spain, Mexico, England, Brazil, Australia, France, Egypt, Sweden, Norway, India, China and Japan. The answers from these countries were especially gratifying as showing the great international distribution of Photoplay Magazine.

Many of the letters accompanying solutions were bright and interesting. Several would-be prize winners lapsed into verse. From Annette Skiles, of Santa Ana, California, came this one:

"On the following pages you'll find, if you look,
The faces from "pieces" I've made in a book.
They may be all right or they may all be wrong,
I pasted the pieces where I thought they'd belong.
Now here's hoping I'm lucky, I can sure use the 'mon,'
With best wishes, I'm always, yours truly, (for fun)."

The amount of skill and labor expended on the solutions is shown in this picture, which is a grouping of the fifty prize winners.
Came From All Parts of the World

Fourth Prize—Frances E. Stadler's solution is most interesting. She chooses Photoplay as her medium of presentation. The three issues of the magazine are sketched, with the correct pictures pasted in its open pages. The July cover is partially painted in.

Fifth Prize—L. P. Stevens' solution is neatly presented. The whole has been rephotographed and retouched. All of the pictures have been printed and air brushed. The solution is nicely bound, showing a great deal of work spent in its presentation.

In white ink on black paper, Mrs. B. Walter Ashenfeller, of Ford, Idaho, writes:

I can't direct nor write a play.
I have no actin' graces.
But, oh, the clever dame I am
At makin' movie faces.

Rosemary Himler, of Indianapolis, is a philosopher. She writes:

Herein you'll find an answer
To every cut up face.
I'm sure that every fan, sir,
Was equal to the race.
Here's hoping that I've won, sir,
A prize, or great or small.
But I've had lots of fun, sir,
Should I win none at all.

The thousands who sent in answers to this puzzle should be told that, even if they did not win a prize, their time and labor mean more than just the effort to win. The solutions are to be used to delight hundreds of children in the hospitals in and around New York. These youngsters, some too ill to leave their beds, some convalescent, some crippled, have sent requests to Photoplay that the ingenious and brightly colored answers be sent to them, and the management has gladly acceded. So, even if you did not win a prize, the thought that your work will help to gladden one of these little unfortunates may be some compensation.

Finally, Photoplay wishes to thank everyone who participated in the contest. The response was remarkable. Photoplay congratulates the winners and says to the less fortunate: "Better luck next time."

Another group of submitted answers, many beautifully done, but each of this group has some mistake, precluding any chance of a prize.
Motion Picture Statistics for 1923

By Ralph Barton

Every great industry issues an annual statistical report. Indeed, statistics, we are assured, are a vital necessity to the success of any business. They tell you, in a nutshell, so to speak, exactly what has happened during a given period.

Now, motion pictures are young, and as yet there are no carefully compiled statistics of the films. Maybe that is what is the matter with motion pictures—they haven't any statistics.

Anyway, feeling that there was a great need for an accurate record of past achievements on the screen, Photoplay engaged a corps of expert statisticians to get busy with the films. And we take great pleasure in presenting to our readers the following mathematical report for the year 1923:

Statistics Relating to News Reels

Of the 300 news reels produced in 1923:

300 showed views from an airplane.
300 showed pictures of battleships at anchor.
298 showed school children dancing ring-around-a-rosy in a public park.
293 contained pictures of an Elks' parade. (The other seven contained pictures of an Oddfellows' parade.)
291 showed animals at the zoo being fed.
230 showed a picture of Babe Ruth grinning.
274 showed views of new styles in women's clothes.

Statistics Relating to "Scenics"

Of the 400 "scenics" produced in 1923:

400 gave us a distant vista with an enormous tree-trunk at the left close to the camera.
399 terminated with a tinted sunset on the ocean.
380 contained a skyscape showing a bank of swiftly moving clouds.
355 showed a distant train of cars coming round a curve.
280 revealed a barefoot dancer in cheesecloth draperies skipping about the greensward, playing a long wooden whistle in imitation of a woodland nymph.

The words "sylvan," "primeval," "palpitant," "twilit," "zephyrs," "eternal," "mysterious," and "sylvery" were used in the sub-titles 7,140 times.

Statistics Relating to Comedies

In the 1,500 comedies produced in 1923:

1,500 contained a chase in which an antique Ford was used.
1,499 contained a wedding at which the bridegroom, having forgotten the ring, searched frantically through all his pockets, and finally, in desperation, produced a pretzel.
1,492 depicted a man sitting down accidentally on a hot stove and instantly leaping with great clouds of smoke issuing from his posterior.
1,270 were based on the device of having the tramp-hero fall asleep and dream he was fabulously

[Continued on page 107]
Comedians in 1,192 comedies out of 1,500 sat on hot stoves with smoke streamers resulting.

The arms of 5,699 deserted young ladies which were stretched yearningly toward young men, added end to end.

Japanese valets to 5,126 wicked bachelors—5,102. Actors made up to look like dilla—24.

Ultimate destinations of the 17,840 shots fired from cowboys' revolvers.

In 280 out of 400 scenes.

The 14,729 tortoises sacrificed to supply rims for glasses, placed end to end.
Liar's Lane

The story of an ambitious young scenario writer who discovered that all final "close-ups" are not on the screen

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

BOARDING houses all over the land resound nightly to the click of rented typewriters assiduously spewing page after page of romance all laid out ready to be shot just as soon as a good motion picture director realizes its worth.

Richard Lord lived in such a boarding house in Davenport, Iowa, and he had taken a correspondence course entitled "From Inkwell to Projection Room," so he had the technique of the photoplay at his fingers' ends. But Davenport is not one of the cities of the world about which romance will ever be written. It is busy, progressive, prosperous, but it will never, presumably, be a town to break your heart over, or even in, like Paris or Lucerne or Winchester or New Orleans. Davenport is a better setting for life than for love. It's too darn comfortable. Who can successfully mourn their lives away in a city full of open plumbing, steam heat, movies, Rotarians, Lions and Kiwanians? You've got to "step" in Davenport or you'll lose your number and romance makes way for commerce in the lives of its young along about the end of the high school age.

Dick bowed to the yoke of commerce—he was a bookkeeper for an office appliance manufacturer—but he had not sold his soul. Even at the age of thirty he still yearned—not exactly for higher things but for something, for room in which to stretch cramped ideas and ideals. The consciousness of something beyond, of a dynamo of life that he had never connected up with, disturbed Dick, kept him from being a 100 per cent Corn Husker.

Not that he had ever been anywhere or seen anything. A year at Iowa State University had been the pinnacle of his education. There might have been more, but family financial necessity interfered.

So his adventurings afield had perforce been confined to mental ones. Because he thought that he could write—an idea planted in his mind by a professor of Freshman English—he had struggled with one form of literary expression after another, hoping that one of them would prove his emancipation, would really furnish wings to lift his body as well as his soul out of the industrially belogged Mississippi Valley.

Unfortunately Dick had nothing to write about. Life had given him no experiences, nothing of romance.

Unless you counted Katie Conway.

Katie had a room on the same floor of the same boarding house that Dick inhabited.

For five years they had sat next to each other at Mrs. Sorrella's table, and after dinner had kidded each other for awhile or gone to the movies together for all but the first month of those five years.

Conversation between them never progressed from kidding to sentiment—never.

Katie Conway was like Davenport. She was efficient, clean, comfortable, but too experiential. You couldn't imagine her lovesick. Her blue velvet eyes looked out too squarely at the world ever to be downcast at the behavior of a recalcitrant lover. Her skin was lovely—everybody wondered how she kept it that way, working in an office—but upon first meeting her you didn't right away get an almost imperative impulse to put your cheek against it in one of its visible areas and find out if it really was like cool rose leaves. She had a classic figure (which isn't as much of a compliment nowadays as it was when Queen Victoria did away with the bustle for reasons best known to herself), but the masculine beholder did not follow her around hoping that she would faint so that he might have an excuse for holding it in his arms.

No, Katie was too much a personality, Not masculine. On the contrary she was the extreme of femininity, but her womanliness was of the maternal type rather than the sweetheart. It was easy to picture her surrounded by adoring children but it was more difficult to imagine the father in the family group.

No, one couldn't write fiction about Katie. Katie was life, not romance.

Too bad, because down deep in Dick Lord's heart there was a spark of genius that only needed life, love and the pursuit of unhappiness to fan it into flame. Dick knew it himself. He gnawed at him constantly. That was what made him restless, discontented, why he beat his untied wings against his book-keeper's cage.

The tragedy of lack of opportunity is a thousand times
necessity

wen

their

itmr

sort

California.

did not more or completed, mother job up automobile had in

death, and Dick's had painting of the wife. Dick's pictures were not

hail. Dick recalled, blushing. Kisses were not in their repertoire. Never had been

He could even feel his blood pulsing at a different tempo, contact was established with romance, change, illusion, call it what you will, life perhaps. He could go now—it didn't matter much where—just go, standing erect with no chains to drag him back. The feeling of buoyancy, of lightness, was like the effects of champagne or, if you can't remember back to those days, like "taking off" in an aeroplane.

He began to say good-bye to Davenport. He moulded his job as soon as he conveniently could and bought two grips. Imagine, he had never travelled far enough before to need any baggage! Two grips were enough to hold all of his new wardrobe and he was not taking a single old thing.

The fortune was not great enough so that he could count on it as a source of perpetual income. Rather it was a sort of educational fund with which he could prepare for the rest of life.

So, quite naturally, he spent some of it on a ticket to California.

There were two reasons. One of them was that the Pacific coast promised the beauty and romance for which his soul was starved, and the other was that out there were the headquarters of motion pictures. He believed that he could write or, rather, learn to write for the screen. His diploma from the correspondence school enthusiastically claimed that he was fully competent to deliver a continuity all ready for shooting. Dick was not such a fool as to believe that; he did think that maybe, now that he had a chance, he could develop what he had heard referred to as the "screen angle."

He was going to California as a pilgrim, not as a conqueror.

II

Of course Katie knew he was going—she had been one of the very first whom he had told—but he had not seen a great deal of her during the period of preparation.

Came the eve of his departure. Katie was not down to dinner. Dick wondered if she were ill. On his way to his room to finish packing he stopped at her door.

"Anything the matter?" he asked when a muffled voice responded to his knock.
"No, Dick."
"I wanted to be sure to say good-bye. I'm leaving in the morning, you know. Can I come in?"
"No, not now," she denied hastily from behind the door.
"I'll come to your room presently. Perhaps I can help you with your packing."
Dick assented cheerfully and went on to his own coop. Everything there was in anticipatory disorder, clothes occupied the chairs and the bed and one of the new grips lay open on his table.
He went about the last rites, whistling. Dick scarcely knew how to whistle. Never before had he been sufficiently light hearted to practice. Now the frost was gone, spring in him was waking up, spring and a singing heart.
A rap on the door.
"Come in."
Katie, of course. Dick scarcely looked up at first, but when she remained by the door he threw her a second inquiring glance.
"Why, Katie!"
The cause of the exclamation was Katie's costume, that and Katie herself.
She wore very little besides a filmy negligee over—she hoped—lingerie of some sort. Anyway the entire outfit clung to Katie like a damp postage stamp. It goes without saying that she was lovely. What woman isn't that way, especially if she has gorgeous black hair, bushels of it, which she has let down in cascading ripples over her shoulders?
Dick tried to laugh the situation off. "Katie, you had gone to bed and forgotten that I was leaving until I woke you up. Was that it?"
Katie smiled. "Perhaps. Anyway I've come to kiss you goodbye now."
"Kiss me?" Dick recoiled, blushing. Kisses were not in their repertoire, never had been.
"You weren't going without that?" Katie asked simply.
No, he wasn't. He could tell that by looking at her pleading eyes. There was something in them that he had never noticed until then, something distinctly soft but compelling. Perhaps he had never really looked before.
At any rate there was no denying them or her.
Right there in the open doorway he kissed Katie for the first time, kissed her and held her close.
Just as he had feared, there was little between him and Katie but a couple of layers of negligible silk. She melted to him as if she were flowing metal.
No man should be saying goodbye to a woman in that fashion. Dizzy a little and stirred by a sudden emotion. Dick released her, even pushed her away.
"Good-bye," he said huskily.
"Do you want to leave me?" Katie asked.
"Katie, you mustn't put it that way!"
Katie swallowed hard. She would not cry. "I had to do this, Dick. I mean the clothes and getting you to kiss me and everything. I couldn't let you go without finding out if you knew I was a woman, if you could ever regard me as anything but a pal. I knew you didn't love me and I still know it, but might as well tell you that I've cared, oh, for years. I've been waiting for you to find it out. You never would so I had to come right out flat and tell you. I'm not ashamed of it. It's the only thing I've lived for since I've known you."
"Katie!" he tried to interrupt.
"No, I must say it all now. I'm not the kind of a woman to blame a man for not loving her. I've taken all that into account. But I belong to you so absolutely that it would be wrong for you not to know it. I couldn't say 'good-bye' without telling you, without giving you the chance to—"
Dick laughed, but with the quality of tears in his laughter. He understood now. "Katie, dear," he said and took her in his arms. (This time he was not conscious of the nearness of her body at all.) "Katie, dear, you're the splendidest girl in the world and I know you'd never want me to be leaving you, feeling like a kicked cur. Would you now?"
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]
Alice & Miss Terry
By Bland Johaneson

WHEN Rex Ingram married the actress whose beauty and whose intelligent portrayal of a butterfly type contributed so much of finish and artistry to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," all the catty women in pictures raised their eyebrows and purred: "Pretty soft for Alice." Quite aside from the well-known "love interest," to be the wife of one of the most valuable directors of feature films was to be "sitting pretty."

Two years ago Alice Terry gained this advantage and she still is playing unstarred leads in her husband's pictures for a salary which is comparatively not large, exactly the position she achieved on her own, before she became Mrs. Rex Ingram. The Fate which gave her this new backing played its trick and destroyed something of her ambition, diluting her love for her work with a strong and absorbing fondness for her husband. Today she echoes his expressed opinion that movie prominence is not necessarily the miraculous Beginning and the glorious End of everything, sharing his conviction that the rush and racing in production have made the pictures a neurotic art and an hysterical business.

As Alice Terry's interpretation of the character which made her—of a neglected, life-greedy wife, conducting an intrigue, in "The Four Horsemen—" was so deft it seemed to surpass acting, so the strength and decision one senses on meeting her are a revelation. She is almost masculine in her sanity, and one of the most unaffected women I ever have seen. She is balanced in her appraisals. She knows her own limitations and exactly what she wants. She is neither languid nor lively, but crisp, breezy, Hoosier. She has a keen business sense and is typically American, from the way she wears her clothes to her lovable and amusing bossiness with her husband, who happens to be her boss.

I asked Miss Terry how she liked working for the man she married.

"It's terrible," she answered.
"Suppose he reads that."
"I'll swear I didn't say it."
"He may think it's terrible, too."
"He probably does. He knows I'll cry if he hurts my feelings, and that might spoil the picture."
"It even might spoil the home."
"A spoiled picture amounts to the same thing, and one can't be too careful."

She's two—no, three—people in one, this lovely lady with the powdered wig and the wistful eyes. At home she is Alice; on the lot, or in the studio, she is Miss Terry, and to her friends she is Mrs. Rex Ingram. She's proudest of the last name, for—she's very much in love with her husband!
This evening wrap, which gives the effect of an exotic, ermine-like fur, is made of ivory white velvet with a black satin border. It is worn over a gown of matching white velvet, with a pearl embroidered, black satin bodice and panel. An odd black head-dress, wound with pearls, completes the costume. The back of the wrap is shown at right.

A walking suit of black velvet, with trimmings of red suede and horizontal bands of crushed gold braid on the sleeves and bodice. The hat, which is almost a tricorn, boasts a crown of red suede—the brim is of black velvet with a gold ornament upon one side.
These costumes were designed for Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rodolph Valentino) when she and her husband were in Paris, late last summer. They were created while the Valentinos spent the autumn at their villa in southern France. Poiret—that artist of the bizarre, the striking, the unusual—has managed to imprison the personality of Rambova in each bit of this handiwork. As a result these clothes are more than clothes. They belong, quite perfectly, to the woman who wears them—a woman who is gracefully different!

A black velvet cape that Poiret has named "Victoria." The skirt is finished with two deep ruffles, the collar is of soft black fur, and the entire garment is lined with crushed gold. This listing is displayed in another photograph.

On the preceding page you have been permitted a glimpse of this gown. But no glimpse would serve to show the artful designing of the bodice, which slopes away from one gleaming shoulder, or the intricacies of the pearl embroidered satin. The ivory velvet skirt is very full, and, against its whiteness, Rambova carries a vermilion feather fan.
An afternoon gown, oddly named "Crimee" by Poiret—who has a title for his every gown. The draped black satin skirt is surmounted by a circular, cape-like blouse that is made of grey crepe de chine and banded with white baby fox. The hat—the second one by Maison Lewis—is of black satin and white crepe de chine.

A Queenly wrap of chinchilla from which Natacha Rambova’s classic face rises with all the delicate beauty of an orchid. This cape could be used for restaurant dining, or for the thé dansant, but its wearer prefers it when worn over an evening frock.

You have already seen this black velvet cape—from the demure outside. The lining of crushed gold fairly flames when used as a background for this afternoon dress of vermillion velvet with black satin and gold bandings. The hat of black velvet, with vermillion trimmings, is by Maison Lewis.
The Tiger Queen

By Mary Winship

Elinor Glyn herself, after inspecting hundreds of candidates for the much-coveted leading role in her novel, "Three Weeks," has selected Aileen Pringle as conforming most closely to her conception of the character.

Perhaps no feminine character of modern literature is so well known as The Tiger Queen of Elinor Glyn's famous "Three Weeks."

As soon as it was decided that Goldwyn was to film that much discussed love tale, under Elinor Glyn's personal supervision, everyone instantly demanded "and who is to play The Lady?" Incidentally, there was something of a wild scramble on the part of a good many actresses to win a chance to occupy the tiger skin.

A great many prominent and dazzling names were mentioned. Madame Glyn was obdurate. She was going to find the ideal Tiger Queen if it took all summer. There was much storm. The whole force of the organization centered upon the search. Plans for exquisite and expensive settings and costumes were held up. And then, suddenly, all was sunshine. Madame Glyn smiled inscrutably. The Tiger Queen had been found and rejoicing was in order.

Aileen Pringle is to play the much coveted rôle.

And who the deuce, says everyone, is Aileen Pringle? We expected some very famous vampire or some great foreign beauty. Aileen Pringle is neither. She was born in San Francisco, and she is practically unknown in pictures, but, oddly enough, her history and her personality are almost as interesting as those of the heroine she is to play.

A very rich society woman, she gave up a life of luxury and fashion, in a beautiful palace with seventeen servants and a most enviable position, to become a screen actress.

Aileen Pringle is the daughter-in-law of Sir Charles Pringle, of Jamaica, the largest landowner in the world. She was a famous hostess, the ruling spirit of a salon where gathered the famous people of two continents, the social dictator of Jamaica, and a well-known figure in London and Paris during the social season. In short, a woman upon whom the gods had showered everything that the modern girl dreams of as constituting perfect happiness.

Her father was an Englishman, her mother a titled Frenchwoman, and she was born in San Francisco. She was educated in the most exclusive schools abroad; spent some time completing her studies with private tutors, and then trav-

[Continued on Page 118]
The Glare of The “Klieg” Lights Turns

In this scene from “Lawful Larceny” we have a type of fireplace unsuited to average American life. Its cold, hard formality belies the cheer that a fireplace brings into a room. But even then, it seems to have brought the family together.

This is the Second of Photoplay’s Articles on Home Furnishing & Decoration

These articles are written by a practical decorator who will take all of his subjects from screen settings and tell you just how to achieve their better features in your own home.

No subject is more interesting to the modern housewife, or housewife-to-be, than the furnishing and decoration of her home. We were inspired in bringing these two great factors of American life—The Home and The Photoplay—together because we believe that our series of articles will be helpful to all our readers.

A copy of our first article, “What Can Be Done With Cretonne,” will be mailed to you upon receipt of 10 cents. Address your request to Home Furnishing Editor, Photoplay, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In “The Last Moment” we find a fireplace setting that has all the possibilities of keeping one by it until the last moment of each dying ember. A fireplace of this sort is a fitting accompaniment to any well-decorated room.

It takes a real, honey, log-burning fireplace — like this one in “The White Sister”—to put romance into a home. Its beautiful glow seems to have inspired Lillian Gish and Ronald Coleman, at any rate, to a delightful intimacy.

It’s hard to visualize Lois Wilson against a background of the formal fireplace in this setting from “The Call of The Canyon,” especially if you saw her work wonders with cretonne in “Only 38.” But her versatility pulls her through.
Into the Firelight's Soft, Warm Radiance!

The forbidding, old-fashioned mantelpiece at the left--its ugliness corrected by removing the ornamental top and with other transformations--becomes the cheerful center of home life, at the right.

The charm of a hearth lies as much in its correct decorative effect as in its warmth.

By William J. Moll

FROM time immemorial the soft warm radiance of firelight has played a dominant lead in man's domestic felicities. In prehistoric times the Cave Man, with no home at all, assembled his family around the fire's ruddy glow, and discussed there the trials and tribulations of their strenuous life. And as civilization advanced we find the next step in its evolution, the tribe, gathered nightly around very much the same sort of fire to discuss their common problems.

All through life's history we find the fireplace a center of communal activity. It lit the rituals of the Druids; it served on the sacrificial altars of Bible lore; it lighted the dark coldness of baronial halls.

In American history the fireplace has been the scene of eventful incidents. John Alden did his courting by the fireplace; Daniel Boone cleaned his rifle on the fireplace hearth; George Washington entertained by the light of candles and the fire's brilliant glow. The only light with which Lincoln had to study was that thrown by the blazing logs.

All of early American home life was centered around the fireplace. Those of us who are unromantic are likely to say that the open fire was the only means of comfort in those days, and had to be the scene of family activity. But a study of those fireplaces will belie this.

The beauty of their architectural formation, the thought and craftsmanship spent on details, the gleaming brasses or dull hammered iron of the accoutrements, argue that they were something more than a means of warmth. People took them as the necessary decorative component of the room.

Be that as it may, a home without a fireplace—a usable, log or coal burning fireplace—never seems entirely homelike. There has ever been a practicability about a gas log, of course. Some of our present-day living conditions permit only of this form of fireplace equipment. But a gas log will ever be a sham, a constant reminder of the reality that it could be.

The focal point of any room is the fireplace of glowing coals, or blazing logs, around which we can sit and tell each other our triumphs or our troubles, and toast our marshmallows or roast our chestnuts, and come to that understanding of one another that only cheerful intimacy gives.

The charm of a hospitable hearth lies not alone in its ability to give warmth, but in its correct decorative function. Not only is the fireplace the center of family life, but it is the unit to which the various decorations group themselves. It is necessary, then, to make this point hospitable and inviting. In doing this the mantel formation—or architecture—should be pleasing, and the accessories should be in keeping.

A writer in one of our current publications recently remarked that "no satisfactory device has ever yet been discovered which can really conceal an ugly mantelpiece." But much can be done to correct its ugliness. This is evidenced in the two sketches at the head of this article. The mantelpiece on the left was what the writer found on moving into an apartment a few years ago. The massive ugliness of it rose tier on tier, very much like the hanging gardens of Babylon, and its innumerable shelves and compartments must have been filled at one time with all the souvenirs, [continued on page 98]
His Wife's Worst Faults

As drawn by W. J. Enright

Carroll McComas—she was named for her ancestor, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and her name is really Charles too—is admitted to be one of our most charming actresses. Her charm worked on W. J. Enright, the cartoonist, so effectively that they were married not so long ago, and they pass most of their time on their farm near Stamford. There Mr. Enright has had a chance to study his wife and has discovered that she has some traits which did not appear so prominently before marriage. Naturally, he doesn't wish to talk about his wife's faults, so he has drawn them—the most poignant griefs in his life that are caused by Mrs. Enright—though no one would suspect, to meet Miss McComas, that she was so utterly abandoned as these illustrations would indicate.
All the heroes of Revolutionary Days will appear in "America." Here are seen Samuel Adams (J. Moy Bennett), and John Hancock (William Gregory) being inspected by Edwin B. Worthen of the Lexington, Mass., Historical Society, John L. E. Peik, and D. W. Griffith. The picture was taken outside the historic Hancock-Clark house at Lexington, which figures prominently in the film.
CLOSER UP & LONG

WHEN I left New York for Hollywood, lured by the sly inducements of producers who claim they want new faces in pictures, I swore by my halidom that I would never return until I had been discovered by Rex Ingram and adopted by Barbara La Marr. I return an undiscovered orphan. All I can say is that I certainly am unspoiled by success. When I presented myself for discovery to Rex he took the trouble to go to Europe, and when I called on Babbie she took with a nervous break-down. Still undiscouraged I determined to make the rounds of the studios. No sooner was this determination made known than the studios unanimously shut down. Rather than give a beginner a chance they would close the theaters. Merton broke in through prayer, but that was in the old days. The Lord has no influence in Hollywood now. You've got to know Bill Hays or be a Biddle.

SPEAKING of young Biddle, who left his wealthy home in Philadelphia to pioneer in Hollywood, he was getting along nicely until he met Nita Naldi. He didn't meet her intentionally, according to the morbid tale; he merely crept unnoticed into one of her pictures. When Nita saw the rushes and beheld him she let out a crematory phrase and wanted to know who in the bad place let that poor poison into pictures. The fact that he was the scion of great swag meant naught to Nita; the whole company of heaven couldn't save our little gal. She straightway bid words with the young Biddle. Now he's in the real estate business.

TONY MORENO did offer me a chance to play a reporter in a picture with him, but I refused to wear make-up. Why should I, Duse didn't. No real artist could register joy, fear and seduction with a foot of pink cement over his face. I tried it and felt like a stucco bungalow. All I could register was "for sale, cheap."

ALTHOUGH I did not break into pictures I did get interviewed in Hollywood, and now I know the indignities to which stars are subjected by unscrupulous scribes. The interview with which I granted to Adela Rogers St. Johns in a recent issue of this publication is filled with gross inaccuracies. After a faithful account of my charm, intellect, wit and beauty she veered from the truth in order to appear sophisticated and said that I was so lazy I never got up before noon. It's a lie! For three successive mornings I arose at seven a.m. in response to telephone summons from Malcolm MacGregor, staggered for four miles in the dense fog and dust two miles to the MacGregor manse for breakfast only to sink prostrate across the threshold. Such are the things the world never hears about.

UNQUESTIONABLY the greatest factor in making stars is exploitation. But try to find the star who will admit it. Within a year Eleanor Boardman has been lifted from worse than obscurity to headlines, all through the power of the publicity chief of Goldwyn and his forty unconscionable aids. The first we ever heard of Eleanor was through a story to the effect that a camel had bitten her on location. The other day when a publicity menial asked her to pose for some publicity pictures she was too fatigued.

"For the love of Mike!" groaned the publicity slave. "No one would ever have heard of you if a camel hadn't bitten you." Perhaps one bite was not enough. Probably no one will ever know. But it can't be helped. The camel is dead.

BULL MONTANA invited me to tea with Jack Dempsey while I was in Hollywood. Attired in my glaring best, in a mad attempt to vie with Bool's toilette, I was setting gallantly forth when Bool remarked, "Jack is a fine fellow. He like to spar. One time he say to me, 'Bool, you ever been knocked out?' I say, no, so Jack he knock me cold. He maybe spar with you. Just fool, you know, just play." "No fool," I retorted indignantly, returning to my appartment. I like publicity but I do not crave headlines. Magazine Writer Playfully Murdered by J. Dempsey.

BOOL MONTANA posed for some art studies the other day. When he brought the photographs to his manager, Hunt Stromberg, Hunt let out an anguished wail. "My God, Bull, you're ruined." "What's mat?" peeped Bull. "You're too beautiful," groaned Hunt. "Your face was your fortune and now you're sunk and have it sand-papered." It's true. The pauvre Bull, taking the advice of his esteemed countryman, Rodolfo Valentino, had gone in for mud packs and massage, with the result that he has the skin you love to touch. Now Bool is looking for a homely doctor who will unlift his face and restore the rich old topography.

If he doesn't succeed, some judge is liable to say to him as a judge once said to Barbara La Marr, "Go home to your parents, my dear, you are too beautiful."

SEVERAL ladies were introduced to John Barrymore on the set where he is making "Beau Brummel." Their escort slyly remarked that he guessed any of them would be pleased to play with John.

"Yes?" mused John. "That reminds me of the time three little high school girls wanted to meet me when I was playing in a tank town. Business was rotten, so the manager said I'd better meet them and maybe they would come to the show again."

John was wearing high heels on the stage in order to build up his height, and a yellow wig to make him more romantically beautiful.
“I went out to meet them,” he said, “wearing carpet slippers and carrying my wig in my hand.”

“Oh, we want to meet John Barrymore!” they gushed.

“I am John, placing his hand on his breast, “is the great John Barrymore.”

“Oh Gawd!” shrieked the flappers, and fled.

**CORINNE GRIFFITH** is due to arrive as the next great star of the screen. While in Hollywood I gained the following positive proof: two famous female stars said she couldn’t act; twenty rumors said she was temperamental; and Hollywood society considered her ahoof. I have always maintained that for enchantment and general allure, Corinne is second only to the envied Pola.

**ALTHOUGH I did not succeed in becoming an Ingram discovery I learned by dogging Rex the secret of directorial genius, that which differentiates this Irish wonder from the lesser megaphone men. Rex always directs with his shirt tail hanging out.

**ANOTHER scandal is** about to break in Hollywood involving three leading stars. The wife of Strongheart has been seen constantly of late in the company of Rin-tin-tin. The affair is particularly lamentable as Mrs. Strongheart is the mother of eight children born last December. The little ones arrived to bless the Strongheart home at noon and that very evening Mrs. Strongheart was seen out with Rin-tin-tin. There is considerable speculation as to what action Strongheart will take. It seems that under the California law the couple are not legally married, having celebrated their nuptials in Mexico.

**DOUG FAIRBANKS** was unable to obtain elephants for his “The Thief of Bagdad” so he built wooden ones. You will see them on rollers ambling through the Bagdad boulevards, swinging their trunks and snappmg their tails. Their work is said to be the most realistic ever seen on the screen, which is saying a great deal considering the number of fine wooden actors we have. Perhaps that’s the reason the producers have shut down and fired the high-salaried players. They doubtlessly figure it is cheaper to build their own.

**NO artist would think of working nowadays without music on the set.**

Entering the Lasky studio one evening with Pola Negri, Kathleen Williams and Charles Eyton to view a picture in the projection room, I heard an orchestra playing a classic march. “For what is that?” exclaimed Pola. “There is no company working tonight.”

“No,” said Eyton, the studio manager, wearily, “but some carpenters are building a set.”

**AS this goes to press the editor is composing some hot criticisms of film stars.** The man has no sense with Christmas only two weeks off. Note that nothing but kind words are to be found on my pages this month. Furthermore, no attacks will be made until after all my holiday mail has been carefully checked.

**IF I ever become a motion picture producer I shall endeavor to assemble the following company.** Director: Rex Ingram and Ernst Lubitsch. Players: Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, Alice Terry, Mabel Normand, Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi, Tony Moreno, Malcolm McGregor, Will Rogers and Bull Montana. We might not make much money but I’ll bet we’d have no dull moments.

**WHENEVER Alice Terry has a day off she visits studios to see how pictures are made.** Accompanying her upon one of these bus-men’s holidays I was surprised by the number of electricians, grips, carpenters and extras who bawled, “Lo, Alice!”

“Mon Dieu, madame,” I ejaculated Frenchly, “but you are known everywhere.”

“Sure,” said Alice. “Four years ago whenever any studio needed more than a thousand extras they called me.”

**AS these lines are being indited I am preparing to join the caravans of Scaramouche Ingram at Tunis for a romp across the desert.** The purpose of the expedition is to film “The Arab,” Ingram directing and Ramon Novarro playing the title role. My business will be to kill flies and curry camels. I don’t know how far we will get into the desert—that depends largely on the Arabs—but Rex would like to go to Mecca. To that end we are all becoming Mohammedans. Inasmuch as the chief clause in the Mohammedan creed is prohibition, we are practically Mohammedans already, though what our religious beliefs will be in Paris I cannot say.

**I HAVE been asked, upon my arrival in Algiers, to deliver an address before the Young Sheiks’ Christian Association, which claims that the sheiks have been grievously misrepresented on our screen. They say that there are just as many happy, home-loving married people with babies in Algiers as in Hollywood; that prayer meeting night is the big night in Biskra, and that you have to fight your way into church Sunday morning.** They further declare, our screen to the contrary, that sheiks do not wear bracelets, spats or big panties, even on the most impressive state occasions, and that they do not pay carpenters at least once the full moon. I shall investigate the situation and make as thoroughly a Christian-like report as a Mohammedan can.

Allah be praised!
Extra! Extra!

Here are some of the younger actresses of the Western studios and on the opposite page are their Eastern sisters.

The stately beauty of Jeanne Roth won her a place in pictures with "The Dangerous Age." The SUM-mer she was graduated from high school.

Marcella Daly is another high school recruit. The camera man who photographed "Blood and Sand" said a lot of nice things about her eyes.

Evelyn Thompson worked in "Man-slaughter" and in "Nice People," and everyone says she is going to be a beautiful blonde star some day.

From telepho"en girl at the Mary Pickford studio to the most beautiful "ex-tra" in "Robin Hood," tells the placid screen career — so far — of Ethel King.

Margaret Royce used to work in a candy store, but Rex Ingram, who em-ployed her in "Black Orchids," predicts a great screen career for her.
They may not shine so brightly to-day, but among these young women probably are concealed the screen stars of to-morrow.

Marguerite Farrell, who left her typewriter at Toronto to go into pictures at the Paramount Long Island Studio.

Mitzi Grill, a native of Budapest, who walked from the schoolroom straight into the ranks of the Cosmopolitan extras.

Jean Lamont was born in Hollywood in the picture atmosphere, was in the "Follies" and then returned to the studios.

Helen and Dolores Costello, daughters of Maurice Costello, who are starting at the bottom of the ladder father climbed.

Florence Stacia, who has her own income, lives at a fashionable hotel and is in pictures because she loves the work.

Nellie Leach, one of the best of the extra girls in the East, according to every director for whom she has worked.
H
did not have any definite plan. He only knew that he must reach the point where the father had said he would be waiting in time to prevent Marguerite going away with him. How he would prevent it he did not know. His mind was occupied with the more important question of traversing five miles in a little more than an hour.

But he had no sooner left the place where the White Otter River flowed into the lake at the gorge than he found the open stretch hidden by a morning mist. He could not see the opposite shore but he did catch a glimpse of trees on a high hill above the narrows and paddled toward them.

After a while they disappeared and he was surrounded completely by the fog. It was something he had not counted on and he paddled desperately, knowing that he could only trust to luck to strike the narrows.

Not in the

By Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton

At last a shore appeared but it was unfamiliar. He paddled along its twisting contour until he found a spot he remembered, realized that he had seen it only a few minutes before, that he had paddled completely around an island.
He was without sense of direction, had no idea which way he
In Preceding Chapters

In search of realism, Dave Mann—star director of the Nonpareil Film Company—has started through the Canadian wilderness. He and his party—composed of Larry Moncrieff, idol of feminine America, though notoriously woman shy; Fay Brainerd and Peggy Dare, leading women; a camera man, an assistant director, and some guides—hear of a log palace that stands upon the shore of a lonely lake. They go to the place and find it apparently deserted, but, upon searching, discover a foreigner, a deaf mute, who is hound and gagged.

After trying to explain, the man hurries to the shore, steps into a canoe and paddles away. The next morning Mann takes his company to the place and begins shooting. While they are at work they are interrupted by an angry old man with white hair and an amazingly lovely girl, who addresses him as "maestro." As he is ordering the company off the place the deaf mute bursts upon the scene and communicates to them a message that evidently frightens them. Though Mann offers help, he is again ordered off the place, but the next morning he sends Larry over to see the girl and, if possible, to make peace and get permission to use the house. Larry goes, under protest, and discovers that the girl—never having been to the movies—knows nothing about him. He forgets his shyness and when the girl (her name is Marguerite Temple) tells him that the maestro is a great musician, and plays from his scores, Larry is fascinated. He goes away with romance in his heart, but with his mission unaccomplished. The next day he returns, after Dave has again failed to induce the man to have his home filmed, and as he nears the house he hears the girl singing. She has a marvelous voice but, as Larry listens, the song is interrupted. And he hears a conversation between the girl and a man who claims to be her father, and who accuses the maestro of murder. To save the musician from harm, the girl promises to go away with her father. She plans to leave early in the morning—and while the company is asleep dreaming over a big day's work ahead, in which Moncrieff's double is slated to go over a dangerous waterfall in a canoe, and to have a fight on the edge of a cliff—Larry gets up, dresses, and paddles off toward the meeting place.

He charged like a demon, his lips writhing in a bestial snarl. But all the time, darting back and forth, careful to keep away from the edge, the little man, an open knife in his hand, was seeking an opportunity for a quick thrust.

Scenario

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

should turn. The mist was thinning but not enough to disclose anything familiar. He was helpless, held inactive while the minutes whirled away.

At last he saw a burned pine stub some distance ahead. He knew it was on the right side of the narrows and turned in that direction. But when he emerged on the next open stretch he found it still enshrouded by fog. He could only take his bearings as best he could and drive across, but as he started his wrist watch told him it was six o'clock.

A slight breeze came up and helped Larry to keep his course but that soon failed and he paused, helpless. As he sat there, paddle trailing, a sound came to him. It was only a slight click, as of one piece of wood striking another, and that was all, but it seemed louder because it was the first break in the stillness.

When it was not repeated he went on, paddling slowly. At last a shore appeared to the right and he went toward it, determined to wait until the mist was gone. He knew he was too late, that there was nothing he could do now. Either Marguerite had kept her appointment and was gone or she was safe at the cabin.
"Look!" Larry continued. "Look in her room. Is she there?"

"I don't understand you. What is the reason for this intrusion?"

"Please!" Larry begged, and his agitation was so great and so sincere it impressed Zappettini with a sense of the importance of his question. "Go to her room and see if she is there."

The maestro turned at once and went down the hall. In a moment he was back.

"What has happened?" he demanded. "How did you know Marguerite was not there?"

Haltingly at first, for he found himself suddenly embarrassed in a recital of affairs which really concerned him so little and his hearer so deeply, Larry told how he had come to the cabin the previous afternoon and of the conversation he had overheard through the window.

As Zappettini caught the import of what was coming he staggered back against the table and his face became deathly white. But he did not interrupt until Larry had told all he knew, nor even then did he abandon himself to the excessive rage or grief the young man had expected.

"Wait," he said quietly at the end. "She must have left some word."

He returned to Marguerite's room but he had hardly gone when Larry called to him.

"Here is what you are looking for," he said, and he extended an envelope he had seen lying on the table.

It was addressed simply.

"Maestro."

Zappettini tore it open and as he read the tears started in his eyes.

"Sir," he said brokenly as he laid the missive down, "there never was such a girl as Marguerite. She is all that is brave, all that is good. See what she has done. She has told me nothing of what you have. She has not even hinted at it. She has merely said that she is tired of it here, that she wishes to go out and see the world from which she has been held for so long. She even tells me that she does not care for me or my music, that it is driving her mad, that she can stand it no longer."

"But she doesn't mean it!" Larry cried.

"Mean it! Don't you see? She has made this sacrifice for me. She has sacrificed herself, ruined her career, her life, to save me. She has told me this so that I won't follow her, won't make an attempt to get her back. Oh, cara mia! Why didn't you come to me?"

For the first time Zappettini broke down and the sight of the old man struggling against his grief held Larry silent for a moment. Then anxiety forced the question:

"But you are not going to let her do this, let her go with him?"

The maestro straightened.

"No," he declared. "It must not happen. That man is a criminal, the leader of a notorious gang. I had thought he was in prison. He must have escaped."

"Then it will be easy," Larry answered. "The law is on your side. He is a fugitive and there is no reason—"

He stopped, suddenly aware that there was a reason. Zappettini studied him closely for a moment.

"Young man," he said at last. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]
What Chance has a Man in Pictures?

By Herbert Howe

Malcolm McGregor, Millionaire's Son, Yale Graduate, Athlete and Possessor of Magnetic Personality, Answers the Question from Hollywood Experience

"SAY, Griffith ought to see you!" exclaimed a noted editor and critic, formerly of D. W.'s staff, when he first met Malcolm McGregor a short time ago.

Magnetism is the word that fits Mac, that vigorous instant charm of friendliness such as distingueished the late Wally Reid. The fact that he's handsome never occurs to you, because the fact that he's a good scout is so much more important. There are many handsome men in the movies... Yet with magnetism, good looks, breeding and real ability, it has taken Mac three years to crash the Hollywood gates and arrive in a position where producers are bidding for him. And he says, quite frankly, that he's been lucky.

"The other day I went over the lists of leading men to find out how many came up from the extra class," he says. "I found just three—Jack Holt, Ramon Novarro and myself."

We were on a set at the Metro studio. It was filled with extras—a strange and motley crew with many a strange story behind them, the extras. That puny boy with the face of a girl was a gun man, a jail bird; that fellow stripped to the waist with the torso of a blacksmith is the son of a wealthy mine owner; the haggard girl, with the beautiful eyes, was once a queen of Broadway.

Mac pointed to two old men in the corner, each of them over seventy, who were talking so excitedly they didn't hear the director's call.

"They are old minstrel men," he said. "They met today for the first time in twenty years."

On our way out of the studio, a man standing by the gate made a sign at McGregor, then hastily wrote on a pad. He wrote: "I know you—you're Malcolm McGregor." And his eyes sparkled delight at the recognition. He was deaf and dumb. They shook hands, and Mac took the pad to ask what the man was doing there. He replied: "I came to go into pictures."

We passed on in silence; the...
ALL-AROUND world-champion athlete, pastor, war chaplain and present motion picture actor and likes it!

He discarded the ministerial cloth to enter pictures in order to reach the thousands because before, his words were heard, perhaps, faintly by the hundreds.

From spiritual traffic cop, patrolling his beat and guiding his people over the rough spots, to serial stunt actor! And from pastor, who did everything except clean the carpets—and yet saved souls—to movie thrill performer doing everything and still engaged in saving bodies and souls.

Fred Thomson makes his bow, the world's best athletic champion. And holder of that title for ten years! One unique in picture personalities, where the unique has become the commonplace, a parson actor!

He believes in the age factor in saving as well as in selling, for the people who attend church are mostly the middle-aged folk who have heard all about Hell and brimstone ever since their infancy, and the young folk who need to be guided and helped over the cobblestones of life, go to the movies or the dance halls. And he is in the movies.

Born in Los Angeles, Thomson attended the Garfield School in Pasadena and was graduated from Occidental College. It was while studying to be an engineer at Princeton that his athletic prowess won for him the title of efficiency in every branch of sport from basketball and football to discus and javelin throwing. His medals, captured at meets and tournaments, would require more space than that offered by a Mexican general's frontage. And, incidentally, he carried away several citations from the World War.

Selecting pictures for the theaters in the town in which he was pastor first aroused his interest in the movies, though Mary Pickford, too, played an important part in shaping his screen career. Meeting Thomson and impressed by his good looks—and he is good looking in a brown and big and blue-eyed way, she made him promise to play her leading man. And he did, in "The Lovelight," registering his first athletic thrill—a spectacular leap from a cliff into the sea.

Mary, in turn, played the rôle of matchmaker in his life romance, introducing him to Frances Marion, scenarist. They met at a football game in 1917 and were married in 1919 upon his return from France, where he had served two years as chaplain with the 143rd Field Artillery.

In "The Eagle's Talons" Universal presented him as co-star with Ann Little. And motion picture audiences had an opportunity to gasp and thrill over his aeroplane and motorcycle stunts.

The transition from pulpit to studio was not difficult, for in the rôle of preacher he had to act far more than in the rôle of actor.

A minister operating as a plain clothes man in the interests of Christianity, a fighter upon occasion, and all-around man. Fred Thomson.
Who is Your Favorite Screen Beauty?

KATHERINE McDONALD

MAY McAVOY

MARTHA MANSFIELD

PATSY RUTH MILLER
Viola Dana and Shirley Mason appeared as Mr. and Mrs. Rodolph Valentino in the Actors' Fund Benefit Show in Los Angeles and scored with the Argentine tango. The famous sisters proved great impersonators.
THE ACQUITTAL—Universal

This picture has been skillfully adapted from Rita Weiman’s play of the same name. It is a murder mystery—one that unfolds in a unique manner, through the stories that the witnesses tell during the trial. The courtroom scenes are perhaps the most convincing and accurate that have ever been portrayed upon the screen, and the occasional bits of comic relief are funny without seeming out of place. The real kick comes after the accused man is acquitted of the crime.

The direction, by Clarence L. Brown, is both subtle and unusual. This Tournier pupil will go a long way! The excellent cast is headed by Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry and Barbara Bedford. And the mystery remains quite unsolvable to the very end.

THE ETERNAL CITY—First National

This is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful pictures ever filmed. It is also one of the most interesting and is one that no lover of the best in pictures can afford to miss. It has a charming love story, plenty of melodrama, fine comedy, sets that are exceptional in every way, some of the best acting of the year, and intelligent direction. What more can be asked? Of course, some liberties have been taken with the story. The recent war is brought in—although no war scenes are shown—and the scene of the returning soldiers is among the best in the picture. Director George Fitzmaurice enlisted the aid of Mussolini and hundreds of his black-shirted Fascisti. The scenes in the Colosseum at Rome where these men gather to give battle to the revolutionaries are most thrilling. Mussolini himself appears in several scenes and, to make the cast really all-star, the King of Italy also shows on the screen. Barbara La Marr, as Rome, has the best role of her career and does by far her finest acting. She is beautiful, as always, and plays with a skill and spirit that she never before has equalled. Bert Lytell as the hero, and Lionel Barrymore and Montagu Love as the villains are excellent, but the real honors go to Richard Bennett as Bruno, an Italian vagabond. His acting is a delight. He plays with a lightness and sureness of touch that mark him as one of the finest actors of the day.

Scenically, the picture is superb, and the photography is equal to the subjects. The views of Rome, taken from one of the hills; the shots in the Colosseum; the views along the beautiful roads shaded by Lombardy poplars; the exquisite interiors, all aid in making this picture the height of camera artistry. Just one bit of advice. Don’t miss it.

ANNA CHRISTIE—First National

The notable feature of this faithful and effective transfer to the screen of Eugene O’Neill’s play is the remarkable acting of Blanche Sweet in the title rôle. Those who wanted Pauline Lord, the stage star, to play the rôle, may be consoled. Miss Sweet does the finest work of her career and leaves nothing to be desired. It isn’t a pleasant story, but it holds the attention, and the direction of John Griffith Wray is notable for its directness and simplicity. There is no lost motion. Everything counts. Second only to the acting of Miss Sweet as the unfortunate Anna, is that of George Marion as her father, Chris, all of whose troubles are due to ”that dawil sea.” Mr. Marion repeats the masterly performance he gave on the stage. While it may not be a picture for the children, no adult should miss it.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE ETERNAL CITY   LONG LIVE THE KING
THE ACQUITTAL      ANNA CHRISTIE
PONJOLA            FLAMING YOUTH

The Six Best Performances of the Month

RICHARD BENNETT in "The Eternal City"
BLANCHE SWEET in "Anna Christie"
BARBARA LA MARR in "The Eternal City"
GEORGE FAWCETT in "His Children's Children"
HALE HAMILTON in "His Children's Children"
ANNA Q. NILSSON in "Ponjola"

PONJOLA—First National

A N intensely dramatic narrative of the African gold fields, with the action centering around a fugitive woman disguised as a boy, and a man who is drinking himself to death.

While in Paris Lundi Druro (James Kirkwood) saves the life of a beautiful, mysterious girl who is about to commit suicide. He is happy, confident of the future, in love. But a few months later, when Desmond, a slim youth, comes to Rhodesia, the same Lundi is a broken man. The boy becomes a sort of secretary to Lundi. When the great moment comes, he is able to save a life, too—and a man's soul. The cast, throughout, is fine. Anna Q. Nilsson, most feminine of stars, makes a surprisingly good boy, and Kirkwood could not be more convincing.

LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro

W E echo the title, for the king is Jackie Coogan. And anyone who doesn't wish long life to him is unfit to read the leading magazine of the screen! Jackie gives a performance that is full of fun and pathos—skillfully blended by the child's instinctive artistry. The story is a simple one, a few stirring days from the life of a small boy who is a Crown Prince, and who would swap his crown for a dog, very gladly. Surrounded by intrigue and affairs of state, his life menaced on every side, the youngster dares to run away—and learns to play marbles. Despite the punishments that are meted out to him, he decides to do it all over again and—at the height of his good time—hears the bells tolling the death of his grandfather, the king. Realizing the meaning of it all, and his new responsibility, he tries to hurry back to the castle—and falls into the blood-stained hands of a group of plotters. From this perilous situation he is saved at the critical moment by the faithful Nikky, his aide (played by Alan Forrest), and is rushed to the palace just in time to appear before his people and to look down upon them—from a balcony's height—with a tearful little smile.

The direction is good—though not great—and so is the cast. But Jackie Coogan, as the tiny, winsome ruler, is the whole show. His magnetic personality outshines the other members of the production. The picture lives when he is in the foreground—which happens, fortunately, most of the time. Jackie remains singularly untouched by the procession of birthdays. He seems almost more diminutive than ever, although his teeth—which are now parted in the middle—mark the passing of time.

FLAMING YOUTH—First National

T HERE are two outstanding features about this picture. One is the exceptionally fine performance given by Colleen Moore, and the other is the fact that it is distinctly an ultra jazz production. There have been many pictures of late, emphasizing the shortcomings of our busy and boozey younger set. The crowd of young people in "Flaming Youth" sets a pace that would be hard to follow. But, as the picture teaches, it is not entirely their fault. Some of the blame lies at the door of parents who have no control over their children and who cannot find time to exercise control even if they had it. Miss Moore's acting stands out, and that means a lot in a cast which numbers also Milton Sills, Sylvia Breamer, Myrtle Stedman and other screen notables.
THE VIRGINIAN—Preferred

OWEN WISTER'S famous Western novel—a best-seller of its day—has been transformed into an interesting and well-made picture. The cast and Tom Forman's direction are good and many of the settings are beautiful, especially those of the Wyoming cattle country. The mixing up of the babies, the capture and execution of Steve, the "when you call me that, smile" incident are all there.

WOMAN PROOF—Paramount

DEFTLY tailored by George Ade to fit the engaging personality of Thomas Meighan. The plot is not extraordinarily original, but, thanks to some good character sketching, to amusing subtitles, and delicate phrasing of scenes, it provides an hour of most agreeable diversion. Our "Tom's" disinclination to marry almost results in forfeiting the family fortune—until Lila Lee comes along.

UNSEEING EYES—Cosmopolitan

A SPLENDID picture—if you like snow. Taken in the Canadian Northwest, at more than the ordinary risk, there are blizzards, and ice-capped mountains and frozen lakes to co-star with Seena Owen and Lionel Barrymore. The director, Edward L. Griffith, has managed to transfer the soul of the country to the screen—without detracting from a melodramatic story of love and bravery.

THE COMMON LAW—Selznick

A SPLENDID entertainment saved from mediocrity by a capable cast. One of those "why-do-they-do-it" pictures with old-fashioned direction, terrific lighting, and studio interiors like convention halls. How models can dress as in this picture and be good girls is puzzling. Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle lead the cast. Corinne's beauty shines through the poor photography.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount

A PICTURE that goes a step farther in showing up the hard working younger generation. With a cast that, though excellent, is only a background for the splendid acting of George Fawcett, who is father and grandfather of an erring family. Bebe Daniels and Dorothy MacKail have spectacular parts. But, next to Fawcett, Hale Hamilton, as the staid and respectable Rufus Kane, scores.

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors

FOR those who want their Richard to be blonde, blue-eyed and poetic, this picture will be a great disappointment. For Wallace Beery, as the Lion-Hearted Crusader, is a two-fisted, meat-eating he-man, who handles 'em rough. And does it so well that his every uncoth mannerism is lovable. The story is taken, with not too many changes, from Scott's "The Talisman."
JUST misses being a big picture, but worth while for anyone. The sort of picture the whole family may see. It is based upon Blanche Upright’s novel, “The Valley of Content,” the story of a happy small town family that was suddenly thrown into millions and a fast, insincere New York set. Mary Alden’s splendid work as the mother is the outstanding feature of the picture.

THE DARLING OF NEW YORK—Universal

THE problem that shot out here was created not because it required an answer, but because Baby Peggy required a play. The plot, which deals with a gang of crooks, stolen jewels, and a lost waif, is the oldest in captivity. Nevertheless, it is dramatic enough to hold the interest. The tiny star doesn’t seem to quite know what it’s all about, but it is her appearance in this picture that makes it worth seeing.

THE COUNTRY KID—Warner Brothers

AN old-fashioned picture with three little orphans, a cruel uncle, a poor farm and all the rest of the celluloid pathos that is considered foolproof. Wesley Barry is the oldest of the orphans—he mothers and fathers the other two, who are made real by Spec O’Donnell and Bruce Guerin. A tear, and more than a dozen laughs, for everybody. And Helen Jerome Eddy to gladden all hearts.

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan

HERE is another costume picture, laid in France in the bewigged and belaced days of Louis XIII, and with Richelieu as the outstanding character. Scenically and photographically it is a beautiful picture, but the story and direction are not so good. Robert Mantell is terribly stagey as the great Cardinal, and John Charles Thomas is a rather awkward swashbuckling hero.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]
The Romantic Motion

Here told for the first time

The secret of the little memorandum sheet which was Jeremiah J. Kennedy's Doomsday Book of the industry of the motion picture—a story of a secret code.

The tale of a tiger—or how William Fox, alone among the exchangemen of the motion picture, made a stand against the Motion Picture Patents Company and won a private war of his own.

When D. W. Griffith scolded Arthur Johnson, famous star of 1910, and Biograph lost him to the newly formed Reliance, resulting in new careers for a whole array of now noted players.

Chapter XXII

While the courts resounded with the clash of battle between the Motion Picture Patents Company and the Independents in the lusty days of 1910-11, another campaign, based more upon strategy than law, was somewhat covertly and quietly under way.

Down at 52 Broadway the offices of belligerent Jeremiah J. Kennedy were expanding across wide areas of floor space.

Clerks, draughtsmen and statisticians bent over tables with acres of figures and blueprints. They were concerned with charts and curves and graphs which would have only added to the excitement and mystery of the motion picture men concerned if they could have had a glimpse of this mathematical forecast of their film fate.

Fighting Jeremiah was engaged in the process of buying the motion picture distributing business from itself with its own money! And, it may be added, using its own credit to do it.

The methods used were remarkable because of their arrant improbability and their extreme practicality as evidenced by results.

In the eyes of many of the film men against whom Kennedy's plans were laid, he was an arch villain.

In the opinion of some of his jealous rivals for power within his own organization he was a full-blown Niccolo Machiavelli.

In the opinion of the author he was a bearcat for figures.

Kennedy wanted to acquire for the General Film Company all of the motion picture exchanges of value. His methods were so simple that they could not be understood.

He set about getting all the information that could be had about them.

The motion picture business has always been prone to a vast amount of gossipping. It was and is full of chattering, gesticulating people. Kennedy fomented gossip and set his espionage service to gather the results.

Each motion picture exchange man presumably knew his own business and his own section of the country fairly well. Kennedy made it his business to know the whole country exceedingly well and to know just how much each exchange man knew.

The campaign resolved itself presently into a compact collection of data, abstracted most secretly and personally by Kennedy into a sheet that told him the whole story.

This was written in a curious code, with half the figures on the sheet and the other half of the significant characters on a similar sheet, locked deep in Kennedy's safe at 52 Broadway.

If by any remote chance Kennedy had lost his little black pocket memorandum book with that precious sheet in it the finder could not have been a bit the wiser, unless he also robbed the safe.

But Kennedy knew the figures well enough without the code. He had them in his head. And there was never the remotest probability that he would lose his head.

By turning to his pocket edition of Doomsday, Kennedy could tell at a glance the essential facts about any motion picture exchange in the United States and Canada, whether it be...
The remarkable panorama of the past of the industry of the motion picture, unfolded in these pages from month to month, is an amazing tale of conflict.

It seems that the history of the motion picture, like that of nations and all the affairs of men, is largely a progression from one war to the next.

The motion picture, like what we sometimes are pleased to call Civilization, seems to have been pushed forward in its line of progress by the rivalries, jealousies and greed of the picture makers.

This chapter sets forth with especial force the growth that came to the Empire of the Screen because of the oppressions of those who desired to control it as their own. Great men and great events are born of stress. Of stress there was—and is—plenty in the art of the motion picture.

Here is a chapter vibrant with the tense struggles of the most competitive industry in the world, and laden with the drama of big and little business, glinted here and there by the humor and whimsy of big men in small moments.

James R. Quirk, Editor.

History of the Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

in Amarillo, Wahoo or the Bronx. The little black book held the secret of what the exchange was worth on the basis of films owned and business done, what the owner thought it was worth, what he would ask for it, and, most important of all, the figure that Jeremiah J. Kennedy had decided that the owner was going to get for the exchange. It is hardly necessary to add that in no instance were these figures identical. The last was always lowest. In all these operations Kennedy did not have the unqualified support of the members of the Motion Picture Patents Company. It will be remembered from a remote chapter that Kennedy came into the picture business to be the undertaker for the Biograph Company which was sick unto death, and that he decided to cure its ills by the treatment of the entire industry. Some of the patients did not thoroughly enjoy the medicine, even though it was doing them good.

So it came, as has been related, that when the General Film Company was formed with a paper capitalization of two millions of dollars, the only real money in the concern was fifteen thousand loaned to the corporation by Kennedy.

Many of the picture makers of the Patents Company group timidly feared that they would lose all their customers among the exchanges by starting the General Film Company in competition. But Kennedy had no notion that the General Film would be in competition long. It was his program benevolently to assimilate the competition—on his own terms.

So it came that the iron boss gathered unto himself in lieu of capital a strong state of mind and used it to acquire the exchanges previously licensed by the Patents Company. The net result was that, between April, 1910, and January 1, 1912, the General Film Company bought the fifty-seven leading exchanges in America, for $2,243,089 in cash and notes, and preferred stock in the company at the face value of $794,000. All this in less than two years' time.

It might appear strange that this Bismark of the screen was so able to work his will and plan with so many men over such a scope of territory. But it will be remembered that the control of the Motion Picture Patents Company lay, to all practical intents, in the hands of Kennedy and H. N. Marvin, of Biograph, who worked together with a harmony that was remarkable in the fusing chaos of film politics. Now all of the licensed exchanges with their clamoring demand from the theatres for film were entirely dependent upon remaining in the good graces of the Patents Company. If their licenses were revoked they got no more film. They could “go independent” or die, or both. Some did. The studios of the Patents Company group, Biograph, Vitagraph, Kalem, Edison, Pathé, Essanay, Selig, Kleine and others, constituted the world's greatest and most reliable supply of film satisfactory at the box office. This gave the General Film Company, through its Siamese twin connection with the Patents Company, a mighty club.

There were many, many ways in which an exchange could be found guilty of violating its license agreement and incurring a cancellation. This situation was a large factor in inducing many of the exchanges to sell out—or the pattern—listed in Kennedy's little black book.

This price was always to be paid in twenty quarterly installments, reaching over a period of five years, in addition to a certain percentage of payment in stock in the General Film Company. The quarterly installments were well within the profit-making power of the exchanges.

The plan was boldly and neatly conceived. The business was bought with its own earnings, and these shares of stock, which, in a slender way, made the extinguished competitor a partner in the project. This element was just strong enough to make him keep the peace if he felt belligerent after selling out.

The General Film Company swallowed up every licensed exchange except one—the last and fifty-eighth on the list it did not get, and thereon hangs not only a tale but a tiger. That fifty-eighth exchange and its refusal to be taken by General Film resulted in giving the world of the motion picture the famous name of Theda Bara and a whole array of other spectacular superfluities.

This fifty-eighth and last on the list was The Greater New York Film Rental Company, William Fox, president.

There were many reasons why [continued on page 110]
WELL, there's no getting away from it. Hollywood is pretty sad and dark these days. The slump has come, and it looks like the worst one in the history of the motion picture industry. Everybody is trying to be bright and cheerful, but the general atmosphere is decidedly low.

Production has practically stopped. Thousands of people have been thrown suddenly out of work. Weeks of idleness stare them in the face. Free lance actors and writers see no prospect of work for some time to come.

Famous Players-Lasky have announced a shut down of ten weeks. Universal is to shut down shortly for an indefinite period. Some of B. P. Schulberg's people have been thrown out of work. Metro has one company working, Goldwyn has one, and many independent producers are announcing layoffs until the first of the year. First National is the only company in full production strength.

The reasons are numerous. First, overproduction and over-expenditure. Millions of dollars are tied up in big pictures which have just been released and have not started bringing in returns. For six months, or a year, the industry has been piling costs up beyond all hope of return. Now it is overstocked with pictures on which, no matter how great they may be, they will do well to break even. When a picture costs a million dollars or a million and a half, there is no possibility of making big money with it, or even getting fair return on the investment. Motion picture theaters are flooded with these stupendous productions. There is "The Ten Commandments," which will go out with a cost of a million and a half against it; "Ashes of Vengeance" and "Scaramouche," with $850,000 charged against each of them; "The Courtship of Myles Standish," with $620,000 against it and an unfavorable critical review; Von Stroheim's "Greed," with an enormous cost; "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," close to the million mark; "Rosita," a costly production; and the first two American Negri features, "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat," neither of them a success, with a big red mark on the books.

The present investment in pictures which as yet haven't begun to pay off their initial cost runs into many millions of dollars and production must be stopped for a retrenching.

Another reason is to knock salaries down. In a period of intensive productions, actors usually boost and boost their salaries until they demand so much that they kill the goose that laid the golden egg. The salaries demanded today by many actors and actresses are so far beyond reason that they make any picture too expensive for adequate returns. When ordinary leading men like Milton Sills will not work for less than $1,350, and when practically unknown character actors like Arthur Edmund Carewe demand $1,500, it is actually time to call a halt.
There are many productions awaiting release, and the producer is going to force the exhibitor to work off those expensive pictures before a return to decent, normal pictures can be hoped for.

In the past six months there have been no program pictures to speak of made by the big companies. They have been feature mad, and have looked on anything less than a ten-reel $500,000 picture as a cheap little thing, cranked out over the week-end.

Now the few independents who have made good, reasonable pictures which are good entertainment have something to offer the exhibitor and the public.

And Hollywood is sort of wearing mourning, and waiting for the spring renewal, with its usual philosophy and empty pockets. Everything has quieted down, there is little entertainment, little excitement, and not the usual spirit of fun and good fellowship. Even the Boulevard wits aren't wise-cracking much these days, because it looks like a long cold winter.

ONE Saturday morning not so long ago, two very dirty small boys peeped into the Hollywood laboratory where Laurence Trimble, director of the famous dog star, Strongheart, was working. They admitted that they had walked a number of miles that morning and begged for a chance to "just pat Strongheart once." Mr. Trimble, who was just about to run a print of the new Strongheart picture, "The Love Master," in his own projection room, invited them in. He knew the difficulty of obtaining unbiased opinions of a picture while there is still time to remedy faults, and decided these two specimens of American boy would be excellent critics for "The Love Master." When the film was over, they started to sidle out very shyly, and reluctantly, apparently afraid to speak. Mr. Trimble's heart sank to his boots, for he had counted on the picture's appeal to small boys. At last one of them looked up and with evident embarrassment said: "It's a great picture—but we've seen one we liked better. We liked 'Robin Hood' better, but we like this next best we've ever seen."

They were afraid they would hurt his feelings by putting "Robin Hood" first, but Mr. Trimble was thoroughly satisfied with their verdict and permitted them to pat Strongheart to their heart's content.

THERE is a great deal of speculation going on in Hollywood right now in regard to Charlie Chaplin's future plans. Nobody knows what they are, apparently including Mr. Chaplin himself. He is to make more comedies, but it is generally understood that they will be entirely different from the old ones. "The Pilgrim" completed Mr. Chaplin's contract, and he will now make his own pictures for United Artists, and he expects to do only big and impressive comedy stories—comedy stories, of course. The first will probably be "The Clown," a story of his own that he has been wanting to do for years.

He will also supervise a series of dramatic features, starring Edna Purviance, but when these will start or what they are to be, nobody knows. In the meantime, to the Chaplin fans, it's a long time between pictures.

THERE is more in the announcement that Charles Babin is to direct "Ben Hur" and that George Walsh is to play the title role than at first meets the eye. It reveals the power of diplomacy and the ability of one woman in the picture industry to get her own way by con-
centrated effort and belief in the rightness of her choice. That woman is June Mathis. Six months ago, June Mathis quietly confided to a few friends that Charles Brabin would direct "Ben Hur" and George Walsh would play it. Nobody paid much attention, because there was so much speculation and everyone had been mentioned for the two coveted jobs. But with her usual smiling sweetness, Miss Mathis went ahead in a direct line, writing the scenario and expecting her plans to work out. As usual, they did. Miss Mathis told me the other day that she had admired Charles Brabin more than any other director on the screen since the old days at—Lubin, I think it was—when he was a new director and she was an unknown writer and actress. She never forgot him and considered his directorial method perfect. She selected Rex Ingram to direct the "Four Horsemen" because he had worked under Brabin, and so she quietly waited to get him for "Ben Hur." And she got him. That's June Mathis.

THEDA BARA is back in Hollywood and back at work. Before long the screen will see another Bara picture. It will be decidedly interesting to see what sort of work the greatest of all screen vamps offers upon her return. In the years that she has been off the screen, Miss Bara has spent her time in Europe, in the most cultured circles of the continent, and New York. She is actually as different from the Theda Bara of "A Fool There Was" as day is from night. Everyone in Hollywood has been much impressed by her intellectual charm, her simplicity, and her wide culture. She told me that she and her husband, Charles Brabin, were married in an apple orchard in the spring, and that she wore a simple organza frock, just because she actually wanted to get away from the personality of the screen and the many things that had been rumored about that Theda Bara.

Now that she is to come back, it will be worth watching to see just what sort of vehicle she will choose. Many offers have been made to her in the last few years but she has rejected them all.

RAMON NOVARRO is on his way to Egypt, to play the lead in a picture which Rex Ingram will make there. Alice Terry, needless to say, will also play in the picture, the nature of which has not been announced. But the location is enough to make one pretty sure of the type it will fall under.

Ramon, on his way to the land of deserts and sheiks, will stop off at the Canary Islands to visit his two sisters—who are nuns in a convent there. Ramon has a third sister, also a nun. All three of the girls are young and beautiful—one wonders why they have given up the world! And one hopes that Ramon will not leave the screen—just as everybody's getting fond of him—to enter the religious life.

CRAIG BIDDLE couldn't get any more publicity through reported engagements and disengagements. And so he changed his tactics, recently, and adopted a grandmother.

If you want to perspire freely this Winter, here's the way to do it, according to the motion picture formula. Run a fine rubber tubing up the back of your neck and through your hair to your forehead. Then let someone press the bulb containing glycerine and water and the beads of perspiration will run down your face very naturally.

THE football season in the West has done a lot of damage to working days for certain stars. Douglas MacLean, whose father is a retired Methodist minister and much interested in the welfare of the University of Southern California, has toured all over the country foiling the U. C. S. team on its playing schedule. He and Mrs. MacLean drove to Washington to see them play the University of Washington, and later came down to Palo Alto for the Stanford game, and then drove clear back to San Francisco a few weeks later for the California-Stanford classic. Doug is what he himself calls a "football nut."

Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman are also enthusiasts and can always be seen at the games in the new Los Angeles coliseum, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Patsy Ruth Miller, Roy Stewart, Richard Dix and Colleen Moore and her new husband, John McCormack, have missed a game when they could. Richard Dix, who never had time to go to college, thinks a man has missed half his life who hasn't seen his own team play football, so he has adopted Stanford as his own, and roots more violently than a lot of alumni.
THEY call him "The Master." He is admired and envied by the world at large, cordially disliked by those who know him casually and loved by those who know him well.

In his work he is a beneficent tyrant. Under his autocratic rule the stuff they make actors of is hammered, shaped, polished and refined, eventually being alchemized into idols of the screen. About the studio he is the court of last resort, the undisputed captain of the ship. What he says goes—and that's all there's to it. Fame and fortune come at his beckoning to those he appoints, yet a full-fledged star of his making is reduced to rank oblivion for a single lapse from doing just what the Master expects, and when he expects it.

But, quite in the natural order, it was not ever thus. The Master found few soft spots and fewer helping hands in his long, uphill struggle for recognition.

In the first place, he allowed himself to fall into motion picture work, not because he wanted to but—well, one must eat. In those early days he despised the flickering photographs a lot. Their pretense maddened him and their crudity sickened him; but he went on.

Yes, he had had other hopes, but now he must hide them away with his ideals of other days, just as he felt he must hide himself away from his friends of other days—now that he had become a motion picture director.

But a turning-point came for him, just as it does for most of us, and his was a sharp one indeed.

It seems that there had been taking place a transformation against the whole business of the flickering photographs blinded from him a realization that, day by day, he was mastering a new and wonderful method of thought transmission and dramatic expression which needed only a skilled manipulator to yield up a real art which, being phrased in the universal language of pictures, would enthral the whole world.

On the night of the great turning point the stuffy and darkened projection room was still except for the monotonous clicking, grinding and rattling of a wabbly projection machine. Suddenly there was a sharp, yet half-repressed, cry. The director leaped to his feet and his rickety chair clattered noisily over backwards.

"Look, look—did you see that ... ?" he cried. "That's the stuff we want, that's the stuff we want," he repeated.

As he gazed upon that screen it was transformed brilliantly. Enkindled by his imagination, he resurrected there upon that screen the long-dead splendors of Babylon, the picturesque-ness of an English countryside, peopled by actors engaged in portraying a great drama—and all of this was brought back as things of living realism to be seen and understood by the people of the day. He saw mankind awakened to the horrors of war more forcibly than it had ever been before; he saw love scenes made plain to all in only the way that the language of Shakespeare had previously been able to bring up for the

By Martin J. Quigley
Editor, Exhibitors Herald
scholarly alone; he saw history, ancient, medieval and modern, reenacted understandingly for all. Altogether his imagination fixed upon that shabby curtain what the motion picture was to be and was to do.

In the days immediately following the nocturnal revealment of the artistic possibilities of the motion picture the director worked feverishly, throwing every atom of his mental and physical being into the task of achieving with these pictures in motion what he now knew to be possible.

Unlike every predecessor among the arts, the motion picture did not receive its final recognition from the intelligentsia, from those persons who customarily keep abreast of all developments which seem to point to a widening and improving of the mental scope and power of mankind. The first patrons of motion pictures were not patriots, swathed in cloth of gold, but rather the utter dregs of the great cities, clothed in tattered garments, who held out enough from their supper money to be able to drag themselves from the unfriendly chill of the streets to the warmth and comparative comfort of a rickety chair in a nickelodeon.

But even such barriers as these could not long stay the progress of this great new force, so dynamic, so influential and so far-reaching. The world soon bowed before it—and saluted its master. With each new picture greater than its predecessor and everyone of them being carried to the furthermost ends of the civilized world, bringing inspiration, new ideals and necessary diversion to countless millions, the Master soon became an international figure.

Despite all this we found him alone on Christmas eve in the study hall of his studios which ramble over many acres of one of the hillsides that border the town of Hollywood, despondently and dejectedly complaining and bewailing what, to my very great surprise, he called the failure of his work.

"The unquestionable fame which he acknowledged was his, he declared, to be but a mockery of what he had hoped for. "Nothing but a hollow plaudit of the froth of society," he said. The pretensions of the business and its people he abhorred. He too, he feared, was rapidly sailing toward the port of lost ideals.

"The picture ship is captained by a crew of money-maniacs," he snapped out as I exhibited surprise at his assertions. "What have we done, what have I done, with this marvelous instrument not received by the man we trusted to us? We have amused the people a little and, perhaps, we have made millions, but I tell you it has been a damn bad bargain.

"With opportunities to really make the world a better place to live in, we have been satisfied if we got only a few handclaps, some money and we have let it go at that. Where have we, where have I, cheapened the finer things in life at the expense of a profit? Tell me, are we making a stuff that reaches to the hearts of the people, that takes those hearts and enkindles them with a better love of their fellows? Are our pictures messengers of good will on earth? Do they lend a hand in knitting father and son, mother and daughter, husband and wife closer together? Are they doing anything to make mankind a happier family, outside of, perhaps, giving it a little mental relaxation and a welcome rest from its customary worries?"

"I'll answer," he continued brusquely, "No, no, no—we have failed utterly in our opportunity. Many a verse of poetry and many a short story, scribbled off by some half-starved writer in a chilly garret, has accomplished better and finer things than all the pictures..."

A strange mood, we thought, but obviously a sincere one. There was no doubt of the Master's discouragement. Not only his speech but his manner proved this.

As the chill of the California evening commenced to permeate the study hall, an elaborately liveried servant kindled a log fire in a huge Gothic fireplace at one end of the room. The director sat slouched down in a divan facing the fire and the brightly blazing logs cast dancing shadows on his head of curly white hair. The care-lined features of his countenance were given a ghostly radiance by the flickering blazes. Although his was a name triumphant with the world, as he sat there he appeared as a figure of utter despondency.

An awkward silence followed his outburst. He moved as if about to resume his tirade but instead turned, picked up a cigarette from a taborette at the side of the divan and, continuing to look into the fire, he held a lighted match to the cigarette. As he flicked the burnt match into the fireplace a telephone bell jingled and he reached for the instrument.

"Tell him I won't see him," he snapped sharply into the transmitter.

Turning, he commenced speaking again. "I'm going to chuck it all," he said. "I'm tired, sick and discouraged. I've made my last picture. The world may call me a success, but I know too well that all I have done is to receive only a momentary applause and that I will shortly be forgotten."

There was a scuffling of feet just outside the door.

In a moment the door opened and a figure hurried through, obviously an unwelcome visitor.

The Master was annoyed visibly but sought to ignore the stranger.

The persistent visitor was a man approaching the twilight of life. Slightly bent but with a firm step and assured manner, as if he were being awaited by the director, he walked to the end of the room and stood with his back to the fireplace.

"Tell these men," he said in an auspicious voice, jerking his head toward the two office men who had followed him into the room with the obvious intention of removing him, since they had failed to bar his entrance, "I have something to say to you and that we will not need them.

"The Master looked quizzically, saying, "Well, what is it?"

"But with the clerks withdrew."

"I've been an exhibitor for eighteen years," the stranger commenced. "I guess I've run every picture you ever made. But that's not what I'm here to tell you. . . ." He paused abruptly, passed a handkerchief over his forehead and continued, "I've given up my theater; in fact, gave it to my operator. He's a fine lad and I don't need it any more—since my partner died. . . ."

[HOLLYWOOD'S EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT SPECIALISTS]

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]
Unseeing Eyes
This is Lionel and Seena Aviating through the wood:

This is Wolheim looking meaner Than I even thought he could.

This is Seena rendered snow-blind On a crag of glaring ice, Heading straight (the darling's so blind) For a horrid den of vice.

His Children's Children
I was duly aghast at the size of the cast; I would name them but they are too many: There is Hamilton (Hale) and Dolly Mackall, Bebe Daniels, George Fawcott, Jim Rennie. I completely forgot to examine the plot, I was dazzled by this constellation; At least it was plain that old Grandfather Kayne Was distressed at the young generation. It dealt in the main with the Household of Kayne, Of wealthy and elegant station, Which came down in the world just as soon as it whirled To the jazz of the young generation.

Here the hero treats the villain To a round of fisticuffs, And single-handed tries to kill an Overwhelming band of toughs.

Then the villain ties the hero To a rafter in the camp. The thermometer's at zero, So he overturns a lamp.

After all this blood and arson, When the villain's justly dead, The hero goes and gets a parson And the happy pair is wed.

David Copperfield
I went to see these Swedish movements Thinking for to add improvements With the customary strictures That we hang on foreign pictures. But after I'd sat through it, I confessed I couldn't do it. (Though I've just received a letter Stating that it might be better Had the clever Swedes allowed The Swedish titles to remain; For then the fan who reads aloud Would try to pester us in vain.)
"Here's Roxey"

By Martha L. Wilchinsky

S. L. Rothafel, who is known to all his friends as "Roxey," is the director of New York's largest motion picture theater, the Capitol. He always has had hundreds of friends, but since he has been broadcasting from W. E. A. F., the number has gone into the thousands.

DID you ever "tune in" on "Roxey"? Did you ever hear that warm, cheerful voice of his coming through the air from station W. E. A. F., saying: "Hello, folks. Well, here we are again." The milk of human kindness just drips from "Roxey's" voice. And he is just the same as his voice sounds. He isn't a brilliant speaker, this jovial director of New York's largest motion picture theater, the Capitol. He isn't eloquent, and sometimes his jokes are not always so good. But he has a human quality that rings through his voice, that gets your attention and holds it. His broadcasting brings him hundreds of letters a week.

A doctor told him once that his voice over the radio was one of the best cures he could offer his patients.

And "Roxey"—his name is S. L. Rothafel—lives up to the reputation his voice gives him. He is the perfect host in his big office at the Capitol. It must be said that, when you visit him, he does most of the talking, but you get so you like that. It's worth-while talk. Sit with him a while and watch his callers. A girl wants to sing at the Capitol. "Roxey" hears her. "You have a fine voice, my dear, but you haven't learned how to use it. Study for a year and come back." The singer leaves grateful and encouraged. An usher, accused of dishonesty, appears. "Did you take the money?" asks "Roxey." The boy admits it. "Go back to your post and don't do it again." When he has gone, "Roxey" says: "If he had lied, I would have discharged him. But he'll make good now.

And so it goes, from the time "Roxey" reaches his office at the Capitol in the morning until when, late at night, he signs off over the radio with a sometimes rather weary "Good night! God bless you!" He never has any spare time. But he never wastes any time. He's one of the best showmen in the world, but he's a lot more than that. He's—well, he's "Roxey."

Why Should I Dress Up? By a Small Town Woman

As Related to Lucinda Reichenbach

I am a small town woman. My husband owns one of the largest mills in Indiana. We have all the money we need. We seldom travel, because he thinks his business requires close personal application.

I belong to a bridge whist club, the membership of which is made up of highly respectable married women of my own age—around 45. We do not allow divorcées to belong; hence seldom get a thrill out of our assembling.

I am a member of an amateur theatrical organization which stages a performance each year, coached by a woman prominent because of her spinsterlike respectability.

My days are as alike as two blasts on a steam whistle. I arise at seven, have breakfast with my husband, busy myself chasing the maid about the house and calling attention to her oversights, loll about until three, when one of the neighbors comes in with an inventory of her troubles.

The first break in the monotony is the Chicago paper with its scare heads about divorcées, marriages and hold-ups. Then comes dinner. Hubby tells of trouble at the mill or of good fortune in business. The runabout stands before our door. After dinner his pipe—then we go down town. He drops me at the movie house and hies himself to the local billiard emporium. I see "Of Her Own Free Will." At ten he comes by for me and then we go home. I'm not sleepy. I would like a little excitement. But we go to bed, for there is nothing else to do. And in the morning I—but start at the top and read this through again. Why should I dress my windows when there's no passersby?
THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Special Introductory Set

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

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trialsizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. Q-11, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

The tiny brush holds just enough for one nail

LIQUID polishes used to need an expert to apply them. Either they went on too thick and looked artificial or else they ran and formed lumps and ridges. But with the wonderful new Cutex Liquid Polish all these troubles are banished.

First—the tiny brush that comes with each bottle holds just enough polish for one nail. So it is easy to get on the right amount of polish and to spread it to an even thinness.

Then—every other detail of this polish has been just as carefully planned to give the lovely lasting brilliance well groomed women want for their nails. Cutex Liquid Polish does not crack or peel off. It dries almost instantly. It keeps its brilliance a whole week. Water will not dull its beautiful rose tinted lustre. The whole manicure keeps its fresh niceness longer.

Needs no separate polish remover

There is no bother with a separate remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail. Then wipe it off quickly before it dries. It takes off every trace of the old polish, leaving the nails smooth and clean for the new gleaming brilliance.

Cutex Liquid Polish is the same price as all the other Cutex preparations—35c. Or you can get it in the $1.00 and $3.00 Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and $1.50.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-1
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name_____________________________

Street_____________________________

(Or P. O. box)_____________________

City________________ State________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
She Sets the Styles for the Stars

CLARE WEST, fashion designer for Norma and Constance Talmadge, and formally creator of sartorial beauty for Cecil De Mille and Gloria Swanson, is regarded by Hollywood as the last word in exclusive and daring fashion predictions. Just now, she declares that, this year, evening gowns will be worn without stockings, underwear will be of black chiffon and black chantilly lace, and milady must expose practically all of her spinal column in the evening if she is to be really in vogue. Miss West has made five exclusive drawings for PHOTOPLAY, illustrating her prophecies. Miss West created the costumes for Norma Talmadge's "Dust of Desire," for "Ashes of Vengeance" and for "Secrets"—celebrated designs.

In this dinner frock, the arms are covered with full length sleeves, but the ankles are bare of stockings. This is an example of the extremely low-back which Miss West declares will be seen in all really elegant evening dresses.

A robe de nuit of black chantilly lace, with side lacing of narrow black velvet ribbon. On each side is a narrow accordion pleated panel of black chiffon.

This black velvet evening gown has a long slender train, which is caught about the wrist with a band of magnificent embroidery. No stockings are worn with it.

A negligee combined of the Chinese and the French note. The mandarin coat is of rose georgette, embroidered in black and peacock blue; the under drape is of soft gold satin.

The chemise combination, to match the chantilly lace nightgown, is properly worn under all afternoon and dinner frocks. With a straight ermine robe, lined with black satin, it may also be worn for the boudoir.

Note the ermine tail garter.
Mr. Thomas Meighan, too—

THOMAS MEIGHAN, romantic leading man of many successful releases, the screen embodiment of genial good humor and rugged honesty, gives unqualified endorsement to visible eyelets as a style essential and mark of quality on his footwear.

Mr. Meighan knows that before the inquisitive eye of the camera, through which hundreds of thousands of persons scrutinize his wardrobe, he must appear in well-groomed correctness. He therefore insists that his shoes be finished with visible eyelets.

The correctly attired, up-standing men of every community, no less than the country's screen favorites, are aware of the desirability of selecting shoes with visible eyelets—an assurance, in advance, that the shoes are stylish and of inherent worth.

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
Manufacturers of
DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS
Stirring the Fires of Youthful Ambition

REMEMBER, back in boyhood days, how you envied the leader of the Hometown Band and longed to play his flashing Cornet! The same ambitions are stirring the hearts of Young America today.

Conn is helping to realize those ambitions, developing not only musical talent, but a spirit of teamwork which comes with playing in a band or orchestra, and all the qualities of sturdy young manhood. For playing a Conn instrument is wholesome fun, healthful exercise, and an excellent character-builder as well.

His Conn instrument is an inspiration to the boy player. He knows it's exactly the same as those used by Sousa's famous players and the foremost artists of all the world in concert bands, symphony, opera and popular recording orchestras. That thought fires his ambition. And the easy playing qualities of the Conn, its perfect scale and reliable action, make practice a pleasure, speeding his progress.

In boys' bands everywhere, among the Scouts, in schools, colleges and American Legion Posts, Conn instruments are preferred for the same reasons which make them the choice of the foremost professionals. Exclusive features and methods of manufacture are the basis of Conn superiority. Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in a band.

With all their exclusive features Conn instruments cost no more. Free Trial; Easy Payments. Write now for FREE BOOK and details, mentioning instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd., 128 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Betty, Wollaston, Mass.—The girl who played Gladys Norworth in "Coradia the Magnificent," in which Clara Kimball Young starred, is Jacqueline Gadsden, Fox Film Corporation, 1401 Northwestern Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Another Tootsie, Also of California.—Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., a little less than thirty years ago. His height is five feet five inches, and he weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. His eyes are blue, his hair brown, and if you "are just crazy about him," as you say, you must have noticed that it is curly. Two children call him "Papa." John Bowers' photograph should be procurable through the Principal Features Corporation, 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, in your city. Pauline Garon's address is Associated First National Company, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Florence Vidor's, Preferred Pictures, Mayer Schelberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles.

Tessie of Schenectady.—Ramón Novarro was born in Buena, Mexico. His true name is Samaniegos. To secure a photograph of him, address Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, Calif.

B.B., Chicago, Ill.—The name of the tall, blond player whom you so much admire is Anna Querentia Nilsson. She was born in Ystad, Sweden. Her height is five feet seven inches, her weight one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She married Guy Coombes in 1926. They were divorced, and in March, 1929, she married John M. Gunnerson, a wealthy shoe manufacturer. If you "get up the nerve to write her," address your courageous missives in care of the Associated First National Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Pauline, Portland, Me.—You will think me the "Greatest Thing in the magazine office" if I answer these questions. Watch my hand-springs, Pauline. Virginia Lee Corliss was born in Prescott, Ariz., 1912. She has light hair and the color of wood violets. Her address is Fischer Productions, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Calif. She will be featured in three productions, the first of which will be "Youth Triumphant." Her series of pictures was interrupted by serious illness. She has recovered from appendicitis. The boy who plays opposite her is Francis Carpenter. He was born July 9, 1911.

D. A., Los Angeles, Calif.—The actor for the title rôle of "Ben Hur" is George Walsh. The legal ban on Rudolph Valentino's appearance on the screen will be lifted February, 1924. One of his greatest successes was "The Sheik."

P. E., Colorado Springs, Colo.—Sorry to be unable to oblige you. Please read what is printed at the top of the Questions and Answer department. "Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario-writing or studio employment."

Sitty, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.—You would better try again, for most stars send their pictures upon request. Johnny Walker is twenty-seven and married. Cullen Landis was born July 6, 1893. He is married. Irene Castle is to appear in a revue this fall.

Brown Eyed Vamp, Baton Rouge, La.—Ave., Aye, Miss. William Desmond is married. His first wife, Lillian Samson, died. His second marriage, which took place March 22, 1919, was to Mary MacVor. Want to know the birthday and birth year of their daughter? Dee-lighted. I'll throw in the name for full measure. Mary Joanna, April 7, 1922. Katharine MacDonald is not related to Donald MacDonald. She is a sister of Mary MacLaren. Her matrimonial record follows. First husband: James Earl Furst, artist and illustrator; second husband: Charles Schoen Johnson, millionaire, of Philadelphia.

Dorothy of Dallas, Tex.—You hope I won't give you "an awfully cool answer." Certainly not, Dorothy, dear. Your engaging candor and Alice blue note paper merit one quite otherwise. Your mental picture of me is that I am "rather short and fat and jolly." As you like. Hang any picture of me you wish, in the hall of your imagination. I only insist that you like it. What you write me of Dallas convinces me that when you grow to be a big girl you will be an excellent real estate agent. And you are coming to school in New York this winter and want to see a motion picture studio in operation. Better tell your teacher of your wish and ask him or her to write one of the motion picture firms, asking permission for a group of students to pay such a visit.

Belle, Wyoming, Ohio.—"Honor you by a long letter." Dear Miss Belle, I am torn twixt duty and emotion. The editor thinks long letters, like long speeches, are mistakes. Now you beg a long answer. Let's see how long an answer we can "put over on him." True, since you stimulate my memory, I never met anyone who did not like Thomas Metzlan. He was born in 1879, though his wife calls him Peter Pan because he will never grow up. You have scrambled, matrimonially, your Forests, Belle of Wyoming. It is true that Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. So he could not be wedded to Lottie Pickford and be out of jail. Miss Pickford married Alan Forrest.

J. A. N., Meriden, Conn.—Your letter of compliments on her work in "Adam's Rib" should be addressed to Miss Pauline Garon, Associated First National Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif., where she would find it on her return from her vacation spent in Canada and in Europe.
M. M., GALVESTON, TEX.—Malcolm Hamilton should be pleased to know that a girl of Galveston ranks him as her foremost movie favorite. She is one of the essentials you crave. His age is thirty-eight. His wife was Anita Farnum. She is a sister of Dorothy Farnum, the scenario writer. His first name is pronounced Malcom. Many a doubt I chivalrously would forward a photograph of himself if you asked him. Address him care Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

RUTH, BROWNSVILLE, PENN.—I think your admiration of Rod La Rocque is well founded. He is a youth of twenty-five years. His eyes are deep brown and you have heard him engage in more than merely entertainment. I hope David Wark Griffith will see this. Your memory is good. It was Henry Walthall who played The Little Colonel in that picture.

MISS TIMIDITY, PARS, TEX.—"The Birth of a Nation," on its last visit, reminded you that you are an American and a Southern woman and made you proud of it. They served for more than merely entertainment. I hope you will see the sequel, which I believe will be as good if not better than the picture.

NED, KANSAS CITY, MO.—It is your opinion that Reginald Denny is the logical successor of Wallace Reid in the kind of parts that lamented favorite used to play. Mr. Denny and others showed interest. According to the best authorities Thomas Meighan was born in 1879.

B. N., CHICAGO, ILL.—Please tell Constance Talmadge you are interested in the same picture of her two or three times because she is her special favorite of the screen, and because it is such a long time between her pictures. You make more each year! And you want her to know that you think she and her sister Norma the most charming and natural actresses for the screen. Like Mercury, I have several gods to address. Constance Talmadge appeared in "Dulcy" and has been engaged upon "A Dangerous Maid."

RUTH, WARREN, IND.—You Indians are noted for your brilliancy and thoroughness. There have been Booth Tarkington, George Ade, David Graham Phillips, Senator Breckenridge, and now you. Here is the budding information you demand. Lila Lee became Mrs. James Kirkwood on July 25. Her address is Paramount Studio, Long Island, N. Y. Roland Valentine has been married a year or more to Nitacha Rambova. In the period when the validity of his marriage was questioned he lived at the Hotel des Artistes, No. 1 West Sixty-Seventh Street. After his cloud upon his matrimonial title had been lifted by the pronouncement that his divorce from Jean Acker was legal, he joined his wife at her mother's, Mrs. Richard Hudnut's, apartment, at 17 West Sixty-Seventh Street. Max Mayer is the wife of her director, Robert Leonard.

Their address at present is the Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, Calif. May Mayer live with the address of single homes. Letters should be addressed to her at The Famous Players-Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif. Antonio Moreno married last year, Mrs. Daisy Canfield Dancer, of Los Angeles. They reside at Hollywood. Dear Ruth, of Indiana, present other queries in a later letter. Answer letters, not write books.

We have a number of inquiries answered to live to each other.

FRANCES, DENVER, COLO.—What do you mean, pachydermatous ichthyosauria? Well, at least it's a change from being accused of being handsome. I suspect you are in high school and have been studying zoology. You are different in another respect. Apparently you do not worship at the shrine of any he idol of the screen, but bend your knee to a dancer. Saying you "adore Anna Pavlova and consider her the most wonderful person in the world" is bending the knee. Here is all about her that I know. She was born in Petrograd, in January 1913. Having grown up I expect your mathematics will assist you in determining her age. Her nimbler feet were trained at the Imperial Ballet school attached to the Marienlyka Theatre, which is one of the prima ballerinas. Her first appearance in New York was in the ballet "Copule." Subsequently she toured in the United States. She has made tours of this country. In 1920 she appeared at Drury Lane, in London.

E. S., SOUTH NORWOOD, OHIO.—Indeed! Theodore Kosloff has succeeded to the highest place in your screen estimation since Rudolph Valentino left the lots. Mr. Kosloff is a native of Moscow. He came to this country with the first Russian cunveen, imported by Irace Gest. His height is five feet, seven inches. His hair and eyes are brown. He is married, but has no children. His address is Famous Players Laboratory, Hollywood, Calif. Last summer he trained three hundred dancers for Cecil De Mille's "Ten Commandments."

PHOTOPLAY receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method: Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to pay the expense of the photograph and mailing.

The stars get hundreds of these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay their expenses themselves.

M. C., LYNCH, MASS.—A girl with a single track mind. Acknowledges but one favorite. Such constancy shall be rewarded as it deserves. A photograph of your "wonder of wonders," Reginald Denny, can be secured in the usual way by addressing care Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

L. C., NEWBURY, OHIO.—Photographs must be applied for to Wallace Reid's widow: Write Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, care Film Booking Office, 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MARGIE B., NORFOLK, VA.—Your letter interests and touches me. I hope that your health will improve. Yes, your friend's advice, "Live as long as you can and die only when you can't help it," is good. I am sorry the pleasure you anticipated is denied you, for photoplays are seldom revived.


F. B., EVANCE, MO.—Barbara La Marr has been featured for many months. I agree with your estimate of her beauty.

LAURA S. PROVIDENCE, R. R.—A maid of the town, formerly Roger Williams. I am moved to inquire. Leon Barry's letters should be addressed to the Fox Film Corporation, 1401 Northwestern Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Lionel Barrymore spent the summer in Europe on his honeymoon with Irene Fenwick. Mildred Davis, care Harold Lloyd, Hal E. Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

BESSIE OF CANTON, OHIO.—Since you are moving with your family to California in the autumn you would like the address of your "screen idol, Richard Dix." Do you contemplate another call upon Mr. Dix, or will you ask your mother or sister or girl chum merely walk slowly by while viewing his residence? It may be finished by that time—the residence—for he is building it. The master of the mansion is twenty-nine years old. His height is six feet. He was classed as a heavyweight if he challenged Dempsey, for he lacks not two pounds in putting on what he should weigh.


CLAYDAYS, UTICA, N. Y.—You vary the monotony of address by beginning your letter "Dear Rupert." That's better than George. "Here's the picture in which Jack Holt was featured," was released January 22, 1925. Bessie Barriscale has made a long excursion into vaudeville. She was seen on the Opium Circuit from San Francisco to Mexico. Next winter she will try another comedy in New York. Billie Burke was in New York. She has tried out two new plays and possibly do a picture. England last September, I have met her motoring or yachting. She spends much time enjoyably with her seven year old daughter, Florence Patricia. A hundred per cent mother.

BETTY W. OF PORT HUDON, MICH.—Not purple paper, purple past, sweet Betty. These are your fifth years at Forty-four Square.—1922, Constance Binney, 1899. Betty Blythe, 1893. Charles Chaplin, 1898. Marion Davies, 1896. Priscilla Dean, 1890.

"ME" OF NEW YORK.—The milk of kindness flows through your letter. May I say that I like your name, not your pseudonym, but the name you confide to me and that shall be our secret. That you should consider in this hurly burly age whether your questions would help me to "get some more nickels, pennies, dimes or dollars, or whatever I get on exchange for a question answered" disturbs my sometimes pebbly heart. Thomas Meighan's honest to goodness age—he "makes no bones" about telling it—is forty-four years, his height being six feet, three inches. He believes in wearing the right kind of socks. One hundred and ninety pounds are distributed pretty evenly. His full name is that with which his audiences are acquainted—Thomas Meighan—"Only that and nothing more."

LARGE BROWN EYES, DETROIT, MICH.—Mary Pickford is childless. She is saving the money of her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who is making his first screen appearance at thirteen years of age.

POULY, DEPW, OKLAHOMA.—"Richard Barthelmess leads all the rest," according to your opinion. Why should it be mine? It is your opinion. That is Mary Hay Barthelmess, the "Missus" in the darkly fascinating hero's home. Mr. Barthelmess' age is twenty-eight. His summer home is at Mammonworth. But since Mrs. Barthelmess began playing in "Plain Jane," the movie has moved to New York. Mr. Barthelmess permanent address is Beverly Hills, Calif. Do you know Mrs. Mackay's address?" The Answer Man knows, is fancy free.

WALTER, RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—"Your star" is Malcolm McGregor, and you want to know where you can write him so that he will surely receive the letter. Address him, Metro, Hollywood, Calif.
Learn from the women who tax their skin the most...

and keep their faces loveliest

TWO ESSENTIALS
THEY NEVER FORGET

The actress, the society woman, the modern young girl are the ones who have learned first how to care for their skin. Because they have been obliged to search and study until they have found the right way. In no other way could they go on subjecting their skin to the same conditions and keep it beautiful.

The whole secret of their loveliness today lies in giving their skin regularly the two things they have found are indispensable in keeping a woman's skin young and supple.

First—the kind of cleansing that frees their skin nightly from the tenseness of the day’s strain and clears it of the collected dust and oil and cosmetics—restores its transparency and natural pliancy. This toning up at the end of every day is absolutely essential.

Second—they know it is imperative to render their skin immune at all times to strain, dirt, changes in temperature—to all the kinds of exposure that tend to coarsen it.

Every skin needs these two creams—Pond’s two creams used by the women who tax their skin most and keep it loveliest

Send this coupon with 10¢ today

The Pond’s Extract Co.
127 Hudson St., N. Y.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks’ ordinary toilet uses.

Name
Street
City State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Is Edison Wrong?

Twelve college graduates adopt new professions to disprove his statement that college training kills versatility

PLAYING a minor rôle with Constance Binney in "Three O'Clock in the Morning" is a tall, distinguished-looking man, slightly gray around the temples, who is making his screen debut. He is Le Roy Ellsworth Grooms, who has become a motion picture actor in an attempt to prove that Thomas A. Edison was all wrong when he said that college-trained men lack versatility.

Mr. Grooms is a Cornell graduate and, for fifteen years, has been a successful consulting mining chemist, located in Nevada. Last June the Sigma Phi fraternity held a convention in New York. Twelve members of the fraternity met one night at the University Club in Brooklyn. Mr. Edison had just made the statement that his son, who was about to be graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, would continue his studies toward another degree. The famous inventor stated that he believed that college training put men in a rut and that they could not change their occupations at will and be successful.

The twelve Sigma Phi men, all of whom had been out of college for about fifteen years and each of whom had been successful in his chosen profession, decided to test Mr. Edison's theory. The suggestion came from Mr. Grooms, who knew that he and all the others were sufficiently independent financially to be able to afford such an experiment.

In the group of men who decided upon this test were three lawyers, two stock brokers, two civil engineers, one physician, one mining engineer, one author, one consulting mining chemist and one capitalist. They represented six colleges—Amherst, Harvard, Dartmouth, Cornell, Purdue and Northwestern.

The names of twelve professions were written on slips of paper. No profession was named which would require that a man should return to college to qualify for his new work, and no profession was named which was occupied by any one of the twelve. Each of the men promised to do his utmost to engage in the profession allotted to him and to devote one year to the test.

The twelve slips bore the titles—steel, farming, lumber, automobile, motion picture actor, cattle, building construction, stage actor, haberdashery, electrical engineer, steamship and undertaker. Incidentally, it may be mentioned here, that one of the most successful lawyers in his state drew the undertaker's job.

Mr. Grooms drew the slip which bound him to become a motion picture actor for one year, and he is the first of the twelve to enter upon his new profession. He is thirty-nine years old and he has jumped from the field of exact science, in which he has been for fifteen years, into the world of make-believe.

His trials and tribulations in seeking to enter his chosen profession were, at first, the usual kind. He says that after floundering about for some time, he secured proper introductions and was offered a job by C. C. Burr, himself a college graduate, at the studio at Glendale, Long Island. He found that director Kenneth Webb was also a college man and he was cast as a "business man type." His experiences from that time Mr. Grooms tells himself.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]
Did he have a right to suspect her?

DUNBAR was in a terrible state of mind. He was worried sick about his wife. He was madly in love with her and she had been acting very strangely during the past several months.

The thing that troubled him most was that she now responded very reluctantly to his affectionate advances. He suspected everything. And, yet, he alone was to blame.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And not only closest friends but wives and husbands dodge this one subject.

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 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. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

WHAT is reported as the most remarkable preview ever staged happened last week in San Francisco, when "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" was shown in a big theater there. The film went on unannounced after the regular picture, and the audience simply went wild. Twenty-two wild rounds of applause, five cheers, and continual teard and laughter were the report of unbiased spectators. Twice the audience rose to its feet spontaneously, and so great was the excitement within the theater that a crowd gathered outside. After the first run the audience insisted on the picture being run over, and they stayed until after one o'clock to see it.

And it didn't cost a million dollars to make, either. There is some impressive stuff, but the picture has a note of sincerity and simplicity that raises it from the realm of glittering entertainment into true art.

NATURALLY, they keep that sort of thing dark, but there seems to be no question that Joseph Schildkraut has been a terrible disappointment to the Norma Tahasidge organization. He didn't live up to specifications for "Dust of Desire" and it is practically certain that he won't play Romeo. Aside from being too hard to handle, he seems to lack a certain fire and pep in much of his work.

AFTER a brief courtship, Irvin Willat, motion picture director, and Billie Dove, pretty screen actress, were married in Santa Monica the other day. They had planned to keep the wedding secret for some time, but it leaked out and very soon their friends were exclaiming in surprise and rushing around to congratulate them, so they announced the ceremony.

REGGIE DENNY is still living in a dark room and wearing an eye bandage—a result of a serious injury suffered on the set with lights. Reggie was standing directly in front of a big sun arc, gazing off stage into it, when an electrician by mistake turned the arcon. The full glare hit Reggie directly in the eyes and completely blinded him. The strain was so great that, after his right returned, three days later, the doctors still insisted upon complete rest for his eyes so that no further complications might result. Pretty Mrs. Denny and the seven-year-old Denny heirs, Barbara, are in constant attendance.

By the way, just to show you that we have old-fashioned neighborly ideas in Hollywood, Mae Murray declares that the Reginald Dennys are the neatest neighbors. "Reggie is always slipping over to the back door before I'm up with some ducks, or a bag of quail, or a piece of a deer, or some lovely mountain trout," she said the other day. "He is always out hunting or fishing for something and because we live across the street we're lucky enough to share in the spoils. It's so nice to have nice neighbors, isn't it?"

SOMEONE gave Corinne Griffith a very fine and very good looking wire-haired fox terrier, and Corinne is devoted to her new pet, but she says he'll probably land her in jail yet.

She was in a smart shoe shop in the Ambassador Hotel the other day, looking for slippers and friend dog was along. Suddenly he made a leap, dashed across the corridor and plunged into a window full of large rubber balls in the drug store opposite. By the time Corinne arrived, breathless, he had assassinated four of them, at a cost of one-fifty apiece. Gathering him under arm, she went back to the shoe shop, only to find him three minutes later making hay of a pair of gold evening slippers, worth, as every woman knows, a week's salary. And when she took him out and parked him in the car she ate a hole in her new velour upholstery.
Protecting your skin
with powder and rouge

By Mme. Jeannette

OH, you lucky women of today who know—or can learn—the pleasant roads to Beauty through fragrant avenues of cosmetics that help and do not harm! It is a proven fact that good cosmetics actually benefit the skin.

A pure, harmless vanishing cream, powder, or rouge, such as Pompeian, performs a distinctly beneficial service to the skin, in addition to its beautifying effect.

This service is that of protection. Creams, powders, and rouges all put a soft, gossamer film over the delicate surface of the skin that guards it from sun and wind, dust and dirt.

Again, the lip stick tends to protect the lips from chapping, roughening, and cracking. It keeps them soft and mobile.

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing), Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Bloom (the rouge), and Pompeian Lip Stick, like all Pompeian Preparations, are absolutely pure and harmless. They are formulated with a care as great as though they were intended for medicinal uses and in a laboratory always scrupulously clean.

Coupled with their purity will be found the other desired qualities of cosmetics—naturalness of effect, high adhering property, attractiveness of perfume.

Do not overlook the importance of the Day Cream in achieving the most successful effects from the use of other Pompeian "Instant Beauty" Preparations. This cream provides a foundation for powder and rouge that makes them go on more smoothly, adhere much better, and blend with each other more perfectly than when they are used without it.


IS YOUR SKIN
A GRATEFUL SKIN?

There is an intriguing loneliness about a clear skin.

Rose-petal enchantments of the skin are much more possible to attain than the average woman realizes.

Pompeian Night Cream is a necessity to this cultivation of a lovely skin. It is a remarkable cleansing cream, and at the same time it has properties that make it healing and softening to the skin.

A Cleansing Cream

A dirty skin does not always declare its uncleanness by an immediate appearance of being dirty.

Pompeian Night Cream is supremely effective as a cleanser. It is pure, and scientifically compounded, and effectively accomplishes its work in cleaning the skin.

Just before retiring, and while your skin is still warm from the pleasant exercise of your bath, apply the Night Cream to your face and neck and shoulders. Use your finger tips for the application of the cream, rubbing it in with little circular movements. This will loosen the dirt and release the closed pores to healthy activity. Wipe off with a soft, clean cloth.

A Softening Cream

The continued use of soap and water will make the average skin very harsh, and this harshness encourages wrinkles and other skin unsightliness. Pompeian Night Cream counteracts this tendency and softens with its healing qualities.

If your skin is very dry it will be helpful for you to use this cream every morning and night regularly. But if your skin is oily it will be sufficient to give it a thorough cream bath at night only, following it with a quick ice rub.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beaute

Pompeian Beauty Powder

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples
For Ten Cents
The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 8 1/2 x 11 in.

For twenty cents we will send you all of these:


TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose ace (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in order.

Name
Address
City
State
What shade of face powder wanted?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
There are a lot of people who think Irene Rich is one of the most fascinating women on the screen. After seeing her in "Rosita," we agree. She is also a renowned tennis player and here she is with her daughter (at left) and one of the daughter's friends, after a set at Hollywood.

"But he's so cute," says Corinne, with her slow smile.

WATTERSON R. ROTHACKER, who develops and prints the motion picture you see, is offering prizes—of $100, $50, and $25—for the three best slogans on Rothacker prints and service. This work has become a fine art and much of the success of a picture depends on the brilliance and the painstaking effort which brings out all the detail. The contest is open to exhibitors, including theater employees, as well; all exchange workers, from office boy to manager; and all members of motion picture production companies. No limit is placed on the number of words that may be submitted, but brevity is likely to score heavily with the judges. The following will select the prizewinners: James R. Quirk, Editor of Photoplay Magazine; Martin J. Oingley, Editor of Exhibitor's Herald; and William A. Johnston, Editor of Motion Picture News.

During the making of "The Warrens of Virginia" at the William Fox studios Director Elmer Clifton played Santa Claus for his cast. From left to right in this picture are Mr. Clifton, George Backus, Rosemary Hill, Martha Mansfield and Jimmy Ward.
Why, Without Realizing It, You May Need
for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

There are three main groups of prospective buyers of Chevrolet automobiles and commercial cars.

First, are all who know from comparisons or through the experiences of friends that Chevrolet provides the utmost dollar value in modern, economical transportation of people or merchandise. This group constitutes our spontaneous market; its members walk right into our dealers' places of business and buy Chevrolets.

Second, the large group of people with modest incomes who have the false impression that so good a car as Chevrolet is beyond their means.

They do not realize that due to engineering excellence and full modern equipment, Chevrolet operating and maintenance costs average so low that during the life of the car, it delivers modern, comfortable, fast transportation at the lowest cost per mile, including the purchase price.

The tremendous growth of our business during the last two years has been due to the shifting of thousands from this group to the first group.

Third, the smaller but very important group of people of ample means, able to buy the highest priced cars, only a small percentage of whom as yet realize that Chevrolet combines quality features of much higher priced cars with such operating economy that as an extra car it virtually costs them nothing, due to the reduction in their transportation expenses effected by it.

Every 2- or 3-car private garage in the country should have at least one Chevrolet for daily use going to and from work or for milady's shopping, neighborhood calls, taking the children to school, etc.

This message, then, is addressed to all in the second and third groups. We respectfully suggest consideration, investigation and comparison of Chevrolet with any other car at any price. The result will be to our mutual benefit.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster - - 540
Superior Touring - - 495
Superior Utility Coupe - - 640
Superior Sedan - - 795

Commercial Cars
Superior Commercial Chassis 395
Superior Light Delivery 495
Utility Express Truck Chassis 550

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Long, long ago—not in years, but in motion picture history—Viola Dana and her sister Shirley Mason appeared in a Kodak advertising movie entitled "The Kodak Honeymoon." Viola is the young lady in checked gingham, Shirley is the second child to her left. Below, a snapshot of Viola, made with the to-be star's own little brownie camera. She hasn't changed much, has she?

possibly convince Marie that a smile is any relaxation.

"No," he told her, "you do not have to laugh some more today. Go home an' rest. Maybe some more laughs tomorrow!"

That's how Marie laughed her way into a workless afternoon.

A ND now it has been announced that Anita Stewart is going to take a flyer into vaudeville, that Tom Moore will open, this winter, in a Broadway play, and that Besse Barriscale will also produce a legitimate drama. Lowell Sherman is packing 'em in at "Casanova," and Alice Brady is considering a comedy. Sessue Hayakawa will desert the screen for the stage and Pauline Frederick is thinking about it. But here is a ray of light. Naomi Childers—she of the cameo profile—and Alice Joyce are about to return seriously to the silver sheet.

A ND now William de Mille has thought of an appeal to the senses that goes even better Cecil one better. Only William is making use of the sense of smell in his production of better pictures. No soft violins for William de Mille. No furs and satins and tiger skins and jewels. William finds out the name of his leading lady's perfume, gets a bottle (of the perfume) and pours a goodly portion of it into a saucer. And then, when the lady is called upon to emote, he turns on an electric fan, just behind the saucer, and a perfumed breeze blows across the set.

And, take it from William, the result is worth the trouble.

STARS may get admiring letters and requests for photographs. But S. L. Rothafel, who put the Capitol Theater on the air, every Sunday evening via radio, gets something more substantial from his fans. Listed are a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]
—and all is Vanity Fair

The really smart woman prefers silk underwear for wear on every occasion. Vanity Fair has made it possible to secure delightful, dainty garments specially designed for particular uses.

There is a Vanity Fair creation for every requirement, from comfortable garments for everyday and sportswear, to delectable affairs for wear with your loveliest evening frocks.

They Make Charming Christmas Gifts

Vanity Fair Silk Underwear means economical silk underwear. You'll wear it month after month and it will still retain the beguiling beauty that delighted you when you first bought it.

Vanity Fair Silk Undergarments are made in four weights of glove silk as well as in Vanity Fair's own new weave with its delightful shadow-stripes—"Vanisilk", and its length will not shrink away! All finely woven fabrics that will long outwear ordinary materials.

You'll find Vanity Fair at smart shops, and we will be glad to tell you the name of the nearest dealer if you will send a card to the Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Reading, Pa.

Vanity Fair
SILK UNDERWEAR
AND HOSIERY
Gossip—East and West
(continued from page 94)

few of the gifts that he has received since his radio concerts became popular.

Fresh flowers.
Fresh fruit.
Fresh fish.
2 pair pink sleeve garters.
1 book of poetry (from the author).
1 oil painting (from the artist).
141 ballads (from the composers).
7 original cartoons.
1 sirdale.
1 police dog.
235 postcards from radio fans on vacation.
17 postcards from honeymoon couples at Niagara Falls.
92 ditto from ditto at Washington, D. C.
1 hand embroidered whisk-broom holder.
1 quart bottle of—

BARRAB LA MARR did more than create a difficult part in "The Eternal City" while in Rome. She discovered a genius—no less, No, not a screen star, A tenor.

His name is Higgins—Daniel Higgins. Before the war he sang in the Folies Bergere, on the same bill with the limned Gaby Deslys. Then along came the invasion of Belgium, and Don heard the call to arms. He got along right until an engagement at Mons—where he was wounded. After a slow convalescence he dropped into obscurity, and Miss La Marr heard him singing in a little Parisian cafe. She and her husband, Jack Dougherty, brought him back with them to America. He is staying with them at their Hollywood home, and Miss La Marr has introduced him to the world by giving a large musical. Rumor has it that he has been signed by a well known manager to make a vaudeville tour.

They're having a lot of fun, up in Massachusetts, making some of the episodes of D. W. Griffith's forthcoming spectacle, "America." The descendants of the minute men are getting out family heirlooms in the shape of muskets and drums and blue coats—and the narrow streets of many old towns are consequently camouflaged most remarkably. But one incident dared to hold up the making of the Griffith picture. The horse that Paul Revere rode was ordered from New York—a splendid horse, of a color that the historians had agreed upon. And the horse, which was brought to New England by boat, became seasick. So seasick, indeed, that he could not carry Paul upon his back.

WHAT do you think of Hollywood? someone asked Alan Crosland, directing "Three Weeks." "Terrible," he replied. "Ignorance and illiteracy among actors is appalling. For example, I know two famous stars who can hardly read or write."

"Who are they?" the questioner asked ex- citedly.

"Jack Coogan and Baby Peggy."

It probably was Dulcy who first asked, "Ain't Nature wonderful?" but it has remained for the motion picture to prove that at times the face of even Nature may be changed to good advantage. For instance, King Vidor was down in Florida, making "Wild Oranges," from the Hergé-heiner story, with Virginia Valli and Frank Mayo in the leading roles. An alleged funny man asked Vidor one day:

"What makes oranges wild?"

Without a smile, Vidor replied:

"Making them up.

"Making them up?" said the questioner.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said Vidor, "you know yellow photographs white. When John Boyle, our camera man, developed his first shots of oranges, they looked like new baseballs. They showed up white and of course that wouldn't do. So we called in George Elder, the property man. He used up pounds of grease paint and rouge on those oranges, but he finally struck a combination which was satisfactory. Probably being smeared up with all that paint is what makes them wild."
A motion picture that is awaited with keen interest

Sir Hall Caine, one of the world's most popular authors, has written a thrilling story which has just been produced at the Goldwyn Studios.

"Name The Man!" is the title.

This picture, which for simple, powerful, sincere drama ranks as a great work of screen art, is directed by Victor Seastrom.

Victor Seastrom is internationally known as one of the most able of all motion picture directors.

Sir Hall Caine, and Victor Seastrom have combined to make a real entertainment for you.

"Name The Man!" is a story that bares the soul of a girl who gave blindly on the altar of love. It mounts steadily in dramatic tension.

The wise ones of studioland have whispered that a thrilling surprise awaits the public. To that public which seeks Life, tender yet unconquerable, here is the supreme offering of an understanding heart. Goldwyn presents

NAME THE MAN!
Adapted from the novel "The Master of Man"

VICTOR SEASTROM Director
CONRAD NAGEL MAE BUSCH PATSY RUTH MILLER HOBART BOSWORTH AILEEN PRINGLE CREIGHTON HALE
SIR HALL CAINE Author

Screen adaptation by Paul Bern. Editorial Director JUNE MATHIS.

A Goldwyn Picture. Distributed by Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan.

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

Verhagen & Co.
24 MULTATULI BOULEVARD
BANDOENG, JAVA, D.E.S.

Offer at moderate prices
the beautiful

Art Products
of Java, Sumatra, Bali
and Borneo

We hold a fine stock of
the following articles:

BATIK
Table covers, wall panels, cushion-covers, ties, etc., also native-worked

COPPER and BRASS
vases, bowls, plates, card-trays, ash-trays, etc., etc., engraved by hand by
the natives of the above countries.

TORTOISE SHELL
hair ornaments, trays, etc. and various articles in hand-made

HORN WORK
such as paper-knives, miniature krises, salad forks and spoons, pickle tongs, egg and salt spoons, etc., and

Fancy Articles of All Kinds

Enquiries invited.
All correspondence shall receive special attention.
We guarantee all goods to be genuine
Native Manufacture

The Charm of a Hearth

The decorative possibilities of the over-mantel are infinite. If your
treatment is a portrait, then all that
is needed is two candelabra, placed
one at each end of the shelf.

Before a colorful hanging should be
placed a simple single figure, of wood,
porcelain, or terra cotta, of a char-
acter in keeping with the kind of
hanging used

and porcelain bric-a-brac, that could be
crammed on to it. It was a typical example
of architectural thoughtlessness and home-
building stupidity that characterized our
houses a few decades ago. Its muddled and
lacquered convolutions must have been the
glory of some iron puddler's art.

But a few bolts loosened here and there, a
few sturdy heaves at wall plugs, and the top
came nicely off. Fortunately the walls were
going to be repapered anyhow. A little white
paint on the woodwork, a little dark paint on
the remainder of the mantel, and we have the
result shown in the sketch on the right. Not
perfect, by any means, but far better than the
first. And proof positive that expense is not
the measure of merit.

There is so wide a choice of mantels today

that it would be foolish to say here which
would be the best. Tempered, of course, by
the architectural restrictions of the house,
personal preference always dictates the choice.
Mantels can be of wood, stone, brick, tile,
or what not. Or they can be a combination
of a number of these. It should be noted,
however, that highly glazed tile—in any
colour—or smooth pressed brick, make un-
attractive mantels. Simplicity should be the
keynote. For not only is a simple mantel more
beautiful but it is more economical,—whether
it be of stone, brick, wood, or tile.

The writer's personal choice has always
been the wood mantel. These can be had in the
charming simplicity of early American mould-
ings, or the dainty carvings of Adam, Sheraton.

A simple treatment of the paneled over-mantel. In this instance an interesting
note is given by the ship's model placed on the shelf.
"Judgment of the Storm"
A Palmer Production

The Story that brought $1,000 Cash and Royalties to an Obscure Housewife

The newest and most significant experiment in motion pictures comes before the theatregoers of the country with the current release of the first Palmer Production "Judgment of the Storm."

This picture is the advance guard of screen drama which is genuinely of the people, by the people, and for the people.

It was written by a housewife, the wife of a Pittsburgh factory foreman. It was based on an astounding dramatic episode in the lives of people of her acquaintance. Mrs. Eriel Styles Middleton, the author, had never written for the screen. But through its remarkable Creative Test, the educational department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is now conducting a nation-wide search for new writing talent, discovered her.

Authors Share in Profits
This institution is proud of the result. It is proud to stand behind the production of "Judgment of the Storm" as embodying the ideals for which it strives. It is proud to stand behind the other forthcoming Palmer productions which likewise give to the screen the fresh imagination of new writers discovered through the same Creative Test that brought Mrs. Middleton national recognition. They are "Un guarded Gates," by a former salesman; "Lost," by a former mechanical engineer, and a third as yet unnamed, by a country doctor.

An advance of $1,000 cash on royalties has been paid each author and each will receive, besides, a percentage of the producer's profits for five years.

"Judgment of the Storm" tells a richly warm and human drama, yet it is not one bit more dramatic than the personal story of its author.

Like hosts of theatregoers, the Pittsburgh housewife for years had experienced increasing disappointment with motion pictures. Casts and settings were the best, but the stories told were often cheap, tawdry and insincere. Like thousands of others, she said to herself "I believe I could write a better story than that."

She Clipped the Coupon
Then one day her attention was drawn to a coupon—the same coupon that appears at the bottom of this page. It told of the need for new screen writers, and of the Creative Test evolved by this institution.

She clipped the coupon, mailed it, and today—as a direct result of that one, simple, little act—she is on the highroad to success as a screen writer. Instead of an obscure housewife known only to a little circle of acquaintances, she is today a famous writer whose name flashes nightly before the eyes of millions of theatregoers in thousands of theatres.

Will This Test Discover You?
No cost or obligation of any sort is involved in filling out the coupon. It will bring the Creative Test—with which a fascinating evening can be spent. If the result, as determined by this institution's educational department shows absence of dramatic creativeness, you will be told so frankly and promptly. If, on the other hand, such qualities are indicated, the same co-operation extended to the housewife, the salesman, the mechanical engineer, the country doctor and many others who have succeeded in this new field will be made available to you.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Productions Division, Sec.
Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
527 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
527 Fifth Ave., New York

Without cost or obligation please send me the Palmer Creative Test which will tell whether I have the creative ability—for which there is such demand in the motion picture industry.

Name_________________________
Address_______________________
City___________________________
State__________________________

All correspondence strictly confidential.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Every hair
in a child's
head
cries out for
proper care

A CHILD'S hair must be properly shampooed for the sake of future hair health as well as for present loveliness.

Suppose you could get a shampoo as pure as certified milk—as mild as soft water—as fragrant as a wild flower, and even more cleansing than the usual harsh, ill-smelling soap?

You can! Wildroot Cocoaanut Oil Shampoo is soothing to the tenderest scalp. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and removes all the dust, dirt and dandruff—the chief cause of hair trouble. And it keeps the hair soft, fluffy and clean.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair healthy, and sweet enough to kiss.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.
Buffalo New York

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Charm of a Hearth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

in the number and nature of the objects to be placed. Perhaps we can clear the way by a number of "don'ts." Do not put small object —on a large mantel, nor large objects on a small mantel. Do not use framed photographs, or souvenirs of travel. Do not make the decorative arrangement stiff. Do not attach draperies to the mantel shelf. Do not make the mantel a repository for all the gimmicks, and gurgaws that you pick up. Restraint, we say again, should be the keynote. Nothing so vitiates an effect as overcrowding. The rule should be "select, and select again."

A SAFE procedure would be to limit the shelf decoration to three ornaments, until the peculiarities of the room are discovered. These three ornaments must be sufficiently important in size, and beautiful in shape and colour. Before the shelf is decorated, the over-mantel treatment should be studied, and the whole planned to give balance and repose. Nothing so destroys repose as a clustering of objects. If your treatment is a portrait, as on page 98, then all that is needed is two candelabra, placed one at each end of the shelf. Before a colorful hanging—on same page—there should be placed a single simple figure, of wood, porcelain, or terra cotta, of a character in keeping with the kind of hanging. Our "rule of three" is followed out in the upper sketch on page 100. The dainty French character of the fireplace and the mirror is reflected in the ornaments used on the shelf. In the lower sketch on page 98 we have the simple treatment of the panelled over-mantel. In this instance an interesting note is given by the ship's model placed on the shelf. On page 100 we have still another example of mantel treatment, in the lower sketch, in which there is no over-mantel decoration. The hanging objects supply the shelf with proper accent, and the flowers from the vase extend up into the over-mantel, and supply the accent needed there. The subtle art of arranging flowers well is needed to make this type successful.

These are some of the things that can be used in mantel decoration: Branched candlesticks, porcelains, busts and statuettes, candelabra, Chinese dogs, cockatoos, hanger—silk or tapestry—mirrors, panels, plaques, pottery, metal objects, glass.

No other improvement means as much to the appearance of a room as a good mantel. If you are remodelling an old house, or building a new one, make your fireplace and mantel what they should be. Without a good, usable fireplace a room is as a love story without a hero. And remember, the character of the occupants is made evident by the decorative accessories that are a part of a mantel's decorative function.
A bad habit that should be stopped

YOU'VE often seen people thumb the bristles in a tooth brush. This is a dangerous habit. For careless fingers frequently carry dirt—even infection.

The Owens Staple-tied Tooth Brush is protected from this unsanitary handling. Each one is sold in a clean, transparent glass container. Exposed to the eye—but not to the hands.

You'll prefer this clean tooth brush for other reasons, too. Prominent dental authorities have pronounced it the best all-purpose tooth brush ever designed. The cut of the trim, curve of the handle, and spacing of bristle tufts combine to make it ideal for thoroughly cleaning every part of the teeth.

Sold in the sanitary glass container, it costs you no more than ordinary tooth brushes—30, 40 and 50 cents each, in child's, youth's and adult's sizes.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
**DRAWING IS A WAY TO FORTUNE**

Ali Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his sheep to get out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth—which illustrates a great truth.

Do You Like to Draw?

If you do, it is almost certain that you have talent, for which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent—your fortune lies in your hand!

Earn $200 to $500 a Month and More

Present splendid opportunities in the field of illustrating never existed. Publishers pay millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art and it is fascinating as well as profitable.

The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. No artist is competent to give instruction in all these branches. That's why the Federal School of Illustrating has its Master Course in which every subject is taught by a specialist. No other school can offer a course nearly comparable.

No other institution in the country has such an army of artists as are on the Federal Staff.

**Federal School of Illustrating**

Federal School of Illustrating, 277 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name:_________________________Age:_________________________

Address: ________________________________

Mail in the coupon below today, or call at our door to visit our free illustrated booklet: "A Road to Bigger Things!"

For a good Christmas Suggestion see page 108

**Why Are Certain Women Attractive to Men?**

How are we to account for the fact a plain face often proves more fascinating than beauty at a social gathering? This subject is discussed and analyzed by Herbert Howe—authority on screen personalities—

February Issue of **PHOTOPLAY** Out January 15th
What Chance Has a Man in Pictures?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

thing was too pathetic for words. But it's just one of the stories Hollywood has to tell.

A few mornings before McGregor had found a note under the door.

It was from the milkman, requesting a photograph.

"When I gave it to him he told me he had been in pictures. A fine looking fellow, and intelligent. He had played small parts, but the shedding was hard so he had to take whatever work he could find to keep going.

"You see they don't go back home," said Mac. "I never would have gone back, either. They become chauffeurs, salesmen, waiters. It's a hard game.

Of course there are any number of hopeless screen-struck ones, but there are also any number who have tackled the business in a thoroughly business-like manner, believing it offers greater opportunities than any other profession. To this last order McGregor belongs.

He had a chance to follow in the footsteps of his father, a wealthy clothing manufacturer. The work did not appeal to him. He didn't feel it fitted.

The adventures of that once took him on a wild cruise to China brought him to the gate of Hollywood. Katherine MacDonald, whom he had met in the East before she entered pictures, gave him letters to several casting directors, and did all she could for him.

"But one thing can help you in this business," says Mac. "I know, because I've tried to help other fellows and found that I usually did them more harm than good.

"Directors naturally look with suspicion upon anyone who is introduced as a friend or relative.

With a letter from Miss MacDonald, Mac cast the lucky casting director—and got a job as extra. He worked for two days, then was idle two weeks.

He went from studio to studio for a year, playing extra. Did any director note his good looks and his magnetic personality, and pick him out from a mob? "They didn't," says Mac emphatically.

If Griffith had seen him he might have been picked, but Griffith was working in the East. Rex Ingram did see him. After Mac had been knocking about for a year and a half as an extra, he was engaged for the first available role—that of Fritz in "The Prioner of Zenda."

Ingram believes him to be the best actor among the young American leading men.

The cast system in the Hollywood studio is rigid. The extra does not talk with stars and directors. "Only one star ever spoke to me while I was playing there," remarked Mac, "and I spoke to her first. That was Loretta Young. I took the courage to compliment her upon a very difficult scene in which she had worked nearly all of a terrible hot day, and she was very charming.

"But stars do not have time to talk with extras and to hear their troubles; they couldn't help if they did!"

Even when the beginner has achieved a rung above that of extra's troubles are far from over. In fact, they only have a good start. When playing extra McGregor was summoned for a small part in a Katherine MacDonald picture. But the director said he wouldn't do.

"You look too much like a leading man," he said. "The fans might prefer you to the hero. You are only good for leads."

Either you're too good or not good enough; there's always a reason against you.

Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

Those cloudy coats

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its stomach digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.

These discoveries are everywhere changing the old methods of teeth cleaning. They have brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

A delightful test

We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation. Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Protect the Enamel

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

10-Day Tube Free


Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing.

IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with your first encounter. I have been in business contact or simply in a casual social meeting. It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclean, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And while all the same analysis is being made of you.

Only the right dentifrices—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—LAMBERT PHARMACALCO., Saint Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE

TOOTH PASTE

Novelty

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Not toys—but high-grade practical instruments for Symphony or Jazz orchestra. Great for solo work at Club, Lodge or Legion gatherings or home entertainments. Anyone can play with a few simple lessons, furnished with each instrument.

Musical Pitch Fork Glassophone Jazz-o-nette Musician Saw Habener Sax Free Trial Try any of these instruments for 10 days, free of charge. If not satisfied, return in 10 days and money refunded. Easy Time Payments. Send today for new, illustrated catalog describing complete line.

MUSSELS & WESTPHAL

463 W. Market St. Ft. Wayne, In.

There is a Master Key

Which can unlock the secret chambers of success; can throw the doors which seem to bar men from the treasure houses of nature; it is for those who are wise enough to understand, broad enough to watch the evidence and firm enough to follow their own judgment. Evidence of great value will be sent free upon request.

CHARLES F. MAENEL, 266 Howard Building, St. Louis, Mo.

WANT WORK HOME?

Earn $8 to $10 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No little experience needed. We teach you, wad and develop. Send for FREE home catalog. SCOTT, 200 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

ALICE and Miss TERRY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

"Hurt my feelings? Yes! Once, but that was before I got on the dissolution of personalities, which is something like "separating an egg."

"You can put the director back in the ice-box while you beat the husband. Miss Terry, don't pursue this metaphor too far. Get back to your own hurt feelings."

"Well, they were hurt a few days after we were married."

"They always are. After you've been married a while you lose your feelings."

"If you don't, you lose your husband. The system is to lose the feelings without letting the husband suspect you are doing so."

Then he goes on being considerate of them anyway. The combination of a considerate husband and a sensible wife is perfect."

"Miss Terry, there is something in your manner which leads me to suspect that you have arrived, not jumped, at this conclusion."

"I certainly have. When your husband is your employer you can be made interesting because I isn't fair to the others with whom you work. He can't be unnecessarily severe, because director or not, he is still your husband and public sympathy is in bad taste and wouldn't be made for any wife. Rex calls me "Miss Terry" when he gives me directions and instructions, and I obey them without question because I've learned from experience that he knows more than I do. At first, when I hadn't quite confirmed my suspicion that he did, I dissolved him once or twice and deliberately used my own judgment as to how things should be done or an effect achieved."

"The position of working for your husband is really more difficult than advantageous. You know, yourself, that to shut the husband entirely out of the studio is psychologically and emotionally impossible. Any other director might tell you that you were stupid, or cold, or inefficient (in the usual studio equivalent for those terms, understand) and you could take it gracefully and do your best to get the same results."

But the boss who is the husband as well, for the sake of your sensitivities and his own, even for the sake of pure lilies, can't tolerate the slightest disapproval of his person, as is an entirely personal part of the day's job. But the boss who is the husband as well, for the sake of your sensitivities and his own, even for the sake of pure lilies, can't tolerate the slightest disapproval of his person, as is an entirely personal part of the day's job. "Yet you are doing it and doing it successfully."

"That's why I'm in a position to know how hard it is and to say it generally shouldn't be done. There isn't a director whose ability and achievements I respect and admire as much as my husband's. And there isn't a director for whom, as an actress, I'd rather work. But our marriage isn't a help to our professional association, for we have different ideas about a lot of things, either. The drawbacks are definite and excitedly as Paul Revere. "They're going to sign you!" she shouted. "Rex says you're great."

"After that?"

"Yes, and then Mac has played leading roles in a number of pictures, but his big opportunity has not yet arrived. It rests with the gods, who in Hollywood are termed directors."

"A beginner?" says Mac, "has one chance in ten thousand."

"Mac is no longer a beginner for the simple reason that he is one in ten thousand."

I have a memory of one or two early disturbances."

"The honeymoon tragedy?"

"Yes, that was one. We were doing 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' I had been married only a few days. My first day back at the studio, there was my new husband directing a scene with Lewis Stone and ordering him to kiss me, not once, but over and over, until the effect was just right. Everybody was amused and took no trouble to hide it. That added to my embarrassments and troubles. Of course, my nervousness didn't help the scene a bit. But it did seem too dreadful to have a husband of only a few days, who professed to love his wife, shouting instructions how to kiss her to another man. I considered it unnecessary indecency."

"But, what of Mr. Stone. Did he need the instructions?"

"The director seemed to think so. Anyway, he hated it just as much as I did."

"He was no gentleman."

"I beg Mr. Stone's pardon. I've done him an injustice."

"It doesn't matter one bit if I'm sensitive."

"I think we'd better stop the interview before we begin to go on. How does one conclude an interview?"

"One says something about one's work being all in all to one. Any little comment will do publicly."

"Truly, I'm not a bit mad about the movies." Alice Terry became suddenly serious. "How can I tell whether I'm any good or not? Don't say I'm not a nice girl thing, because I really do want to know."

"You're all right. We don't do what our directors tell us, as best we can, and what we have to show for it. Ten seconds of fair acting, probably, but even if it isn't entirely your own. The character is created by the author, the action and condition by the director, the picture by the photographers, the scenic artists, the costumers, all this. Yet we sell the picture speaks the title writers."

"There is so much luck in the game, impossible people manage to get way up while really nice ones never get their chances. Sometimes I really regret the cutting-room where I worked and could know that if I did such and such a quantity of work was good, and if I did less bad. I worked in the Lucky cutting-room once, you know, when the acting wasn't breaking just right for me as a beginner."

"The Four Horsemen' was my first big part. Only a director can feel that a picture is really his, and that he has accomplished something. I haven't a single qualification to be one. My boss is my husband and my brother and my best talent to play the successful actress and successful wife."

Names of Cut Puzzle Prize Winners appear on page 33

Photo Play Magazine Advertising Section
Mary Pickford's Favorite Stars and Films

(continued from page 35)

Mary Classifies Directors

The conversation turned to D. W. Griffith's latest production, "The White Rose," and ventured the opinion that Mr. Griffith, in his recent works, has shown signs of weariness, a need for recreation.

"He needs to get away from the little circle of people who have surrounded him for years," said Mary. "He needs fresh viewpoints. We all do. He ought to come back here and listen to a friend.

"Home life means so much, and Mr. Griffith hasn't as happy an environment as he should have. That studio of his at Manassas is so gloomy, and he virtually lives in it. If he would only come out here and play with Douglas and Charlie. Of course, he considers them children, but it would do him good to play with children."

Of侬 Xavolo, the latest Griffith find, Mary said: "Negative," adding, "but he's very handsome and he may have possibilities.

Another director might give him more punch. Mr. Griffith is a woman's director. He never has made a male star."

Richard Barthelmess, she agreed, was already close to stardom before he came under Griffith supervision. There are directors for men and directors for women, but few age equally effective with both men and women," observed Mary.

"Mr. Lubitsch is a splendid director for a woman after she has gained a certain amount of independence and maturity in talent, but he is primarily a man's director."

"Mickey Neilan is a woman's director. Mickey's greatest failing is his inability to sustain interest throughout a long production. His finest pictures have been the short stories in 'Bits of Life.' I'm having him start in the middle of 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,' so that, if he does lose interest, the most important part of the picture will not suffer.

"Rex Ingram—I can't say—he seems to have been successful with both men and women, although his male finds have been more striking."

"Cecil De Mille is well, I guess it isn't necessary to classify him," Mary flashed a smile.

"Charlie Chaplin is a woman's director. He knows women—oh, how he knows women!"

"He knows men, too," interjected Doug, vehemently.

"But he knows women better," insisted Mary. "I wouldn't care to be one of the girls to whom he has been attentive and be analyzed on the screen! He sees through them all."

Both Mary and Doug think Chaplin the greatest director of the screen, "A Woman of Paris" a milestone of advance in picture story telling.

"He's a pioneer. There will never be another Chaplin," declared Mary.

"There will never be another Mary," declared Doug.

"I only wish I could have him direct me for the sake of future record," was Mary's observation. "Several years ago, when I was finishing a contract, Charlie sent his brother Syd to see me in New York with an offer of ten thousand a week to work four weeks with him. I was quite insulted! We considered him just a comedian. We didn't realize his genius."

The Future of Pictures

"The important thing in pictures is not the story but the treatment. Setting, acting, story may all be splendid, but it's the treatment that lifts a picture out of mediocrity."

"The ideal combination for producing a superior picture would be a fine director and a fine scenario writer working together. Un-

Fight Tartar

Keep the tartar germ off your teeth. You can, when you use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush right, and use it often enough.

The bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush are serrated (saw toothed), curved to fit the jaw. They reach and clean the front surface of every one of your teeth. The wide-spaced bristles reach between your teeth and clean crevices that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush removes tartar-forming germs from the backs of teeth. It will reach even the backs of the back teeth—too often neglected when the tooth brush is not the right kind.

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush as shown in the photograph above and you can keep your teeth clean easily. Tartar is formed after germs fasten to your teeth. Keep your teeth clean and clear of germs with your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, and tartar is held in check. Remember, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—adults', youth's, and children—are made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., FLORENCE, MASS., U.S.A.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

"A clean tooth never decays"

Always sold in a yellow box.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Verdict of Paris
Mons. Doriot
"TANGEE"

The GeorGa C. L. IFFT COMPANY
New York, New York

Deafness
Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from Simple Defects of the Ear to the most serious condition such as Cataract, Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Shaking and Buzzing Sounds, Perforated Drums, Drums Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums
"Little Wonders for the Ear." By the organic process of Nature no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer never see or even feel. They are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

WRITE TODAY for our 16 PAGES FREE BOOK on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO. Incorporated
468 Inter-Southern Bldg.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

You can make $15 to $20 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1.250,000.00 65 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

BUNIONS
FEMDOMYX "Solicits" New way. Painless and effective. Mends the most sorest toes. Mumps gradually disappear.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. M-356
116 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois

SENT ON TRIAL
To introduce you will enable you to test if you have a case of "Bunions." Try for your own benefit. Riskless.

"Bunions" will fit your own. 12 pair free. 10 pair $1.00. 2 pair $0.40 each.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
month of travel every year, but I can have that and still make pictures. As for study, I'm taking French; my teacher comes to the studio or to my home every day. So... I shall remain on the screen as long as they want me, as a producer as long as they permit me.

I hope I have shown you why Mary Pickford is queen of the films and why she will always be the queen. There are other women in pictures—quite charming and more fascinating, but a queen cannot rule by charm alone. Mary's superiority lies in applied mentality. As mistress of screen entertainment, apart from her talent as an actress, she sits on the throne.

For all her self-assurance, she really lacks confidence in her own powers. She is the first to suspect that she's slipping. Indeed, Mary is something of a calamityowler where she, herself, is concerned. But I pity the valiant Wall Street forces if they ever try to dethrone her from her independence.

I do not think it matters what Mary Pickford ever does on the screen; she has in twenty years become that which ordinarily requires two hundred—a tradition. Greater actresses may arise about her, but Mary will know no rival, for she has become a symbol of love to the lonely soul of the world.

Motion Picture Statistics for 1923
(Continued from page 37)

rich and the sultan of a harem, only to be awakened, in the last shot, by having a policeman crack him violently over the head with a long billy.

426 hens laid an egg which rolled down and burst on someone's head.

581 comedians fell head first into a barrel of flour, and, coming forth white, were mistaken for ghosts.

1,224 comedians hid in trunks which were immediately hurled down a flight of stairs by husky draymen.

Statistics Relating to Dramas

In the 5,700 serious screen dramas produced in 1923:
5,833 innocent ingenues made grimaces and pretended to choke when taking their first sip of spiritual liquor.
7,926 humps of sugar were fed to strange horses by simple country maidens.
5,116 beautiful and naughty daughters of wealthy and socially prominent families married poor young men in their fathers' employ.
2,710 hard-bitten burglars, second-story men and safe crackers were instantly reformed and reduced to pious tears by infants in wooden strollers mis-taking them for Santa Clauses.
1,866 stems of wine glasses snapped between the fingers of middle-aged gentlemen under the stress of a sudden sentimental emotion.

6,922 Venetian chairs, 3,827 decorative fishnets, and 4,026 small statues of the Venus de Milo were used in furnishing the studio-sets of wealthy artists.

14,270 full-grown tortoises were sacrificed to supply rims for glasses worn by home-loving actors and actresses while reading the poems of Robert W. Service.

Of 5,700 wicked bachelors with white spots and waxed moustaches, 5,102 had Japanese valets, the other twenty-four having valets made up to look like Japs.

7,700 young women of God's great-out-of-doors tore strips from their petticoats to bind the wounds of noble young cow-punchers injured in defense of their virtue.

1,216 boats went down near an uninhhabited South Sea island, the only survivors in each case being two moral young persons of opposite sexes.

3,780 financiers were stabbed with paper cutters in their luxurious libraries, while in the

The largest one-man shovels in the world, equipped with General Electric motors, take eight dump cartloads at a bite, and can take a bite a minute.

Its shoulders never tire

A giant worker—excavating over three hundred thousand cubic feet a day! In three days, six hours and thirty-six minutes, it could handle material equal in cubic contents to the Washington Monument.

Think for how many centuries the world wasted its most precious possession—human lives—in labor that electricity can do!

WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ELECTRICITY?

Electricity does so much in one minute that it is difficult to imagine what you would do without it for a minute. Here are some of the things it does: It produces heat in the home; it keeps your body warm. It produces light in the home; it keeps your eyes clear. It produces power in the home; it keeps your heart in tune. It produces heat in the shop; it keeps your hands warm. It produces light in the shop; it keeps your sight keen. It produces power in the shop; it keeps your brain alert. It produces heat in the factory; it keeps your body strong. It produces light in the factory; it keeps your vision clear. It produces power in the factory; it keeps your mind alert. It produces heat in the mine; it keeps your body warm. It produces light in the mine; it keeps your eyes clear. It produces power in the mine; it keeps your heart in tune.

In a minute, it does all these things for you, and more, and for all these things you would have to work for hours, and then you would be exhausted and your mind would be too weak to think.

Electricity is the reason for life. It is the reason for all things. It is the reason for all progress. It is the reason for all civilization. It is the reason for all happiness. It is the reason for all progress. It is the reason for all life.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RELIEVE YOUR TROUBLE ZONE
the nose

and throat

with LUDEN'S

Menthol COUGH DROPS


No Reason for
GRAY HAIR

Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer will restore your hair to its original dark color.

"Q-Ban" HAIR COLOR RESTORER

Is not a dye but a beneficial preparation used by men and women for over 30 years. Never fails to guarantee. Used in privacy of your home: change is gradual and natural. Your friends need not know.

Miniature bottles of Q-Ban Tonic and Liquid Shampoo mailed free. Hessig-Edlis, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Photoplay, November 1914

Let Christmas be what we propose:
Take a tip that old Santa Claus knows—
If your friends you esteem,
Make their thankfulness beam.
From now until next winter’s snows.

FOR CHRISTMAS—
GIVE A SUBSCRIPTION
TO “PHOTOPLAY”

Thus the Christmas spirit will not wither along with the holly and mistletoe. Such a gift, repeating itself month after month, defies the legend of wintertime to snuff it out.

Photoplay Magazine reveals Filmland to the recipient—and who isn’t interested in motion pictures? Contributed to by a staff of photographers and writers to whom every corner of filmland is ever open, Photoplay affords the most interesting illustrations, cleverest paragraphs, truest personality sketches and breeziest information about the magic land and fascinating celebrities behind the Screen.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or the recipient of the gift.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 14-B,
750 N. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

—CHRISTMAS SUBSCRIPTION COUPON—

Year, $2.50. Six months, $1.25. Canada, $3.00 per year. Foreign Countries, $3.50 per year.


Gentlemen: Enclosed find $ for a subscription.

Send to Name
Address

From Name
Address

One of the greatest features of the year:
The Autobiography of Pola Negri begins in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY.
Why Do-They Do-it

Title Date 5 S. 1st. Citt.

THis is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your own contribution. What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unlike, ridiculous or merely meaningless? Do not generally confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities on pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the recollections of instances on the part of the actor, author or director.

MULE EXPRESS

IN "Up in the Air With Mary," I noticed a very unusual thing. Two parties were starting on a descent boat and rescue the heroine (Louise Lorraine). One of these parties started in a fast motor boat and the other on a mule, the boat starting first. When the mule got on shore the motor boat was about half way to shore. Fast mule, eh what?


MARATHON WRITING

IN "The Eternal Flame," Norma Talmadge as the Countess is seen seated at a desk writing. A subitite reads, "For twenty-two days she wrote, but her answer is not answered." Then follows a fade in of Norma still seated at the desk and still writing. Sort of a letter-writing Marathon, eh what?

F. M. S., Bath, Maine.

SOME ALARMING OMISSIONS

Many of us think "The Midnight Alarm" one of the bigest pictures of the year, but we could not help noticing the following:

At the close of the scene when the building is on fire, Cortez is seen flinging down the stairs to an old man. He suddenly remembers that he left his keys in the vault lock. He does not go to recover them, but goes up to the roof. However, when the firemen come up to rescue Sparkle, the keys are gone and he is forced to burn out the lock.

In another place Carrington jumps from the front of the building and breaks his death. There is a spot of blood on the sidewalk beside his head. The scene is changed for a few seconds and then it shows the firemen picking up Carrington. After he is removed there is no spot on the pavement.

HENRIETTA PHILLIP, Rock Island, III.

BLAME IT ON THE DEVIL

IN "The Devil's Foot," a Sherlock Holmes Picture, Holmes comes into the room where the two brothers and sister, who were mysteriously murdered, are sitting. The first time we see the sister, she is bareheaded. Yet, in the same scene, she has a black turban on. Again, when the doctor places his hand on her head at the last of the scene, she is without her hat. How did she get it?

NINA ENSIGN, Anata, Calif.

FATHER ALSO HAD A PLANE

IN "Children of Jazz," Eileen Percy and Ricardo Cortez leave New York and Bob's father behind them in an attempted flight to Panama for "breakfast!" But, due to a storm, they are forced to land on an island where a "former" friend of theirs lives, the only dwelling on that island. Later, Theodore Kosloff (their host on the island) leaves them and the household turns out to see him off. And there in the group is Bob's father, with whom it was impossible for her to communicate! But no sub-title tells us of his arrival, nor how he located his daughter.

MARI C. INGERSOLL, Lynd, N. J.

A CORRECTION

Editor Photoplay Magazine:

Dear Sir: In the November issue of your magazine, there appears a criticism of the picture "Divorce." This is in a column headed "Why Do They Do it?" and signed by Bob H. Jutt, Louisville, Kentucky. It may sometimes happen that the fan might make an error as well as an author, actor or director. Enclosed you will find a piece of film—the insert of the letter to which Mr. Jutt has referred. You will please note that the date on the letter is September 15th, 1922; and not September 20, 1923.

Therefore the pleasure Mr. Jutt experienced on July 4, 1923, of seeing this picture, need not have been marred had he put his glasses before going to the show.

JOHN J. MACKENZIE, Chester Bennett Productions

EXQUISITE MORSELS of Vanilla Chocolate, wrapped in pure tin foil. Delicious as sun-ripened fruit. A delightful food-confection for the entire family. Tempting to the last piece.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.00 for a pound box.

WILBUR BUDS

The only Chocolate Buds

Mixers of Wilbur's Cocoa

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Dangersickness oftens often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and does not ooze.

At the first sneeze or sniffle take the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congestion spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of the trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsillitis, lumber, cough or in fact any of the symptoms that call for Musterole.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milker form for babies and small children. Ask for Children’s Musterole.

Steadfast in its tubes; hospitalize, $.3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

**MUSTEROLE**

**WILL NOT BLISTER**

**BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER**

HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE EYELASHES

Liquid Make-up, the Best

Every girl can now have those long, thick, lustrous, sweeping eyelashes which add so much to beauty, if she wants them.

All she has to do is to apply a new liquid make-up which darkens them instantly, making them look nearly twice as long and heavy as they really are. This liquid is waterproof and will not rub off in tears. It is applied in an instant and is beneficial to the lashes, as it contains a natural oil which stimulates their growth. This new make-up which is used by society women and screen favorites everywhere, is called Lashbrow Liquid.

**FREE TRIAL**

For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Powder, and a series of directions for the care of the brows and lashes. Clip this advertisement and send it to Lashbrow Liquid, Dept. 21, 37 West 26th Street, New York City. Enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping.

$1800 for a Story!

RECENTLY an unknown writer was paid $1800 for a short story which he put up for sale to a publisher. The story was the first of the new works that have been selling recently. You have been on the cover, too, a crime pricked up never to be played on again. It is an exciting story, perfect in every respect, and it is being sold at a low price.

Write Today

for your blank "The Art of Story-Telling," a complete guide to the art of writing stories. Length is $1 a copy, 250 to a box. HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept. Dec. 17, 611 Illinois Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**STARS**

Beautifully Framed Photos (Post Card Size)

Your Choice of MOTION PICTURE STARS

for only 35 cents, or select three (all different) for Address on

APEX SUPPLY CO. Dec. 22

1001 West 25th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

$500 CONTEST

We want a funny verse for our own

"Empty Arms." $500 will be paid to the writer of the best one submitted. Send us your name and address on your entry, and the words of the song and the ripples of this contest. Address Contest Editor, World M. P. Press, Dept. 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 752B, New York, N. Y.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

Continued from Page 37

Fox and his exchange were last on the list. Fox was strongly entrenched. He had large holdings in theaters, and had known him many persons of financial and political power, among them Tim Sullivan, an astute old party officer often depicted by Michael Brady. One day Fox and his wife paid a visit to the tenth street with a large, striped Bengal cat on a leash, in the vicinity of a temple of liberty known as Tammany Hall.

The General Film Company took the squires and the rabbits first, saving the tiger for the grand climax and finish.

It was just as well. If some of the rabbits had known what a tight the tiger was going to put up they might have developed a dangerous courage.

Early in September of 1911, William Fox got a telephone call from the General Film Company in which he was invited to call on Percy Waters, general manager. He went, and it appeared that Mr. Fox was advised in a friendly but exceedingly direct way that this was a most excellent time to sell The Greater New York Film Rental Company to the General Film Company.

This Mr. Fox did not think especially desirable. The Greater New York, according to his testimony in subsequent litigation, was earning about $75,000 a year and cost him very little effort. He remarked that his business was worth about $75,000, and indicated he would rather keep it.

This was the signal for the entry of J. J. Kennedy, the great prospector.

"I would not want to let go at all, even under this pressure, unless I got at least $52,000." Fox answered.

Kennedy went down into the little black book. "In my opinion we could pay you $59,000." The interview ended with declarations of friendship and with the status quo unimpaired, but full of static electricity.

The evening of November 14, 1911, a few hours after the clay meeting of the Motion Picture Patents Company, a messenger boy dashed into the Fox offices a few minutes before closing time, bearing a letter.

In this letter the Motion Picture Patents Company announced a still crisper way announced to the Greater New York Film Rental Company that, on 8 o'clock on Monday morning of the ensuing fourth day of December, 1911, his Right to Film would expire.

Fox went to see Kennedy. This time he asked for $125,000.

Kennedy promised to take it up with the executive committee then in session.

Fox held many conferences with his friends in the General organization, Jacques Per! of Pathe and Albert E. Smith of Vitagraph. Then he went back to Kennedy.

"There is not a chance of getting you any more than the schedule," Kennedy announced with an air of regretful repudiation.

He read a letter and showed a copy of the book.

Consulting the book, Kennedy mumbled something about $8,000 or $6,000, with a craggy eye on Fox.

Fox was taken aback at once. "No, the schedule was $80,000." Kennedy was watching carefully. The tiger had come into camp.

"Well, now, I'm willing to stand by any figure I gave you," Fox said.

Fox grew melodramatic, pleading.

"See if you can get me a hundred thousand.

The Motion Picture firm later that day a few years later he recounted the story of that sad, bitter interview, explaining in scenario fashion: "Remember, I am dying now. Down and out two days later, and everybody pretending to be my dearest friend." Kennedy went to the phone and called up a member of the committee. "Fox is here ready to sell to General. He wanted me to try to get him a hundred thousand."

The general committee went back to Fox and turned back to Fox, with the air of one who had done his best and failed.

"All these fellows are your friends, but they may not need you next month, and you are making me the bad fellow. They said the schedule called for $78,000. Better let me stand by my offer of $60,000," Fox was moved with great emotion.

"Mr. Kennedy, beggar can't be choosers. My life is coming to the end. On December 5th the Greater New York shall be no more. I suppose the best thing I can do is to agree to accept your offer."

The agreement was made and the contract forwarded to Fox; but a formal withdrawal of some, another of the secret, untold tales of the screen to come in an early chapter.

The subject of the price paid for exchange by the General Film Company has been the subject of many curious traditions in the film world. Reference to the records of the corporation discovers that George Kleine, with one Canadian and four American exchanges, was paid $80,000 for rights in 1901, for $78,000 in 1911 and for $70,000 in 1916. This concern was the property of Richard Rowland, now the executive head of First National, and James B. Clarke. The sale set them fancy free, and in 1916 they sold out to Munkes and Wolf to make and make more screen history, with the memorable "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." But that is another story.

The thrilling domain of figures, it is of interest to note from the records of the time that, on October 31, 1910, there were in the United States a total of 0,480 motion picture theaters, a mighty growth from the nickelodeon beginnings of 1905, a period of only five years. Of these theaters the Patients Company held domination over 5,281 and
I S sheer and radiant beauty exquisitely expressing the senti-
ment of the giver. A Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag as a gift
for birthday or anniversary is doubly precious to the feminine
heart for the distinction in dress which it bestows and as a style
requisite for all occasions—Opera, Dance, Wedding, Street or
Business. At leading jewelers or jewelry departments, from $5 to $500.

Whiting & Davis Company
In Canada, Sherbrooke, Que.

"Gifts That Last" Created and Made in America.

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags
In the Better Grades, Made of the Famous Whiting Soldered Mesh

Restores Youthful Color

to Gray or Faded Hair

DUBY'S
(est. 1894)

HAIR COLORING HERBS
restores the natural color, beauty, gloss and
lustre of gray, streaked and faded hair.
Prevents hair from falling out—stops dan-
druff—promotes growth of the hair. Will not
stain scalp. Not sticky. Composed entirely of
harmless but effective roots, herbs, berries,
and flowers. Extra large package sent post-
paid for 50c. Address Dept. C.

OZARK HERB CO.
577-14th St., Oakland, Calif.

Big Magazine Trio
Send $2 Value for $1
Save
3 Good Magazines
All For One Year

Woman's World
Today's Housewife
American Needlewoman

Order by Club Number 824
A Dollar Bill Will Do, We Take the Risk
Send all orders to

WHITELOCK & COMPANY
25 North Dearborn St. Chicago

BATHASWEET

The Favorite Luxury of Gentlemen

To bathe in water that is sweet-scented as a
flower garden and soothing and balm to all
your nerves and good for the skin; to
strip out of your tub with a robust, almost in-
perception fragrance clinging to you—such
is the well known Bathasweet. It is
never, a day, week or month away.

THE C. S. WELCH CO.
Dept. P.P. NEW YORK CITY
under cover with a bold announcement in the trade journals of its new name, "The American Film Manufacturing Company," October 5, 1910. The advertisement was calculated to inspire the necessary action. With the idea that this brand new independent concern started with all of the expertise and merits of the licensed studios. It proudly presented a list of no less than twenty screen heroes, all followed by the descriptive title, "formerly of Essanay."

The American raid practically cleaned out the Essanay staff over night. Among the whirlwind came a correspondingly rapid follow-up of November 14 the American Film Company burst forth with an advertisement announcing its first release, the Benton Harbor experiment, under the title "The Redhead." It was promptly followed up November 30 the Motion Picture Patents Company issued one of its next announcements, stating that the licences of the Freuler and Hutchinson Company, the Western of Milwaukee and Joplin, and the H. & H. of Chicago, had been cancelled.

The American Film Company saw a rapid growth in the coming months and for some years enjoyed a remarkable prosperity. One of the minor stockholders, who invested five thousand dollars in the concern, took that sum out in annual profits for a number of years. Under the American several players rose to stardom and a wide fame.

For the Perfection of Your Complexion

Don't allow your skin to deteriorate from neglect. Daily care is essential to keep the skin in perfect and healthy condition. For the perfection of your complexion use KREMOLA.

A scientific, medicated, snow-white cream which removes all blemishes, dark spots and eruptions resulting in a natural, clear, beautiful complexion.

Kremola is a face bleach and tonic in one. Absolutely pure and harmless.

Use Dr. Berry's Kremola daily and you will always have a beautiful skin.

Sold by drug and department stores or by mail $1.25 postpaid.

Write for our free booklet.

"How to Be Beautiful!"

DR. C. H. BERRY CO.
2973 Michigan Ave. Chicago.

"Don't Shout"

I hear you, I can hear you now as well as anybody. How? With the HOLLEY PHONE. I've a pad in my ears now, but they are invisible. I wouldn't know they were there in myself only that I hear all the time.

THE HOLLEY PHONE is in the ears where glasses are to the eyes, more efficient, unharmful and harmless. Anyone can afford it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St. Philadelphia.

$3 Brings you a Genuine UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Your $3.00 is returned if you are not satisfied with this fine-model UNDERWOOD typewriter. You try it at no risk.

GREAT PRICE SAVING. Direct from the factory to you.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Just $2.50 per month. No extra interest, as you pay for the machine.

FREE BOOK OF FACTS. Descriptive pamphlet containing facts about the typewriter industry—both instructive and entertaining.

Act Today! Mail Coupon.


5 Year Guarantee.
Not in the Scenario
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)
"you are a stranger and this affair concerns me none. Circumstances have brought you into the situation and now I ask only that you regard it as my own."
"I will do what I can to help. You don't understand. It is unthinkable that a girl like Marguerite should be in the power of such a man."
"He has spoken to me. I can't."
"You mean that you do not trust me?"
"I do."
"I would trust you, for I watched you as you listened to the music that first day. But the thing that must be done is something into which I have no right to drag you."
"I will try to help you. You don't understand."
"No worries! I can do it."
"I would not trust you."
"Yes," Zappettini answered, "it must be in the end or not at all."

He had spoken the words quietly but something in his tone carried the impression of a deadly purpose.

For a moment Larry studied him. He had thought of Zappettini as a visionary artist, engrossed in music and his strange rages, and yet as harmless as his moods were violent. Now he found himself gazing into eyes that burned with hatred and which held no mercy.

"Then let me join you," Larry pleaded.
"You need me. I can't ask to hear your story."

Zappettini thrust out his hand.

Thank you," Larry murmured. "I accept in the spirit in which you offer and because I need you."

And while I cannot tell all, I must tell enough to put myself in your power if I am to show you the need of what I must do.

"I DID steal Marguerite. I had heard her singing and I knew the glorious life she might have. But my taking her, saving her from the life through which she would have been trained for crime, was accidental, an afterthought. The real story concerns another.

"The reputation, the future of a woman was in danger. She had come from the unwitting victim of a gang of blackmailers and she sought me in her trouble—because she was the only woman I ever loved."

"Angelo, my deaf-mute servant, knew her and loved her. Only to know her was to love her."

"It was when on an errand in her behalf that I first saw Marguerite, heard her singing. She stopped at the house of her father, the leader of the gang.

"But the man I went to see was not the leader. He was a lawyer, respected. No one knew him. In truth, in which she had demanded money I would have given it gladly. But he was playing for something else.

"We went to see him several times. Angelo and I. One night I determined to kill him. It was the only way and I would have done it. I meant to, but Angelo was quicker. His knife reached him before mine had."

"The moment it was done I knew we must hide. His evidences to attain justice would have ruined the life of the woman we loved."

It was then that not only a beautiful woman was saved, that I saw my opportunity to take the child, to snatch her from a sordid life and save for the world the great gift she has.

We were never followed. The gang had fled. Some were captured but nothing was proved against them. There was only the littlefile with the finger prints on the handle, missing. This was the only link from the body and the father, he alone, had seen me.

"Later I heard he had been sent to prison for another crime and I felt safe. We were never followed. Now I am glad he has escaped and sees his opportunity."

"Opportunity for what?" Larry demanded.

"For a fortune, the fortune she can make for him."

"That's all?"

"That's all."
"No wonder he has let me train her. Now, so long as I live, he has a club to hold over her head. He can make a slave of her, rob her of the glories from which she is entitled."

"And you?"

Larry could not repress the question.

"I had gladly die for Marguerite," Zappettini answered. "But it does not rest with me."

The story must never be told. There is the other woman. Thus, you see," and he paused significantly, "the matter must be settled here, between us. That man must never reach the railroad."

"All right," Larry agreed petulantly.

"He won't."

"Wait. I must tell Angelo, I had warned, since that day he was bound and gagged. I feared this, but I believed it was only the work of common thieves. We were molested once before."

"But he has been working on the matter. He has searched the forest around us. Last night he was gone. Perhaps now he can tell us something."

Zappettini went to the room off the kitchen and returned at once with the deaf-mute. With the manual alphabet the maestro spelled out a brief account of Marguerite's disappearance and as his hands moved and waved conclusively Angelo became more and more excited. At last he, too, began to spell out words.

"He says he found a camp of men, two, on a hidden bay a mile to the east of us," Zappettini interpreted for Larry. "They have been there some days, take food from the forest for their place. He could not see them in the dark, did not learn who they are."

"They are the ones who found him," Larry said. "Of course, knowing that first day spoiled whatever plans they had then. They waited until we left."

"And I thought you and your friends were impertinent interlopers," said Angelo, but Angelo was again busy with his fingers.

"He says he did not see the men who found him," Zappettini explained. "They attacked him from behind."

"That's all beside the question," Larry interrupted. "We've got to save Marguerite and they have an hour's start."

"You are right, my friend," and Zappettini spoke to Angelo. Aloud. The deaf-mute ran to the kitchen and came back with his rifle.

"It is the only weapon we have," the maestro explained as he started toward the door.

At the back Angelo dragged a canoe to the water with one hand while he talked with the other.

"He thinks we should divide forces," the maestro said. "There are too railroads, one fifty miles to the south and the other to the east. These people may go either way."

"But their camp in the next bay!" Larry interrupted. They may have gone there before starting!"

Zappettini and Angelo immediately began a silent but nevertheless hysterical discussion. Their fingers fairly twinkled, their arms waved violently and Larry could not resist the compelling efforts to communicate their thoughts.

"What's he talking about?" Larry demanded impatiently.

At the back Angelo stumbled something in Italian without turning his head and his fingers flew the faster. Larry watched him in bewilderment for a moment and then realized that the maestro had lost his self-control that the wounded calmness with which he had discussed Marguerite's disappearance when they were in the cabin was gone.

"I don't know," said Arno, "I am told to do her," Larry finally said as he turned to Larry. "The wilderness is so great, so empty, so trackless. There are so many waterways, so many places where they might reach the railroad. If we take one it is a mere chance."

"What does Angelo say?" Larry interrupted.

"He feels sure they will go to the south."

He insisted that we go that way. But I don't know. If we were wrong, if we didn't find her."

Angelo was in his canoe and becoming impatient. Larry, knowing that time was precious, anxious to begin the pursuit, suddenly saw that he must remain calm and reach a decision.

"Go with Angelo," he said quickly. "Take the southern route. You can tell at the first portage whether they have passed. I'll take the northern route up the Otter River. If they went that way I'll know and keep after them."

He forced acceptance of his plan by jumping into his own canoe and paddling away. A moment later Larry had followed. They had soon passed him. Angelo was strong and a skilled canoe man and the maestro added his efforts at the low.

They went down the shore toward the mouth of the bay and the open lake to the south while Larry slanted across to the other side of the entrance and turned to the left.

They had not gone far when they heard Angelo go straight to the gorge in the White Otter River and learn if Marguerite and her father had passed that way! as it he settled to his work and the other came disappeared on the far side of an island, leaving him alone. He began to comprehend just the sort of an enterprise upon which he had embarked.

Larry gave up the theory of the immediate facts. In the case, to the chances of success, to the course he would adopt if he did overtake Marguerite. He never stopped to marvel that. He, a comparative stranger, had thrown himself so passionately into her defense.

He only knew this girl whom he had never seen before. A girl whose name had never heard his ear, and had given him the exquisite thrill of treating her as a wholly normal person, was in danger of ruining her life, of destroying her character.

And it was not the marvelous voice or beauty that had attracted him. He was not even affected by the future which undoubtedly was hers. He had almost saved it in his first meeting that here was a beauty of her own right and a woman who meant more to him than beauty—he had seen very many, many stars—and her abandonment of everything to save the maestro was all that he needed, the charm of a man of a purity and a beauty of character as he had only dreamed of.

Nothing, he knew, could he more criminal than her sacrifice and upon him rested largely the action necessary to prevent it. His determination centered upon that thought. But always he fumed! to be with the question. "How?"

In his eagerness he had almost had him, but it had been a hit at the head of the paddle shaft and the blade struck the edge of the gunwale with a peculiar click. He stopped, held by a sudden feeling of recollection. He had heard that sound before and then he remembered that it was the one that had come to him in the fog a hour before and almost the same place.

He looked over and saw the edge of Marguerite's father's canoe. His own course when he had dropped through the fog had been fairly out in the lake. The sound had come from the other side near where he lay. And that click, he felt certain. He was made against the canoe which was bearing Marguerite away.

He looked ahead and saw a canoe opening to the left. It led, he believed, to the bay upon which Angelo had found the camp of the strangers, and risking the chance that Marguerite had become a part of the strange canoe into the passage and shoved it swiftly forward.

After a quarter of an hour Larry came out on a wide bench of the lake, he had never seen before. A chain of islands cut it off from the open stretch to the south that it had traversed. He stopped paddling to survey it, for somewhere on the northern shore, he felt certain, was the camp he sought.

But before he had time to look for tell-tale smoke or a spot of white his eyes caught a
movement against an island straight ahead and he saw a canoe with three people in it disappearing toward the open lake. There was no doubt in his mind as to who it was and he began the pursuit at once.

By following the chain of islands he could keep out of sight and in ten minutes he reached the place where he had seen the canoe. Moving cautiously through a channel between two islands, he saw it a mile ahead, just turning a point.

Larry estimated that he was three miles from the river where the portage around the rapids would be necessary and he knew that in those three miles he must make up the distance between them.

For it was there at the portage, he knew, that he must make the island and rescue her, at the portage where the movie company was encamped and any number of men could come to his assistance.

He had no time to apply to his task and though his shoulders ached and his hands were blistered, he shot the canoe swiftly forward. Marquette's fate, he believed, rested on his arriving in time.

CHAPTER VII

While Larry Moncrieff had never been a hero except on the screen, and even there his most daring exploits were achieved by a double, he was in no sense a physical weakling. He knew what his attitude toward the use of a double might be and as a matter of fact he had none.

From the time Dave Mann had jerked him out of the big lumber company's office Larry had simply obeyed orders. He had looked upon Dave as a benefactor and as a mentor and he had always complied without question.

Once he himself had often been puzzled by Larry. He had come to respect his desire for seclusion, or, rather, to heed it. He knew the young man was "nuts over music," that he was, to use movieland's own term, a "clean living," that he had managed to keep the face and form of an Adonis without the disintegrating effects usually accompanying sudden stardom, and that he was a capable and easily handled actor.

Dave did not know that Larry had once been a wore the best wrestler in a small athletic club, that he had given up boxing only because it endangered the arrangement of his "million-dollar map," and that in high school he had won through to a couple of state championships in track athletics. Nor did he know that Larry always kept in perfect physical condition.

But the actor had been as reticent about these things as he was about his movie prestige. He would not have hesitated to tell Dave of them if Dave had asked, but Dave never had.

One result of this clean living and constant training had been an unfailing flow of sap and vitality in the trying and exhaustive work before the camera and a preservation of the famous face and figure. But Dave had merely accepted his features as part of the marvelous qualifications of his protege.

Yet Larry's living habits were to produce another result. Though he was new to a pagoda, he was the kind that can come through long practice, he did have the strength, the endurance and the dogged determination necessary in a stern chase.

And he soon found that he was gaining. When he reached the point around which the other canoe had disappeared he saw it down the shore ahead of him, and much nearer. But he did not hesitate until he turned the next point for he did not dare show himself in pursuit too soon.

After reaching the second point he found the string line along the shore that gave him shelter and he crept up faster still. When he came out at the mouth of the bay into which the river entered he was only a quarter of a mile behind and he could plainly see the two men disembarking at the beginning of the portage.

FREE Trial Bottle Shows You How

Gray Hair

is Restored—Keep Young

"O, she is a gray haired woman!"—how often have you heard this said of a woman young or old but made noticeably old by gray hair. Don't let them say it of you when gray hair can be restored so safely, surely and easily. How? Send for our special patented Free Trial Outline and see. It contains a free trial bottle of the wonderful hair color restorer I perfected to restore my own gray hair, and you can test it on one strand of your hair.

Perfectly Colorless

My hair color restorer is clean and clear as water—free from greasy sediment or disagreeable odor. You apply it by combing through the hair—no outside aid or expert skill required. You need know your secret.

The use of my restorer doesn't interfere with shampooing—there is nothing to wash off or rub off.

Something New

While the formula of my hair color restorer was perfected and proved perfect long ago, my laboratory has recently made another discovery. This consists of a wonderful preparatory powder which puts your hair in an ideal condition for restoration. This powder acts as an antiseptic and tonic, which greatly lessens both hair and scalp. It makes the hair soft, silky and fluffy. A free trial package is included with my special patented free trial outline.

A Real Free Offer

All you have to do to secure this trial outfit is to fill out and mail the coupon. Send no money—i even prepay postage. My offer is absolutely free.

Mary J. Goldman's

Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

I will tell you FREE

Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other important questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, include twelve cents in any form and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to include 12c. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY to the

ASTA STUDIO, 389 Fifth Ave., Dept. PH, New York

WRINKLES

Oriental Creme Damask

prevents and removes Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, Rough Skin, Enlarged Pores, and improves all Skin Surfaces. Used by prominent society, theatrical and musical people throughout the country.

If the jar by mail

Madame Marie Shields

162 W. 48th St., N. Y. C.
Almost immediately the men lifted the canoe to their shoulders and, with Marguerite ahead of them, started across.

Larry paced out the head of the bend before he fairly lifted the little craft from the water. He knew that he must reach the shore and run across the portage in time to catch them before they got on it again.

Just exactly what he would do when he overtook them he had not considered. He knew that nearly twenty movie people and canoemen were running across the river from the portage, and that somehow he must accomplish his purpose.

When he reached the shore he let the canoe strike with a sudden, sickening thud against the brush with which he was thrown forward into a running start up the steep trail, never seeing two heavy packs beside it.

The path turned sharply among huge boulders and balsam thickets before it emerged at the top of the gorge. From this open space Larry saw Fay and Peggy across the river, climbing from the lake up to the place on the lake. Ahead of them several canoemen were busy cutting spruce-poles.

But he gave no heed to them. The trail dipped slightly into the gorge, running along a narrow ledge, and as he turned a bend he could see the top of the rapids. The canoe had been set partly down in the water and was eddying beside it. He felt certain that she saw him.

A swerve in the trail hid her and Larry ran the faster. He was approaching the spot directly opposite to the flat of the fall. The ledge was narrow here but straight until it turned abruptly around a high point of rock and he increased his speed.

When he dipped down into the gorge Larry had caught a glimpse of Dave and Roy Quigley working with a camera on a little platform that had been built out over the water. They were directly opposite him now, no more than twenty feet away, but in that moment, with the roaring river between them, they might as well have been on another planet for all the assistance they could be.

A ND then as Larry slackened his pace at the sudden bend in the trail he came face to face with two men. One was about fifty, rather small man, running along, alert, tenacious and quick, rat-like eyes that associated themselves at once with the thin, whining, threatening voice he had heard the previous afternoon through the open window of the Zappettini cabin.

The other was young, about Larry’s own age, and slightly heavier.

Larry’s eyes met an exultation when he saw them and they held, too, an expression of ferocity. Until that moment he had not known how he hated these two who were planning to murder him. And this exultation and that ferocity combined to force an unconscious exclamation from his lips—“I caught you!” he panted.

Already Larry had recognized his object and the glance of each had shifted to the movie men across the river, both still absorbed in their task. Then with a movement quick as lightning Larry jerked an automatic pistol from a pocket.

At the flash of his hand Larry had ducked instinctively and his fingers touched a jagged edge of a flint padlock on the edge of the cliff beside him. With a movement that at once threw his body to one side and hurled the rock, he knocked the pistol from the man’s hand just as the other returned it.

At the same instant the younger man leaped forward to catch Larry off his balance. But the actor had already gathered his feet and, reaching out, dealt with a lunging tackle that threw his assailant heavily near the edge of the trail.

Larry was now between the two men but before the younger could get to his feet he sprung past him and whirled to confront them both. And, rather than wait for them to coordinate their forces, he leaped to the attack.

There began a desperate and thrilling battle as the screen has ever shown. A hundred feet above the wuthering eddy in the river, just before it plunged over the falls, with a cliff rising sheer all above them, on a shelf not more than five feet wide, with the thundering roar of the cataract and the snarling rush of the rapids furnishing a savage orchestral accompaniment, Larry, the man wearing dollar beauty, whom Dave Mann had protected from all danger, was engaged in a life and death struggle with two escaped convicts, men whose training and experience had accorded them all consideration of fairness or the value of a human life.

As the gorge, held spellbound by the sight, were Fay Brainard and Peggy Dare, Dave and Roy and a half dozen of the canoemen. Had this man been so occupied Larry would have been carried away, to turn excitedly to Roy, and had it not been for his voice carrying the echo he would have heard the familiar, “Twist her. Quig.” The camera man, as imperceptible as air, began gliding away with his little lever.

Had he looked Dave would have seen Dave rush madly up the side of the gorge, dash toward the standing woodsmen and send them running toward the camp and a canoe with which to cross the river, to the rescue, as if there were a possibility that they could get there before he was thrown over the cliff.

But Larry Moncrieff had no intention of being thrown over the cliff. Elucidative ferocity had driven him to the attack and a sudden need of an inexpressible hatred kept him at it, but he was cool now, and the possibility of the encounter became apparent.

And a cool mind was opposed to him. The man was pushed back again, striking and attempting to gain a hold on the chicken. He charged like a demon, his lips whirling with a bestial snarl, but all the time, darting back and forth, careful to keep away from the edge of the cliff, but without stopping, bagging the little man, an open knife in his hand, was seeking an opportunity for a quick thrust.

HE moved rapidly but unhurriedly. His back, baleful eyes were steady and calculating and sometimes, as was intended they drew Larry’s from his more aggressive attitude.

But Larrya-stounded even the imperturbable LeRoy Quigley and sometimes caused a variation in the automatic motion of the hand on the camera crank. A instant, a flash, risking a step toward the perilous edge for an effective blow, stopping to pick up a rock and hurl it at the little man when he crept toward the cliff.

He himself was not escaping punishment while he inflicted it. Blood streamed from his nose, there was a gash across one cheek, one of the teeth which figured in the priceless smile that had won flappers by the thousand were loosened.

At last a well-aimed rock struck the little man, making a clean blow on the head and drove him back. Larry sparred for a moment, took a spent body blow and then staggered back as if in distress.

Instinctively the younger man leaped in, his eyes alight with triumph, only to be met, not by a boxer but by a wrestler. He found himself caught in a hold from which he could not escape, a trip to the ground, a flailing, wrenching by a grip that definitely was coming, his knee ready. A twist, a wrench, a thrust, and the big man would totter over the edge.

Larry figure his plan into execution. One foot slipped on some loose gravel and he found both himself and his opponent swaying at the very edge. Then a piece of rock gave way and they both dropped.

Instantly each man loosened his grip and clung to his arm. The crook’s scraped the edge and he dropped out of sight. Larry’s

Terry advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Toothache can Springield, a battle to a girl when she was driven downstream by the pursuing and the pearl, you've queued my game. Thank God you're no daughter of mine. I'd hate to be the father of a stoold pigeon.

"Not your daughter!" Marguerite cried.

"No, not mine, and you'll not be anyone's in a minute," he snarled. "I'll fix you! You'll never play a trick like that again."

He lunged forward with his face a twisted symbolization of his murderous passion, and, grasping her by the shoulders, thrust her back. Her knees touched the gunwale and she was forced down into the canoe, her head striking a thwart with a crash.

The girl was dazed by the blow and before she could cry out the man lifted the oars and shoved the craft far out into the stream. The greedy current caught it and whipped it into the rapids.

Larry had not waited for this to happen. When he saw the man advance threateningly toward Marguerite he started to run. But he was still fifty yards away when he saw the canoe shoot out into the stream, carrying the girl straight toward the Wolf-faw.

For a moment he stood there, stunned by the horror of it. He could not force himself to follow the dancing, toiling, rushing current long enough to see the little craft and its helpless burden. He had already given them up as lost. He knew that no canoe, unguided, could pass through the rapids or escape the falls.

And Larry knew that meant the end of Marguerite, the end of the glorious voice, of the girl he had found in the wilderness and who had so suddenly and so strangely taken hold of his heart.

In that instant he realized what he meant to him, what had prompted his interference in and his passion. He did not concern him, what had driven him to the pursuit and the battle on the ledge. In the very moment when she was being whirled to her death he knew that for the first time what he loved was sickened, beaten, he shut his eyes and turned away. All the strength went out of him and he swayed there on the steep trail.

And as he closed his eyes snapped open. He had heard the scrape of a boot on a rock and saw Marguerite's murderer coming toward him.

The man's passion was gone. He was again the cold, calculating criminal, more cold and more calculating now because he was bent on escape from his latest crime. Behind him was the river, before him the steep cliff. The only way out lay along the path on which Larry was standing.

But Larry did not wait for him to come. His strength returned in a flood. Hate and fury engulfed him and with a hoarse, animal-like cry he sprang down the trail.

The man waited, his knife ready, but Larry sent it spinning with a blow, grasped the fellow with both hands and pushed him down to the water's edge.

The crook fought desperately but without avail. Larry forced him out onto a huge, flat rock that thrust far out into the current and
$100 a Week

"Wouldn't you like to earn that much, too?"

"I know you would, Bob—think what it would mean to us! It worries me to see you waste the best years of your life when you could make them count for so much."

"Can't you see it, Bob? Don't you see that the reason men get ahead is because they train themselves to do some one thing just a little better than others?"

"If the International Correspondence Schools can raise the salaries of other men, they can raise yours. If they can help other men to win advancement and money, they can help you, too. I am sure of it."

"Don't let another year slip by and leave you right where you are to-day. Let's at least find out how the I. C. S. can help you. Let's mark and mail this coupon right now!"

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
102 Franklin St., Scranton, Pa.
Without cost or obligation on our part, please tell me how I can qualify for position in the subject before which I have marked an X.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES</th>
<th>TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Business Management</td>
<td>Architectural Drafting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Industrial Management</td>
<td>Architectural Draftsmanship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personnel Organization</td>
<td>Blue Print Bending</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traffic Management</td>
<td>Contractor and Builder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banking and Banking Law</td>
<td>Concrete Building</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accounting (Including G.P.A.)</td>
<td>Structural Engineer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shorthand</td>
<td>Terminal Equipment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bookkeeping</td>
<td>Structural Engineer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stenography</td>
<td>Telephone Switching and Wiring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Printing</td>
<td>Telephony and Switching and Wiring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Thomas Edison Recording and Phonographs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French</td>
<td>Thompson's Patent of 1879</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Name ____________________________________________
Street Address __________________________________
City ___________________________ State ________
Occupation ______________________________________

Persons residing in Canada should send request to the International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

The Tiger Queen

[caption continued from page 45]

[END OF PART THREE]

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way. She used Marmola Prescription Tablets, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nourishment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the Marmola Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct. They will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
234 Garfield Bldgs., Detroit, Mich.

We Teach COMMERCIAL ART

Meyer Both Company, largest Commercial Art organization in the World offers you an unusual opportunity for practical training, based upon twenty-three years of success. This nationally known organization each year produces and sends to advertisers over 15,000 commercial drawings. Meyer Both instruction is the difference between successful and experimental work. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School

Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspapers in your city, anywhere in the United States, Canada, England or Australia about the Meyer Both Company—let them tell you about us. Write for illustrated book telling about the success of our students for one-half the cost of mailing—four cents in stamps.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Department of Art Instruction
Midland Ave., at 50th St., Dept. 31, CHICAGO, ILL.

Name ____________________________  Age ________

To Art and Expressing Form: Seven years practical art study among our graduates. Write us.

Exceptional Fiction

A serial and a short story in every issue of PHOTOLPLAY

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores or Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE

Write today for my FREE BOOKLET. The facts will convince you if your face is troubled by acne. Get the facts in 10 cents every month. Send me a quarter to cover cost of mailing—four cents in stamps.

E. S. GIVENS, 108 Chemical Dept., Kansas City, Mo.
Why I Have Never Married—By Bebe Daniels

I have been on the very verge of it. Each time some sudden impulse made me think that I might want to marry him. One evening we dined with friends in Beverly Hills. The husband was a wealthy producer, the wife a famous actress. The evening, they seemed exceptionally happy, and, as we drove away, I envied them and wondered if I wasn't missing a great deal by my caution. Just then a little incident showed me what his attitude would be toward my work and my position, and when he mentioned marriage again, I was kind but firm. He said somewhere: "It is necessary to be almost a genius to be a good husband." If that's true of ordinary cases, how doubly true it must be of a marriage between a famous actress and a director! The calls to the firm she works for, when a director can keep her out all night working, every night in the week, when she can't go home to the city, are enough to disturb any woman. Her new son was a fine chip, an excellent business man and an important person in his line. But—his name didn't mean anything to the public. Yet that mother-in-law was sure to be reproachable for all the years because her name was mentioned and it wasn't.

Oh, well, I'm still many years under fifty and not a day older, and with the little money I do have hope to find a man who has the kind of views on life that will give us a possibility of success and happiness. I guess I can afford to wait and be married again. I expect to stay married forever. That's the idea I'm starting with.

Like magic these gloves whiten hands

Rough, reddened, work-worn hands made soft and white!

Results Legally Guaranteed in Writing.

I JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft. That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves. So no matter how rough or how sallow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how tough or coarse or work-worn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. After four or five nights you have a new pair of hands. The medicated fabric does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural temperature of the hand promotes permanent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft as a baby's as quickly as it is actually dismaying.

Dr. Egan's Magic Glove outfit consists of: One pair freshly medicated gloves, one jar Dr. Egan's Fore-Lax, one bottle Glove Medicator, and Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands"—all in neat container. The Fore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The Glove Medicator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear. Gloves may be worn at night while you sleep or during the day while doing your sweeping and dusting.

Try the Gloves FREE SEND NO MONEY—Just the Coupon

Try these gloves five nights FREE. Note the amazing transformation. Show how lovely your hands look and feel. Do not return the gloves. A coupon will be promptly refilled in full. Written guarantee to this effect. Fill out and mail the coupon now. On delivery of the outfit pay the postman $1.00 (plus postage). If not to be used when postman calls send it new. Address Dr. J. J. Egan, Dept. 129, 299 S. State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

PhoToPlAy MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Why I Have Never Married—By Richard Dix

I loved a woman very madly, in that period of my life. But—shall I confess it? She was already married. Her husband was an old man—a white-haired, apple-cheeked old man. A millionaire. Don't think I ever knew just how it came about that she was married to him, or whether she ever told me. But I seem to have in the back of my mind a deep and passionate feeling that the marriage was wrong. For she was very young—very young and ripe for living and full of beauties and graces that belonged to love.

And when I met her, she should have married her. But—fortunately or unfortunately—she wasn't. I saw her last year when I was in New York. Her husband is still alive, though he must be very, very old. And the blight of age seemed to have fallen upon her, too, a curtain of age, of old thinking, old living. Her face was as fair and as smooth as when it had been the center of my dreams, but—the youth had died.

And the young woman-carried me through the dangerous stage of curiosity a stout woman. She was so fascinating—so utterly lovely. I seemed always just about to solve the mystery of her life, to discover whether her hair was really golden, or copper, or palely bronze. I never did find out.

From that thrilling and adventurous stage, marked by the utmost understanding and sympathy. Life has become more serious. There are a great many years to be loved out as well as lived out, and she has taken the measure of a thousand years. And I am there now—he wants to wait and find
Gray Hair—Banished in 15 Minutes

Inecto Rapid is in use by hundreds of thousands of women and is applied in the best and most fashionable Hair-dressing Parlor's from Coast to Coast, including the Waldorf Astoria, Biltmore Hotel, Pennsylvania, Commodore, Bulfinch's and Marshall's.

Inecto Rapid gives to naturally gray, streaked or faded hair any desired color, which cannot be detected from the natural even under a microscope.

The results are permanent, the color being unaffected by shampooing, sunlight, perspiration, salt water, Rosen or Turkish baths, and does not interfere with permanent waving.

Send the coupon for full particulars.

INECTO, Inc.
33-35 W. 46th St., New York City, N. Y.

INECTO, Inc.
33-35 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y.

GUARANTEED

A Most Exceptional Offer:

Send No Money

On Genuine Diamonds

Only a few cents a piece for a build-up set. Fers Blue and White—Genuine Perfect Cut Diamonds, special. Send promptly for free examination. One Whole Year to Pay, Retail $75 Valur, Special $44.50.

Money Back Guarantee

Amending Blemishes—Price Smashed on Million dollar stock of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. We have you 1/8 and trust you for any article you want Gad. We guarantee. Write for Free Catalog

The Very Popular

KLEIN & CO. 122 W. Madison St., Dept. 1925, Chicago, Ill.

CURILE

GIVES A NATURAL SEMI-PERMANENT WAVE LAST THREE TO FOUR WEEKS

Used extensively for years by the Theatrical Profession.
The original Rapid preparation, superior to all others neither milky nor greasy, gentle to apply, absolutely harmless.
POTTER. $1.00. Money back if not satisfactory.


WHY NOT IMPROVE YOUR PERSONAL PRESENCE?

Send for booklet showing photo of Miss with and without the PELLA-PERFECT PERM for BOW LEGS and KNOT-KNEES. Also a blister for permanent comb. Perfect Sales Co. 140 N. Maryland Ave., Dept. 54, Chicago, Ill.

Govt Help Needed

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions, 217-825, traveling or not, with new name, nickname, alias, or below and mail this to Mr. Gumen, 223, St. Louis, Mo, immediately.

Mary Pickford’s Opinions on Scars and Films

Will be found on Pages 28-29, this issue.

The speaker’s strange sincerity and stranger manner obviously intrigued the interest of the director who was not listening intently.

“My partner,” the old exhibitor began again, “she was my wife. I took her away last month and I placed by her— but I’m getting ahead of my story... I’ll have to pardon me if I wander a bit. I remember her for you so many times, but now that I’m here my mind is in a jumble. I want to take you back to a Christmas Eve, away back in the days of the one-reelers, my partner and I had been struggling hard as we all had to do in those days. I had had a harness store and when the pictures started to come along Rhoda and me decided to have the front knocked out and we started a picture show.

“I ran the machine and she took tickets until the people were in and then she played the piano— and she played beautifully. Pretty soon our baby came but he did not stay long. We were broken-hearted. Then came that Christmas Eve, a Saturday night, we were running a picture of yours— ‘Wondering Home’—you probably don’t remember it, but God bless you for making that picture! It was the story of a couple of themselves— who had lost their home. Well, now they were going back during the show and after the picture Rhoda came to me and said, ‘Daddy, let’s run that film again, after the people go. We didn’t run it last night, and if old Bill, she and I, we could get it, we could clean up, grind the machine. Hand in hand we sat there and cried and cried and afterwards there was a smile through our tears. That scene where a title says, ‘And a little baby reunited them’— oh! you must remember it— ‘Well, we never sent that film back. We wrote the exchange and bought the copy. And many, many times Rhoda and me would run that picture after the people had gone and we would sit there hand in hand, learning from that picture that in just a little while we would be happy as a family with our little fellow, sometimes we quarreled, just as all married people do. Then night would come and we’d run that picture and time after time it would lighten our sorrowing hearts, bringing us closer together.

‘That’s about all there is to it. I only come here because I promised her I would some day show you what that little picture meant to us. It was just one of those one-reelers, but it made the difference between despondency and hope for Rhoda and me.’

The old man sank into the drows, sobbing softly. The Master seemed transfixed, his hands clenched before him and his eyes peer- steady into the fire.

‘I was working a one-reeler...’ the director was speaking slowly and evenly as if to reassure himself. ‘Well, that night, all alone in the projection room, do I remember it— I did...’

Finally standing up, the director went to the old man, placed his arm tenderly at his shoulder and together they walked out into the streets.

Following at a respectful distance I heard the Master call to his secretary.

‘Tell Regan to send over that new continuity. We’ll start shooting Monday.’
He held her thin arm in his hand, as though she had to look at him. The tears in her eyes brimmed over and ran down her cheeks. She seemed a very small, insignificant, helpless creature—too weak to defend herself or to say anything that would make her feel better. "You wouldn’t want me to go away feeling like that, would you, Katie?" he demanded again.

"No," she replied, gulping. "I guess I was hoping that, maybe, you’d find it so hard to say good-bye that you would take me along with you for just a few days and—"

He laughed, but she couldn’t say any more. Neither could Dick. He picked her up—she was pretty heavy at that—and carried her to her room. Then he knew very well that he would have to break with his habit of expecting that suffer.

So, if Dick’s departure was the cause of sorrow he himself did not experience anything but a sort of pleasurable regret. Youth, that had never had, came back to him in tidal surges.

The Los Angeles Limited roaring across the United States in pursuit of the setting sun left an invisible, intangible heritage behind. Dick forgot the office stool, the black and red figures, the monotonous fare and the dingy splendor of the boarding house. What does a matter of his own? He took to the trappings of adventure as if he had never known contact with the practical world of commerce. Perhaps that was because in part he had always lived above the timber line.

Contrary to the custom the Limited had one pretty girl on board. That is something which should be provided by the railroad companies on all of their transcontinental trains. It is very disappointing to the traveling public, especially masculine, to find that it is doomed to spend long days with lonely things in the window. Men get sloopy, mentally, morally and physically unless there is potential beauty to keep them keyed up. Having a beautiful face on board increases the business of the barber, manicurist and tailor two hundred per cent. It very seldom happens. But it could be very easily remedied. A girl out of the “Follies” could be hired around a hundred a week and expenses. During that time she could make a round trip and have one day off to visit her own husband.

The young woman on Dick’s train was an animated ball of fluff. There were kinks in her hair, and there was a distorted impishness in her behavior. The color of the hair was what is known as chaitaine, which is a kind of a blondish brunette with a lot of lights in it, and the hue of her behavior would have been violent red if she had not been so darn cute about it. You’ve got to be very young, very pretty and very several other things in order to get away with eyes like hers. Everybody they look at from babies to bishops.

She was small and, during the daytime, went in rows of rowdy clothes—sport-skirts and sweaters in all the season’s fashions and in all the season’s sort of thing. Then at dinner she would blossom fourth in a trilly frock that, remembering how she had looked an hour before, made you think that she had pinched it out of her mother’s wardrobe. At all times she was exquisitely dainty and freshly scrubbed looking. It was as if she had accepted a divine commission always to be restful to the eye and carried it out even under the most trying circumstances. You had a feeling that she would appear at a fine or an elite society ball in exactly the same time for that sort of a function. And looking top-hole in it, too.

In other words, mates, exactly the kind of a gal that can be useful for any purpose, for lack or deep. No, now, for all varieties of masculine fish from shiners to sperm whales, the kind of gal who makes life heavy for men and hell for other women.

Which you can’t do, of course.

And printed by.

She was accompanied, in perpetual total eclipse, by a well dressed young man with a week black waxed mustache, which, despite his dour-looking faced, did not make him look foreign a bit. He was very slim and willowy, probably a good dancer and clown, a polka conversationalist. By the time the train was nearing the Rockies he had spoken to nearly everyone in it. In that way he eventually arrived at Dick’s.

Dick was so much of a tyro at the “mixing” game that he was very grateful for the advances which young Mr. Luther—Robert Luther, he wasn’t sure of his name—made.

And Dick was the first train-made acquaintance whom Luther introduced to “the girl.” It had been very noticeable that, before that, although he was very genial himself, he did not pass on his pick-ups.

“Mr. Lord, I should like to present you to my—er—sister, Milliecent, this is Mr. Lord about whom I was telling you—the gentleman who is going to become one of the literary lights of screenland.”

Dick interrupted with a blushing denial, mentally kidding himself for having told this young man in secret ambition.

“But you’re bound to succeed,” Luther denied, “because you are going at it the right way. Not one man in a million has the chance that I have of studying the motion picture business from the inside.”

After a few moments devoted to similar conversational bull Luther went to sit in a poker game in the club car, leaving Dick in the heaven of his sister’s companionship.

He thought that, with his limited social experience, it was going to be a painful pleasure, but he was mis-taken. Miss Luther put him at ease at once someway, made him an unself-conscious team-mate in the game she seemed to have been playing with life and before half an hour was over he was her devoted slave.

Dick had never known a strictly-ornamental woman before, a carefully cultivated and exotic flower, whose only purpose was to grace a few of the higher moments of civilization and then pass into history or oblivion as the case might be. He had to revise all of his previously concreted notions. Here at last was the real reason for women’s existence—to be the beautiful clown companion of man’s leisure.

Millie Luther was funny. She had not needed that as an added attraction, but she was anyway, and the genuine humor of her conversational viewpoint made her a hundred times more compelling than if you could merely see her. She was just twice as interesting as she looked. Not that her laugh did not have a difference. But people who know on electric sets may think the first 2,000 volts are the most noticeable. Above that it doesn’t make much difference.

Millie constantly confounded Dick of anything. For instance, he had always previously abhorred the idea of make-up on a woman. Millie constantly consulted her vanity case and applied it to herself and tried to mimic those scarlet little lips, and Dick liked it. And she did things to her eyebrows and eyelashes that he would not have approved of at all in prehistoric days but which now
BUTE BROTHERS - CHICAGO
BURREN BERMUDA LINE
(Book Now for Winter and Holiday Sailings
BERMUDA — Vacationist's Paradise
Only 2 Days From New York
Sailings Twice Weekly from New York Every Wed. and Sat.

Each 14,000 Tons Displacement

MODERN HOTELS — NO PASSPORTS — ALL SPORTS
Including Golf (Two 18-Hole Courses), Tennis, Squash, Bathing, Horse Racing, Fishing, Riding, Driving, Cruising, etc.


WEST INDIES — Delightful Cruises to the Gems of the Caribbean Sea.

For illustrated Booklet about Bermuda, West Indies, or St. George Hotel, write

FURNES BERMUDA LINE
54 Whitehall St., N. Y., or Any Local Traveling Agent

BE A RAILWAY BELL TRAFFIC INSTRUCTOR
EARN UP TO $250 PER MONTH

EXPENSES PAID
Enter this fascinating, honored profession. Many opportunities; most big railway offices; advancement rapid. Travel or remain near home; healthful, steady, outdoor work.

How You Can Prepare
Any average man can qualify in three months’ spare-time study at home. Easy to understand. Upon graduation, we get you position as per Guarantee of successful training. Take this

Position Guaranteed
Guaranteed states that failure will be incomprehensible after three months’ study. Your future is practically determined by us.

Must Train More Men
Hundreds of positions to be filled. Devote now to getting paid years of labor; a wonderful opportunity. Send coupon today.

Standard Business Training Institute
Buffalo, N. Y.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Reduced 53 lbs in Nine Weeks!

Mrs. Bayliss Went From 191 Lbs. to 138 Without Any Hardship

"I never dreamed I could do it," Mrs. Wallace wrote this well-known young matron of Philadelphia's social circle. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased late in November. A reduction of more than fifty pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story.

"Here, lam, back to 138 lbs., after my two unsuccessful attempts, I had lowered around the impossible two hundred mark! Young and flexible, I was determined to make a clean break with my weight. I decided to meddle with my diet as no one had given me satisfactory results, and suddenly recovered. Thanks to Wallace, I can never wear those diamonds I wanted. Because I once thought of giving up music, I chose to keep up with the rhythm. Thanks! I have reduced my weight from 138 lbs. and have found my weight and royalty. Wallace has helped me with diet, and activities and enjoyment completely changed me - and suddenly recovered!"

Lying proof this one may require all superfluous flesh without a court order or sign of distress!

Why Don't You Reduce? It CAN Be Done!

It's easy to make your figure what it should be, and keep it that way if you let Wallace show you how. Scores have done what Mrs. Bayliss did, some today, some tomorrow. If only twelve or fifteen pounds too heavy, there is still less excuse for not losing and keeping up your weight.

Wallace reducing records reduce naturally. No fast facts, interesting lessons to leave you with, "reduce" it, keep it. It's the best record for reducing and for a joyful atmosphere. Ask any woman suffering from overweight to compare this with Wallace's own.

FREE First Reducing Lesson Record and All!

Actual proof costs nothing. Believe only the scales, and you'll be convinced. I want you to feel real and real are the results. You'll enjoy this test, feel better, look better, and lose weight in 10 days. I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will have one more of you not farm yet obligated in any way.

WALLACE, Dept. 20, 632 So. Washington Ave., Chicaco, Ill.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for 5 days' trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my size. I am not going to be further, nor pay Wallace a penny. Can any woman suffering from overweight claim such an invitation? Use this coupon:

Name
Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE.
21 Jewel Extra Thin
STUDEBAKER
The Insured Watch

Direct from the Maker

SENT FOR

$100 DOWN!

Only $100! The balance in easy monthly payments.
You get the famous Studebaker 21 Jewel Watch—Insured for a lifetime; a choice of 54 new Art Beauty Cases; 4 adjustments, including height, cold, mechanism and 2 positions—direct from the maker at lowest prices ever named on equal quality.

Write today for FREE BOOK of Advance Watch Styles.

Fine Chain FREE!
For a limited time we are giving away FREE with every Studebaker Watch a new and dainty Studebaker Watch Chain. Write now while offer lasts.

Mail Coupon for FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles

Send at once and get a copy of this book—FREE! See the newest, beautiful, advance styles in Studebaker Art Beauty Cases and Dials. Read how you can buy a 21 Jewel Studebaker, Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money—and pay for it on easy monthly payments.

Write! for our free catalog and post your own watch styles and watch values. Send coupon once. Also, get FREE chain offer today while it lasts.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept.331 South Bend, Ind.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. 331 South Bend, Indiana
Please send me your FREE book of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your $100 down offer.

Name: ____________________________________________
Address: ___________________________________________
City: ____________________________________________ State: ________


FREE Marvo
BEAUTY MARK

exciting photo of the FAMOUS MARVO BEAUTY MARKER, Instantly makes up one's face, enlivens eye, makes face look younger. Ask for Marvo Beauty Markers at beauty shops everywhere. TRENDED FOR YEARS. 25c a box. FREE literature. Sealed and air apted.

Marve Beauty Laboratories, Inc., 1658 W. 8th St., Dept. 920, N. Y.

How to Beautify Your Eyes in One Minute

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" and your own eyes will sport lifelike beauty. Instantly and impossibly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The remarkable improvement in your beauty and expression will astound and delight you. "MAYBELLINE" is different from other preparations, that is why it is the largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world. It will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Each dainty box contains brush and mirror. Two shades. Brown for fawns, Black for brunettes. Priced at less of "MAYBELLINE", use it once and you will never be without it again. 25c at your dealer's or direct from us, post-paid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Turn out all ad now as a reminder.

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-52 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

Scenario Writers

With its March issue PHOTOGRAMATIST of Hollywood, for years friend, adviser and desk companion of writers, broadened its scope, enlarged from 44 to 100 pages and put on a new dress, new names

STORY WORLD

and Photodramatist

Is increasingly brilliant list of famous contributors makes it more valuable than ever to all who write creative fiction.

You cannot afford to be without this inspirational aid. Regular subscription rates will be 6 months $1; $1 on receipt of this ad with your remittance.

Photodramatist Publishing Co., Inc.

The Beauty Sleep

A Lovely Composition, Beautifying Brows, Perfect Eyebrows and Eyelashes

To you who want a Marvelous Method Originated by Noted Skin Specialist. Easily applied at night—results guaranteed. Price 50c. Made by

Superba Company, Suite F-1, Baltimore, Md.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

You can make $1.5 to $10 a day making a week at Home. IN YOUR SPARE TIME. FREE EXPERIENCE, UNLIMITED. We teach you how. GUARANTEED. Paid work. Swing your arm and turn it to a cash earner. Write for details to

UNITED SHOW CARD STUDIOS

P.O. Box 215 Dian Mag., UPTON, N. Y.

For Lovely Skin

This make up lotion is from the famous formulas used by the ladies of Queen Antoinette's court. Keeps the skin smooth in all sorts of weather. Marvously improves general health. It can be used on either clean or unwashed skin. Smears off easily after published tests by seven noted dermatologists. Formulated for indoor or outdoor use. Several shades. 6c to 14c a bottle for six to ten strokes. J. M. W. and Sons, Liccell, Inc., New York.

Use Tanfron!

Hollywood Studio of the Dance

Ballet Technique, Classical and Oriental Dancing, Special Correspondence Course . . . . . $5.00

403 South Hill Street, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
that was because he never saw them from the seat of an automobile now. Wherever Dick went he furnished his own transportation. One had no hesitation in expecting the helper of a second assistant-property man to arrive at the studio via motor.

Dick was lucky enough to have a job at all. A comparative school degree in scenar-writing does not qualify its owner for a really lucrative position of any sort on a cinema lot.

He had no urge to write any more. The creative urge had been put from under his unappreciated breast. All he did was to work listlessly at his appointed tasks and then crawl off by himself to try to get well.

Dick was a regular customer of the studio bookkeeper. That was a pastime which eventually absorbed all of his salary and finally got him fired from his job and evicted from the house on the same day. Being thrown out on the street is not quite so great a disaster in Hollywood as it is in Herald Square. For one thing there isn't any snow here to fall on.

As a matter of fact Dick scarcely knew that anything had happened to him. Not that he had very much moonshine under his belt, but what he had was taken away so fast there was no occurrence of anything at all and it felt very important amidst the echoes.

Krogstad found him in the (figurative) gutter, told him and all the symptoms from having had them so frequently himself.

"I'm a regular little St. Bernard dog, I am," complained Dick, and handed over a test tube that miraculously had a few drops left in it, "bringing first aid to the lonely traveler lost in the Alps. Drink this and come on home."

The drug clerk knew nothing of the information that he had no home and why.

"Come home with me, then," Krogstad invited. "I got plenty."

If Dick had been sober he would probably have refused the hospitality of the old man whom once he had scorched. As it was he had no resistance left and he went where he was led.

Krogstad's house was nearly but hard to get to. The street led straight up a deep canyon in the side of the hills.

Noticing the difficulty Dick was having with the grade Krogstad admitted, "I don't always get our house up without some aches and pains when I run out of gas. Then I sleep wherever I drop until the hellish cold wakes me up in the middle of the night and I crawl the rest of the way. But you've never seen a little liquor left today and we'll make it. Here's yours and here's mine."

The extra kick gave them both enough strength to finish the pull.

Krogstad's house was a building of approximately eight feet dimensions each way, for- ward, sideways and up. The material from which it was constructed was old real-estate signs. Thus, one might read over the door, "The Best Buy in Hollywood." One entire side wall said, "See Mary" and other available space inquired "Can You Find a Better Spot For a Holli-Ray?"

Inside there was a bedspring supported on three boxes and a keg. It was sketched covered with Burlap bedclothes. The other furnishing consisted of a box and a carbon encursted kerosene cook stove, two burners.

"Used to have a still, too," Krogstad boasted, "but it took too much time from me work. It's cheaper to buy it than to make it anyway. Safer, too."

Krogstad had a little bacon and some coffee. He cooked it and divided that and the rest of the food among Dick. They went to bed in a blissfully unconscious condition. One of them slept on the floor, but neither knew which one.

Dick was tremendously touched by the Samartianlike behavior of the man he had once knocked down for telling him the truth and in the morning he lied, unsteadily, to express his gratitude.

His host received the thanks quaintly, Krogstad, seasoned topper that he was, seemed little the worse for wear. Dick, of course, was a pitiable wreck.

"You know how to rotten stuff to learn to drink on," Krogstad mused out loud. "Us old fellows that got our insides mellowed by white man's liquor can stand this essence of red pepper they sell you behind closed doors but it certainly Criminal to put it into an amateur stomach."

Dick laughed, not very convincingly, "Are you advising me to lay off the stuff, Krog? You don't know I was as low as that.

Dick was quick to sense the real shame in the old man's tone, his hastened to apologize.

"You aren't half as low as I am, Dad. Good God, look at you, with a job and a home and everything. I haven't anything."

"Except your chance off thousand chances to make something of yourself that you're trampling in the mud. But I'm not going to preach. You better hang around here all day till today. We'll see what we can do when I resting. I ain't got any liquor to leave you but I'll bring you a pick-me-up when I come back. You'll be yel ling for it by that time."

From the depths of his experience Krogstad spoke the truth. Before the day was done Dick was down on his knees by the dilapidated old red painted shack, the old man home soon with a shot of hooch. If there had been anything salable in Krogstad's shanty Dick would have taken it down to the second-storey liquor dealer and traded it for the price of a drink. But the owner of the shack, either by intention or necessity, did not possess a single thing that was worth looking at.

Krogstad arrived just before dark. He had three or four packages under his arms and the labor of transporting them up the incline had condensed the cold. Dick couldn't answer questions until his wind returned, so Krogstad opened the packages himself in search of the bottle. There was a steak, some potatoes, a loaf of bread and half a pound of butter. That was all.

"For God's sake, man, where is it?"

Krogstad stood up and shook his head.

"There isn't any. We spent our money for grub."

"The hell you say. You drank it all yourself, you mean?"

"No. I ain't had a drink today. I've been thinking—daydreaming."

Dick was speechless with disappointment. Tears stood in his eyes. "Thinking? What about? What's the use?"

"I've been thinking that if what you said this morning is true—that I was the only person on earth who would give you a helping hand—then I'm a pretty poor specimen of a man if I don't at least try to help in the right direction. I don't know whether you remember it or not, but once or twice you accidentally called me 'Dad' and it made me kind of proud and ashamed. But I made up my mind that I wasn't going to bring moonshine to anybody that called me that and—"

The old man stopped, rather at a loss how to go on, and looked at his guest for help. There wasn't any."

"Well, you want to try."

Dick was fighting to let his old ideas of values struggle back to the forefront of his mind now exclusively occupied by thirst. There was his heart, his sense of humor, his self-respect, not to applaud and laugh at this poor old wreck with a hang-over trying to reform him?

He finally managed it with a sort of a smile, not much of a one but a smile none the less.

"All right, dad, I get you. Let's fry this steak."

They lived together from then on.

One of them always stayed rober and brought the other home when he fell from the joint revolution which, after much argument, they had made.

EARLE E. LIEDEMAN as he is today

Start the New Year Right

Will 1924 Bring SUCCESS or FAILURE?

Right now is the time to decide. If you had started right one year ago you would be on the high road to success this very moment. Don't let another year pass you by. It is within your power to make yourself just what you will. Take this day as the beginning of a new life and a better one.

I WILL GIVE YOU WEALTH, PERSONALITY, HAPPINESS

I will give you what the body of sound and make you physically, perfectly. I will make a real H.F. man out of you. I will build out your chest so that every breath means increased life, purifying your blood and sending vioin and vitality throughout your entire system. I will broaden your shoulders and give you the broad muscular arms and lot of an athlete. I will put pep in your old backbone and strengthen every vital organ within you. You will be a bul- bubbling over with life, having the keen alert brain, the bright flashing eyes and the smart and stop of youth. You will be admired and sought after in both the social and business world. You will be a leader of men, and the good things of life will naturally come your way.

I CHALLENGE THE WORLD

If a man stood on the house-tops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man in earth, it would add him much. There would be no argument. But records speak for themselves. I will readily show anyone in the world of your body, personality, or any other feature that you have and I will do this today that my course is absolutely the best and the quickest. I have a series of questions which I will ask you and then and make me prove it. I have the means to make you the leader of the business world, and I am the man of making you a successful leader of men. You will be a real to you for your community. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don't care about your present condition. I am the stronger. You are the more noticeable the results. Come on, then, start the New Year right.

Send for My New 64-Page Book

"Muscular Development"

It is FREE

It contains forty-four full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as poor, weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present phys-iques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of engraving and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not be given away at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDEMAN

Dept. 101 305 Broadway, New York City

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Dick really had a shorter distance to go back to respectability than had Dad Krouse instead and he soon beat out the woods. Having the old man to care for and more, having the old man to care for, gave him a hand bound by which he slowly dragged himself back to respectability.

But the cameraman made a sporting fight of it, too, and it tore him all up whenever he lost any ground.

"Boy," he apologized ruefully when he came in once especially putter. "I'm an awful example to you and I was trying to get to where I could be your ideal."

"That's all right, Dad. You climb right into bed and don't forget this time that it's your head goes on the pillow.

Yes, they put pillows and everything. They had moved in from the hills to a tiny hamlet south of Santa Monica Boulevard, un-fashioned, inexpensive but comfortable.

By morning, Dick had worked out a scheme that he thought would prove the old man's salvation. He proposed it.

"Let's make an agreement, dad, never to drink by ourselves after this and always to drink the same amount, six for glass.

"That ain't fair, son. I can hold more liquor than you can without showing it."

"It doesn't make much difference. It's the first shot that counts and you know it.

Dick was taking an advantage but the old man didn't realize it until after he had made the agreement. The very first time he had to have a drink after that and came to Dick to tell him about it he weakened when Dick un-questioningly poured out a slug and signified his intention of joining him.

"All right," conceded the old man, pouring his back in the bottle. "I guess I don't want it that bad."

It seemed hard to use the old man's incapable love for him as a lat to club him with but Dick was firm. He stuck to the formula, "a glass for a glass" and in two months they only took one drink.—and that was together.

Dick was working again and their combined salaries covered the expenses easily. Dick was working and learning this time. He was trying minor jobs in every department in the studios, not earning much but picking up the slant of the men and women who contribute the various angles that go to make modern pictures.

His old enthusiasm revived. It wasn't quite the same because his attitude was tempered and qualified by a working knowledge of the thing that he adored but he was none the less the arch master of the new art.

Krog read the rough manuscript that Dick was working on during some of his leisure hours at home.

"Hey," he said, laying it down. "This ain't so bad, son, not so bad. I've shot worse scripts than this."

"Thanks, dad."

"You're beginning to get some heart into your stuff. I'm glad. But this story needs something to make it sell, something to make the audience go out feeling good and kind and warm—"

"I wondered whether I ought to put on a happy ending."

"You sure ought, son."

"You mean have the girl turn out not to be married in the valley in—"

"Hell, no! Bring on that girl from back home. She's the red heroine of your story, the one the audience wants to see get the ring and the crying off."

"I wondered.

"Sure. Think it over."

IX

The producer who accepted Dick's script in the revised form was most enthusiastic about it and was casting it beautifully.

"I got a find for the vamp part in your story today," he told Dick. "It's that Luther girl, Millie Luther. She's just the type.—big-eyed innocent looking, but with an awful kick."

Be the Most Popular Man In Your Set

THE popular man meets with social success because he knows how to entertain. He can always be depended upon to amuse any and every gathering so that everyone has a good time. Knowing how to entertain is the Secret of Popularity.

The latest, most novel plan of entertaining is performing the numerous mystifying feats, 'The Dream of Sherlock Holmes,' "Father's Lib-erations" and "If the Men Were Boys Years Were Living Now," invariably creating continuous laughter as well as completely mystifying everyone not in on the secret. "A Wild Day at the Stock Market," is an astonishing memory feat with money. It is easily performed, but the onlookers have the idea that a marvelous memory is required.

These feats are performed by Arthur II, Stevens, the world known mentalist, hypnotist and entertainer.

EASY TO DO

Fifteen minutes after receiving these feats you can have your friends in a pool of laughter and greatly increase your "hidden powers." Two of the popular ones which will send jesters at your calling are:

"Results Unbelievable!"

Immediately after your name. This advertisement to your order and obtain the full story, price, and a liberal list of samples.

STEVENS MEMORY INSTITUTE

4720 9th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

LABLACHE

Face Powder

Against Winter's blustering snowy winds, delicate skins need protection. Lablache protects—in sale, pure, chinning, delicately fragrant, inviable. Fifty years the favorite of fastidious women.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

They may be dangerous. Flesh, ashes, Pick or Oxyen, 50¢ a box of druggists or 40 n ail.

SAMPLE FREE

BEN LEVY CO.

French Perfumery Dept

125 Lexington St., Boston, Mass.

A STUFFY HEAD COLD

Apply in the nostrils several times daily, healing, antiseptic Mentholatum

Write for free samples


Million Dollar Bargain Book

Send for your copy today to Dept. 1721. Read the greatest display of diamond and jewelry bargains in the history of the trade. Send for your free bargain book. Your bargain book is sent from the jungles of China and not from the hollowedArial

Everything About Cuticura Soap

Suggests Efficiency

Soap, Ointment, Tablets. SC. everywhere. For samples write: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Hales, Mass.
Who is the Most Beautiful Star?

Name your preference from among the sixty photographs appearing in the Rotogravure Sections, this issue,—you may win an autographed portrait of her.
Is Edison Wrong?

[Continued from Page 88]

"Hurry ing home, I unpacked my 'society' clothes and went back to the studio. Being new to the game, I didn't take any make-up, but Richard Thorpe came to my aid. In a few minutes I had a rubbishy complexion and accentuated eyebrows.

"Having traveled across the Western deserts to various mining projects and encountered a terrific glare, the studio lights did not affect my eyes. In fact, they seemed dim compared to the sun's rays as I had known them upon the desert sand."

Mr. Grooms said that he recently completed the construction of a $4,000,000 cyanid e reduction mill at Virginia City, Nevada. There he directed hundreds of men. Here in the movies he was being directed.

"How does it feel to be directed?" he was asked.

"A person who is capable of giving directions is capable of receiving them out intelligently," he replied. "This is a point in favor of the college-trained man. He has a well-balanced, receptive mind. An order, whether given or received, arouses no feeling of antagonism in such a man. An untrained man often misconstrues the motives for direction and lacks the ability to carry them out.

"The first experience of a motion picture studio to one of scientific mind was one of utmost confusion. This later became clarified as I began, almost subconsciously, to study everything and to observe and coordinate the reasons for this and that after we pick ing them apart—analytically, as we do in chemistry."

T BEGAN to realize that I had become a transitory element in changing from the real to the unreal. There are reactions in combining chemical elements which are always the same. But this is not so in combining the actor elements— as we might term the players— each of whom registers a different individual reaction. I am one of the actors, or a director, who is combining them into a scene. This difference in the actions and reactions in the human element is directly divergent to the results in the field of exact science.

This was pretty deep stuff, so he was asked if he considered picture acting very hard. "Motion picture acting is the most restful occupation I have ever done. I have found so in the way of work has been to follow directions. As far as the acting part was concerned, I hardly had to use my brain or care to think, because the director appealed to me. It isn't every day that one can get paid for dancing with Constance Binney. Also I met a number of players I had often seen on the Broadway— Mary Carr, Edmund Breese, William Bailey, and little Russell Grinnell. Really, it has been a great vacation with pay.

"The compensation as great as you received in your original occupation?"

"No, indeed, not by a great shot," laughed Grooms, "but I'm only beginning. By September first my eleventh fraternity brother and I were to be established in our positions. I guess I'll keep the college on the run.

"We twelve have a year to make good in our new jobs. So, I expect that when we meet again at the annual reunion of the Sigma Phi for June many interesting experiences will be told.

"But I'll bet a mining claim that I'll be the only one of the twelve who can show motion pictures of his experiences.

A Best Seller?

First Caesar—This book is the limit—worst I ever read.
Second Caesar—When can I read it?
First Caesar—As soon as my family gets through with it—Town Topics.
WHAT shall I give for Christmas?" It's a universal cry, just now. "What gift is the most suitable—the most acceptable?" This is the question that comes to me from the last-minute shopper. "Can you give me any Christmas present suggestions?" peeps up at me from ever so many sheets of correspondence paper. And, in answer, I am mentioning a few of the lovely things that may be purchased easily and quickly—and that the recipient is sure to appreciate.

First of all there are so many charming and useful toilet accessories! Powders, perfumes, all the necessary and luxurious aids to beauty and daintiness. There are wee vials of fragrance, that may be carried so conveniently in purse or vanity bag. There are talcums of exquisite texture, and such velvety face powders and creams! There are lip sticks, and rouges that bring back the very freshness of youth. There are sets that come prettily boxed, containing three or four items—each one a gift in itself.

I call to mind, at this moment, a compact that I saw a few days ago. A pretty thing that was as attractive as well as practical. The powder, a large cake, was in the top of the compact and, in a little sliding drawer, there rested a small cake of rouge and a tiny lip stick. So useful, too.

Under the heel of toilet accessories will come the always useful manicure set. This gift can be used the whole year through—and is always pleasant to have.

Silk underwear, of course. Combinations, nighties, knickers and even petticoats—for women are again wearing petticoats! Furs, too, and even coats and dresses may be purchased, if you are very, very sure of the prospective wearer's size and choice of color.

A mesh bag is always a beautiful and lasting gift. One that never loses its smartness and its utility. And jewelry solves many a problem. Often newly engaged men give the betrothal ring—the pledge of love eternal—for a Christmas gift. Indeed, a diamond is always the most splendid present! And there are such exquisite bits of novelty jewelry, always. Brooches, bar pins, rings and La Valieres, Pendants and earrings. Pearls and wrist watches. Bracelets and chains. And on, through a seemingly endless list.

For the bride to be—or, for that matter, for any housewife in chest of silver is a thoughtful and truly wonderful Christmas token. One that will stay, through the years, to keep a precious memory alive and sweet. Smaller pieces of silver are always in good taste—and are always wanted by the average woman.

Stationery? Monogrammed, initialed or with a crest. Or, if the time is too short for the personal touch, in a gift cabinet. Books, always. And musical instruments for the talented one—or for those who desire to learn self-expression through the medium of melody. And—just but not least, by any means—there is always the gift that will be appreciated by young or old—by man or woman. By, in fact, the whole family.

There is always a subscription to Photoplay Magazine!

LUVIEW, SAYVILLE, L. I.

I do not think that nineteen is too young to take up dancing lessons—especially as you have a natural talent in that direction. Of course, it is always better to begin such training at a very early age—but since you didn't well, better late than never!

If you are interested in taking lessons by correspondence, you will find some satisfactory schools advertised in Photoplay Magazine. You are near enough to New York, however, to take them personally at one of the city's many dancing schools.

If you will send me an addressed envelope I will be glad to give you the names of some institutes of the dance that I can recommend. If you will tell me the amount of money that you can afford to spend upon lessons, it will help me advise you properly.

LITTLE VAMP, FITCHBURG, MASS.

Are you sure that you don't help along this so-called "sex appeal" of which you are possessed? A style of dress, make-up that is a shade too obvious, an intriguing manner—they will all make you the victim of undue familiarity. I've always found that a girl is not subjected to insult or to unwelcome kisses without being at least partly to blame.

You say that you try to be cool and just politely interested. Try harder. Make your interest very polite and distantly. And don't be afraid of hurting feelings.

Above all, be honest with yourself—and with me. Are you sure that you suffer as much as you say that you do, from these masculine attentions? I detected a slightly self-satisfied note in your letter.

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 social circles. She is still young enough to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the arts and hobbies that come to every one, the heartbreak and the victory—she has not wished to talk to 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

Copyright 1922, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
How to care for
Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant, or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You may use a formula that is different—a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT SHAMPOO. This shampoo will make your hair look, feel, and prettify so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. It will give you the clean freshness and good shampoo gives; it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. Every case comes a pass- age at turtle counters or direct. * J. W. KOBEL CO., 610 Rainer Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

In the Center of Everything!
SIVANA Philadelphia's newest Hotel

Miss PINKY, DUNSMUIR, CAL.

Just what is your objection to exercise—it seems strange that you should want to lose weight without exercise, when exercise is one of the best ways to reduce. However, next time you feel this way, I should suggest diet. Eliminate: butter, potatoes, white bread, cream, milk and sugar, in all forms, from your daily menu. And the seven pounds will undoubtedly disappear in short order, if you add French blue and midnight blue and henna to the list.

Frisly clothes—two-piece dresses, panniers, ruffles and full skirts will make you seem shorter. The slim, unbroken line is for the girl who would seem taller—you may indulge in ultra feminine clothes—to your heart’s content.

"ELITE" VANCOUVER, B. C.

I think that you would look very smart in a turban. In fact, as you are so small, you should use usually the small-fitting ones. A hat with a brim—especially a wide-brim—will make you seem shorter. With black hair, brown eyes and a dark complexion, you will look in rose, dark blue, brown and tan, heater mixtures, periwinkle and orchid (these last if you have colorful cheeks and lips) and yellow. Wear simple, straight-line frocks—never frills and ruffles, unless you are very slim indeed.

Before she sailed for Italy to help Sister Lilian in the picture "Romola," Dorothy Gish made a startling statement. She admitted that her husband, James Rennie, was not here for first love. And she named the other man. He is Fiske O'Hara, the stout, sweet singer of Irish ballads and portrayer of Irish characters. Mr. O'Hara smilingly confirms the story, but devotes his energies to his serious business, the building of a new and grand new theater. But, as judges say, there were mitigating circumstances.

While Miss Gish was six years old and again while she was seven, she was a member of the singer’s company. She entertained a fervid devotion to her star. She told him of her love and he promised to wait the long interval between her thenér and the jump state and reward her attainment of the voting age by marrying her. But alas! Solomon made a drastic but true statement concerning the unreliability of the human male. Mr. O’Hara fell in love with his dainty leading woman, Marie Quinn, and married her. Small Dorothy was inconsolable. She wept daily and openly her passion, and the prospect that Mr. O’Hara’s overtures to her tiny rival were rewarded by slaps.

"It lasted nearly a year. Don’t tell me childish troubles are brief," says Mrs. Rennie. Handsome James Rennie smiles at the recital.

MORATORIS in Rolls Royces were indig- nant when stopped while trying to cross a bridge near Brezeme, N. Y. A mounted member of the state police held up a restraining hand.

Kindly make a detour, "he said. "Mr. Griffith was seen in taking a scene for the patriotic picture, "America."

Wealthy motorists stared, muttered something about an "invasion of their rights," sputtered, grinned and complied.

EUGENE O’BRIEN, meeting a screen beauty on a street car in New York, apologi- zed for keeping her up.

"I’ve just had the thin spot in my hair powdered and the scalp massaged," he said.

If the young man in question calls upon you, and asks you to go out with him, I think that you can be reasonably sure that he likes you. In this day and age young men do not waste their time upon girls whom they do not like.

KID NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Indeed, there is quite a discussion over the length of dresses this year. Paris—conscious of the fact that unadulterated styles return—are of the opinion that the return of the short trotter frock, and the shorter tailored suit. But America likes the long skirts, and is striving to keep them. For myself, I rather fancy the long gown for evening—for dinner and afternoon function. But for sports wear, and for street wear, I think that the moderately long skirts are smarter and more practical.

Long skirts are best for the girl who is inclined to be plump. A long skirt creates the longer, slimmer line. It makes the outline of the figure with good proportion. If you know yourself that a square always seems stouter than a rectangle! A schoolgirl should not wear her skirts too long, or too short. The happy medium always. In fact, I suggest that this special schoolgirl should follow the excellent advice of her mother in regard to skirts, and—for that matter—everything else.

Gossip—East and West

[continued from page 56]

The barber warned me to keep on my hat. If I removed my hat I would look as though I had fallen into a barrel of hair. What sacrifices a man must make to hold his screen maidens true.

ANY time where there is a rest on the set where John Barrymore is working on "Beau Brummel," he and Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont indulge in fancies and much romancing for the benefit of the listening cast.

"When I was in India," said Beaumont, the other day, "I once saw a tiger come down to a river where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman was seated in some wicker chairs and made no move to keep the beast away. I thought this was absolutely true—it slunk away. Quite a buzz was it, too!"

"Gentlemen," said Barrymore, without batting an eye, "I could vouch for the truth of that story! Some minutes after the incident occurred I was coming down to the same river. And, as I walked along, I happened to pass this same tiger. I asked her what she thought about it. As is my habit, I stooped over to stroke its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet!"

KING VIDOR has been selected by Metro to direct Laurette Taylor in "Happiness."—J. Hartley Manners’ play in which Miss Taylor—who is really Mrs. Manners—starred on Broadway. After her departure Miss Taylor and J. Hartley Manners will be starred in another play of Mr. Manners—"One Night in Rome." Production on "Happiness" will begin almost at once.

"OUR GIRLS"—the club of young screen stars in Hollywood—has recently elected three new members—Colleen Moore, Carmelita Geraghty and Zasu Pitts. Rumor has it that the initiation was very exciting and that Zasu, Colleen and Carmelita all felt as though they’d been through a snappy football match.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
And now Alma Rubens, having crept out from under the shadow of the "Red Rube," which has kept her busy for so many months, has been married. She newly married at a secret ceremony that happened "on or near Labor Day," she promised to have, honor and obey Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, who is an orthopedic surgeon. The marriage came as a surprise to the film world. For Alma has been working so hard and steadily in her latest Cosmolopolitan production that would hardly have expected her with time to fall in love! And then, too, she and Dr. Goodman are not old friends. Indeed, it has been said that the romance started just a few months ago, when they both took part in the rehearsals of a feature film which Dr. Goodman was directing.

This is a news note for father—who remembers the day when Charles E. Blaney was a very big name, and when Tony Pastor ruled on Fourteenth Street. For this is an announcement that Vitagraph will release a number of the old favorites, made under the personal supervision of Mr. Blaney himself, and featuring Doris Kenyon, Victor Sotherland and Cecil Spooner—another name to conjure by.

The first picture to be given to the eager public, so-called, is "The Love Bandit." The names of the forthcoming productions are as follows:

1. The Little Church Around the Corner.
2. "More to be Pictured.
3. The Curse of Drink.
4. "The Dance and the King.
5. "Across the Pacific.

Ernst Lubitsch is a worker and a seeker after reality—take it from Mrs. Ernst! While he was busily directing a scene for "The Marriage Circle," the "Marriage Circle," the prop man was—just as busily—constructing a rose bush to be used in the next set. A sickly looking rose bush, that set Lubitsch into writing and tearing his hair when he laid eyes on it.

Ernst is a man of few words. He surveyed the rose bush for a moment, with anguish in his gaze. And then he turned and leaped into his car, and drove away, and not more than twenty minutes later he returned with a very beautiful rose bush, which was forthwith planted upon the stage.

And, an hour or so later, when Mrs. Ernst strolled forth to work in her garden, she found a dark and empty spot where her favorite rose bush had been to bloom.

During the filming of the "Country Kid" at the Warner Studios, little Bruce Guerin persisted in asking Wes Barry a seemingly endless number of foolish questions.

"Say," Wesley finally shouted, "you simply got lay off me. Bruce! You're drivin' me ma, you know what that curio-killy killed a cat, onct?"

"Bruce looked up, innocently, into the freckled face of Wesley.

"What did th' cat wan' to know, Wes?" he asked.

May be it's the fashion for men to wear jewelry. If so, Rod La Rocque, tall and dark young leading man, is certainly a la mode. Rod is wearing one of these new-fangled chain bracelets, with a large chasp, a half-dozen rings, and a little diamond pendant, all dripping beneath his collar. However, a good many people are making mighty exciting predictions about La Rocque's work in "The Ten Commandments," so it may be merely an early indication of genius.

Baby Peggy was presented with a questionnaire the other day. It's just about the nearest she has come, to date, to being interviewed. Though she resents publicity—as do all the picture stars—she quickly answered the following questions:

Favorite actor? Jackie Coogan
Favorite actress? Enid Bennett
Favorite author? Mother Goose
Favorite pastime? Dressing up like a big lady.
Favorite food? Hot dogs.
Favorite sport? Squishing the hose.
What shall you do when you grow up? Be a big lady with long hair.

Norma Talmadge has been a temporary widow. Her husband, Joseph Schenk, has been in New York on business and Norma couldn't go because she didn't get her picture finished. The rest of her family also deserted her—Constance has been at Dr. Monte vacationing, and the Buster Keatons with Mrs. Talmadge and young Joseph Tal- madge, Keaton, have been motorizing—and Norma, the biggest actress, has been occupying her big house all by herself. Her greatest chum, Eileen Percy, has been staying with her, however, and Norma says she's survived, but it's never going to happen again.

Baby Peggy, youngest of screen stars, had a very long list of relatives, friends and business associates who had to be remembered nightly in her prayers. Beginning with mama and daddy and sister and ending with the property boy, Peggy was saying "God bless—" someone every evening.

At last one night, after she had finished, she stopped. looked meditatively up at her mother and remarked, "Mama, there's no use talking; I got too long a God bless.

Probably the only place in the world where they play tennis at night is on Friscilla Dean's lawn. Friscilla has had it lit by enormous arc lights from the studio and you can really have a very good game there any time during the night.

A valuable addition to the motion picture colony, especially to the tennis set, is William Tilden II, national champion and famous tennis star. Mr. Tilden has decided to go into pictures, and has taken up his residence in Hollywood. He made several decided hits in amateur theatricals in New York and Long Island. He has decided to stay in Hollywood for tennis—all the time, he decided to try the movies.

We don't know whether or not his admiration for Pola Negri and her evident liking for him had anything to do with his move to Hollywood.

And now Richard Walton Tully has signed with Vitagraph to play part of "Allegro Brisko" in his production of Red Beach's story of the oil fields. Anna Q. is one of the busiest young women in Hollywood these days. She jumps from production to production, and director to director, and always makes a hit. Joseph De Grasse will direct "Flowing Gold," and the cast—with the exception of Miss Nilsson—has not been announced.

The motion picture industry was well represented at the recent California dog show held in Hollywood. Mrs. Elliott Dexter's two beautiful shepherd dogs, both champions, won everything in their class. At Christie, producer of the "Dixie Smith" series, there was a number of blue ribbons tucked under his arm. Enid Bennett showed her beautiful Chow, "Buddha," in the puppy class and captured the championship in the colored class (Mrs. Charles Maigne) with her Scottish terrier.

We recommend everyone to watch for Florence Vidor's performance in the coming Ernst Lubitsch picture, "The Marriage Circle." For a long time Photoplay has been clamoring for Vidor, who has had the greatest dramatic potentials of any actresses on the screen, if only she could get a director who understood how to bring them out. Lubitsch did, and Florence has more than fulfilled every prophecy we ever made about her.
Mellin's Food Babies

Mellin's Food and milk will enable your baby to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin's Food babies.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
Colgate's Compacts
"Mingling light and fragrance"—shelley
Here are two jolly ones—powder alone or rouge and powder.
Ebony black, golden border. Can be monogrammed at slight cost.
Round $1.00. Diamond $1.25

Colgate's Cha Ming
"Ever charming, ever new"—jose de la carce
Silver boughs, blossom laden; sparkling dew; a Chinese temple against a vivid sky. Of these Cha Ming speaks with its exotic fragrance—Cha Ming indeed.
Extract $1.00 and $2.00 Toilet Water —— $1.50

We pass on to you Oliver Wendell Holmes' opinion that memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations are more readily stirred by a fragrance than by almost any other means. The pleasure of a Colgate gift, with its fragrant loveliness, will stir the memory and live in sentiment long after the gift itself has yielded its last precious remnant.

COLGATE & CO.

Florient Combination
"A box where meats compacted lie"—herbert
A trio, Florient scented—Powder, Rouge, Extract. With these, one may sally forth serenely. Varied in the uses of its contents. Harmonized in scent. A gift box de luxe.
$2.50

Other Suggestions
For Her: Charming fragrances; Monad Violet—Orihia—Eclat. Gift boxes of Colgate's soaps in all scented sizes—Charisma Cold Cream, Cha Ming Powder; dainty soaps, powders and creams. For Him: Rapid-Shave Cream or "Handy Grip" Stick—Lilac Imperial to refreshone—Colgate's Talc—Cashmere Bouquet or Colgate Soap.
At Your Favorite Store

Men's Gift Box
"Now my task is smoothly done"—holmes
A gift that will find immediate use. Shaving Cream or "Handy Grip", Toilet Water, Colgate Soap. A distinctly masculine affair.
$1.50

Colgate's Florient
"And a thousand fragrant posies"—marlowe
Golden sunshine, silver seas and breeze-kissed flowers—breathing the languid soul of the Orient—Florient. Extract $1.00 to $10.00 Toilet Water $1.50

Give Colgate Gifts
COMMUNITY PLATE

Why—it's adorable!
What Type of Women Attract Men Most?

Beginning POLA NEGRI'S Amazing Autobiography
A truly perfect aid to your beauty

At last a really perfect vanity box, a really perfect gift, too—the Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact! It contains Djer-Kiss Rouge and Face Powder in compact form—and two mirrors. With this new aid to beauty, Mademoiselle may see her Rouge, her Face Powder and herself—all at the same time.

Yes, two mirrors! The unique and exclusive Djer-Kiss reducing mirror which reflects the whole face at a glance. A detail mirror, too, which reflects any part of the face.

Perfume wisdom from the Continental Elite

"SHE who would achieve, in the toilette, a harmony quite perfect will choose a subtle French odeur and permit that single fragrance to grace each need of her dressing hour. One fragrance only." That is the Continental law of perfume use.

How, then, may la dame Américaine, in the distinction of her own toilette, walk hand in hand with the chosen of Europe? How, indeed, except that she choose Djer-Kiss; Parfum Djer-Kiss—which breathes alluring secrets of romance Parisien; except that she employ those many Djer-Kiss toiletries which bear, all, the fragrance of this same French odeur.

Her Face Powder, her Rouge, her Creams, gently they will carry the French fragrance of Djer-Kiss. So with her Talc and her Sachet. Toilet Water and Soap, too, all will be fragrant of Djer-Kiss—each will whisper of charm and gaiety Parisien. Together they will bring to la toilette finie a harmony indeed French and indeed fashionable.

Send for Monsieur Kerkoff's Parisian Paquet

In return for merely 15c Monsieur Kerkoff's importateurs will send to Madame their Parisian paquet containing dainty samples of Djer-Kiss Parfum, Face Powder and a miniature satin Sachet-pillow. Address Alfred H. Smith Co., 26 West 34th Street, New York.

Three Parisian aids to Charm

Parfum Djer-Kiss, Perfume masterpiece of Monsieur Kerkoff himself.
Djer-Kiss Face Powder. So exquisite—fragranced in France with Parfum Djer-Kiss.
Talc Djer-Kiss. To know Talc Djer-Kiss is to know the delight of a perfect Talc from France—Fragrant with Parfum Djer-Kiss.
It ruined her entire evening

SOMETHING that she had overheard quite by accident—several men talking about her when they didn't know she was near.

Surely this sort of thing couldn't be true of her—and yet she had heard them with her own ears!

She couldn't get home fast enough. Nor could she explain to her escort why she was so upset. She felt only like bursting into tears—which she did the moment she was alone.

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

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

It 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. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.
1924 brings an abundance of Paramount Pictures

Compare values and you will follow the Paramount trademark.

To know how to get better entertainment just compare pictures, point by point.

Story-interest—maybe that's the biggest thing. No story can become a Paramount Picture unless it is drenched with the spirit of entertainment.

In acting and in the subtle art of the director you have your own taste. Discover what a considerable amount of the best of this reaches the screen of your theatre marked Paramount.

Splendor of staging! Luxury of dressing! Brilliance of setting! You experienced fans have actually come to take these for granted in every Paramount Picture that requires them.

Many Paramount Pictures have been the outstanding successes of '23. "The Covered Wagon" loomed up as the biggest planet ever seen in the sky of entertainment!

1924 will see an abundance of Paramount Pictures. The excitement created by Cecil de Mille's production "The Ten Commandments" will take seasons to die down. Many other great new Paramount Pictures are coming.

Take the trouble to note the brand names of pictures. Do it and you'll appreciate that the name Paramount is a sure guide to the best show in town.

8 Current Paramount Pictures


"Big Brother" An Allen Dwan production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

"Don't Call it Love" A William de Mille production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Rita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street. Written for the screen by Clara Beranger.

"West of the Water Tower" Starring Glenn Hunter, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.


"The Heritage of the Desert" An Irvin Willatt production, with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

"The Humming Bird" Starring Gloria Swanson, A Sidney Olcott production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.


If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!
Vol. XXV

Contents

February, 1924

Cover Design Corinne Griffith

From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference

Brickbats and Bouquets

Frank Letters from Readers

Rotogravure:

New Pictures: Agnes Ayres, John Bowers, Jane and Eva Novak, Ann Forrest, Mary Thurman, Triby Clark, Peggy Shaw

Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)

James R. Quirk

What Kind of Women Attract Men Most?

Herbert Howe

Sex-Attraction Skillfully Analyzed

How Those Animal Comedies Are Made

Or, the Secrets of Dippy-Doo-Dadville Revealed

Hollywood’s Mystery Woman

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Edna Purviance Battles the Film Center

The Paved Jungle (Fiction)

Frank R. Adams

The Story of a Girl Who Eluded the Perils of Broadway

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

The Barthelness Baby (Photographs)

Dick Plays the Role of Father without Make-Up

(Contents continued on next page)

Published monthly by the Photoplay Publishing Co.

Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City


EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres. JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. R. M. EASTMAN, Sec-Treas.

KATHRYN DOUGHTERTY, Business Mgr.

Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; $3.00 Canadian; $3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. Caution—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered at second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1924, by the Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago.
Contents—Continued

Odds and Ends the Camera Caught (Photographs) 38
Unusual Pictures Taken in the Studios and on Location

Close-Ups and Long Shots Herbert Howe 40
A Broadside of Witty Comment on Screen Personalities

"The Ten Commandments" James R. Quirk 42
An Appreciation of Cecil De Mille’s Great Picture

Rotogravure: Barbara La Marr, Baby Peggy, Mary Philbin, Mae Murray, Thomas Meighan, D. W. Griffith, Jobyna Ralston, Pola Negri 43

The Autobiography of Pola Negri A Narrative Remarkable in Its Self-Revelation 50

The Girl with Hypnotic Eyes Bland Johaneson 54
What Is the Strange Power That Sylvia Breamer Exercises?

A Modern Living Room, Italian in Spirit William J. Moll 56
How to Decorate a Room in the Italian Renaissance Style at Moderate Expense

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture Terry Ramsaye 58
Chapter XXIII: When Gunmen Were on the Studio Pay-Rolls

Not in the Scenario (Fiction) Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton 60

The Conclusion of this Exciting Serial Story of a Film Company on Location Drawings by R. Van Buren

The Shadow Stage The Department of Practical Screen Criticism 62

The Man from the Mob How Rex Ingram Picked Ramon Novarro for Fame 66

Rotogravure: Mildred Harris, Malcolm McGregor, George O’Hara, Ralph Graves, Rod La Roque, Allan Simpson, Monte Blue, Edward Burns, Glenn Hunter, Leatrice Joy 67

Gossip—East and West Cal York 71

What the Prize Winners Will Do with Their Winnings 76
A Further Report on the Cut Puzzle Contest

What an Unknown Author Can Do (Photographs) 78
A New Writer Steps to the Front with "Judgment of the Storm"

What They Were (Photographs) 81
Four Famous Ones of the Film in Other Days

Mickey Bennett, the New Kid East Side, New York, Sends Forth Its Film Champion 82

The Newest and the Smartest Thing in Shoes (Photographs) 84
Something to Interest Every Woman

Questions and Answers The Answer Man 87

Friendly Advice Carolyn Van Wyck 104
The Department of Personal Service

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 140

Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?

Judging from the reams of scandal that have been printed about the motion picture people, there is no such thing as a happy married couple in Hollywood. Everyone is divorced or about to be. Marriage certificates are worth about as much as German marks. But it really isn’t so. Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows more picture people than anyone else in California, has taken up the cudgels in justice to those of her friends in the profession who have not been touched by scandal—and whose names do not appear in the scandal publications because of that. Considering the mass of nauseous matter which has been published about the people in the picture industry, her article is truly surprising and decidedly fair.

Beautiful and Good

It is a saying in Hollywood that when Lois Wilson leaves the Western studios for the East, Hollywood’s moral thermometer takes a sudden drop. She is the shining example of goodness to whom the motion picture people point when some reformer discovers that the industry is honeycombed with wickedness. But, in reality, Lois Wilson is very much a regular person. Her reputation for saintliness is hard to live up to, she says. And in the March issue of Photoplay she tells how she acquired it and what it means to her.

Pola Negri’s Autobiography

Pola Negri’s amazing story of her life is continued in Photoplay for March. In the coming installment she tells how she met Count Dombski, whom she married, of her first meeting with Charlie Chaplin, and of her success in “Sumurun” in Berlin under the direction of Reinhardt. It is a remarkably interesting document, and reveals as nothing else could the real Pola Negri.

Remember—in March

PHOTOPLAY
Out February 15
$3 and it's YOURS

The Greatest Typewriter Bargain Ever Offered

Right now we are making you the greatest typewriter offer you ever dreamed of—an eye opener. This wonderful standard Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood only $3.00 down. Ten days' free trial and the easiest monthly payments, shipped direct to you from our big factory.

Ten Days' Free Trial
Yes, only $3.00 puts down this genuine late model Shipman-Ward Rebuilt Underwood in your home. You can try it, test it, and then decide. See for yourself how new it is, how it writes. You must be satisfied. Your $3.00 unconditionally returned if at the end of ten days you are not satisfied. The entire transaction will not cost you one cent.

EASY Monthly Payments
Little more than rental. Balance of payments so small you will hardly notice them, while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine. You don’t have to scrimp and save to pay cash. All at a big saving to you.

Five Year Guarantee
With every typewriter we give a written guarantee. These machines are rebuilt like new by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Equipped with late improvements. You can’t tell them from a new machine. The world’s standard typewriter, the same models as sold by the Underwood Typewriter Company today, at a big saving to you. Act now! Get this splendid offer and save money.

From Factory to You
These machines are shipped direct from our factory—the largest typewriter rebuilding plant in the world. They are rebuilt by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Developed through 30 years in the typewriter business. Through our money saving methods of rebuilding and elimination of large expensive sales force we are able to make this wonderful money saving offer to you. ACT TODAY, take advantage of it and you will SAVE MONEY.

ACT NOW! Mail this coupon today.

Free Book of Facts
Write for this free book of facts explaining Shipman-Ward’s wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters. We show you exactly how it’s done. How you are able to buy them. Complete and valuable information about the typewriter industry, both instructive and educational.

FREE with Every Typewriter
A complete course in touch typewriting. You don’t have to know how to operate a typewriter. You can learn to operate this machine in one day. We also give free a waterproof cover and all tools that come with a typewriter.

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.
2012 Shipman Bldg., Montrose and Ravenswood Aves., Chicago
A special service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months. Photoplay readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

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

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

**CHILDREN OF JAZZ**—Paramount.—A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. (September.)

**CIRCUUS DAYS**—First National.—Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. (September.)

**CLEAN-UP, THE**—Universal.—What Aton Dezies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." (November.)

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

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

**DAYTIME WIVES**—F. B. O.—An amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographer. Some what preachy. (November.)

**DESSERT DRIVEN**—F. B. O.—The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert. (September.)

**DESIRE**—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

**DESTROYING ANGEL, THE**—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November.)

**DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE**—Independents.—Ambidextrous and artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. Unimportant. (December.)

**DIVORCE**—F. B. O.—Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

**DOES IT PAY?**—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a girl who is able to grab a slice of the world in sight. It won't do for the children. (November.)

**DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE**—Universal.—A western that has been dubbed a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August.)

**DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY**—Apollo—Still terrific—and this time an old one. Just a programme film. (October.)

**DRIFTING**—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demi-monde. (November.)

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

**DULY**—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

**EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE**—Metro.—An interesting Western, something mastered by a striving for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November.)

**ELEVENTH HOUR, THE**—Fox.—Boasting melodrama for the younger age. (October.)

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

**ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE**—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Rene Adore featured and justly so. Excellent. (November.)

**ETERNAL THREE, THE**—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

**EXCITERS, THE**— Paramount.—A jazzy little comedy-melodrama with plenty of action and speed. (August.)

**FAIR CHEAT, THE**—F. B. O.—Rather lucky story, with chorus girl as heroine. Just so-so. (November.)

**FIGHTING BLADE, THE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

**FIGHTING BLOOD**—Second Series.—F. B. O.—Fierce fight stuff, with a new and blonde leading woman for O'Hara boy. (October.)

**FIGHTING STRAIN, THE**—Selznick.—Badly written, acted and produced. (November.)

**FLAMING YOUTH**—First National.—A sophisti cated ultra-film picture, with Colleen Moore doing about the best acting of her career. (August.)

**FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE**—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]
A Startling Revelation of the Secret of Youth and Beauty

Corinne Griffith as the aged Countess Zattiany and the rejuvenerated Countess — fiction, of course, but depicting a new and actual scientific fact. In center, Conway Tearle and Corinne Griffith.

Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc.

"BLACK OXEN"

featuring CORINNE GRIFFITH and CONWAY TEARLE
Directed by FRANK LLOYD

The strangest adventure that ever befell a woman in an unguessed world of love and romance.

A drama that mirrors life in New York's most exclusive and brilliant society, and the diplomatic courts of Europe.

Gertrude Atherton's epochal book of rejuvenation of a famous society beauty. See the picture at your favorite theatre.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely free. No money, postage, or rebates required. Address the Aluminum Laboratories, 1200 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $30 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing! We will instruct you in our new simple Directograph system, supply you with work and pay you each week. Write today for free book! WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED 65 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

Position GUARANTEED! Big opportunity for you in this uncrowded profession, with wonderful future. Advancement to an executive position in a few years. Meet big railway officials. A lifetime's experience in station, track, and other forms of railway work.

A JOB WAITING FOR YOU: Our Office Notice, on the take no risk. We prepare you in three months. An easy to understand, you can't help but succeed.

WRITE TODAY! Get particulars now.
FREE booklet No. 1517.
STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE
Buffalo, N. Y.

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal—A beautiful and grand classical spectacle, with Lon Chaney, in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

HUNTESTS, THE—First National—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore’s first title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox—A remarkably fine piece of work, but (trimming with tears). It follows the Hunchback novel closely, but has a gloriously romantic love story, and Mark Sabre does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

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

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe—A pleasurable and snazzy melodrama, with a sharp plot and a thrilling finish. (November.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR—Fox—Johnnie Walker. The film last four hours and ends just where it began. (November.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount—A colorful drama of the gray borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph—A good adventure story, with Chas. Ogle in the lead. A mystery story without mystery. (September.)

LEGAL DEED—Universal—Theatrically unimpressive, with unrelieved use of old sets and much sentimentalizing. Thoroughly weak. (October.)

LIGHTS OUT—Fox—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Ernst Lubitsch—Johnny Jones is a very good little child with a gift for music. Successful realistic sets and a good horse race. (October.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. (October.)

LONE RANGE, THE—Colleen Moore is sent to get his men and gets him. (January.)

LONE STAR RANGE, THE—Fox—Tom Mix and his horse, Apache, are the top attractions of many pictures, defying a great deal of death. (November.)

LONG LIVES THE KING—Metro—The King is Jackie Coogan and this is one of the best things he ever played. (December.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. (October.)

LONERANGER, THE—Fox—Tom Mix and his horse, Apache, are the top attractions of many pictures, defying a great deal of death. (November.)

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

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Fox—Action all the way. The story doesn’t amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don’t mind that. (October.)

LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal—Swashbuckler of a Western picture, with Crockett, diamond thief, and his crew, defying a great deal of death. (December.)

LOVE PLOVER, THE—Cosmopolitan—Adventures of a man who wants to find a love story, but bettens by not holding to main theme. (December.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph—Propaganda for the better life. A simple story, filled with pleasant situations and kindly humor. (October.)

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers—A difficult story to screen and, therefore, not an entirely satisfactory picture. However, Victor the great redeeming feature. (November.)

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting and direction both poor. (November.)

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon—Thomas Dixon wrote, cast and directed this as a challenge to "machine-made pictures." The machine wins. (August.)

Sending advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A New and Sensational Discovery

A Million Dollar Secret

A New Joy

This new and startling discovery of a supreme natural law of life, health, and pleasure is joyfully revolutionizing the lives of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is bringing them a new kind of pleasure, happiness, health, strength, confidence, energy and power of personality and success. It is giving them such marvelous energy of mind and body, and they enjoy life so fully, so intensely, so dominantly, and so thoroughly, that the old life to which they were accustomed appears totally inferior in every respect.

The possession of this new and mysterious nature can give one a new idea of how truly vital, alive, joyful, healthy and happy a human being can be—how easily one can be overflowing with life, energy, bubbling vitality and the fire of triumph. Although thoroughly natural and simple, nevertheless it accomplishes seemingly impossible results without sacrifice, active effort or cost.

A new life with a unique thrill is yours when you possess this newly discovered natural law of supreme life, health and pleasure. It is no longer necessary for any one to spend money for treatments and drugs and dieting and books and pills and devices, because perfect and supreme health and life are absolutely free through this marvelous natural law.

Why be weak, why be ill, why be fat, why be thin, when you may, absolutely free, become in every way perfect and supreme through this sensational natural law?

This extraordinary natural law yields amazing nerve force, amazing energy, amazing vitality and amazing power of every character of mind and body—a new and superior life.

Through this sensational natural law, you may have all of the benefits of exercise without exercise; all of the benefits of conscious deep breathing without conscious deep breathing; the full and complete benefit of every vitamine and organic iron without drugs or dieting; all of the benefits of medicine and drugs without medicine and drugs; all of the benefits of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology without auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; all of the benefits of dieting, and every other kind of treatment, device or assistance without these treatments.

Through this amazing natural law, anyone can rid self permanently of every human weakness.

This unique natural law gives immunity from every disease of the inferior life. No matter who you are, this natural law can demonstrate to you that you do not yet know the full meaning of joy, pleasure, happiness, vitality and gratification.

This natural law is ready to give you a new realization of the meaning of life and enjoyment.

No self-hypnotizing phrases to repeat—no yielding, no recession, no giving up of anything, nothing to study, nothing to actively practice, no books to buy, nothing to memorize, no self-deception—nothing but truth—reality—Natural Law.

Perfect health cures every known and conceivably disease. This startling natural law is guaranteed to give perfect health.

If you are not enjoying life to the full—if you are in any way handicapped—if you are not in possession of all of the powers of mind and body to the highest degree, you owe it to yourself to at once procure for your self-free of charge this revolutionary natural law. Through this supreme natural law, anyone may have the health and vitality of a lion or tiger. Remember that demonstration and results are immediate and free.

This powerful natural law transforms the gloom of disease into the bloom of health, as the rays of the spring sun transform the dead soil into a "sea" of luxuriant vegetation. It is destined to revolutionize human health and happiness—Humanity.

This natural law is most marvelous, most simple, most subtle, and most powerful. It is the Law of Creative Power.

Remember there is nothing active to do, nothing to study, nothing to believe, no time to waste, no habits to give up, nothing to lose—there is no mystery—it is merely Natural Law. This secret is offered to you absolutely free. There are no "conditions" or "strings" attached to this offer.

You would not be without this secret if you could imagine how delightfully transformed your life would be through the possession of this new and deeper realization of happiness, pleasure, joy and gratification.

Anyone—male or female—above eighteen years of age is eligible to receive this marvelous secret absolutely free.

Swoboda has a priceless secret for every human being who wishes to be happier, healthier, more vital and successful in a new degree.

Alois P. Swoboda, 1210 Berkeley Building
21 West 44th Street, New York City

Send me free the Swoboda Natural Law of Supreme Life and Health.
To help cover cost of publishing and mailing, I enclose postage. (Not more than ten cents, please.)

Name: ...........................................
Address: ...........................................
City: ...........................................
State: ...........................................

Special Note—Many individuals who have obtained this secret claim it is absolutely priceless—worth millions.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
PLAY PIANO BY EAR

Be a Jazz Music Master


No matter how little you know about music—even though you “have never touched a piano”—if you can just remember a tune, you can quickly learn to play by ear. I have perfected an entirely new and simple system. It shows you so many little tricks that it just comes naturally to pick out on the piano any piece you can hum. Beginners and even those who could not learn by the old-fashioned method, grasp the Niagara idea readily, and follow through the entire course of twenty lessons quickly. Self-instruction—no teacher required. You learn many new styles of bass, syncopation, blues, fill-ins, breaks and trick endings. It’s all so easy—so interesting that you’ll be amased.

A Simple Secret to Success

No need to devote years in study to learn piano nowadays. Special talent unnecessary. Every lesson is so easy, so fascinating that you just “can’t keep your hands off the piano.” Give it part of your spare time for 90 days and you will be playing and entertaining almost before you realize it. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi—no difficult lessons or meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to the songs you play. Once learned, you have the secret for all your difficulties are over and

You Become Master of the Piano

Even talented musicians are amazed at the rapid progress of Niagara School students and can’t understand why this method was not thought of years ago. Naturally, the Niagara Method is fully protected by copyrights and cannot be offered by any other agency. The special service department gives each pupil individual attention.

Learn at home in 90 days

Be Popular in Every Crowd

One who can sit down at any time without notes or music and pick off the latest jazz and popular songs that entertain folks, is always the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought after and invited everywhere. Make yourself the center of attention—master the piano by spending an hour a day studying the fascinating Niagara Method. As easily as thousands of others have learned, you too, can learn and profit—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at dances, motion picture houses and other entertainments.

Decide to Begin Now!

Just spend a part of your spare time with a few easy, fascinating lessons and see how quickly you “catch on” and learn to play. You will be amazed, whether you are a beginner or an advanced student.

Write for interesting, illustrated booklet. “The Niagara Secret”—it describes this wonderful new method of playing piano by ear. This booklet sent FREE. Enclose 6c, in stamps and you’ll receive an interesting chart.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount. The story is based on "The Faun," a fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.—Again the Hollywood stars trading in a story of a screen-struck girl. That is the only interest. (August.)

McGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal. Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual elements of interest. Plenty of action. (September.)


MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal. One of the best pictures in months. A Viennese story, with the atmosphere capitalistic maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (September.)

MICHAEL O’HALLORAN—Hodkinson. The folks-story of a Chesterfield streeturchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave. (August.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitagraph. Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Everything happens. (January.)

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

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold minis. Formula again. (October.)

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

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

MONNA VANNA—Fox. Would have been better if not over-done. Crowd are well won and Lee Parry in title rôle charming. Only fair. (December.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Garnier. Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz music, lots of glitter—the usual thing. (October.)

MYSTERIOUS WITNESS, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and siring mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. (September.)

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

ONLY 38—Paramount. A delightful handle by William A. Wellcome. Good all-around cast. Jean Hersholt a welcome addition. (August.)

OUR HOSPITALITY—Metro. Buster Keaton is what seems to be a trend in the movies. Not very good or funny. (January.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal. Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. (October.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National. One of the entertainment gems of the month. Real boys with a story handled by William Boulton. (August.)

PETER THE GREAT—Paramount. Another fine version, with that touch of finery, of the Sammies, in the title rôle. This is a real picture. (September.)

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

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Arrifins. A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter hero. (December.)

PONZIO—First National. An interesting and thrilling narrative of the African gold fields with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a startlingly good performance as a boy. (January.)

POTASH AND PERL MutTER—First National. As funny as the screen has to offer, with Barney Beach and Alex Carr in their original roles. (September.)

POWER DIVIDE—The Independent. Another Kentucky feud, proving that there’s a lot of love in hate. (November)

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

When you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love, has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is deliberately daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn rouses a wave of wrath, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and accordantly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticize "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted.

SEND NO MONEY

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

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is designed to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it. Everybody will read it. Everybody will find it exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to worry you—but it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N.Y., before it is too late. Be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 425, Auburn, N.Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece—"The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase of the book, and that on return of this coupon I am entitled to 100 per cent of my money back. If you mail the coupon below AT ONCE, I do not have to return the book, if I am not completely satisfied. I understand that I may keep the book for five days after it is received, and that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return it and have my money refunded, without any questions asked.

De Luxe Leather Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition, hand-bound in soft and genuine leather and lined with exquisite paper—makes a graceful gift. If you order this edition, please fill in the following information.

Name

Address

City and State

IMPORTANT: If it is possible that you may not be able to return the book—upon which you have paid the $1.98—within five days, please enclose a small check or money order for the $1.98. If you are unable to return the book—upon which you have paid the $1.98—within five days, we will refund your money. 

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. "THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE" IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE, ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCEING A PENNY.

Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

Do you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in their efforts to win their hearts? How can you disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when you really love a woman—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wallflower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set
The Aristocrat
Elmira, New York.
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: "Brickbats and Bouquets" will, perhaps, give me an opportunity to say something of the rather uncritical "criticism" of Monsieur Charles De Roche in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

I agree with the writer that Monsieur Valentino is a good actor as well as an ingeniously good actor, but he is by no means perfect! Monsieur De Roche's profile is not terrible. It shows unusual strength of character and his features are the thin, high bred features of the aristocrat.

VISTA S. COCHRANE

A Comparison
The Walbert Ants., Baltimore, Md.
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: Seeing Reginald Denny for the first time after seeing Rudolph Valentino is like coming out of a room in one of those old Moorish palaces one sees in Algiers—a room richly colored, whose hanging bronze lamps make it glow like a jewel; a room heavy with the scents of the East, spices, musk, and ambergris, and the black incense, that comes from Toulouse. You open the door, you step out and before you lies the blue ocean, sparkling in the sunlight. The salt spray strikes your cheek and you draw in deep breaths of the strong sea breeze. I do not wish that you ever went to go back into that beautiful room, its spell is a powerful one and you do go back; but, how nice the crisp air feels outside! Reginald Denny is something new. He has that ingenious charm that was Wallace Reid's, he is full of a healthy vitality, and he has an appeal as potent as that of Valentino. He also can act—in spite of having a body like a Greek marble.

X. Z. Z.

A Direct Answer
Calvert City, Calif.
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: In answer to Mrs. Ramon Jamerson, PHOTOPLAY of October! A genius, whether in literature, the theater or on the screen, should be judged by the quality of his work and by nothing else. Surely Mary Pickford, because of her ability as an actress, deserves to be classed as one of the famous women of the world.

Furthermore, if more people cared as much for their families, and did proportionately as much for them as Mary does, the poorhouses in the country would be empty.

And again, might not this be true—because Mary doesn't "make copy" of her charities, have we any proof they do not exist?

M. W. D.

Norma's Generosity
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: "Ashes of Vengeance" was shown here last week. I liked the picture very much. I thought Wallace Beery as the cowardly, sneaking, domineering Durt de Tours. "With only claim to invade society was the accident of birth, then there was Norma Talmadge, the lady as Yolanda de Broux, and Conway Tearle as Rupert de Vriece, the hero. These three alone would make a good picture.

This picture was advertised as Norma Talmadge's production with Miss Talmadge as the star—how funny! If the story had depended on its star, then, it would have been a third over before it commenced.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS
FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department— to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players.

We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should have the writer's full name and address.

What I mean to say is, that Yolanda de Broux was only an incident in the story, while Rupert de Vriece was the center of the picture. Not a move was made but that it had some distinct bearing on the action of Rupert. If Miss Talmadge was the star, then her leading man ran away with the picture, and outplayed the stellar role.

I do not wish to discount Miss Talmadge as a star, for she is one, and rightly so, but this picture does not seem to be hers, but Conway Tearle's.

E. E.

Filling His Own Place
Pittsburg, California.
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: I want to say a word of praise for Charles De Roche. I thought he was wonderful in "The Cheat," as did several of my girl friends. As for his taking Valentino's place, I should say not! He has a place on the screen all his own. May we see more of him. He is my favorite from now on.

EDITH DRAFTER

Francis and Beverly—Their Letter
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: I am so glad my idols, the Bushman, are back! I have just read the criticism of their production, "Modern Marriage," in PHOTOPLAY. I am anxious to see it as it is over two years since a production by them was shown here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bushman, Francis and Beverly, have been my favorites for over six years and I am proud of this saying as they have given me so much happiness!


Wouldn't you publish pictures of them in the future in PHOTOPLAY, as well as of your lovely baby Richard?

JOSIE MALDONADO

Local Busybodies
Scranton, Pa.
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: Not many weeks ago I picked up the Sunday paper and, in looking over the theatrical notices, I saw that D. W. Griffith's picture was to be shown at the Blank Theater for the entire following week. Right then I made up my mind to see it. The next day I happened to be in the vicinity of the theater so I went in and had a pleasant afternoon.

On the following Thursday I again looked through the theatrical notices; the theater manager was about to change their programs on Thursday and, to my utter amazement, I saw that the bill had been changed at the Blank Theater. The new picture announced for the balance of the week was "Strangers of the Night." Upon making inquiries among my friends, managers of other theaters, I was told that a few of the local ministers had protested because the picture was about a young theological student who went wrong.

My idea in writing this letter is to know if we are going to continue allowing local busybodies to run our picture houses to suit themselves. It seems to me that when a picture passes both the national and state board of censors it should be enough of a recommendation. I would like to hear from other readers of PHOTOPLAY in regard to this indiscriminate censoring of pictures.

ANTHOCRITE.

Dud Movies
Hawera, New Zealand.
Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, New York City.

Dear Sir: What a pity some of the most prominent producers in the motion picture industry pursue the policy of starring some of their most capable players in a succession of "program pictures."

For instance, why doesn't Carl Laemmle give Gladys Walton a chance? She is a very good little actress and I am sure she is capable of great things if she only had the chance. But the "pore get" is compelled to slip him the tip of her toes to breakfast time in every picture she appears in. Then there's Alice Calhoun. If she were a tomato, she couldn't be treated much worse. As it is, her efforts are banned to make a steady production of flivvers. These girls are only two of the stars who have to satisfy their producers' demands by appearing in a steady production of dud movies.

Perhaps it is good money to the producers, but they will soon find that the time is coming when the public will demand and more discriminating in their choice of entertainment, and will leave these uninspired pictures for ones having stronger stories and good direction with casts that are given a chance to act instead of being cooked up like chickens in a pen!

RONALD I. ARTHUR.
Save $1.50 on the Famous Book of Etiquette
Nearly Half a Million Sold for $3.50
Special Short Time Offer Only $1.98

You've always wanted the famous two-volume set of books that solves every social difficulty, that tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. You have always wanted to own the two remarkable books that give poise, ease, dignity, self-confidence.

Solves Every Social Problem

The BOOK OF ETIQUETTE is admittedly one of the most complete and authoritative works of its kind ever published. It covers every phase of wedding etiquette, street etiquette, dinner etiquette, dance etiquette—it contains paragraphs for the self-conscious and timid; for the bachelor; for the business woman; for the country hostess. Nothing is forgotten, nothing omitted. The BOOK OF ETIQUETTE will tell you everything you want to know. It will protect you from sudden embarrassment, give you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

Send No Money—The Coupon Brings It to You

This is your chance to take advantage of a tremendous bargain. Half a million people have paid $3.50 for the Book of Etiquette. Here's your chance to secure the same Book of Etiquette for only $1.98.

We know you won't overlook this unusual chance. Mail the coupon today and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton. No money is necessary. But be sure you get the coupon off at once.


USE THIS SPECIAL COUPON

Agents Wanted

How would you like to be the official agent for the famous Book of Etiquette in your locality? We have a very attractive, special offer upon which we would like to tell you. Please ignore this notice if you wish to purchase the Book of Etiquette solely for your own use. But if you would like to become an agent of Nelson Doubleday, Inc. and sell the Book of Etiquette to us in your locality, write at once for the full details of our offer. Address Agents' Bureau, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. AG772, Garden City, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
$100 a Week in this Fascinating Business

EARN big money as a cartoonist! Millions of dollars were spent last year on comic strips, political and sport cartoons, animated cartoons, etc. Thousands of new cartoonists are needed now to meet the increasing demand for this work. Never before have the opportunities in this fast-growing field been so many, so varied or so highly paying.

Easy to Learn CARTOONING at Home in Spare Time

Regardless of how little you know about cartooning now, you can easily qualify for a position in this attractive, high-paid business. This home-study method starts you at the simplest fundamental principles of cartoon-making and takes you through every branch of humorous and serious cartooning. You will be amazed at how quickly it teaches you to draw salable work. Many students of this method began to sell their drawings before they were half through their courses. The training paid for itself long before they finished it.

Learn cartooning this easy way. Enjoy the fascinating life of a successful cartoonist—easy hours, freedom from routine, your own boss, and $8,000 to $15,000 a year for this work that is play!

Send for FREE BOOK

Learn more about the wonderful opportunities in Cartooning and details about this remarkable home-study method. A handsome illustrated booklet has just been prepared which, upon request, will be sent to you without the slightest obligation. This booklet gives a thorough cartooning lesson and supplies in detail this wonderful new field. Send for YOUR CARTOONING free booklet TODAY!

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 52, 1113-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 52, 1113-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without obligation, your Free Booklet on Cartooning and details of your home-study method of teaching Cartooning.

Name

(First name plainly)

Address

City

State

(If under 16, please give age)

Music Lessons At Home

With Celebrated Teachers

Our lessons are especially arranged for home study. Not a new method. Long established School now celebrating its 20th Anniversary. Send for Illustrated Catalog. Every person who loves music should read this book. Write which instrument you have. Get details of the lessons and our Anniversary Offer—one of which means a cash ending to your course. Organs, pianos, harpsichord, clavichord, concert harpsichord, violins, violas, violoncellos, contrabasses, cornets, flutes, clarinets, oboes, bassoons, and oboe d'amore. Careful training by famous professors, in groups or individually. Lessons are given to individuals and classes. For full details address.

University Extension Conservatory

881 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from Page 12]

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount. Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Madge Kennedy is a sweet little housemaid and is mostly wasted. (October.)

RAGGED EDGE, THE—Goldwyn. A Harol McDowell romance, with a lot of new blood in the cast. From Chinese material. (October.)

RAILROADED—Universal. A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined. (August.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal. Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

RAPIDS, THE—Hedkisson. A conventional story of the life of a man with brains and foresight. (September.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn. A working girl mystery picture, filled with excitement and thrills. (November.)

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox. Half serious and half educational. Shows the heads of Soviet Russia. (September.)

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.—A comedy of the honeymoon, with all the old situations worked over. (August.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitor. A melodrama, with lot of humor, melody, and King Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)


ROSI'S—United Artists. The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford herself. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGLED LIPS—Metro. Charming Viola Dana as a good housewive. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. (November.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount. A highl amusing comedy, the locales being a Western town and the part of mark Suskauer. (September.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational. A comedy-film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. (November.)

RUPERT OF HENTZAU—Selznick. A lively, romantically episode of excitement and thrills, but behind her predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." (September.)

SALOME YANCEY—Paramount. Bret Harte's famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while. (November.)

SAWDOUT—Universal. Unconceived realism, unusual scenery and setting. The fights are one of the best scenes. Some homesteads and an attempted suicide. (September.)

SECRET OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures. The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laid bare by a new photographic process. Extremely interesting. (November.)


SCRAMMOUCHE—Metro. One of the great pictures of the picture. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramos Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

SELF-MADE WIFE, THE—Universal. Three- prongs of this picture is good. The end tangles badly. (September.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal. William Demarest as the hunter who fights off the hunters. Happy ending after a good fight. (October.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford. Mediocre picture, artificial and badly acted. (November.)

SHOCK, THE—Universal. Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cottage dweller, who undertakes a huge trick. (November.)

SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE—Universal. Shell shot is the underlying theme of a swift Western. The hero, back from the war, walks into a lead which is fully as exciting as one he fought in. (October.)

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational. One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting hill. "Kinograms," a Bruce serie's, "Served Downing," Gene Sarazen demonstrating golf, and two comedies. (December.)

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson. Desert stuff, cameras against the sky and the other usual things (November.)

SILENT CORD—Fox. A story of the navy. Propaganda type. A good narrative of the sea, well told. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount. An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. (November.)

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn. Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement and amazingly good photography. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal. A train wreck near the old honested sends wife to the city to see if she can't sell some books. (November.)

SKID PROOF—Fox. A racing picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked, honest boy takes his place. (October.)

SŁceptar—First National. A pretty and formula type, "The Great American" not very amusing, goes to the Frozen North. There, in the frost, open spaces, things happen. (August.)

SNOW BRIDE, THE—Paramount. A forced and archaic story of life in a Canadian village. Alice Brady, even, fails to register. (November.)

SNOWDROFT—Fox. A cooling Summer picture, much of the humor being in the character work. Just a good picture. (November.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro. —A good woman melodrama with Viola Dana as a society beauty. Lovely and unusual. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox. Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. (October.)

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount. Pola Negri's best work to date. Much mistaken photography, but excellent in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat." were not hers. Her performance as the girl is remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno's. (November.)


ST. ELMO—Fox. A novel of the tne field which makes a picture of about the same era as "Captain Applejack" on the stage. (November.)

SUCCESS—Metro. A sentiment melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (November.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox. An Al St. John comedy with the usual slapstick stuff, but also with some of the funniest and mechanical effects that he always has. (November.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors. The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty close. (November.)


THREE AGES—Metro. Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots. (November.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn. A screen version of a stage success, with much box office but with plenty of entertainment. (September.)

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal. A story of Jacob Riis with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (September.)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox. Not much of a picture, with William Henry's direction conventional and good for the family. (November.)

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers—Mixed-up melodrama with a little comedy, some clipping, missing necklace and the rest of it. (November.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount. A red, blooded Western, filled with effects and other exciting scenes. (October.)

TRIBLY—First National. A careful and artistic production of the Dn Mauer romance with Andre Lafayette, the French actress, as star. (October.)
How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of “Three Weeks,” “The Philosophy of Love,” Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a “gift” miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you’d been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be “bunk.” People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They may have taken off “up their sleeve”; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Dumas. But it has been proved that anyone who is writing novels, stories, or screen plays has the same potentialities as the greatest writers and makers. A person with the gift can write great works and become famous. But it is much easier to write that which is good rather than to write that which is bad. Many people think they can write because they lack “imagination” or the ability to construct sound ideas on the screen. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who have achieved fame and fortune with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of everyday life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—writing about the things of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, that some writer will pay you good money for as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome any story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from the most famous and well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his skill than he ever dreamed possible. He has made the store in a life-time. The man who earned eight dollars a week last November at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500,000. The man who wrote the serial “Nancy Drew” now appearing in one of America’s leading magazines doesn’t think of writing until about three years ago—he decided to give it a try. He got $10,000 for his first story. His name appears almost every month in the magazines, and he still can’t persuade you he was ever a writer.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many who now read in simple plots and ordinary themes. I believe that thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their own ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers who can work under conditions.

I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to those who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show you HOW easy it is when you know HOW.

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors’ Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called “The Short-Cut to Successful Writing.” This book will help you—assuming you are willing to work at it—become a successful writer. It will show you how to become successful at a business that can pay you money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations. It is full of news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that ennoble, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, help, hints—things you’ve long wanted to know! The Short-Cut to Successful Writing” tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple and easy it was to become a successful writer. Anyone can write, if they will study the book, and will take the time to write as much as they can. The book will open the way for you to write for newspapers, magazines, and other publications. And it will show you how to make money with every word you write.

Get your penciled coupon! Fill it out and mail it with your name and address. I shall thank you.
They Were Waiting For It!

In Denver, in Muncie, in Elmira, in Beaumont, in Quebec. They knew that some day, some one would build such a car. They recognized it instantly—found it indispensable! Dealers are hard put to meet the mounting demand for the new Overland Champion.

Never such a car! Never one so handy! It covers every need of farmers, salesmen, tourists, merchants, families—everyone. The Champion has shown the world new uses for a motor car!

Both seats remove. Taking out the rear seat provides fifty cubic feet for sample cases, groceries—anything. Seats and upholstery make a full sized bed in the car—Pullman style. Seats adjust forward and backward. Tall people and short people ride in equal comfort.

Doors front and rear. No seat climbing. Upholstery washable—long-wearing. The sturdy Overland rear axle. Overland economy, dependability—Overland action! The big new Overland engine! See the Champion!

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

NEW Overland $695 f.o.b. Toledo

CHAMPION

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
New Pictures

AGNES AYRES, her so-devastating dignity having softened, is beginning to look like a charming sub-deb or an ingenue. She is next to be featured in "Holiday Love"—which might mean almost anything—or nothing much.
JOHN BOWERS is convalescing, at present, from a broken leg—because he refuses to let a double do his trick riding! He will be the hero of Harold Bell Wright's "When a Man's a Man," the latest best seller to be translated into celluloid
PERHAPS the most perfect blondes in pictures—the sisters Novak. Jane, the elder, has a wistful look. But Eva, despite her unsmiling mouth, carries a laughing devil in her widely innocent blue eyes. Jane is the step-child of the screen—but try to abuse Eva!
FROM Australia comes Miss Trilby Clark, bringing with her a pair of large brown eyes, a wealth of titian hair, and a bit of stage experience. She's to support Gallagher and Shean in "Around the Town." Does she remind you, a trifle, of our own Norma?
PEGGY SHAW has climbed nearly all the rungs of the Fox ladder to stardom. But why shouldn’t she—she was born in Pittsburg and received her education in the "Follies." And such is fame, especially when one has youth and beauty—both plus!
An announcement to all friends of Ivory Soap

The makers of Ivory Soap now offer you Guest Ivory.

To Ivory's purity, mildness and gentleness, Guest Ivory adds—

- the daintiness of a new size, to fit the most delicate of slim feminine fingers.
- the charm of a new design and a new blue-and-white dress.
- the lowest price at which a truly fine soap for the face and hands has ever been sold (five cents).

**Guest Ivory completes the Ivory Family**

The Ivory Family now has four members, to serve every purpose which demands the protection of the skin and of delicate fabrics by the use of a fine, pure, mild soap:

- Guest Ivory — for the face and hands
- Medium size Ivory — for the bath
- Ivory Flakes — for the most delicate garments
- Laundry size Ivory — for the heavier fine fabrics

All are Ivory Soap, and that means each is as fine as soap can be, for if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap than Ivory.

**PROCTER & GAMBLE**

**IVORY SOAP**

99 4/100% PURE IT FLOATS
PHOTOPLAY

February, 1924

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

RIGHT up on top of Pike's Peak, with the thermometer below zero, I would take off my hat and make a low obeisance to Allan Dwan for his production of "Big Brother."

He has made a truly great picture. In my opinion it ranks with "The Miracle Man." It is a classic. It is an art work, but Mr. Dwan gave his contemporaries a lesson in same picture production, for it was made at one-sixth the cost of some productions which cannot approach it. Here was no egotist striving to outspend others to his own glory. "Big Brother" couldn't have been made more human, more appealing, more worth while with an added million of cost. By all means see it at your first opportunity.

More power to you, Allan. May your shadow never grow less.

WHAT Chaplin did for Jackie Coogan in "The Kid" Dwan has done for seven-year-old Mickey Bennett in this picture. Comparisons are distasteful. Jackie is wonderful. But Mickey, this freckled-faced youngster from the East Side of New York, is just as wonderful in a different sort of work. On another page of this issue is a story of this new prodigy.

SOME moving picture exhibitors are as bad as politicians. Here is one of the most promising of them all. This advertisement, which would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of a self-respecting porch climber, appeared in a Walton, N. Y., newspaper:

It has all the sincerity of those old-time Peruna advertisements. I wonder how the folks of Walton enjoyed "The Covered Wagon."

FATE is a tricky dealer. Martha Mansfield was just on the point of stardom when she met her tragic death a few weeks ago. She had worked hard and sincerely since she was picked out of the "Follies" four years ago, and was to be starred in the picture on which she was working when some careless fool threw a lighted match on her lacy gown, which became a furnace in a few seconds and burned her to death. She was universally loved and respected, and was one of the most beautiful girls who ever graced the screen.

HERE'S a funny one. The class of ladies and gentlemen who have no regular address and no visible means of support have a new trick in Los Angeles. Every second or third person brought before the courts on a vagrancy charge claims to be a moving picture extra. They register as extras at a few casting directors' offices, but make no effort to work. When the judge asks why they are not extraing, they say they have applied day after day, but can find nothing.

WILLIAM DE MILLE recently participated in a discussion of motion pictures. A child educator blamed pictures for the delinquency of some of her little charges. A professor of history thought little of them, except for the purposes of visualized education. Under this barrage Mr. de Mille said:

"When going to the moving picture theaters pick your play, your stars, or your producer the way you do with the theater. Do not expect us, as persons seeking to perfect this new method of artistic expression, to act as chaperons for all the children of the country."

Mr. de Mille, you said something.

Then he said something else worth quoting:

"The boards of censors, which are different in every State and comprise forty-eight varieties of ideas as to moral and immoral action, are made up of individuals whose intellect is of the Dark Ages, whose brains are medieval, and whose taste is Victorian."

He might have mentioned what the psycho-analysts say about their complexes. "To the pure all things are pure," is the underlying thought.

STRANGELY enough, women outrank men as continuity writers. Frances Marion is the greatest of all. Jeanie Macpherson, Cecil de Mille's assistant, wrote the script for "The Ten Commandments." June Mathis is editorial chief of Goldwyn. Clara Beranger has written all William de Mille's scenarios. Ouida Bergere has adapted everything for her husband-director, George Fitzmaurice. Bradley King adapted "Anna Christie" to the screen in a masterful fashion.

There must be some reason why women are more successful. Is it because the woman is more capable of detaching her own feelings and personality and throwing herself unreservedly into the author's own story?

THERE isn't a more conscientious producer than Joseph Schenck, who makes the pictures of Norma Talmadge, his wife, of Constance, and of brother-in-law Buster. Yet he doesn't seem to be able to do anything with Constance. "Dulcy" was bad, and "The Dangerous Maid" is no improvement. There are two faults, direction and Constance. But I know that Schenck is sparing nothing to get the best he can for her. It's not the easiest thing in the world to get stories that fit Constance. She's an odd size.
What Kind of Women Attract Men Most?

By Herbert Howe

Personal magnetism is the quality that makes one woman stand out in a crowd, says a writer who has studied the subject. It is what stimulates an unconscious interest in every man.

I am supposed to know all about women. How this flattering fog of fiction ever settled on my shoulders I have no idea. But my acquaintance with the petted darlings of Hollywood was somehow supposed to have made me one of the sublime initiate. A few sweetly trusting individuals (and the editor of this magazine is not excepted) nursed the conviction that I was on terms of confidential intimacy with not only the stars themselves, but their present and ex-husbands, their personal maids, their maîtresses, their couturiers, the servants in their houses and (in the exceptional cases) the skeletons in their closets. And being in this exalted know, I was marked as the one and only master-analyst of attraction to give the great secret of it to the world.

As soon as I received this order, I took a laboratory microscope, a chemist's apron, put my charming little girl-friends in the retorts and gave them a solemn, unemotional, hard-boiled once-over. And I am here to report that the only mental and spiritual attributes common to all the enchantresses of my Hollywood acquaintances are tolerance, understanding and breadth of mind.

Beauty, wit, intelligence, sex appeal, they have in varying degrees and varying expressions. But every woman I ever have met who has been an unusually successful ensnarer of hearts has been, with all these aside, a good fellow.

There is undoubtedly some admirer for every woman in the world. You know what Thackeray said, that every woman who wasn't a monster could get some man. And Sir Clyde Engels, who has collected the celebrated "Assemblage of Curious Personages" for Ringling Brothers' and Barnum and Bailey's Combined Shows can go the great satirist one better. Every freak in his business, from five-hundred-pound Little Nellie to the Sword Swallow and the Damsel with India Rubber Hair, is happily married and not entirely unharassed by mash mail. So there is truly hope for every gal.

That beauty isn't the first essential is obvious. It helps. Oh, how it does help some block-head baby-dolls! But in the annals of dueling and high romance there have been as many enchanting women with imperfect forms and faces as there have been beauty-contest winners. Beauty is eliminated.

Consider brains. The aggressively brainy woman is a horror, A woman so intellectual that it hurts is out of the question. But a typically feminine intelligence, a subtle hint of knowledge, a lively logic full of unexpected loop-holes, brilliance with just a vague haunt of superficiality, these qualities in an excep-
A TPEFY & 1931, we considered good form for a lady to faint at the mention of the element "sex-attraction." If she were not adept at fainting, the least she could do to preserve her illusions was to get up and leave the room. Today, the tendency is rather to overwork the term. It is supposed to account for just about everything in human as well as animal life.

The kindergarten children go through the whole subject from Ellen Key and Havelock Ellis to Freud.

In spite of this being an age of frank specialization in the subject, nobody has yet thought up an accurate definition for that peculiar charm which is the gift of some lucky mortals, or evolved a formula for the acquisition of it. Call it lure, attraction, magnetism, personality, or what you like, I believe it is a quality in which actual sex appeal is but a slight element. The truth, I believe, lies somewhere between "Flaming Youth" and "David Copperfield."

THE EDITOR.

"Yes, there she is." He nodded at a Kirchner drawing of "Temptation." The picture was one of a girl neither fat nor thin, but a pleasant medium. Her eyes held an invitation, a personal, ingratiating note, a "come hither" look.

A woman must have amiability. Every man detests a grouch. She need not be equally amiable on all occasions. The woman with a constant smile is monotonous. But amiability must be a wedded characteristic, and never long absent.

All men like vivacity. The woman who listens languidly to a man's jokes and stories stirs the murderous impulse. She need not be a chatter-box, in fact, must not. But a lively vivacity that listens as well as talks is what all men desire in woman.

She must be well-sexed. She must be essentially woman. She must not emulate the manner nor voice nor outlook of a man. Feminine curves, suggested by chiffons and laces, are more alluring than angular bones supporting exaggerated tailor-mades.

Magnetism! That is the word which tells the whole story. A compelling magnetism is the quality which makes one woman stand out in a crowd of them. It is the thing which calls you up with a
How Those Animal Comedies are Made

Our Culver City way, a new mad village has sprung up to rob the movie capital Hollywood of a measure of its fame. And this has nothing to do with western real estate. It is a social movement, entirely, fifty percent of which is dedicated to intellectual uplift and fifty percent to art. The place is the materialization of Delirium Tremens and bears the eloquent station-label, Dippy-Doo-Davville.

As yet no movie stars have abandoned their Hollywood castles to emigrate to this fantastic metropolis. The city council wouldn’t admit them.

The Chamber of Commerce has shut out all competition, for the city itself is in the picture industry, and its product already has found favor with the customers. You probably have become one yourself. The ducks, monkeys, cats, dogs, goats and guinea pigs who star in this particular community are probably familiar to you. If you have seen these curious little melodramas, acted entirely by animals, you certainly have asked yourself, “How do they do it?” And all around you in the audience you have heard whispers of the same inquiry.

Hal Roach, the successful comedy producer, is the father of the inspiration. It came to him one day as he stood before the cage of monkeys at the zoo, and watched their antics. They shared a common desire to please, charm, perform, and occupy the center of the stage. And he detected a subtle hint of the priceless essence which is known in the business as screen personality. Assuredly, the animals had it.

So he decided to attempt making all the old stock melodramatic plots, the western, the mother-love story, the young-love story, the villain-riddled romances of the paper-backs, with only animals in the cast and the most grave and solemn direction. And in Len Powers, who had worked on the Roach lot for some years as an assistant director and cameraman, he had at hand a director with an animal complex.

The first thing Mr. Powers found out was that patience—patience—patience—was essential. Tactful and loving patience, too, with an effort to put yourself in the animal’s place, with his particular degree of intelligence and his training, and see how things would affect you.

Monkeys are naturally imitative. The best results are achieved by doing a thing yourself, over and over again, and letting them imitate you. They are clever and quick, but they forget quickly, too, and have to be kept at a thing.

For instance, when Mr. Powers wished to teach the monkey leading man to smooth his hair [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
The company going on location in one of the city taxis with Director Powers as chauffeur.

Director Len Powers meets socially "the lady that's known as Lou"

No, Rollo, this is not a quack doctor. It is the house detective of the stirring melodramas in one of his clever disguises.

Len Powers combines with his directorial duties those of property man and make-up artist. Sometimes his temperamental stars rebel.
Hollywood knows very little about Edna Purviance and calls her a woman of mystery. Since her first starring venture in "A Woman of Paris"—conceded to be a great actress—An enigma but—Here is her latest
portrait, which shows a charming maturity.
Hollywood's Mystery Woman

She is in pictures, but not of them.
But she is both in and of the very best in California society

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

It is my theory, right or wrong, that picture people see too much of other picture people, and too many pictures, and talk too much about pictures and how, why and when they're made. I may be wrong, but it often seems to me that the crying need of many picture stars is fresh contacts, outside viewpoints, mental relaxation and revivification. Most of them live, eat, sleep and dream pictures. They can or will talk of nothing else. They work at the studio all day and, when they go home, they either have a picture run in their own projection room or they go to see one at a theater.

Edna Purviance does her work at the studio and then she is through with pictures. When her car swings out of the driveway of the Chaplin studio, she enters another world. She is a dual personality. There is Edna Purviance, for eight years Charlie Chaplin's leading woman and now star of his first directed picture, and there is Edna Purviance, society woman and intellectual recluse.

Oh yes, really.

There are three things that intrigue my imagination about Miss Purviance tremendously.

First, "A Woman of Paris."

If that picture had never been made, Edna Purviance might have continued to exist in her little veil of mystery forever, so far as I was concerned. But her performance as Marie in Charles Chaplin's production placed her very, very high in my estimation as a screen actress. Personally, I do not know when I have enjoyed a performance so much. It was so marvellous to see the suggestion of maturity, the womanliness of thought and action, the life of a grown woman of developed emotions and problems. I adored...
The Paved Jungle

A story of life in the Roaring Forties, of a girl who was in, but not of, the jungle, and of how she escaped—aided by a volunteer literary animal tamer

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

At dusk the paved jungle begins to come to life. Cowardly men, their tusks bared occasionally in snarling laughter, lurk in the shadows ready to cut out and destroy any luckless weaklings who may stray from the flocks and herds.

Above all indeterminate rustlings and murmurings of the cautious creeping and crawling creatures of the wilderness comes the contemptuously raucous roar of the tired business lion. The king of the jungle is irritated and he is broadcasting his complaints to the covering corners of his domain.

The trembling doc, who has come out of her hiding place to drink, suddenly finds herself surrounded by horrible chuckling noises and by a circle of glowing malevolent eyes slowly converging towards her upon silent padded paws.

Rosemary Winters was still beautiful. The process of starvation, since she had lost her job at the Moonmill Roof, had so far only served to emphasize the ascetic fineness of her charm. She had always been thin, so the loss of a little flesh made no perceptible change in her figure, and her face had not sharpened much yet, except her eyes, which burned.

The way she lost her job as left end of the line in the Moonmill chorus tells all you need to know about Rosemary.

If you ever saw the show you may remember her as the girl who looked as if she didn’t belong. She had a way of wearing the costumes, which were rather less than half of anything anybody ever wore before, that attracted instant attention from the connoisseurs of femininity and brought admirers night after night to fill the front row tables of the café chantant.

Most of the girls had special friends. Rosemary had none. Instead she had hundreds of candidates for her favors. In a way she was a much better drawing card than if she had been more complaisant. The hungry beasts of the jungle were certain that some day she would stumble and they were content to wait more or less patiently so as to be on the ground when it occurred.

All that would have been well if it had not happened that Quiller Banks, the owner of Moonmill Roof and other theatrical and restaurant property, had inadvertently fallen in love with her himself. In love, that is, in the Broadway sense. It isn’t quite like the bucolic thing that James Whitcomb Riley wrote about or even the more sophisticated passion which has given employment to the pens of our present day poets. Rather it is a sort of gilded cave man desire, stimulated by lights, liquor and cosmetics.

To attract the attention of Quiller Banks was and is yet the highest degree conferred by The Extension Department of the University of Jazzway. If he thought you were beautiful, by heck, you were, no matter what you looked like, and, pretty soon, hairdressers were beginning to imitate your coiffure and modistes were angling for your trade.

Quiller Banks was the Lord High Pickle among the village
Rotarians. In a city of hundreds of carefully selected Thirty-Second Degree Passers on Pulchritude he was the only one who could wear 33 in his buttonhole. If the President wanted to know who were the prettiest girls in the United States, Quiller Banks is the man he would send for just the way he would summon Charlie Schwab if he desired information on steel, or General Dawes if he couldn't spell moratorium or some such word relating to finances. No President has ever sent a hurry-up call to Quiller Banks as yet, but the chances are that every once in a while after having had a hard day reading proof on the Congressional Record, or something like that, he would like to.

Quiller Banks loved beauty perhaps because he had so little of it himself. Squat and ugly were words that applied both to his face and his figure. Actors, making up for villains, drew upon their memory of his features for a model. His nose could be imitated with putty and his eyebrows with black crepe hair in almost a straight line across the forehead, but the heavy expression of his mouth and eyes was something the performer could only stimulate by thinking of something pleasantly disagreeable, like stepping on a spider.

Quiller Banks did not go out with girls. That wasn't necessary. They came to him.

In accordance with his time honored custom he sent a note to Rosemary one evening to the effect that he would appreciate her company at his downtown apartment after the show.

Rosemary received the message and stood for a moment, quivering with fright. She wondered if she ought to run, just as she was, in the costume for the finale, out into the street and as far away as she could.

Of course she couldn't. And the beginning orchestra music of the last number carried her automatically out onto the dance floor. She smiled instinctively while her feet went through the well remembered steps. But, inside, her heart was jelly and her lips were really trembling with abject fear.

What she finally did was nothing. She went home. There was nothing else she could think of. But she lay awake most of the night wondering if he would come and get her. She could imagine him waiting, pacing the floor of his apartment, getting angrier and angrier at the insignificant person who had dared to flout him, and finally seeking her out to wreak his vengeance.
It is a curious thing, but no one ever thinks of a coryphée as having a family. Other people are obviously just people like the rest of us, with relatives, detrimental or otherwise as the case may be, but the beautiful ladies of the ensemble, especially if they really are beautiful, seem merely orphans. But for an hour or so and then fade into nothing until the lights come on again.

It is difficult to imagine them as having solicitous mothers, indifferent fathers, nagging brothers and sisters, disapproving aunts and all the other impediments that the rest of us drag through life in decreasing train, until at last there are none and we find ourselves not travelling on our own power at all, but merely hitched on as the caboose of someone else's Deathbound Limited.

But the gorgeous elf-clad midnight prancers do have everything, sometimes even husbands who are plumbers or something else certainly far more romantic. Wait, don't lay this story down,—this gal isn't married. But she has other troubles.

One of them was a not very old but a quite querulous father. He had reason to complain. He was very ill of a lingering sickness that rendered him inactive and a constant care to his daughter. Once he had been a powerful, thundering man, purposeful and successful. To be weak and dependent broke his spirit. The expensive specialist whom Rosemary had in to examine her father was very discouraging about his case. To keep him alive at all was going to require constant care and scientific nourishment. Rosemary had set herself the task of providing both.

Besides Mr. Winters, Rosemary had one other responsibility. That was her phantom admirer. She knew he was an admirer, because,—well, just because. A woman can always tell. She called him a phantom because she never saw him, at least not to know that she had seen him. That was partly because he was employed at ungodly hours, more unchristian than her own even, and partly because he very evidently did not want to encounter her.

That was explained in one of his early letters.

"Dear Miss Rosemary:

"I met you once, several years ago. I was up from Princeton with a track team and you were in the same party that I was after the meet. You wouldn't remember me so do not try. You weren't so famous yourself as you are now,—just a schoolgirl, I believe. I've seen you once a month lately,—that's as often as I can afford the Moonmill."

Continued on page 159.
THOUGH people insist upon calling him a juvenile, we aver that Dick Barthelmess is not mis-cast in the extremely grown-up rôle of father. In fact, he looks very much at home with Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr., in his arms. Although (in the circle) the young lady seems to take after her battling father—wait until you see the fight he puts up in "Twenty One"!—it would also appear that she inherits some musical talent from her mother, Mary Hay the first, who is starred in a singing and dancing comedy!
Odds and Ends the Camera Caught

What would royalty these days do without the picture stars? Here is Virginia Valli with Princess Sophia's earrings, for which the donor paid 3,330,000 kronen. That's $49.29—about

When Gloria Swanson came East the boys at the studio tried to make her dressing-room homelike, with Hollywood atmosphere

Conrad Nagel shows what the well-dressed man will wear. Tricky, sawed-off vest, pleated trousers 'n' everything. Wonder if Conrad would wear them anywhere except to have his picture taken

No, children, this is not Betty Blythe nor Phyllis Haver. It doesn't seem reasonable, but it's really Norma Talmadge in "The Song of Love." Arthur Carree is the owner of the grip
Claire Windsor is getting to be a desperate young person. As "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model," she just dares an elevated train to run over her. And what a lot of directors and cameramen it took to save her!

But the train didn't get Claire after all, for her she is as the chief gift in someone's Christmas cornucopia.

They're been away a long time, these two — as time goes in pictures. But Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen are back — and in the same picture, "Let Not Man Put Asunder"

The first photograph ever taken of Jackie Coogan shows that his habits haven't changed. He liked to play with dough even at that early age.
I RUSHED all the way from Hollywood to New York to patronize, the art of Eleanora Duse, and on the first night of arrival went to see Peggy Joyce, the second night to see Jocko, "the ten-thousand dollar crook" (I forget what Peggy was listed at), and on the third night to behold Texas Guinan. In a word, only the most expensive attractions lured me. That's what Hollywood has done for me.

WHEN last I saw our old friend Texas Guinan, known in artistic circles as the female Bill Hart or the two gun woman, she couldn't make up her mind whether to play a female bullfighter, go hunting elephants in India or open a room for debutantes. Happily for the elephants, the bulls and the deb she did none of these. Upon my return to New York from Hollywood I found her atop the Beaux Arts Cafe, acting as hostess and dragging the Duke of Manchester around. It's a dull night, when Texas can't dish a duke or something democratic. She said they had been introducing one another over the radio, Texas saying, "Duke, meet the United States." Her brother, who lives on Long Island, says they never hear from her except over the radio. If you ever heard her sing you would wonder why she bothers with radio. All she needs is a tall building. She was wasted in the silent drama.

THE Latin is preferred to the home-grown artist in these pages for the following aesthetic reasons:
I. Upon my first arrival in Hollywood, Senor Tony Garrido Monteagudo Moreno, noble Spaniard, placed his car and driver at my direction, initiated me into the gayeties of the Ship Cafe, the menu of the Athletic Club and, in general, served as guide along the primrose path that leads straight to fame and destruction.

II. Upon quitting Hollywood I had at my disposal the car and driver of Signor Bull Montana, fine old Roman, who during my stay pined with the delicacies of his Italian cellar and kitchen, together with the wit and wisdom of his profound intellect.

III. Upon returning from Europe the last time before a bleak and glibless Christmas Signor Rodolph Valentino, magnificent Italian, presented me with a handsome bottle of Benedictine anchored to an Ingersoll watch; and previously in Hollywood the Signor proved one of the most charming of companions, one who can talk about himself and yet be entertaining.

IV. Upon uttering words of commendation anent Senor Ramon Novarro, gallant Mexican, I have been flattered by an appreciation never before encountered in a movie mime. After seeing him in "Scaramouch" I telegraphed congratulations declaring him the finest romantic actor west of Barrymore; his reply permitted of but one assumption—that I, as a critic, had completely snuffed out poor old Bernard Shaw.

THERE'S such ado about "Romeo and Juliet" just now. Mary Pickford considered doing it, but, according to report, declared she would not undertake it unless she could get Valentino to play Romeo. Norma Talmadge intends to film it in the spring, but has not determined as yet upon her Romeo. Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess plan a scoop by doing it in the actual Italian setting of Verona. Why not have Italians in the leading roles? I suggest Bull Montana for Romeo and Nita Naldi for Juliet or vice versa, since they both wear tights well. What a crash that balcony scene would be!

I REGRET that it is my duty as a critic of screen personalities to report Calvin Coolidge a flop. He simply does not register. Whether smelling a rose or talking to a congressman from the West his expression is ever the same. As a critic of high integrity, who heralded the discovery of Valentino, Charlie Ray, LopERA and other proved successes, I realize what I say is going to carry considerable weight at the presidential election. Let me state that my motive is simply patriotic, entirely free of party prejudice. As everyone knows, the chief duty of our executive today is to film and radio well. Mr. Coolidge does not. As a result the United States doesn't have one tenth the boxoffice attraction of England, which stars the Prince of Wales. Wales has everything; good looks, personality and sex attraction.

Edith Allen, playing her first role, scores emphatically in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouch." She has one of those instantaneous personalities, as fast-working as Mabel Normand's or Barbara La Marr's, but by no stretch of the imagination could one call her a hard "Scaramouch." She was bitterly disappointed, alleging that the part, originally a big one, had been all cut out. Now Edie never read the story to learn the size of the role, but she had worked three days in succession, so concluded that she must be just about the whole show. However, no hard feelings. Incidentally, she doubles as the Provost, plays a fine anonymous bit, that of the peasant girl with a baby in her arms, who attracts Lewis Stone's attention as he leaves the stolen poacher's hut, in the first chapter of the play.

When Edie came to Hollywood Alice Terry persuaded her to read "The World's Illusion" by Jacob Wassermann. "Say," ejaculated Edie after reading the first volume, "I never knew books were so good!"

Don't get the impression, however, that Edie is one of those beautiful-but-girls.

After dancing with a certain young actor at an affair recently
SHOTS By Herbert Howe

she said, "My Lord, but that fellow's envious of Ramon Novarro!" "Why, did he knock him?" I asked. "No," said Edie, succinctly. "He praised him."

I RECENTLY took occasion to congratulate Fred Niblo upon assembling such an invincible co-starring combination as Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr in "Thy Name is Woman." This month I give three vivas for George Fitzmaurice, who made "The Eternal City," with Barbara La Marr and Benito Mussolini. With Babie and Benito in the cast the picture certainly should not be lacking in action.

REVERSING the formula of passing from stage to screen, McKay George, a young Juan of the cinema, quit the Universal lot, where he has been playing aimlessly, to take the juvenile lead in the Broadway stage production, "The Deep Tangled Wilderness." The producers of the play insisted that in shifting the Hollywood dirt from his shoes he should change his name. In the films he was Grant McKay. Since it is always a critic's duty to object to any change of name, be it of play or player, I carp ed on the ground that the public might confuse him with McKay Morris, another stage player.

"I wish they would!" exclaimed Mac—and then, even more hopefully, "Or with Grace George!"

The producers have been making their annual stump speeches about the necessity for a cut in players' salaries. A pioneer actor of one studio upon reading such an oration delivered by his producer immediately wired the gentleman demanding a raise in salary. He got it.

The motion picture industry from its birth has suffered with an inferiority complex. Producers buy published stories and plays rather than originals because having no faith in their own judgment they prefer to take something that someone else has passed on. They value both plays and players by the price tags. A director recently objected to an actor as being incompetent.

"But his salary is a thousand a week!" bellowed the producer.

"I didn't know that," gasped the director. "Well, if he gets a thousand a week he must be good.

A similar logic is to be found in most movie plots.

For the best answer to the question, what's the matter with the movies, I award a personally autographed photograph to the exhibitor in "The Deep Tangled Wilderness," a stage play.

"The trouble with the pictures is they're getting too artistic," says the exhibitor. "These bigger and better pictures don't go; what we want is more bad pictures."

A.S Charlie Chaplin and I were leaving the Montmartre Cafe, after lunch, a little boy who looked as though his name might be Oliver ran up and said, "Oh, Mistah Cholly, may I take your picture?" Cholly chortled embarrassment and said—"Certainly." At the foot of the stairs Oliver's mamah appeared and thrustily apologized for Oliver's nerve, saying they simply adored Mistah Chaplin and went to see all his pictures. So Charlie lined up on the pavement, placed his arm about Oliver, and mamah snapped the kodak while a curious crowd gathered. When it was over Charlie leaped into his car. "You know," he cried hysterically, "when I do a thing like that I always feel as though I had a heavy stomach with a heavy gold chain across it.

THOSE who enjoy inveighing against the movies for their improprieties would have a good time viewing the New York stage plays this season. The following are a few that shocked me, coming, as I did, clean from Hollywood:

A comedy in which a husband calls his wife's guests names not used by our Bible Class.

A comedy in which a princess, the mother of three children, sets out to ruin a bullfighter with her husband's consent.

A musical comedy in which the star is apotheosized for her accomplishments as a gold-digger.

Three revues in which costumes are spared but the imagination not.

A great drama in which bad woman triumphs over chaste, missionary and is applauded soulfully.

A comedy of beaucoup brilliant lines and cocktails where a lady upon becoming still says to a gentleman:

"Where's my fan?"

Gentleman: "In your hand."

Lady: "Never mind, I'll find it later."

When I congratulated Adolphe Menjou upon his work in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," he replied, "Give the credit to Chaplin; no actor can be greater than his director."

Now there's a nifty line for you, Confucius!

Of the messages of farewell I received aboard the S. S. Majestic as I set sail for Tunis, Malcolm McGregor wins the Photoplay medal. Mal wired: "Remember that 'Nearer My God To Thee' is the song to sing when the boat is sinking."

INASMUCH as Rex Ingram, who was sent to Africa to make a picture for Metro, is spending all his time making sketches for Photoplay, I am going over for Photoplay to make the picture for Metro. It will be called "The Arab," and I will employ ten thousand (count 'em) harems, twelve thousand little dancing girls, six regiments of trained sheiks, and thousands of those animals named after the famous cigarettes.
Every Man, Woman and Child Should See This Picture

By James R. Quirk

I HAVE never approached a review of a picture with such timidity, because I am fearful that I may appear extravagant in prodigality of adjectives on a motion picture subject. I shall endeavor to avoid them. I shall not call it a "super picture," nor "the greatest picture ever screened," nor "the greatest spectacle ever conceived by the mind of man." Unfortunately these adjectives mean nothing in a business where they are as apt to gild a turnip as a lily.

In another department of this issue I have reviewed this picture. Here I merely wish to advise very one of the several million readers of PHOTOPLAY to see it at the first opportunity.

In a previous issue of this publication I said:

"Cecil B. DeMille has carved for himself out of lights and shadows a monument far more enduring than granite or marble. The Ten Commandments, which will be released soon, is appalling in its scope and a tremendous human achievement in its execution. Every theater in which it appears will be a temple and every screen a pulpit, not pouring a message of words into heedless ears, but burning with white light into the very souls of men and women and children the great lessons of God's infinite love, of the brotherhood of man, of peace on earth among men, and the futility of strife and hate. Wouldn't it be strange if, despised and censored and reviled for years, the motion picture should come to be recognized as the greatest interpreter of the Mosaic Law since the ancient prophet revealed the Tablets of Stone to the children of Israel?"

At the time I was criticized as extravagant in my praise, but I repeat every word of it. If the censors attempt to delete a single foot of the Old Testament part of this picture, God knows what they would do to the original of the greatest document civilization has produced if they got at it with their small minds and big scissors.

Right now in New York, and all over the world in fact, there is raging a great controversy on "fundamentalism," a dispute regarding the Divinity of Christ, the Immaculate Conception, the Resurrection of Christ. On each side is displayed a viciousness that is far removed from the spirit of the brotherhood of man that He taught.

But in the DeMille visualization of the events leading up to the revelation of the commandments and the actual revelation | continued on page 128 |

Cecil DeMille (above) and Theodore Roberts (below) add to their laurels in "The Ten Commandments." Roberts plays the role of Moses with marked dignity and meekness.
BARBARA LA MARR, glancing into her mirrored eyes, must glimpse something of her own magnetism. The appeal of the eternal feminine is in her faintest smile and her every gesture is a thing of latent poetry. In this drab setting she is like a flame
BABY PEGGY looks as pleased as a chubby little kitten who has just had a canary for breakfast. Perhaps it's because she was born—not so long ago—under a lucky star. Or is one! Jackie Coogan's closest rival, she is—and his most ardent admirer.
MARY PHILBIN'S wistful youth decorates that recent spectacle, "The Temple of Venus," and gives one Daniel Cupid something to worry about. Mary is as lovely and as charmingly modest, and as unassuming, as the heroine of a mid-Victorian idyl.
THIS wool-heel stockinged, high-necked picture of Mae Murray is from her just finished "Fashion Row." Almost infantile, she looks, as the little emigrant girl of the first reel. But, oh, how she does change! Who could keep that innocent expression on Fashion Row?
THE most popular man in pictures, Thomas Meighan, as his own lovable self. Stars may come and stars may go, but Tommy keeps right on glowing. And, take it from us, he's a whole constellation in one. Ask the Box Office—it knows!
HAVE a good look at this—it shows our own Griffith with a smile upon his more or less classic face. Photographers usually put D. W. into a serious mood, but this one had a good line. Mr. Griffith is working on “America”—perhaps his greatest effort
ADELA ST. JOHNS once described Jobyna Ralston as "the refrain of a sweet, old-fashioned song." We'll go Adela one better and say that she's reminiscent of a lacy Valentine—faintly fragrant with the perfume of mignonette and wee moss-rose buds.
THE Magnificent Negri—daughter of a Hungarian gypsy who was exiled to death in Siberia—unfolds a life drama of rare beauty and poignancy. A dancer, a great actress and a woman of exceptionally brilliant intellect she is, like all great people, utterly frank.
The Autobiography of

POLA NEGRI

In Three Parts

I CANNOT permit this first presentation of the life story of Pola Negri to pass without paying my respects to this remarkable woman. The negotiations for this amazing story were carried out by Miss Negri with the utmost graciousness and simplicity. I knew the story would be an interesting one, but I was not prepared to find it such a tremendous human document. The few who have enjoyed her confidence know her to be a woman of unusual frankness and sincerity, with a great capacity for friendship, and an almost slavish devotion to her work. My deepest impression of her is a feeling of wonder that a human being could pass through such suffering and retain a vibrant sympathy for life and in people.

JAMES R. QUIRK

PART I

POVERTY and suffering in my childhood and tragedy always.

Before I knew happiness I saw death. Death, imprisonment, the black plague and Cossacks killing, killing. Torture and oppression, war and revolution, starving children and frantic mothers, and friends shot down by my side. The Four Horsemen always riding over my country.

The Cossacks! To mention them makes me shudder. Yet they are my first recollection. Tales of their fiendishness would seem to you as incredible as fairy stories. But I, with my own eyes, have seen them riding like mad through the streets of Warsaw with wild cats under their arms; I have seen them fling these cats into a fleeing, shrieking crowd of people, and I have seen the eyes torn out of faces.

Happy days of my childhood. I can repeat that platitude only in irony. I am twenty-six years old. But I have lived, it seems, a hundred.

At Yanowa, near Liepna, in Russian Poland, I was born—a Polish patriot—in 1897 and christened Appolonia Chalupec, daughter of the revolutionist Georges Chalupec, who was exiled to death in Siberia.

My father was a Hungarian gypsy, the handsomest man I have ever known, dark, fiery and daring. From him I inherit my restless temperament. He came from Budapest into Poland and became engaged in the manufacture of paper. Then he met and married Eleonora von Kielesewska, my mother.

They were prosperous when I was born, with a comfortable country place surrounded by great trees and gardens. But the restiveness and revolt which characterized my father’s nature drew him into ardent sympathy for the Polish cause against Russia. He became a leader of the revolutionists.

The Polish revolution of 1905, when I was eight, took my father away among the volunteers. I remember the volunteers passing our house, my mother giving them food and drink. There were high hopes for Polish independence, but these were soon broken. My father was arrested and taken to the dreadful Pavilion Citadela, the prison for murderers in Warsaw. We went to see him several times. I shall never forget the last visit. It was in the evening. My father was unusually silent. I kissed him, clinging to him, and then I felt his tears over my face. Frightened, as by a premonition, my heart broke and I sobbed until they took me away. At midnight that night my father was sent away. He had assured my mother that he would escape, and she lived hopefully, but we never saw him again. He went to Siberia.

My mother and I returned to our home, and my mother continued to work in secret for the Polish cause. Then, one night, the Cossacks! They came rushing up to our house, firing at the windows. We hid, but they dragged us out, looted our home and, before our eyes, burned it to the ground. In response to my mother’s cries they only said: “You are the wife of the revolutionist Chalupec.”
Broken in spirit and in health my mother went to live with my aunt and uncle, who sent me to the Countess Plater's school in Warsaw. A little later my only brother died of the black plague, and for two years my mother was insane.

That was my childhood.

I was nervous, impetuous and violent of temper, a very bad pupil, although I did study. When I was twelve I read and spoke four languages, Polish, German, Russian and French. While mastering Italian I fell in love with the works of Ada Neri, the Italian poetess, and when later I went on the stage I took her name, combining it with Pola—the diminutive of Appolonia—which I was always called from a child.

I was fourteen when I decided that I wanted to go to the ballet school. The stage had fascinated me at first sight when I saw a performance of "Cinderella." As it was necessary for me to earn a living, my aunt consented and, eight months later, took me to the Imperial ballet school in St. Petersburg.

The training for the Imperial ballet was terrible. We were treated like young animals. The masters did not hesitate to beat us, and many times I winced under the whip. Nevertheless, I loved the work and my one sustaining inspiration was my mother. I wanted to give her every luxury and care that I might revive her interest in life and restore her to health.

There were glorious moments, too, when we danced before the court. I worked nine hours a day, specializing in Oriental dances, and was rewarded by being made a principal in the company.

The Czarina paid several visits to the school and presented us with little gifts. I revered her as a saint. She seemed to me the loveliest creature on earth, delicate, aloof and ethereal in her sadness. When, years afterward, I heard that she was killed with her husband and children at Ekaterinenburg I was deeply moved, for she was, to us dancers at least, "the little mother."

I also had the honor of being presented to the Czar, and on the occasion of his birthday anniversary I received a beautiful gift.

My most vivid recollection of those days in regal Petersburg is of a matinee for the court when Chaliapin sang. It was a great scandal.

Chaliapin sang the national anthem with all the power and fervor of which he is capable. The nobles applauded him enthusiastically, and he was invited to the Czar's box to partake of champagne and refreshments. Imagine, then, the consternation when he...
reappeared on the stage for his next number and, with greater power and feeling, commenced singing the great revolutionary song! Imagine how we felt standing there in the wings as we heard the cry of rebellion soar in the silence like a death knell to that aristocratic assemblage. It was glorious! My heart exulted, for I was a rebel, hating the government with all my soul.

Challapin did not have a chance to finish the song. The nobles were infuriated by his daring, and he only escaped severe punishment because he was too great an artist to sacrifice to Siberia.

It was with tragic disappointment that I heard the school physicians advise my aunt to take me out of the ballet. My lungs were delicate, and they said that if I continued the strenuous exercise my health might be impaired permanently.

I was not dissuaded from my stage career, however, and upon my return to Warsaw I entered the dramatic conservatory where in one year I completed the three-year course.

On October 1, 1913, I made my debut in Hauptmann's "Hannele" and Pola Negri was proclaimed an actress. I was dazed with the ecstasy of success. I felt as though I were enjoying another's triumph. It was not Pola Chalupec, but Pola Negri who received the flowers and the praise and the kisses from friends. But it was Pola Chalupec who crept, weeping with happiness, into the arms of her mother in the little four-room apartment on the seventh floor of the Sanatorska Uliza. My mother was herself again, and her health was rapidly mending. Such happiness after such suffering seemed to me a divine gift.

The next great thrill was when I received my salary at the end of the month. It was ninety rubles, amounting to something like forty-five dollars in American money at the rate of exchange before the war. Ninety rubles was a fabulous amount in my eyes. I rushed out to buy an armful of the most expensive flowers for my mother. When I burst into the room and threw them upon her, she scolded me severely for my extravagance. It was the greatest moment of my life.

My year of repertoire at the Kleines theater was strenuous, but through it I gained a contract to play at the Imperial theater with a salary of one hundred and fifty rubles a month. So I did not mind rehearsing all day and working all evening on the stage.

The thunder crash of war interrupted our season. Polish patriots, while detesting the yoke of Czarist Russia, rallied to her colors in time of trouble. Troops were mobilized against the Germans, and there were wild patriotic demonstrations in the squares.
There is something almost mystic, something compelling about Sylvia Dreamer. Watch the eyes in the portrait above closely. They have a curiously arresting quality. Is she hypnotic? She says not. But read the story on the opposite page and decide for yourself.
The Girl with Hypnotic Eyes

What is the weird quality possessed by Sylvia Breamer which enables her almost to read one's thoughts and which seems to set her apart, even from her real self?

By Bland Johaneson

Have you ever analyzed the curiously arresting nature of Sylvia Breamer's eyes? They are enormous, but so are cows' and giraffes' and Rodolph Valentino's. There is in hers something more impressive than mere luscious beauty. It is neither wistfulness nor sorrow, neither disappointments nor dreams, yet they have a strange, mystic quality which is hypnotic and compelling, and at grotesque cross-purposes with the healthy, simple, practical, regular-girl attributes which compose her real personality.

Sylvia Breamer is first of all a courageous, sane, well-balanced young woman—the sort that everyone admires. The secret which her eyes suggest she disclosed to me shyly, and only after I had stumbled upon a demonstrated revelation of it.

A bleak autumn dusk had settled over the room in which we were visiting. It was not yet lamp-time. Sylvia sat opposite me, facing the window. Twilight obliterated all her features but the dark, penetrating eyes. She was talking about Australia. Occasionally I interrupted with a question, to which she replied. Gradually, unconsciously, Sylvia began answering my thoughts. This might have been nothing but that inexplicable accident we call coincidence, but the ability to anticipate my questions made me uneasy, and when she repeatedly did it, I challenged her, "Sylvia Breamer, you're a diviner! You know the things that cats know!"

My accusation, half-serious, half-jocular, brought from Sylvia a grave and convincing account of this curious power with which she had been endowed and how it had flowed as a steady undercurrent in the turbulent stream of her life. Although they do not challenge credence, she is shy about confessing her occult experiences. But her eyes bear eloquent witness to the reality of the girl mystic hiding in the personality of Sylvia Breamer, picture star.

To open her story it is necessary to resort to a movie trick, the flash-back, to India about twenty years ago. An officer of the British navy was departing with his family for Australia. One member of this family was Sylvia, a little daughter, and another was her native nurse. There is a law in Australia which forbids the entrance of blacks into the country for sojourns extending over six months. The little girl was to endure the first hardship of the magnificent quantity Fate had in store for her, the separation from the devoted nurse she loved. The old soul shared the child's anguish, but life and law are inexorable, and as they bade farewell the little Sylvia heard her friend consign her to the mercy of Fate and promise that the psychic bond between them should acquire an elasticity to encompass the furthest corners of this world or another. Sylvia was little more than a baby, but this impressive ceremony stands out clearly in her memory. The old woman predicted a succession of trials for her charge, spiritual floods and fires and broken bridges, then a bright place such as only [continued on page 126]
A Modern Living Room, Italian in Spirit

This article is the third of Photoplay's series on

Home Furnishing & Decoration

We believe that the motion picture influences a great many people in the selection and purchase of the things that go to the building of their homes. As a matter of service, and of interest, we will each month take inspiration from some current film, and translate its goodness to your practical and economical use. Each article is written by a man whose knowledge of interior decoration is applied only to the practical, economical phases which are of great value to you.

The Editor.

The photographs on this page are all from the photoplay, "The White Sister." The top one inspired our article, and the bottom two are examples of the type of Italian decorations which are not only difficult to follow, but far beyond the reach of the average pocketbook.
is not as Expensive as it may seem

In designing this room prevalent circumstances of modern life and living were taken into account.

Modern adaptations of “Period” furniture are used to create a room that can be reproduced economically in your home.

By William J. Moll

History has it that we guide our future by the experience of the past, and in no one phase of our life is this so true as in the furnishing and decoration of our homes. It is only through sad experience that we learn the things to accept, the things to reject in our scheme of home-making. So that when it comes to the consideration of refurnishing, or redecoration, either the old or the new home, we tread our paths of experience warily, mindful of the pitfalls into which we once fell.

Each one of us is apt to regard “period” furniture askance. We remember it as one of the pits we might have avoided. Yet rightfully so, perhaps. For “period” furniture, as such, has its place in the average modern home. Most of it is too gorgeous, too formal, too “stage-setty” to allow of the comfort that is the requisite of every home.

Yet history, on this particular subject, offers us opportunities to judge from the past. We of this modern day are sitting on the hilltop of experience, and before us is spread the wonderful panorama of the decorative and cabinet-making arts of the ages, from which we can choose and pick those things which will go to make our surroundings characterful and comfortable.

We have pointed out to us the beauties of the Classic Periods—Ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. We have but faint interest in the Gothic period, which follows. We are most alive to the spirit and the possibilities of the Italian Renaissance, and following that, in the English Furniture of the great periods—which includes Early Jacobean, Elizabethan, Stuart, Late Jacobean, William and Mary, Queen Anne; the Mahogany period of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and the Adam Brothers. French Furniture of the great periods—Louis XIV, The Regency, Louis XV, Louis XVI, The Directoire, and the Empire—has little fascination to most of us.

Following which comes America’s great designer and cabinetmaker, Duncan Phyfe, in whom we are all interested. And then the Victorian period, when all that was good in furniture and decoration in America was torn down and settled into the most morbid degeneracy, from which we are just recovering.

But in those great ages, or epochs, of furniture making and decoration, we find points of fascination—high lights, as it were, of the things we would like to translate to our own needs, and bring into our living because they are true and beautiful. They are the existing things of history which serve as a guide to true art. Most of the time we find them impractical or costly, unsuited to our modern needs. And so we come to adaptations—forms inspired by pieces of the past, and transmuted by clever manufacturers into acceptable furniture for our homes. We say “adaptations” because they are more frequent than faithful reproductions.

In designing the room which we picture to you here, we take our inspiration from one of the greatest periods of art and decoration, the Italian Renaissance. And it is strange that with all its gorgeousness, its costly appearance, furniture of this period really has qualities which are consistent with the home feeling. But before we go further, suppose we digress for a moment and recall the underlying facts of history which led to the creation of the Italian Renaissance—to recap, if you please, the scenario of the play, so that we can better understand the action which follows.

The Italian Renaissance—a golden age in art—began in the 14th century, and was a natural reaction from the Middle Ages, in which art flourished solely for the glory of the Church. It was inspired by a revival of classic knowledge. Artists and artisans turned back to the fine examples of architecture and house-furnishings expressed in the work of the ancients of their own country. Added to this were the military and political conquests of the nation which brought into the country all of the artistry and loveliness of the...
The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XXIII

Most of the crises and turning points of the history of the motion picture have been spectacular events. Picturesque, undisciplined personalitics crashing in the conflicts of ruthless greed have ever made even minor film affairs dramatic. Ordinarily the motion picture industry washes its linen on page one of the metropolitan press and debuts its internal troubles with a battery of megaphones on the roof. Thus it has been from the beginning.

But one basic, fundamental, revolutionary fact of the development of the screen has slipped now some twelve years into the past without so much as a mention in the recorded annals of the industry.

In the period of our present considerations, the most serious of the many troubles of the Independents in their endless strife against the allied picture makers of the Motion Picture Patents Company was the problem of the raw stock, the film itself, the actual, emulsion-coated celluloid strips for their cameras and projection machines.

The Motion Picture Patents Company had an exclusive contract with the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, N.Y., the first manufacturers of film stock.

This contract was of course a part of the general scheme of the Patents company for the domination of the business.

Eastman film had grown up with the motion picture business. It will be recalled from "way back at Chapter One of this narrative that Thomas Edison's solution of the problem of making motion pictures was reached only after William Kennedy Laurie Dickson returned from Rochester with the first sample of flexible celluloid photographic material.

Edison, in his war with Biograph, had tried to maintain a monopoly use of Eastman stock, both by negotiation with George Eastman and by patents contentions claiming an exclusive right to the use of film in the motion picture camera by authority of invention. But Biograph was an important customer and Biograph continued to get the
Histroy of the Picture

film. When Biograph and Edison came to their big peace in the Motion Picture Patents Company in December, 1908, bringing into the fold at the same time all of the then existing American picture makers, the negotiation of the desired exclusive contract was easy—because there were no other customers for the film.

Thus it came that when "Imp," "Bison Life Motion Pictures," and the rest of the Independents came into the field to fight and compete with the Patents Company group, they were thrown upon the resources of the European film makers for raw stock.

Jules E. Brulatour, dealer in photographic supplies and materials, with an establishment near Twenty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, became the importer and dealer in various brands of foreign made motion picture film, chief among them Lumiere. The Lumieres of Paris and Lyons, France, went into the making of film well near concurrently with the making of the Lumiere Cinematographe, which was among the several motion picture projection machines that came from the seed of Edison's kinetoscope.

The superior quality of the American made stock gave to the pictures of the licensed studios of the Patents Company group a vast advantage. Foreign film was produced in limited quantities, subjected to all the delays and difficulties of shipment across the Atlantic, and was besides often irregular in its chemical, physical and photographic properties.

The best motion pictures in the world from a photographic standpoint were coming from the printing plant of the Biograph, pictures made on Eastman stock by the best technicians that the industry had developed. The worst motion pictures in the world, measured by the same standard, were coming from any or all of the independent laboratories in the attics and cellars of New York.

How large an influence this distant and technical fact has exerted on screen reputations of today would be hard to calculate. Certain it is that the physical quality of Biograph prints was a very large contribution to the success of the pictures which laid the foundation of fame for that institution and for the names of Griffith, Mary Pickford, and all those who have shared in the hallowed glories of old Biograph tradition.

It was not only true that Griffith pictures were better, but the public could see them better on the screen. Fame grew out of that. It is easier to think in terms of personalities than in impersonal facts, like film stock. Names of people are the handles to all of the major facts of public interest, including the Ford motor car.

The toiling, sweating, cursing and battling Independents yearned for Eastman raw stock, but they did not know how to get it. Despite the organization of the Sales Company combination, the Independents were as a body yet inarticulate. There is a strong probability that, had they united in a plea to Eastman supported by the facts and figures of their film consumption, they could have prevailed. But instead they did everything but ask for what they wanted.

Among the Independents, Eastman film stock came by bootleg channels in quantities just large enough to constitute tantalizing samples. They were ready to pay any price for it.

The high premium on Eastman stock led to many and peculiar expedients, varying from plain theft to elaborate methods of purchase. In the export markets of Europe and reimportation into the United States.

Export orders in shipment to fictitious foreign addresses were mysteriously intercepted on the steamer docks of New York, San Francisco and Vancouver to be turned about and delivered by stealth to the Independents' plants. Many a shipping case that left Rochester full of film arrived in Liverpool, Hamburg or Havre full of paving stones and gravel.

In the eventful year of this chapter, Harry E. Aiken (left) and C. J. Hite (right) played some high hands in the excitement of film politics. They appear here in the first office of the Mutual Film Corporation.
Not in the Scenario

By Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton

In Preceding Chapters:

Dave Mann's film company had gone into the Canadian wilderness to find realism, and they found it in a drama of real life—with their leading man, Larry Moncrieff, as star. They discovered a mysterious couple—an old musician and a beautiful girl—living in a log palace. When Dave's directorial instinct offended, and they were ordered from the place, Larry was sent back as peacemaker. There, in the palace, he found himself drawn into the net of intrigue. He overheard the girl speaking with a ruffian who claimed to be her father, and who threatened the life of the musician unless she went away with him. Larry remonstrated with her but she, to save the old man, would not take any advice. So Larry was forced to follow her to prevent the villainy of her supposed parent. Tracing the pair by their footprints, he overtook them at last. They, and another man, were waiting on a jagged boulder over a river and just—curiously—about seventy-five feet from the entire motion picture company who were on the other bank. After a furious battle, in which both his opponents were killed, Larry rushed on to the rescue of the girl who was plunging, in a canoe, through the rapids.

Conclusion: Chapter VIII

When the face of the crook disappeared in the angry waters of the Wolf-jaw, Larry stood watching the spot, fascinated. Yet he was not thinking of the fact that in the last sixty seconds he had killed two men, had exceeded in life anything Dave Mann had ever planned for his double on the screen. He was conscious only of a great emptiness, of futility, of the fact that Marguerite was gone, that he had been unable to save her.

In that moment of enervation the spell of the rapids, and of what had happened there, gained mastery. His glance was drawn downstream irresistibly and then out of the corner of one eye he caught a glimpse of Dave Mann and Roy Quigley still standing on the little platform above the falls.

Both were greatly agitated. Roy was still turning his crank with one hand, but with the other he was pointing at the big eddy. Both of Dave's arms were waving frantically. Suddenly he turned and scrambled up the side of the gorge.
At that moment Roy saw Larry watching him. He abandoned his camera and began to beckon and to point with great, exaggerated sweeps of his arms and suddenly Larry understood what all this meant. He turned and ran back up the trail.

Halfway to the place where he had fought his battle on the ledge he could look downstream as far as the falls. In the eddy, the powerful waters tugging at her body, her head and shoulder and one arm only out of the water, was Marguerite.

She was alive. He saw her arm move slowly as if she were endeavoring to get a firmer hold on the wet rock. But she was dazed, the swift current was tearing at her body and clothing. At any moment it might wrench her loose and hurl her over the falls.

At the foot of the rapids, out in the lake beyond the swirling current, Larry caught a glimpse of a big freight canoe propelled by half a dozen men. So rapidly had events transpired they were only halfway on the errand of rescue to which Dave Mann had dispatched them.

But what impressed Larry most as he looked downstream was the impossibility of rescue even when the woodsmen did arrive. The gorge was straight walled on that side and the swirling water filled it from bank to bank. Marguerite was caught on a tongue of rocks that ran out from the left side and afforded the sole means of lifting a canoe to the backwater behind the falls.

A man could be lowered by a rope, if there were one long enough, and strong enough, in the camp. But before they could return for it the girl would have been swept away. She hung there, in sight of all, so near and yet so inaccessible. Her feeble efforts to cling to the slippery rock were plainly seen, and they might fail at any moment.

As Larry watched her, sick with horror, afraid to turn away and yet dreading to continue watching, he saw Bill Taylor join Fay and Peggy at the rim of the gorge above Roy Quigley. The mere presence of the woodsmen gave Larry an idea, pointed out the only way possible to reach Marguerite in time. The next instant he was running back down the trail to the head of the rapids.

He remembered having seen a birchbark canoe there beside the one in which Marguerite had been sent into the stream and surmised that it was the Indian craft Bill Taylor had obtained to be used in the picture, the only type of canoe in which he would shoot the Wolf-jaw.

And as Larry ran he endeavored to recall in detail the method of accomplishing the feat which the woodsmen had outlined.

"The current takes a canoe right around the first rocks if you let it go . . . Only one ticklish place . . . When it looks smooth, that's where it's bad . . . Let that big wave lift you over the ledge?"

Larry did not stop to weigh the chances of his success. He only knew that it was the one way of reaching Marguerite in time, that Bill Taylor, who could do it, was across the river, that time was precious.

And he knew, too, that he must not fail, that somehow he, a tenderfoot, a stranger to white water, his hands yet sore from his first paddle blisters, must accomplish this hazardous task.

Thus it was not with a prayer but with a fierce resolve that brought coolness and concentration on one thing that he slid the birchbark into the water above the rapids, knelt in the center and paddled out to midstream.

The current, smooth and silent and yet irresistible, gripped the canoe and whirled it down toward the boiling, hungry smoother. In the middle of the river he turned the bow straight down and the next instant felt the cold dash of spray in his face and the trail of craft plunging and lifting beneath him.

Directly in front the savage, jagged row of rocks which gave the Wolf-jaw its mane rose above the current, standing there immobile and awesome, rending the powerful current to bits and scattering it in every direction.

The canoe rushed on until Larry believed Bill Taylor had lied, that nothing could save him from those huge black teeth. But the thought had no more than flashed through his mind than he saw the rocks streaming past on his right. The next instant they were gone.

Now he entered a stretch of water in which great waves lifted him like a feather, in which eddies jerked the bow this way and that, in which the backsplash rose up from nowhere and smite him on one side and then the other.

The turmoil, the motion, the hungry waves reaching high above the gunwale, all were terrifying. Larry did not believe for a moment he could survive. He did not see how it was possible, but he remembered Bill Taylor's words: "Only one ticklish spot . . . When it looks smooth, that's where it's bad."

Larry wondered how anything could be worse than the place through which he was now passing and then it suddenly occurred to him that he was still afloat, that the bottom of the canoe was scarcely dampened, that he was being borne swiftly but still alive.

[Continued on page 108]
THE CALL OF THE CANYON—Paramount

HERE is a semi-western, a story of modern jazz life immediately following the close of the war, and of western life that you cannot afford to miss. It was made by Victor Fleming from Zane Grey's novel, and it contains some of the most beautiful scenery you have ever seen in a moving picture. Fleming directed "To the Last Man," and "The Law of the Lawless," but he has here outdone himself.

Richard Dix, who also has one of the big parts in "The Ten Commandments," does some wonderful work as the returning soldier who, wounded and gassed, comes back after three years, broken physically, to find that his old set are a jazz-mad crowd with whom he has nothing in common. Lois Wilson as the girl he left behind, is delightful, and Marjorie Daw shares the honors with them both.

A LADY OF QUALITY—Universal

UNIVERSAL has been criticized for giving the rôle of Clorinda Wildairs to Virginia Valli. But we doubt, very much, that anyone else could have played it so charmingly—with such fire and passion, as well as sweetness.

After the birth of his fifth unwanted daughter, and the death of his wife, Sir Geoffrey Wildairs (Lionel Belmore) banishes the hated girls to the stable in back of his manor house, and refuses to see them. But the youngest, Clo, at an early age, forces herself into his heart. Raised by him to take the place of a son, she is taught to scorn women-made conventions. But she finally falls in love, with a rascal. And when the real love comes, this youthful affair tries to shadow her life. And then—the big punch.

Milton Sills and Earl Foxe are the hero and villain.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount

THE best photoplay ever made. The greatest theatrical spectacle in history. The greatest sermon on the tablets which form the basis of all law ever preached.

Strong words, indeed, but written two weeks after seeing it, after serious consideration of Griffith's "Intolerance," and "Birth of a Nation." It will last as long as the film on which it is recorded. It wipes the slate clean of charges of any immoral influence against the screen.

A tremendous picture in theme and execution, "The Ten Commandments" will run for years in the motion picture theaters of the world, flashing its message continuously.

Not only the screen, but religion and civilization owes a debt of gratitude to Cecil B. De Mille for this achievement. Daring in its conception because of its very massiveness it is the voice of inspiration and the work of genius.

To state that a thing is indescribable is a confession of inability in descriptive power. We will let it go at that.

The picture opens with a prologue in color photography, visualizing the persecution of the Israelites during their bondage by the Egyptians, the flight under the leadership of Moses, the miracle of the Red Sea, and the destruction of the idolatrous Pharaoh and his army. The screen has never approached this in beauty or power, yet within a few minutes this too is surpassed in the episode on the mountain top where the voice of God comes thundering and flashing through the darkening skies, bearing the commandments to Moses, the prophet of Jehovah.

When the prologue ends it seems that any modern story would seem futile and unworthy. Yet the modern story holds its own, and is almost equally powerful. See page 42.
The Six Best Pictures of the Month

The Ten Commandments — Big Brother
The Call of the Canyon — Tiger Rose
A Lady of Quality — To the Ladies

The Six Best Performances of the Month

Mickey Bennett in "Big Brother"
Tom Moore in "Big Brother"
Rod La Rocque in "The Ten Commandments"
Richard Dix in "The Call of the Canyon"
Virginia Valli in "A Lady of Quality"
Leonore Ulric in "Tiger Rose"

BIG BROTHER—Paramount

One of the most human pictures ever made. Rex Beach wrote a great story but all Allen Dwan has made a masterpiece of it in his translation of words to photography. What George Loane Tucker did with Frank Packard's story, "The Miracle Man," Dwan has done with "Big Brother." He has taken an unfeatured cast and made a picture in which every rôle is perfect. He has taken a comparatively unknown child performer and directed him right into the star class. Photoplay proclaims little Mickey Bennett's performance of a tough, East-Side kid as one of the best that has been given on the screen in years. It ranks with Jackie Coogan's work in "The Kid."

Very briefly, the story is that of a gang leader, Jimmy Donovan, whose lieutenant, Big Ben Murray, is shot in a gang war, and dying, commits his motherless son, Midge, into the care of Donovan with a plea to save him from his environment of crime and poverty. To save the boy he finds that he must himself "go straight," but in spite of his attempt the little fellow is taken by the juvenile court and placed in an orphanage. Donovan is accused of a hold-up, is arrested, escapes, and goes out to get the gang that committed the crime, so that he may vindicate himself, for if he ever hopes to get the boy back he's got to keep his record clean. As they say in those teasing advertisements—now see the picture.

Tom Moore plays Donovan, the gang leader, and it is this reviewer's opinion that no one with the exception of Thomas Meighan could have equalled his performance. Edith Roberts is wonderful as Kitty Costello, "the best girl in the car barn district." The entire cast merit praise.

TIGER ROSE—Warner Bros.

Leonore Ulric, first of all, photographs beautifully. And her screen appearance is never marred by overacting. In the story of the wilfully adorable, great-hearted French-Canadian girl, she does splendid work.

A fur-trading post and a waif who drifts down the river on a raft, and into the hearts of a group of wilderness men—a mounted policeman, a priest, a factor and a half-breed. And then the advent of a young engineer—and love, interrupted by tragedy. Not an unusual plot—but one that gives Miss Ulric a chance to turn from comedy to pathos, from intense drama to a smiling wistfulness. The picture is entertainment of the best sort. Claude Gillingwater, Forrest Stanley, Joseph Dowling and Theodore von Eltz give fine support—and Sidney Franklin's direction is splendid.

TO THE LADIES—Paramount

Joyously adapted from the Kaufman-Connolly stage success, and made real because of James Cruze's human-ness and subtlety. This director has scored his fourth success of the film year—a record, indeed! With a modest and starless cast, he has made a business comedy that will bring chuckles of delight and tears of joy from any little group of serious thinkers.

Three young clerks are trying, very hard, to land the coveted position of manager in a piano factory. Two of them have aggressive young wives—but the third is a bachelor, an efficiency shark, and the favorite. Just how one of the wives, played by Helen Jerome Eddy, puts her husband (Edward Horton) over the wire first, is a delicious bit of fun. Theodore Roberts, bless him, is the factory owner!
THE WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount

THE return to the screen of William S. Hart is marked with much gun fighting—most of which is successful. In a story which he has written around a colorful character of the frontier towns, Bill demonstrates that he still has the popular appeal. A drama of love, endurance and self-sacrifice with a couple of tearful moments and a wonderfully framed-up poker game. The Pinto pony co-stars.

THE EXTRA GIRL—Sennett

F for no other reason than that it brings Mabel Normand back, this picture is welcome. She is one of the actresses that the screen cannot spare. Few have her freshness, her piquancy, her gift for comedy. She is a fascinating gamín, no matter in what she plays. There is plenty of comedy in "The Extra Girl" and also quite some thrills, including a remarkably good fight.

TWENTY-ONE—First National

RICHARD BARTHELMESS appears, for a change, as a 1920 model youth—discarding his plumes and bare feet. And, in a simple story of an unwanted, misunderstood rich boy—who is poor because he is unloved—he scores again. The idea is not original, neither is the direction. But there is good suspense and sustained interest and the love scenes are youthfully tender. Dorothy MacKuill is the girl.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount

EVEN with a scenario writer who attempts to improve on Kipling, and a director who has his bad moments, this picture is worth while. Largely because of the excellent acting of Percy Marmont and Jacqueline Logan as Dick Heldar and Bessie Broke. The rôle of the artist, who suddenly becomes blind, suits Mr. Marmont admirably. Miss Logan is an able second as the little guttersnipe.

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY’S—Vitagraph

WARREN KERRIGAN plays the gentleman-adventurer hero of this George Barr McCutcheon romance. Falling in love with an inaccessible princess he goes in for a reckless life, and gets all tangled up in contested wills, savage islands and native uprisings. Improbable, but good entertainment; with a George M. Cohan finish of waving flags, American gunboats and a princess willing to give up her rank!

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is—according to his first picture—refreshingly different from the other juveniles of the screen. He does not try to imitate his acrobatic dad. In fact, in this Richard Harding Davis story, he stands firmly upon his own feet—except when doing a back flip over the railing of a balcony. Mothers will adore him—and so will their young sons. A family picture.
SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox

A LIGHT and very amusing photo-comedy has been made from William Anthony McGuire's popular play. Elmer Clifton has handled it with a deft touch and has made the most of the laughable situations arising from a poor man's effort to maintain an automobile. Ernest Trues reappears for the camera his excellent stage performance, and Florence Eldredge is an able second.

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn

FROM Balzac's "The Magic Skin," the imaginative quality of which makes it the hardest sort of a picture to appear convincing. A theme that wanders sometimes, but that comes back whenever Bessie Love or Carmel Myers is on the screen. George Walsh is splendid as the leading man—he is making a smashing comeback, this year. Not essentially a picture for children, but good entertainment.

THE DANGEROUS MAID—First National

HERE is a fairly good story, and good entertainment, but, Constance, you must do better. Something must be done about it. A costume picture of turbulent times in old England, with Miss Talmadge playing the part of a high-bred young lady of courage and resourcefulness, with Conway Tearle doing his best to save her from a bad predicament in which she has recklessly involved herself.

THIS FREEDOM—Fox

THE story of a girl who grows to womanhood in an environment of man power. And who, because of the vivid impressions of her youth, decides that she will shape her life along the lines upon which a masculine career is built. Love comes and marriage and children. But nothing is allowed to stand in freedom's way, with the inevitable result. Fay Compton heads the excellent English company.

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick

BETTY COMPSON plays the part of a self-sacrificing dancer who, through a great love and the fortunes of war, becomes the mother of an illegitimate son. When the father—who has suffered a lapse of memory, through shell shock—finally appears upon the scene, he has married another woman. So the dancer, to give her child a chance, steps out of the picture in a heroic way. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]
The Man from the Mob

GOOD screen actors are—as the old Forty-niner used to say about gold—where you find them. And one of the best discoverers of new blood is Rex Ingram. And thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Ingram deserves credit for having, more than any other person, developed Rudolph Valentino. When the director had completed "The Four Horsemen" with Rudie as Julio, that young man was made, so far as being a star was concerned. In spite of what the director was doing for him, temperaments clashed and arguments arose between Mr. Ingram and Rudie. In the course of one of these arguments Mr. Ingram remarked one day: "You think I can’t get along without you, don’t you? Well, I’ll show you. I can go out on the set, pick a man out of the mob of extras, and make him just as big a star as you are."

Valentino smiled—but Ingram did it. He looked over his extras, selected one, taught him, trained him, developed him. And the young man today is a real star, both because of that training and of his own ability—Ramon Novarro.
MILDRED HARRIS plays opposite Elliott Dexter in "The Way Men Love." As an earnest young settlement worker her wistful smile and twice wistful eyes cause great havoc—and not only among the deserving poor, either! Another pleasant come-back.
Malcolm McGregor made good in "The Prisoner of Zenda's" smallest part. And another Ingram discovery is on the road to stardom.

George O'Hara, of the "Fighting Blood" series, has been called the boy with the Jack Barrymore profile and the Jack Dempsey fists.

Ralph Graves was chosen, from an anxious host, to be Mabel Normand's screen lover in her newest starring vehicle, "The Extra Girl."

Rod La Rocque will appear in Cecil DeMille's spectacular "The Ten Commandments." He surely looks serious enough to be one of them!

Nor another photograph of Rod La Roque—this is Monte Blue. Not related in any way—but they might very well be twin brothers.

Edward Burns is one of our most popular leading men. He will support Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird"—her latest effort.

Though he's still busy, on the legitimate stage, with "Merton," Glenn Hunter finds time to make another new picture every few days.
LEATRICE JOY, with her unusual and lovely eye-brows hidden away beneath the brim of a picturesque, plumed hat, is registering that "come hither" look. One of the featured players in "The Ten Commandments," a fine actress, and a star-to-be
May manages to look almost middle-aged in this shot. We hope she’ll soon be disenchanted; we like her best when she suggests youth and sunshine.

As she really is—the wistfully happy expression of a Barrie dream. Being ugly, even for a rôle, must be a real adventure to May!

You’d hardly recognize this pitifully plain little woman, with crooked nose and the scared expression, as the radiant May McAvoy. No, she had not been in a railroad wreck. She is only in character for her rôle in “The Enchanted Cottage.”

As this issue of Photoplay goes to press Rodolph Valentino is negotiating with Famous Players-Lasky Company for his return to the screen under the auspices of that company. Mrs. Valentino is now his manager. A tentative understanding was arrived at by which he was to make two pictures for the company with whom he tried to break his contract and failed. The courts ruled that the contract was a binding one and that he could not make pictures for any company other than Famous Players-Lasky.

Evidently Rudy is beginning to realize that his continued absence from the screen is not doing him any good.

First it was announced that Mary and Doug were to make “Romeo and Juliet.” And then there began to be whispers of another production in which Norma Talmadge was to be the tragic bride of Verona. Miss Talmadge, however, has just about decided against the production—she says that there’s apt to be too much screen Shakespeare this season. And then came a third rumor—that Dick Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were, very soon, to play the immortal rôles. The continuity for the Barthelmess-Gish production is already under way—Josephine Lovett, who in private life is the wife of John Robertson, the director, is preparing the drama for the screen. John Robertson, of course, will do the directing.

One wonders which of the three performances—if all are made—will be the best—the most perfect. Certainly they will all be interesting. Norma is, perhaps, a shade too regal—as we know her—for the rôle of the passionate sixteen year old (or
was Juliet fourteen?). But Richard and Lillian, pining from opposite ends of a balcony, will be dramatically correct. And Lillian, in her bridal robe, on the bier—can’t you just see her? And weep with her?

However, let it go on record that we’d rather see Doug leap from the balcony, demolish two enemies at once with a sword in each hand and a dagger in his teeth, and turn handsprings when overcome with emotion. And then, too, think of the lovely clothes; ever since “Robin Hood,” Doug has been strong for tights!

The film world is mourning the loss of Allan Holubar, the well known director and actor. He leaves his wife, Dorothy Phillips, and a nine year old daughter. Allan and Dorothy Phillips Holubar were known as the happiest couple in the motion picture industry. Allan directed Dorothy’s pictures, they were seen together everywhere, and their home life was of the most contented and joyous.

Mr. Holubar was born in San Francisco about thirty-five years ago. His debut in pictures was as an actor for Universal. He was in the midst of directing a Metro feature when his death—following a major operation for gall stones—brought his career to an un-
timely end.

Gloria Swanson has been suffering from temporary blindness. “Klieg Eyes”—the scourge of the studio—had the audacity to attack the lovely orbs of one of the screen’s fairest. Miss Swanson was confined to a dark room, in a hotel just off Park Avenue—with her eyes hidden under bandages, cooling cabbage leaves (one of the most effective treatments for Klieg eyes) and ice packs. She was stricken while filming “The Humming Bird,” her latest starring vehicle. And production was held up, for some time, on this account.

And now Milton Sills is going to stage another big fight. Milton can’t appear in a picture anymore, without somebody gets all mussed up! It’s hard to remember that he was a college professor—once. This time it’s in “Flowing Gold,” Richard Walton Tully’s picture that will be made from the Rex Beach story of the oil fields. Milt has been signed to take the part of Calvin Gray—a two-fisted hero, if ever there was one!

They tell a funny story about casting for the part of Buddy Bristow, who is to mix it with Sills in the great fight scene. One brawny juvenile, who fitted the bill in every way, was just about signed up when he was told that he would have to fight with the hero.

“Who is the guy?” he questioned idly, but when told that it was to be Milton Sills, his expression changed.

“Sills, eh?” he choked. “Well, I’ve a part offered me at another studio. Guess I’ll take that! And—” he turned, at the door, to offer a suggestion; “say! I understand Firpo is goin’ into pictures. Try him—or Bull Montana! Maybe they’ll take it.”

That last fight of Milton’s, in “The Spoilers,” has certainly taken him out of the parlor class.

Me, Ganna Walska, opera singer and wife of Harold F. McCormick, will desert the concert stage for the movies. She will make her debut in a production that goes under the working title of “The Minstrel Boy”—with Thomas Egan, tenor, in the title rôle.

The picture is being made by the Thomas Egan productions, and is an independent venture. Mr. Egan has appeared in feature films abroad, but it is his first appearance in American films.
The greatest authority on the manicure perfects a liquid polish

It has been carefully planned to have all the features the fastidious woman has wished for in a liquid polish. It

spreads evenly and smoothly
won't peel off
gives a thin natural surface water
will not dull
dries almost instantly
lasts a whole week
needs no separate polish remover

SOMEONE once said that liquid nail polish was the lazy woman's polish. And no wonder lazy women were the first ones to take advantage of it. For it is so quickly and easily applied and keeps the nails brilliant so long.

But for a long time fastidious women who were particular about every single detail of smart grooming were afraid that liquid polishes were thick and lumpy, looked artificial or peeled off.

Now Cutex, the greatest authority on the manicure, has perfected a liquid polish. You can depend on it as you have always depended on all the other lovely Cutex preparations. One that is quicker and easier to use, that gives a higher, more lasting brilliance.

Cutex Liquid Polish doesn't crack or peel off, it doesn't dry in ridges, the brush never leaves streaks or marks. Water will not mar it.

Another advantage
Another advantage of Cutex Liquid Polish is that you do not have to bother with a separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put on fresh polish and wipe it off before it dries. The nails are left smooth and clean, ready for a new lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. It also comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE
Send 12c for Introductory Set

Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails for this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures smooth a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort) on the nails to keep them smooth and healthy.

The special Introductory Set contains enough of each of these preparations for six manicures. Send the coupon with 12c for one today and try the complete Cutex manicure.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

| NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-2 |
| 114 West 17th St., New York |
| I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish. |
| Name | |
| Street | (or P. O. box) | |
| City | State | |

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
THE Marion Davies production, to follow the just-finished "Yolanda," will be a screen version of that well-loved novel, "Janice Meredith." Said novel was an enormous success in its day, and it was also a stage success. Mary Mannering created the role behind footlights.

It is, of course, a costume play. Marion Davies is too lovely in costumes to be sacrificed to the ugly gowns of the present. A revolutionary story that embraces the era between 1775 and 1783. Many important battles of history will be filmed—and many historically famous people will be portrayed. Cosmopolitan promises the most elaborat e production, perhaps, that it has ever made.

AND now we know why the actor and actresses who take constant drenchings in the pursuit of realism do not also take their death o' cold.

Lloyd Hamilton and Ruth Hiatt, his leading lady, have given away the secret. You see, in a forthcoming Lloyd Hamilton production, the star and his lovely comedy partner have been forced to spend days under a downpour of the wettest kind of studio rain.

And, to protect themselves from the moisture, they have adopted a very ingenious sort of armor.

First of all they grease their entire bodies with vaseline and then put on dry woolen underwear (doesn't it sound terrible?). And then, over the woolen underwear, they wrap layers of rubber tissue. And over the tissue they don the clothing to be worn in the damp scene.

And, take it from Lloyd and Ruth, they emerge from wetness feeling just as if they've been toasting marshmallows in front of an open fireplace!

THE borrowers are at it again. No star is safe from them. Principal Pictures have borrowed Bela Daniels from Paramount, and Paramount has also loaned Letty Joy to the Thomas H. Ince productions. Clara Bow has been loaned to First National, by Preferred—and there are more, too, if we had time to name them over!

IT came as a great shock, the called announcement of the self-inflicted death of Mrs. Rupert Hughes—wife of the novelist and photoplay writer who is internationally known and admired. Mrs. Hughes was taking a pleasurable trip through China, and committed suicide in an out-of-the-way corner of that obscure section known as Indo-China. The news of her death was sent by a representative of the Standard Oil company.

In a statement, made by Rupert Hughes, it was said that Mrs. Hughes probably took her life because she was despondent from ill-health and suffering from melancholia. A little over a year ago she endured an operation for cancer, and since that time she has been in a very nervous condition. It was to furnish her with a change of scene and a new interest that Mr. Hughes had allowed her to make the Chinese trip alone. He was planning to join her, early in the spring, in Paris.

Mrs. Hughes was a brilliant, as well as a beautiful, woman. The daughter of Marion Manola, the famous light opera star, she herself appeared for a time upon the stage. She is survived by two children—Mrs. Avis Saunders, and Rush Hughes, who has been seen upon the screen.

NEW YORK CITY—and the entire motion picture industry, whether it lives in New York City or not—is interested in the announcement that Louella O. Parsons has accepted the position of screen editor for the New York American. In accepting a position with William Randolph Hearst, Miss Parsons is leaving the important position of motion picture editor of the Morning Telegraph.

Louella Parsons is one of the best known women figures in the motion picture world. Though her first job was as a reporter on the Chicago Tribune, she quickly graduated, and became scenario editor for the old Essanay company, where she established a record of brilliant judgment and became an acknowledged authority on screen matters. She was the author of one of the first books to treat, in a serious manner, of motion picture subjects.

Upon leaving the Telegraph, to take up her new work, Miss Parsons was given a luncheon by some of the big figures of the motion picture and newspaper life of the city. The luncheon was given at the Hotel Astor.

ANNA Q. NELSSON was paid a bonus of several thousand dollars for the loss of her lovely blonde tresses—which she sacrificed to the production of "Folies." And so when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92
"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alex. H. Belmont

It was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in woman's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm through middle life and later.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island Sound. Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, who will some day be one of England's dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter.

"How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. "And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves

"Now," she was saying smilingly, "I suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted, "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent.

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an unattractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Nothing is so distressing. Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am greatly interested in the success of women in every possible way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."

Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect

"Y ou spend a part of each year in France. Do Frenchwomen use creams much?" I asked Mrs. Belmont.

"In France," she said "they have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Use this Famous Method

Give your skin these two indispensables to lasting skin loveliness—the kind of cleaning that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting, brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For this, two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Every night—with the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. How relaxed your face is. Do this twice. Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream every evening—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels. Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay evenly powdered.

Use this method regularly. Soon your face will be permanently fresher, smoother and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Begin now. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous Tubes

Mail this coupon with 10 today

The Pond's Extract Co.
115 Hudson St., New York
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
City_________________________State____

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
And now the cut-puzzle photograph contest is all over, and the prizes have been awarded. The happy winners are doing Pollyannas all over the country, and the ones who didn’t win are being good sports about it—and are willing to admit that the chosen solutions were worthy of any prize at all. And we, in the offices of Photoplay Magazine, are happily reading a handful of letters Which we will quote, in their proper order, to you.

From Mrs. S. M. Farrell, the winner of the first prize, comes the first letter. She it was who sent all the way from Ellensburg, Washington, a charming fan of orange georgette crepe and black lace, A work of art, really, which she had designed to hold her perfect answers.

"I had no definite plans in mind," writes Mrs. Farrell, "for spending the prize money. You see, I never expected to win the prize! Now that I have received the money my plans are still indefinite. But a home has always been my ambition and goal, a home of my own. And this reward will help to beautify one when the time comes. For the present it shall be my nest egg."

Mrs. Helen K. Lucius of Hollywood, California—who won the second prize—has written to tell us how she plans to use the money that has come to her so unexpectedly.

"I have been a business girl," she says, "although I am now a happily married woman. And I feel that, because I have earned money, I am perhaps better able to appreciate just how much a thousand dollars means! My intention is to buy a good bond with my money—and when I tell you that I am the mother of a baby girl of two you will understand, in part, what this means to me. It means that whatever fortune should befall me and mine, there is always a bulwark against financial hardship in my safe deposit box, thanks to the generosity of Photoplay Magazine; it means that my daughter will receive an education which will equip her for the business of life. . . ."

From the third prize winner, Madeline E. Doupe, of Winnipeg, Canada, we have received a note of thanks. A note which ends with this paragraph:

"With the prize money I receive I shall be able to continue my music, from which I have been parted for some time. And I shall also be able to study art. I hope by so doing that I shall be using the money to the best advantage.

"And—I hope that the other lucky winners will fully appreciate their good fortune as I do mine, and that some who really needed the money most were among the winners."

The fourth prize winner lives in Decatur, Illinois. She is going to put her share of the contest into a savings account.

"For a number of years," she writes, "I have been an ardent follower of the silent drama, as well as an interested reader and subscriber to Photoplay Magazine. And I have received a great deal of joy from the solving of your most interesting contest."

There are so many letters, too, from men and women who have received some of the smaller prizes. One young man will put the money toward a course at law school; one woman will buy, with her share, a radio set for her invalid husband. A prize, in one case, means a new winter coat, in another it stands for a series of symphony concerts. A young mother writes us that the money she won will be used for a baby carriage, and a tired business man speaks glowingly in terms of golf sticks. A middle-aged woman hints of a course in beauty culture. And so it goes.
Chevrolet now leads all high-grade cars in number sold.

Our new low prices have been made possible through doubling our productive capacity.

We are now operating twelve mammoth manufacturing and assembly plants throughout the United States in which thousands of skilled workmen are turning out 2500 Chevrolets per day. Notwithstanding our recent big reduction in prices the quality and equipment of our cars have been steadily increased.

Today Chevrolet stands beyond comparison as the best dollar value of any car sold at any price, due to its low average operating and maintenance cost.

**Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.**

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SUPERIOR Roadster</td>
<td>$490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUPERIOR Touring</td>
<td>$495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUPERIOR Utility Coupe</td>
<td>$640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUPERIOR Sedan</td>
<td>$795</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUPERIOR Commercial Chassis</td>
<td>$395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUPERIOR Light Delivery</td>
<td>$495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utility Express Truck Chassis</td>
<td>$550</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Judgment of the Storm" is the first photoplay produced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation from scenarios by students of that school. The author is Ethel Styles Middleton, a Pittsburgh housewife, who has never before written for the screen. The picture is an unusually fine dramatic production.

A remarkable situation in the picture is shown above. Lloyd Hughes is called upon to choose between saving two children or his mother. He cannot save all of them. At left, Lucille Rickson as "The Girl." Others in the all star cast are George Hackathorn, Myrtle Stedman, and Claire McDowell.
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

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

From across the room you see them. She, poised—confident; warm cheeks and slim shoulders; the woman clever enough to stay young with her husband. He, with pride of possession in every unconscious action; the husband who is proud of his wife.

Yet how few women realize this simple subtlety of life! Too many of us believe the need of beauty caution ceases at the altar.

Youth! Enchantment! The radiance of schoolgirl days. We need no longer lose them.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you—just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

The correct method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them, Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is dry, apply a touch of cold cream. But wash regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, represented as made of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c
A very bad habit is eliminated by this remarkable new tooth brush!

CLEANLINESS is more important in buying your tooth brush than in most any other article. Yet tooth brushes are often exposed to the most careless, dangerous handling. Many people even have the thoughtless habit of testing the bristles with their fingers—forgettable of the fact that fingers often carry infection or dirt.

The Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush is protected from this dangerous habit. It is the only tooth brush that may be seen without unsanitary handling. Each one is sold in a clean, transparent glass container. Exposed to the eye, but not to thumbing or dirt.

Every feature of the Owens represents a remarkable improvement! It is made of the highest quality materials that can be bought. A wonderful new machine ties each bristle tuft permanently into the handle with a hidden staple. Bristles won't come out in your mouth!

You'll be delighted with the design! The brush is small and shaped to the teeth. Bristles are wedge-shaped and spaced wide apart. The handle is softly curved to make correct brushing easier.

No other tooth brush can bring you all these advantages. Yet the Owens, improved in every way and sold in the glass container—costs no more than ordinary tooth brushes, 30, 40 and 50 cents each in child’s, youth’s and adult sizes. See it at your druggist’s.

A feature you’ll like
Handles are made in six different colors: red, blue, amber, green, purple and white. One for each member of your family. The clean glass container makes a convenient holder when traveling.

OWENS
Staple tied TOOTH BRUSH
THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO
What They Were

Artist, Typist, School Girl, Butcher Boy

Six years ago this is what Helene Chadwick was doing. Now she employs someone to do this for her.

Maurice Tourneur used to put his pictures on canvas. Now he presents them on the motion picture screen.

Marjorie Daw, who is a native of Hollywood, says this is her most vivid recollection of her “breaking in” days.

And the first experiences that Lloyd Hughes had in Hollywood was when he delivered meat.
NEW kid came flashing onto the screen with the release of "Big Brother," Allan Dwan's splendid picture, made at the Paramount studios on Long Island, just outside New York, and which is reviewed in "The Shadow Stage" in this month's issue.

His name is Mickey Bennett, and he takes the rôle of a tough little tike on New York's east side where they grow all the Tammany chiefs.

We are going to see a lot more about Mickey, and now that the "Big Brother" has proved such a success some of the copycat producers will probably rush right in and make pictures with a similar theme. So that the new kid will very likely be kept busy for quite a while.

Although he is only seven years old, Mickey has already worked in several pictures. He is entirely different from Jackie Coogan, so that it isn't fair to make comparisons. Like Jackie he is a stage child, his parents having been actors.

Mr. Dwan says he is the most remarkably quick and responsive child actor he has ever worked with and confidently predicts a great future for him.

When he was casting the picture the director interviewed a dozen candidates, but they were all nice, pretty little curly-headed chaps. They wouldn't do.

Then it was that Mickey came into the office.

There was light in his eye from the beginning.

"You're not tough enough," said Mr. Dwan.

"Listen, where do you get that stuff," was the retort. "Don't try to make a fool out of me. First thing you know you'll find yourself talking to someone in the next room and you won't know how you got there."

"You're hired," said the director quickly.

Mickey insisted on picking his own gang.

"I won't work with them sissies," he growled sullenly. "There ain't a fight in the whole damned mess of 'em."

One scene was taken at an orphan asylum where Mickey was playing an inmate. He had never played baseball in his life. He had been brought up in a theater, and there's not room enough there to learn the game.

So when they put him up at the bat in front of a hundred other kids he was terribly humiliated. He flushed red as he missed time after time, but finally he cracked the ball on the nose and it struck the pitcher right on the head, bowing him over. Surprise and consternation on all sides.

"I guess that'll hold you for a while," yelled Mickey, and instead of running the bases, he swung around and started to beat up a red-headed kid who had been bawling, "Rotten. Rotten. Take that bum out."

Then he strutted around, a hero in the eyes of the whole orphanage.

Sure, they'll all tell you, that Mickey Bennett is a real kid.
Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

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

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—inventing the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion and assimilation, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"A year ago found me morose and irritable, with a nervous, rundown body and . . . an exceptionally bad complexion. Hereditary niggles on my face were the bane of my existence. One day while sitting at a soda fountain I read a Fleischmann Yeast ad and concluded to give it a trial. . . . Within a week I slept better. Today I am a picture of health, have a wonderful complexion, and everyone says I look five years younger."

(A letter from Miss Jane Branch of Houston, Texas)

"I am a graduate nurse. Back in 1921 while in charge of an operating room, I was affected with boils. I tried many remedies—still boils came, and I got run down and unable to carry on. Finally a physician told me to take Yeast. . . . That was twelve years ago, and I have never had a boil since. I have used Fleischmann's for hundreds of patients and for any number of different ailments. I am glad to say that twelve years have not dimmed my enthusiasm for Fleischmann's Yeast, or sealed my appreciation of what it has done for me and for others in the course of my professional life."

(Miss Ann Bachelder of New York)

"A regular hour, eating in sketch, desperate hurry. . . . nervous, little or no appetite, slept poorly, and worst of all suffered from constipation. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Almost at once, 'evacuation was easier, no stomach pains, no heartburn.' Today—practically complete elimination of bowel trouble, clearer skin, sounder sleep, better health!"

(Extract from letter of a New York reporter, Mr. A. T. Kendall)

"Run-down and ill from overwork, I had local neuritis, stomach acidity and insomnia; a formidable array of enemies for the brave little yeast cake to tackle! Yet in two weeks friends began to take notice. . . . In a month my complexion was clear and lovely, stomach in perfect condition, nerves 'unjangled,' gone the 'All worn out' feeling, and I was able to sleep like a top."

(Extract from letter of a Chicago business girl, Miss Dorothy Dene)

EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES A DAY REGULARLY

—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of warm water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast comes in the tin foil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today. And write us for further information or our free booklet on Yeast for Health, Address: Health Research Dept. G-1 The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York
The Newest and the Smartest Thing in Shoes

Until recently, it was almost impossible for a woman to get a shoe that really combined beauty and durability. Now the shoe manufacturers have a new process called The Goodyear Welt, which enables them to make a shoe that will give real wear, real service, and extreme beauty of design. It's not a process owned by any one manufacturer, but it has brought about an almost revolutionary development in the manufacture of women's shoes. The Colonial style oxfords shown in these illustrations were posed especially for Photoplay by Doris Thompson, who has done some fine work in pictures.

A close-up of a shoe made with a new process which can be used for almost any occasion from shopping to the informal dance. The heel, while sensibly low, is gracefully designed.

Dressed especially for Photoplay by Doris Thompson
The Beauty Aid of powder and rouge

By Mme. Jeannette

Why are there so many more beautiful women than there used to be? They have learned how to make more of such looks as the gods have bestowed upon them.

The trail of beauty is lightly traced in the careful use of vanishing cream and the deft handling of rouge and powder puffs.

Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, is made especially as a protective foundation for powder and rouge. Distribute it carefully over the face and neck; it will disappear as you apply it, leaving a delicate little film that is cool and firm to the touch.

Wait a few minutes so every particle of the cream vanishes—and you will find a most agreeable foundation for the smooth going-on of powder and rouge.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is an absolutely pure powder, and of the consistency agreeable to the average woman's skin. It adheres with unusual tenacity—and especially when used over Pompeian Day Cream. It comes in shades for all types of women—Rachel, Naturelle, Flesh, and White.

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge made to be used with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is a rouge compact, and while it does not crack or crumble, it rubs off easily on your puff for use.

When properly applied, it brings as natural a coloring as though a little wind had flushed your cheeks. Made in Light, Medium and Dark, and the new Orange tint. The latter tint harmonizes especially well with the Naturelle and Rachel shades of powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick should always be used when rouge is used, so the lips will not look pale by contrast. It is a natural shade of red for the lips, giving them a healthy color as well as keeping them in a soft condition.

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 5 x 7½ in.

For ten cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps."
2. "Honeymooning in the Alps, and" the four samples named in order.

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose . . . (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymoon..." and the four samples named in order.

Name

Address

City State

What shade of face powder wanted

WINTER WAYS AT YOUR TOILET TABLE

The winter days demand almost as great a change in the manner of your use of powder, rouge, etc., as they do in your manner of dress.

The cold, tingling air of winter brings about very definite changes in the condition of your skin.

The skin should have more attention now than in summer. More cream should be used to soften the skin. Care should be given to patting the face perfectly dry after touching it with water, to prevent chapping or roughening.

The foundation for your powder

When the frost is in the air there is very special reason for you to use Pompeian Day Cream as the base for your powder and rouge. It is a disappearing cream that touches your skin as lightly as a kiss, yet it leaves a beneficial film of protection to which your powder will adhere for hours at a time.

Over this invisible layer of cream you may use your powder generously.

Powder protects your skin

Pompeian Beauty Powder certainly enhances the loveliness of your skin. Even if you neglect to put on your powder as often as necessary in the house, never go out into the winter weather without careful attention to your use of powder.

With your winter clothes you require pinker cheeks to give your eyes brightness, and to obtain that exquisite appearance of sparkle and glowing health. After powdering comes the application of Pompeian Bloom. This is a compact rouge that blends perfectly with your powder, and that adds a natural color. The new Orange shade is very popular.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives the delightful appearance of youthful freshness to your mouth. It comes in a dainty girt container, convenient for your hand-bag or your dressing table.

Specialiste en Beauté

Mme. Jeannette

For 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples For Ten Cents

5x 7½ in. Similar Pompeian panels, done in pastel by a famous artist and displayed at the request of your Busy Lady Friend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose . . . (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps."

Name

Address

City State

What shade of face powder wanted

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow these simple methods.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonsfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the fingers, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly —always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified again working up the lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. For it will be soft and silky in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for

Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo

"EMO," the famous motion picture star, has been using Mulsified coconut oil shampoo for several months. She says "It is the best thing I have ever used for my hair. In a very short time it has given me the hair I have always wanted."

Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. D. H., TAMPA, FLA.—Is Lionel Barrymore married? I'll say he is. Much. To Anne Fenwick, who is appearing in the play, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," with him. Charles de Roche is six feet tall. Pola Negri is the age which Balzac thought so alluring that he wrote a novel about "A Woman of Thirty."

D. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.—A frank statement of your platform: "I am fifteen. I have just been graduated from High School. Like all other silly girls I want to be a motion picture actress. And I must know all these things about my favorite stars." Of a certainty, D. Y., Monte Blue was born in 1890. He was divorced last year from Gladys Blue. Some of his most famous pictures are "Brass" and "Main Street." His latest completed picture is "Cap'n Dan." He was with Marc Marsh in "Daddies." Rod La Rocque is not a relative of Monte Blue. Mr. La Rocque was born Nov. 29, 1890. He is not married. Recent pictures in which he appeared are "Slim Shoulders," "Notority" and "Ten Commandments." Mae Murray's birthday was May 9, 1886. Monte Blue supported her in "Broadway Rose," and Rod La Rocque in "The French Doll" and "Jazmimana."

HELEN, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Having seen Bert Lytell in person at a theater you want to know all about him. You are welcome to all I know. Helen of Troy, I mean Pittsburgh. He is escaping the harsh winter winds by a trip to Algiers. But not for pleasure alone. There he will help to film "A Son of the Sahara." Mr. Lytell's age is thirty-eight years. His height is five feet ten inches. As you may, or may not, have observed, according to the lighting of the theater, his eyes are hazel and his hair brown.

DIANE OF SASKATCHEWAN.—Where'd you get the "slim, aristocratic fingers" stuff, Diane? Tell all I know about Conway Tearle? Oh, Diane! He's very handsome, as you have noticed. The girls like him, as you must have suspected. He was a matinee idol on the stage. He was leading man for Grace George. Born of English parents, connected with the stage. Tearle is a famous name of the theater in England. He is darkly romantic, as you have not failed to observe. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs twenty pounds less than two hundred. A hefty fellow. His age is forty-three. His wife is Adele Rowland, singer.

OLIVIA, ST. LOUIS, MO.—You say you are eighteen and "just the age at which most girls are boy crazy." Then, with the craftiness of your sex, you sidestep and demurely add that you have "experienced several little romances though none was very serious." Again craft, for you congratulate me on my "wonderful brain." Leatrice Joy's latest picture is "Triumph." Gloria Swanson has been divorced twice. Her latest picture is "The Humming Bird." Write her care the Paramount Studio, Long Island City, for her photographs.

M. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—The article on "How I Discover Them" appeared in the June number of Photoplay Magazine, 1923.

ASHTON, FRANKLIN, LA.—I salute you, serious son of the South. The Pearl White serial to which you refer is "The Black Secret." A brilliant idea of yours that we "get the habit of saying 'Our Norma.'" Let's begin at once. Ash, Richard Barthelmess' last picture is "Twenty-one." Conrad Nagel, your emphatic choice of a successor for Wallace Reid, is twenty-eight. His height is six feet. Anna O. Nilsson's middle initial stands for "Quer-

MRS. MAY, ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—I've been looking at the picture to which you refer. I'm for the coat of light color with the dark collar, Mme. Brevity.

BETTY OF IOWA CITY, IOWA.—Very well for the first time, Miss Betty. Your favorite actor, Thomas Meighan's birthday is 1879. I would write to the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, for his autograph. And enclose a quarter. He lives in New York or in California according to the needs of his picture producers. Leatrice Joy is married to Jack Gilbert. A request for her photograph should go to the same destination as that for Mr. Meighan's.

HELEN M., KOKOMO, IND.—I remember you, Helen. Glad to have another letter from you. The copy of Photoplay Magazine that had Betty Blythe's picture on the cover was September, 1921. That which bore Nita Naldi's was December, 1922. The studios to which you should write for the photographs you wish are Corrine Griffith's, Associated First National, United Studios; Nita Naldi's, Lasky Studio; Barbara La Marr, First National Studios.

"JUSTA NUTT," AUSTIN, TEX.—You end your letter with "Yours For Novello Crazily." And you "couldn't keep from crying when you saw 'The White Rose' not only because of the play but because Evor Novello is so wonderful." A tribute so genuine merits prompt attention. Mr. Novello is of English birth. He is the son of Madame Clara Novello Davies, the vocal instructor. Mr. Novello is himself a musician, having written "Keep the Home Fires Burning." He is not yet thirty. At the time I write this he is appearing on the London Stage.

J. A. M., BROCKTON, MASS.—Hello! Are you imposing upon the credulity of the poor old Answer Man with those initials? I have a sweet tooth. A full set, thirty-two of 'em. Vincent Coleman of Mae Murray's company in "Fascination" is married to Marjorie Grant. She is an actress. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]
Photoplay

The Shadow Stage

[continued from page 65]

THE SHEPHERD KING—Fox

THE story of David, the militant psalmist, done very well indeed by an Italian company—with Violet Mersereau, of erstwhile American fame—as the heroine. A Biblical theme made very real for some of the battle scenes which are badly directed. Often it's quite impossible to tell who shot what off of who's head, but the David-Goliath fight is well staged and convincing. An interesting effort.

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn

ADAPTED from Hall Caine's story "The Master of Man"—with a poorly assorted cast of players. This is not another "The Christian," it is, instead, a distorted narrative of a man who can never seem to choose between love, duty and justice. The director, Victor Seastrom, has over-played the long arm of coincidence and has dallied too much with contrasts. Conrad Nagel, Patry Ruth Miller, Mae Busch and Creighton Hale.

THE UNKNOWN PURPLE—Truart

THIS stage success has lost something of the suspense that made it a footlight thriller. But the lighting effects and technical devices have been so well managed that much can be forgiven. The story of an inventor, wrongly sent to prison by his unfaithful wife, who comes back to seek revenge with the aid of a mysterious purple light which renders him invisible. Henry B. Walthall stars—doing good work, but seeming old and tired.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Paramount

THIS is one of the best and most complete travel pictures that has ever been given to the public. It's a pleasantly intimate sort of thing that will give an audience a cozy feeling, even while a flock of cannibals are dancing around a steaming kettle. The titles and editing, done so very well by Terry Ramsaye, add greatly to the charm of the thing—make it, in fact.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn

THIS screen version of Marion Crawford's novel is beautifully staged and costumed is with care and good taste. The locale is Spain, and the action takes place all in one night. It is a shame, with the loveliness of the settings, that the direction and casting might not have been better. The story has been told carelessly, without finesse or attention to detail. Ilhanee Sweet is perfect as the heroine. She, and Pauline Starke, are the bright spots.

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National

SLAPSTICK of the better sort, featuring Owen Moore, Tully Marshall, Sidney Chaplin and Sylvia Breamer. A ridiculous business of false white whiskers, long cusses through tap-

ed stairs, and falls from high windows. A strange will, compelling the heroine to be a widow before she becomes an heiress, causes all the trouble. Sidney Chaplin does a bit of pantomime worthy of his brother. Laughter for everybody.

THE MAILMAN—Film Booking Office

HAVING done right by the policeman, the fireman, and the engineer, Emory Johnson has turned his attention to the man who sees that our letters arrive promptly (especially on the first of the month). Full of human touches, bound humor and fool proof pathos, with Ralph Lewis making an audience like him, despite its better judgment. All the usual hokum, with the addition of aeroplanes. For the family, by all means!

WHITE TIGER—Universal

A STORY of two crooked men and a crooked girl who—to quote from the nursery rhyme—lived very crooked lives. When the time comes for them to put over the big job they get an attack of "white tiger"—which, in underworld parlance, is something like cold feet. But it ends nicely with the ringleader dyng and the rest being reformed. Priscilla Dean, Matt Moore, Wallace Beery and Ray Griffin.

THE THRILL CHASER—Universal

A HOOT GIBSON special in which one of our best cowboys goes to Hollywood. With him we visit a number of sets, meeting directors and stars in the best comedy manner. And then, still with him, we go to Arabia where he becomes, for a brief and colorful period, a sheik of sheiks. This is genuinely amusing from start to finish—with some su-
tained suspense to lift it out of the commonplace class. Well worth seeing.

MAYTIME—Preferred Pictures

IT'S hard to transfer a tuneful musical comedy to the screen, without losing the greatest part of its charm. In "Maytime" this fact is especially evident—for as a stage success it was light and lovely, and on the screen it is heavy and dragging. A love story that stretches through three generations—stretches so far that it ceases to be elastic. No outstanding performances.

THE DAY OF FAITH—Goldwyn

A POOR imitation of "The Miracle Man." Most of the situations strike the observer as impossible, almost every climax seems absurd. The story of a humanitarian creed, and of a sweet young girl who tries to give it to the world. The creed, however, seems silly instead of sublime. The girl, Eleanor Board-
man, is charming, and does good work Raymond Griffith, as a reporter, also con-
tributes a fine bit. And that's all.

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro

"HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL" is a fresh salt water tale. Portions of it need to be taken with a grain of salt, but, on the whole, this story of a foundling adopted by a sea captain is convincing and interesting. The child is discovered with half of a bisected greenback pinned to its clothing—which gives us the title. From that point on there is plenty of action.

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME—Pathe

THIS, although it has no sex appeal, should provide a lot of office attraction. For it tells, in detail, how elephants are trapped and are dragged, protestingly, from their native jungle. If it seems, to some of us, that it's a clever stunt to play on a nice, peaceful flock of elephants, there are others who will find the struggle of the captive beasts amusing. Educational, of a sort.

PIioneer Trails—Viragraph

A N attempt to ride to popularity over paths made safe by "The Covered Wagon." With a resulting jumble of love, excitement and suspicion against an apparently blameless hero. The acting honors go to Otis Harlan as a baby donkey—although Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis and various other near-stars.

On and off the Stage—

THE very word Gainsborough means smart grooming, charm, social prestige.

America's leaders of fashion on and off the stage depend upon the subtle aid of this distinguished Hair Net to create the smartest coiffure effects.

Gainsborough Genuine HAIR NET

The Net of the Life—Like Wreath

The Largest Selling Hair Net in the World

At All Good Prices

The Western Company, Chicago, New York

WECO Product Co. Limited, Toronto, Canada

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
For that dark closet - use your flashlight!

MORE light for all the dark places of your house. Instant light. Safe light. Keep a flashlight in each of those much-used closets. Tie tapes around them. Hang them where they will be instantly convenient. Don’t stumble! Have another at the top of those dark cellar stairs. Don’t fumble! Have another at your bedside for sudden needs at night.

Keep them loaded with Eveready Unit Cells and you will have plenty of bright, white light where and when you need it.

If you have a flashlight not in use, get it out and reload it with Eveready Unit Cells; long-lived cartridges of brilliant light. Buy them from any electrical or hardware dealer, drug, sporting goods or general store, garage or auto accessory shop.

When you buy new flashlights, be sure they have EVEREADY stamped on the end. EVEREADY means the highest standard of flashlight quality, and Eveready Unit Cells give more light longer.

Prices from 65c to $4.50 complete with battery anywhere in the U. S. A.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC,

New York San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Factory and Offices: Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
-the last longer
decorated the cast. An Indian attack upon a wagon train is the best bit—the rest is old- fashioned melodrama.

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathé

WILL ROGERS tries, very unsuccessfully, to be thrillingly funny. He impersonates various motion picture stars, including Valentino, Tom Mix and Bill Hart. And doesn't make any one of them worth a great deal. The title writer throws in a word now and then and makes things worse than ever. Why did Will leave his rope out of the script, anyway? And why is this called a comedy?

THE WHIPPING BOSS—Monogram

A SERMON against the evils of the convict leasing system—with the evils exposed brutally, and in detail. This picture should do a lot of good, but it isn't easy to watch. The American Legion is the St. George that slays the dragon of viciousness, and the story is taken, almost intact, from an actual occurrence. Barbara Bedford, Lloyd Hughes and Eddie Phillips head the cast.

THE RED WARNING—Universal

SLOW movement cannot be urged against this piece in which a lost mine, attempted claim jumping and the w.r.c. cattle thieves keep the plot boiling. Jack Hoxie establishes justice after instigating a war between the ranchers and the rustlers, and incidentally gets himself a bride. There's enough shooting and riding to have satisfied Buffalo Bill.

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox

WILLIAM FOX usually hitches his pictures to a star, and he has been fortunate here in his hitching post. However, even Shirley Mason couldn't save from mediocrity this very ordinary story by the Hattons. A maid is in love with a man. He proves to be married, but his wife dies in due time and all's well.

THE MASK OF LOPEZ—Monogram

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead. Who never to himself hath said, "I've had enough of all these westerns?" For the 6:80th time we have the girl ranch being robbed by the cattle rustlers, the ring-leader proving to be her foreman. This is a case where the horse is the thing.

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox

TWO rival companies are out to get control of a mine on the Island of Pago Tai. Needless to say, the one represented by William Russell wins. Also needless to say there is a pretty girl who figures conspicuously and decides to change her name from Miss to Mrs., when the hard fighting is over. It is a mixture which comes to nothing.

THE DANGEROUS HOUR—Johnny Walker

THE heroine pursued by a villainous mine owner, asked for a husband to save her, and got him—through the roof. This plausible incident, brought about by Eddie Polo's acrobatic plane tumbling into the lady's home, is typical of the picture.

If you are looking for intensely interesting fiction—fiction with unusual plot, suspense and humor—you can not afford to pass by

THE PAVED JUNGLE By Frank R. Adams

It is a story of extraordinary situations and surprises. On page 34, this issue.
Day by day modern life is taking from your skin something you must put back

Every skin blemish and fault comes fundamentally from one cause. Neglect this cause, and no amount of treatments, however strenuous, will keep your complexion from being permanently clouded. Follow this simple method of daily care, developed thirty years ago by a well-known physician, and you will unlock a hidden beauty. Just beneath your skin, perhaps only one short week away, is the complexion you envy today in others.

Is your skin dull and muddy? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes that special treatments do not seem able to remove?
Is it rough and blotchy—oily, coarse-textured, or over-sensitive?
Whatever special fault your skin may have, it is fundamentally from one underlying cause.

Thirty years ago a well-known physician made an important discovery
Continually confronted in his practice with extreme cases of skin disorder, and not content with mere patchwork treatment, a well-known physician thirty years ago set out to find the underlying cause of all complexion faults.

From the beginning one thing was clear:
Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face—
—lack of the blood-pulsing exercise so necessary to keep the tiny glands of the skin functioning normally—
—harsh, dry winds that roughen the surface that should be always soft and supple—
—these are the forces in modern life that day and night are working against the complexion—the one fundamental cause of all skin blemishes and faults.

No girl can change these conditions. Yet if the skin is to have the clear, radiant glow of health, there must be put back into it the elements that daily life is stealing from it.

To stimulate the flow of blood—to soften the skin and keep it supple—to cleanse the pores of dust and germs—this was the physician’s problem.

At last he achieved it—not in a complicated drug, but in a simple prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today you too can have this remarkable prescription
At first, the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use by thousands of women. Discouraged with the failure of many creams, drugs and preparations, women everywhere are turning to this simple, fundamental principle in the daily care of the skin.

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. Do not rub or massage with harsh methods. If possible, leave it on over night. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too
In thousands of homes where Resinol was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby’s tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath, where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send in the coupon below for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They will keep your skin functioning normally—will put back into it the vital elements your daily life destroys.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections
Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again tinging normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate tissue of an infant’s skin.

Resinol Soap and Ointment

Send this coupon today for free trial packages
Dept. 5-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Name ____________________________

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment.

Street ____________________________ City ____________________________

State ____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The CONN SAXOPHONE is Superior

Foremost artists, also the great soloists, use and endorse Conn's.

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES
Hydraulic Expansion of tubing; Conn Patented Tuning Device; Straight Model Mouthpipe; Improved and Simplified Key system with Automatic Register Key. Tone holes with rolled edges—drawn, not soldered. Fool-proof key pads, non-warpable, non-shrinkable.

FREE
"Success in Music and How to Win It"—an interesting and valuable book. John Philip Sousa and other world-famous musicians give valuable advice. Send coupon for your copy and details of Free Trial; Easy Payments.

on any Conn instrument. 

C. G. CONN, Ltd., 128 Conn Building Elkhart, Indiana

Send for this Free Book

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

the director asked Jimmy Adams, of Christie Comedies, to have his head shaved, the boy did so in a manner that combined willingness and trust. Of course his hair, he realized, was not worth the same sum that Anna's golden locks had brought forth. But it was good hair, never the less; it was his hair—and worth something!

But the director, having used Jimmy—bald head and all—didn't mention any bonus. And now the comedian is waiting for his hair to grow before he can appear again upon the screen. And he is nursing both a barber's bill and a grouch.

INCIDENTALLY, Anna Q. Nilsson has been cast as the heroine of "Flowing Gold," to play opposite Milton Sills as Calvin Gray. Others of the cast will be Josephine Crowell, as Ma Briskow; Bert Woodruff as Pa Briskow; John Roche, finally selected as Buddy Briskow; Sills sparring partner, and Charles A. Sellen for Tom Parker. Joseph De Grasse will direct the picture. And—a rare bit of news for the old timers—Cissie Fitzgerald will be a member of the cast, also. Cissie's wink, some twenty-five years ago, was the essence of all theatrical wickedness. It went with Olgas Nethercote's kiss. Alson Skipworth's back, and Anna Held's milk baths. One wonders if the wink will come to life, again, for the silver screen.

DOUG. FAIRBANKS, JR., demonstrated at the wreck of the Twentieth Century Limited, recently, that he was made of real off-the-screen star stuff. Though just a boy, he was of real service to the doctors, helping them with bandages, running errands, and bringing misshapen and hysterical families together.

"My first thought," he said, "when the crash came was of my dog" (a magnificent chow) "who was sleeping on an upper berth. When I found out that he was safe, the two of us went out to help."

According to one of the attendant physicians: "I noticed one very young man who worked like fury. He was everywhere. He even helped with the dressings. I didn't know, at the time, that he was young Fairbanks."

MARTHA MANSFIELD has left the screen forever. Just upon the eve of being named a star she was called aside—her death coming from burns received on location. It was while they were making "The Warrens of Virginia," and Miss Mansfield—very lovely in her hoop-skirt—Civil war costume—had stepped forward for an interior scene. She paused for a moment to speak to a little extra girl, who was passing, and—in that moment—a careless smoker tossed a lighted match to the ground. One lazy ruffle touched the nearly-extinguished splinter of wood—and, in a second, Miss Mansfield was a living torch.

Her director, her leading man, her chauffeur, rushed forward. They tried to smother the flames—and succeeded. But they were just a bit too late. She died a day later from the burns received and from shock.
PIVER'S incomparable Poudres de Luxe possess the precious quality of imparting that most desired, inspired and finished touch to the complexion, which daintily enhances one's natural charms.

These matchless Poudres, with true French artistry — dating from 1774 — are delicately odoured with PIVER'S world-renowned Parfums of Personality, which subtly and sweetly breathe an aura of loveliness that clings as prettily as Romance and Youth itself.

To further emphasize one's personality with an individual odour throughout the toilette, all of the following world-renowned PIVER odours —

VELIVOLE — POMPEIA — AZUREA —
FLORAMYE — LE TREFLE INCARNAT —
SAFRANOR — ASTIS, etc.

may be obtained in

Pounds sold annually is convincing proof of the popularity of these matchless creations.

At All Good Dealers

L.T. PIVER, Inc.
118 East 16th Street, New York City
Chas. Baez, Selling Agent for U.S.
**What does Your Nose Register?**

Long, pointed, hook, pug, shrew?

**THEN CORRECT IT by a painless scientific method AT HOME**

Your daily life is a constant “close-up”—and an imperfect nose is a drag to success—to happiness and most of all, to your personal appearance. Glorious hair, complexion, beautiful eyes are nothing if your nose is ugly.

My 15 years of experience in perfecting nose shapers have proven that to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shapen noses, one can offer the most meritorious Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved model No. 25 (U. S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other nose shapers by a large margin. This new model has every refinement that you might need: the adjustments are simple and such that it will fit every nose without exception. The apparatus is constructed of light weight metal and is afforded very accurate regulation for adjustment into any desired position. You can attain the absolutely exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities—nose—hook—pug—shrew nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide noses. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamois (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects nasal ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

**If you wish to have a perfect looking nose write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.**

Clip the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it to M. Triley, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, it is our guarantee.

**M. TRILEY.**

1937 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Name: ____________________________

Address: _________________________

City: ____________________ State: ______

**Miss Mansfield was just twenty years old. A former “Follies” girl, and one of the beauties of the nation. She made her first screen success as the leading lady for John Barrymore in his production of “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.”**

**THE Famous Players-Lasky Company were satisfied with one picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They did not see fit to take advantage of their option on three more pictures. Director Henshaw, who made a very good picture out of “Stephen Steps Out,” young Fairbanks’ first and only film, declined to make another picture with him. It is understood that he resented the constant attempt at supervision of the picture by the boy’s mother.**

**BARBRA LA MARR has signed a contract to make four pictures for First National. Their names have not been announced, but the contract has been made with Richard Rowland, of First National, and the pictures will be made under the personal supervision of Arthur H. Sawyer. Miss La Marr has been free lancing for some time. Her rise to fame, during the past two years, has been almost phenomenal—until one stops to consider her remarkable beauty and her real ability as an actress. The Eternal City” places her, without a shadow of question, in the front rank of the stars.**

It was twenty years ago that John Bowers—a who is fast climbing the ladder to stardom—made his first stage appearance. He was known, then, as John Bowers; a quaint name, but his own. And he was busily attending the Huntington Business University, at Huntington, Ind.

It so happened that as John was burning the midnight oil—preparing to become a lawyer or dentist or any other regular sort of a business man—a show “went broke” in Huntington. And a certain actor, by the name of C. Garvin Gilmaine, was left without any occupation. So he set about to organize a theatrical company.

To make a long story short, Gilmaine met young Bowers. And, after much persuasion, convinced the youth that he had the makings of an actor in him. And the upshot of the matter was that Bowers played the part of a villain—one Manuel Lopez—in a stirring melodrama called “Nugget Nell.”

Since those days, John has gone a long way. He’s added a list of characteristics to his history, and dropped a syllable from his name. And now, to cap the climax, he’s going to appear in a Harold Bell Wright story.

**We should very much like to know what the new gag in Harold Lloyd’s present picture is. It’s a deep dark secret, but every time they mention it, Harold and his staff of helpers go into roars of laughter. There’s one thing about Harold that’s always amusing. If you ask him how his picture is going, his face falls. He looks utterly downcast and miserable, and with a deep frown shakes his head. “I’m afraid of it,” he says. I remember that he said that about “Grandma’s Boy” and “Safety Last” and “Why Worry?” It’s a very progressive state of mind.**

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., went through the business of his first personal appearance like a born diplomat. It was at the first showing of his picture “Stephen Steps Out” at the Rivoli theater, in New York, that he made said personal appearance—meeting hundreds of people, and shaking hundreds of hands.**

Although Doug., Jr., is just fourteen, he has a great deal of poise. And, although he has a great deal of poise, he is neither a stilt, nor conceited. He is just a regular American boy—the sort we like to think of as the “typical” American boy. And—if his performance in his first picture means anything—he shows promise of becoming one of the best of our juveniles.
"Be Sure You're Right"

DAVY CROCKETT used to say: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." That's mighty sage advice. It's a wise shopper who takes it to heart.

Glance through the advertisements and in a few minutes you can set yourself right on numerous things you either want to buy now or at some future date.

Advertising has stabilized prices. The advertiser names his price—the same for all. You can know that in paying it, you're getting the same deal as the next one.

"Be sure you're right." It's a duty you owe your pocketbook.

Advertising has helped to standardize quality. Only the best of wares are spread out for you on these printed pages. The men who advertise here are making publicly certain claims, on the fulfillment of which depends their commercial success.

"Be sure you're right."

Advertisements give you news of the latest and best things made with word as to what they cost and what they will do. They put before your eyes the pick of the country's market and the selection of the particular kind, shape, size and color that best suits your taste and fits your pocketbook.

Buy with your mind made up. Let the advertisements guide you away from mistakes.

"Be sure you are right."

Read the Advertisements
The secret is out!

Noted Parisian perfumer finally discloses the reason why his most popular odor has for years been the favorite of so many women—

WHILE other perfumes have come and gone, Rigaud’s Parfum Mary Garden, like the never-waning popularity of the famous opera artiste whose name it bears, has lived on and on for fifteen years like an ever-fragrant flower!

“The secret is a simple one,” said the aged creator of Rigaud odours. “In formulating Parfum Mary Garden, we deliberately set for ourselves the task of achieving an odor that would be so seductive, so fascinating, so bewitching that it would be utterly irresistible to men.

“To create this kind of a perfume, we did not trust our own judgment entirely; we investigated most carefully; we distilled nearly 100 new odours and secured dozens of women to give them actual tests in their social contacts with men.

“We did not rely upon the opinions alone of the beautiful women of France. We carried our tests into Spain, into Italy, into England, into Russia, and to America.

“And at last after eighteen months we reduced our researches and conclusions to just one odor which we then perfected. And this became Rigaud’s Parfum Mary Garden—a perfume with so distinct, so individual and so seductive a lure that men simply could not resist it!”

That is the secret of why it has survived so long—that is the reason it will live on for many years to come.

You will find at the better shops a complete line of toilet accessories, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden. Ask to see them.

Jeannie Macpherson—who is responsible for the brilliant script of Cecil De Mille’s “The Ten Commandments”—tells Aaron, of Old Testament fame, how he should handle his strange, triangular staff. Aaron, in his present incarnation, is James Neill. And Miss Macpherson, in all incarnations, is the axis around which the De Mille organization revolves. She was a screen actress herself before she began to write.

Los Angeles—as far as possible, it would seem, from the stamping ground of our revered Pilgrim fathers—has finally got its Blue Laws and its long-haired reformers. And, though the film city has been talked about as a place of parties, the harmless ball of the Wampas (the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) has been driven from its home town and will be held in San Francisco.

It happened this way. The reformers have put through a curb law to stop all public entertainments—and private ones, too—at twelve o’clock. And to have their party undisturbed, the Wampas hold their annual dance farther north.

It would seem to the casual observer that the blue law faction is trying to oust motion pictures, and motion picture people, from Los Angeles. They put a stop to the dimes’ ball, and they have ruined a whole flock of good parties that would pass muster in any other city. Picture folk, rather than put up with constant questioning and insult, are leaving the town. And who can blame them?

And now Griffith is a Colonel. Not just “D. W.” any more—Colonel D. W... if you please. He was given this rank at the request of the “Daughters of the American Revolution” in recognition of his splendid work in bettering the average of the silver sheet. The Daughters, we believe, especially mentioned “The Birth of a Nation” and Griffith’s forthcoming “America” in their petition. Said petition was granted by the governor of a state. Try and guess which state! Kentucky, of course!

Pedro De Cordoba, while one of the gentlest and most popular of players, seems to spend most of his life under the shadow of tragedy. The story of how, despite his wife’s death, he was compelled to play a matinee and evening performance in “Nemesis,” to prevent the closing of the play, will one day be a great legend. This winter he has endured another
severe tragedy, for his talented younger sister has been threatened with blindness. As her trouble is a bailing one and requires an extremely delicate operation De Cordoba has sent his sister to Spain—where a certain great specialist may, he hopes, be able to cure her.

**Mrs. Theodore Roberts** brings from the Hollywood colony an amusing story of the advent of a titled woman of tremendous dignity. The titled woman's husband is a bit of a philanderer and addicted to holding a fair feminine hand longer than social usage demands.

At a tea at which his imposing spouse was presented to Hollywood's exclusive social circle an attractive member of the colony said: "Hereafter her husband may hold my hand as long as she likes. He needs it."

**Mary Beth Milford** and Louise Loraine—leading ladies both, who have adjoining dressing rooms—have found a way of solving the h. c. of 1. Wearing the same size shoes, they do their foot shopping together. And take turns wearing the same slippers. For instance, when Mary Beth's script calls for an evening frock and Louise is appearing in sports clothes, Mary Beth wears the silver slippers and Louise appears in the rubber soled buckskin oxfords. And vice versa.

**Leach Cross**, former contender for the lightweight crown, is back again in the ring. That is, in the near ring! For he's appearing as George O'Hara's opponent in a scene from Witwer's "Fighting Blood" series. We hope, for the sake of George, that Leach Cross doesn't forget where he is!

**Joseph De Grasse**, who is to direct Richard Walton Tully's production of "Flowing Gold," was interviewing an oil field worker who had spent a great deal of time in Ranger, Texas—the locale of the story. "Ranger was quite muddy in those days, wasn't it?" asked De Grasse.

"—then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'"

"AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mirror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They looked so nice and clean. "'My!', I exclaimed, 'I wish I could keep them that way'. "Then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's.'"

* * *

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream gives you the secret of clean, beautiful teeth. It 'washes' and polishes your teeth, without scratching or scouring. It brings out and preserves all the natural beauty of your tooth enamel.

Colgate's is the safe, double-action dentifrice. It specially prepared non-gritty chalk loosens clinging food particles; its pure vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

Because Colgate's cleans teeth the right way, it is recommended by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.*

Colgate's is on sale everywhere. Large tube, 25c.

* A Dentist recently wrote: "There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleaning agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market."

(Colgate & Co. Established 1806)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The man laughed. "I'll say it was," he answered. "Why, once I was walkin' along the sidewalk on Main Street, right in front of the market, and a man came along and looked at me. I said to him, 'What are you lookin' at?' He said, 'I'm just wonderin' how you can walk around so nat'ly.'" "I don't know, I just do," the woman said. "I never did anything wrong in my life, so why should I be lookin' different?"

TF began last August—the romance that has united Ann Luther and Ed Gallagher in the holy bonds, etc. Gallagher, whose name, without Shean's, is like pork without beans (not original, this rhyme), met the lovely motion picture actress when he was taking his initial dip into the film sea. The wedding took place in December, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Said wedding was, of course, followed by a wedding breakfast, at which Al Shean was the master of ceremonies. Al, by the way, was the best man. And, to say the least, the party was tuned—everybody sang a certain song. Do you know it? Why, absolutely, Mr. Shean!

MALCOLM MCGRAGAR was a visitor on "Norma Talmadge's" set, watching the star work in scenes of "Dust of Desire," when some one asked him if he would like to play Romeo with Miss Talmadge in "Romeo and Juliet." "Not I," said Mac. "That takes a good actor."

And it takes a darned good actor to say that, we might add.

AT the opening of Emory Johnson's spectacular photoplay, "The Mailman," a prize was awarded to the best mailmen's band in the country. Of course not everybody knows that mailmen have bands, unless they happen to be radio fans, we say, they don't know it!

The first prize—$300 and a silver cup—was awarded to the New York Mailmen's Band. The second prize, $200 and no cup, went to the mailmen's band of Newark, N. J.

UNIVERSAL announces that it has signed Al Lichtman in an executive capacity. His first job there will be the management of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Speaking of Universal, we see, by the S. E. F., that Carl Laemmle wants to buy a ranch. A great big ranch.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]

What Kind of Women Attract Men Most? [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

jolt when one woman enters a room. It is a thing which stimulates interests in your very unconsciousness before your consciousness is even aware of the presence of the embodiment of it. Pola Negri has it, the naive, egotistical, beautiful, emotional Pola. Shean has it, the smart, fashionable, finished Gloria. Mabel Normand has it, the rogue, the wit. It is an attribute of beautiful Barbara LaMarr, voluptuous Nita Naldi, alluring Geneviève Griffith. It is the hundred per cent of personality.

Magnetism is the antithesis of "blah." It is always active. Personality can be negative. Magnetism is compelling. Personality is merely arresting. Magnetism is what makes the man-chased woman.

Pola Negri, for all her beauty, might be an unschooled school-ma'am were it not for a magnetism mentally stimulated. Here is a woman of elemental naturalness. The most unexpected, and perhaps the most pleasing quality of her nature, is her great ingenuousness. She is a blend of sophistication and utter naivete. Her emotional naturalness bursts through all control. She is incapable of sustained pose.
A Modern Living Room, Italian in Spirit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Good adaptations of Italian Renaissance styles in furniture should always have the straight or classic lines shown in this sketch.

then-known world. Commerce thrived, ships and caravans returned with priceless textiles and carvings. Wars in other countries drove workmen into the towns and cities of Italy, and, becoming inspired with classic love, and with the impelling beauties of the fruits of Italian commerce, they took the things at hand and wrought from them the wondrous furniture and textiles and decorative accessories that serve as our inspiration today.

Domestic and industrial arts flourished. Princes and potentates threw the weight of their wealth to the support of both fine and applied arts. All history tells of the influence the powerful and wealthy family of Medici, in Florence, had upon the art of the day. Great painters were commissioned to decorate palaces, both public and private. Worthy artisans were encouraged to create the supreme in furnishings. Wonderful textiles, tapestries, and fabrics for drapery and upholstery were manufactured in gorgeous and colorful plenty.

Naturally, it was an epoch in which these things were attainable to only those of great wealth. But like all such movements, the reflected glory of it was felt in the more humble homes, where the furniture and rooms could not help being influenced by the great art accomplishments of the wealthy.

So we come to know that there are two kinds of Italian Renaissance. One, the gorgeous splendor of the wealthy. The other, the more simple—yet beautiful—art of the average people. It is with the latter we deal here, for the simplest forms are always the best in home decoration.

It is one of the outstanding characteristics of Italian furniture that it was designed with the idea of concentrating enrichment in one spot and isolating it against a background of the simplest type. And that, also, is the outstanding characteristic of the room which we are presenting for your guidance. A general view of the room is given at the head of this article, and a more restricted view, and a floor plan, in other illustrations. Each piece of furniture, or group of pieces, is placed so that the beauty of it is shown to advantage against the simplest sort of background.

We had in mind a room embodying the most economical elements to either the builder of a new house, or to one who is redecorating a room in an old house. To the builder of a new house we would say—let your walls be sand finished, and tinted, either in the plaster or after it has been put on. Because we are not concerned here with the emblishments that typified the homes of the wealthy. Wall surfaces must be plain and rough in texture, and warm in color. Therefore the sanded finish. In redecorating an old house, there are a number of wall papers suited to give the effect desired. Papers in natural tones, creams, ochres, light chocolate, or grey; rough in texture or with surfaces blended by self colorings in conventional designs. The designs should not be too large, and the walls should be papered to the ceiling, with out a drop molding, and finished either with a small cove molding, or with a finishing-braid. The ceiling should be lightly tinted to harmonize with the walls.

The floors in such a room should be laid with

EUROPE

Make your bookings now!

If you are planning a trip abroad I investigate first your own U.S. Government ships sailing under the American Flag, before you make any bookings. In the transatlantic service between New York and Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen they are unsurpassed for size, speed, luxury and economy.

Free Literature

Send in the coupon below. Free, illustrated literature on Europe and ship accommodations of the U.S. Lines will be sent without obligation. Send the coupon now.

United States Lines

45 Broadway

New York

Managing Operators for

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

The Ships are

America Feb. 7 Mar. 12
Pres. Roosevelt Feb. 23 Mar. 29
Leviathan Mar. 1 Mar. 22
Pres. Harding Mar. 1 Apr. 5
Geo. Washington Mar. 8 Apr. 19

Mail this coupon

INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board

Infor. Section 122 U. S. Wash. D. C.

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to Europe[ ], thru the Orient[ ], to South America[ ].

My Name __________________________

Address __________________________

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 get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid ammonia; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid ammonia at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

New Easy Way to Learn Fancy Dancing

Various teachers—three now—give lessons in this wonderful new amusement through clever, new forms, of which they have given an accomplished fancy dancer, Madame Ludwig, and Miss Ethel Weinreb, the extraordinary method given to you.

Right At Home!

Let your hand express that grace quickly becomes a charming fancy dance. Madame Ludwig, the famous teacher, is a very pitifully described the problem of classical masters and adapted them to easy-learning modern fancies prepared to dance: the public vogue, being fundamentally a very fine art. The man and fancy—"fancy dancing—very free, no obligation.

MADAME LUDWIG STUDIO
Studio 1722 1105 Lawrence Ave. CHICAGO

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

Write today for our FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEANSING CARE," telling how I cured myself of a very bad condition.

E. E. GIVENS, 137 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE IN HOLLYWOOD?

The sensational press and the scandal-mongering publications are fond of printing, with or without excuse, stories of quarrels, separations, divorces among the members of the screen colony in Hollywood. If one believes all these stories, one may easily think that the screen industry contains no happily married couples. Stories of husbands and wives who do not have differences are not published. They are not of interest to the scandal lovers.

Photo Play asked the question, "Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?" of its Western editor, Adela Rogers St. John, who probably knows more on picture actors than anyone else in the United States. And she, from the depths of her years of experience and her wide acquaintance, tells Photo Play the real facts. It is a comprehensive and extremely interesting article, and it sheds some real light on the marital affairs of Hollywood.

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF PHOTOPHAY

Out February 15th
because the lighter fabrics will not suit the ruggedness of the rest of the room.

When furniture coverings are considered, it would be better to combine your self to the cut pin velvets, tapestries in period, or to grass, or petit, point needlework. The coverings are shown in both shades and accessories. The throws should be white hangings at either side of the windows, simply gathered back on the rod, without valances.

LIGHTING fixtures are of the most austere character, mostly of wrought iron of simple turning, fastened to the wall on shields, and shaded with the plainest of parchment shades. The lamps, both standing and table, and also the candlesticks, should be just as severe. The polychromed atrocities put out by the average manufacturer in semblance of the Renaissance are too fakish to hold our attention for long. It is true that polychromed pieces were used, but unless one has some accurate knowledge of color values, we are apt to go astray in our selections.

Better to stick to the simple forms, and select those pieces of simple wrought iron, or composition in black and gold.

And sometimes, if the color is needed, the parchment shades can be decorated with little motifs of fruits and flowers in the Italian manner.

The same care should govern the selection of accessories. A table runner, or a scarf to throw over a chest, could better be a piece of vivid silk, in harmony with the hangings, of solid color, rather than the figured and highly colored fabrics offered us.

If pottery is used it should be of the simplest type.

Rough, dull toned vases and bowls, rather than the highly glazed and colored ones, sometimes a piece of clear or tinted glass can be placed so as to catch the light and thus enliven a dark corner.

Particular care should govern the choice of pictures and frames. The whole room can lose its character when the wrong picture or frame is used. The frames should be restricted to walnut, with some old gold rubbed in, or, if gold frames are used, they should be in combination with some other color. If your dealer will allow it, hang the picture to see if it "fits," before deciding absolutely on the purchase. If small spots that need embellishment, a small polychromed plaque, or trystich, of a Madonna, may be hung to give variety. Unless your purse permits of the purchase of really good tapestries, do not consider these for wall hangings. If you cannot have a good one, do without it.

This, then, is our room. If you treat it in adherence to the straight, simple lines and plain values that are its chief characteristics, it will result in spaciousness, dignity, formality to the right degree, and richness that implies self-respect, culture, and appreciation of the fine things in life.

What Charm Excels Pearly Teeth?

Combat that dingy film

What adds so much to charm and beauty as pearly teeth?

You see them everywhere today. A new way of teeth cleaning has come. Millions now employ it. This offers a ten day test, to show you.

They now fight film

Teeth are clouded by that viscous film you feel. It clings and stays. Soon it forms a dingy coat. Then teeth lose their luster and beauty.

Film holds food substances which ferment and form acid.
The acid causes decay. Germs breed by millions in it. With tartar, they are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

After long research, dental science discovered two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

These methods have proved effective. A new type tooth paste applies these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

It brings a new dental era to the homes of some 50 nations.

Delightful secrets

Pepsodent brings other essential effects. It multiplies alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the digestive for starch deposits. Its use multiplies the power of these natural protective agents.

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. See teeth become whiter as film disappears.

You will prize these benefits. You will want your family to have them. Clip coupon now.

Pepsodent

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 643, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

LOIS WILSON

is considered the most saintly woman in Hollywood.

She tells how she acquired this reputation, in the March Issue of

PHOTOPLAY

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
FRIENDLY ADVICE

From Carolyn Van Wyck

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

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

A. E. C., PENNSYLVANIA.
You should weigh at least forty pounds less than you do at present. The best thing for you to do is to go on a very strict diet—one from which you have omitted all starches, fats and sugars. You should also have plenty of exercise—regular setting up exercises, walking and skipping rope will help. Read "Diet and Health," with a Key to the Calories, please.

Plucked and shaved eyebrows are not nearly so smart as they were a few years ago. Why not leave yours "an naturelle?"
Jacky, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Yes, there are ways to straighten a re-tousled nose. But are you sure that you will look your best with it straightened? Your sort of nose often lends a perky touch to the face and is most attractive.

Inquisitive, Detroit, Mich.

Permanently wavy will answer the problem of your straight hair. With the curling fluid that you mention it is necessary to use curlers. I do not think that your parents are old fashioned. I am afraid that you think far too much, about your appearance. As for your nose—it is probably charming. I could give you the names of a half dozen stars who have just such noses!


You are a trifle underweight—and that is a good fault. And I think that a good cold cream always helps the skin. The powders and creams that you mention are quite safe to use, in fact I recommend them.

You belong to a slightly exotic type—with your blue eyes and elfing I should think that you might be called oddly attractive. Although you may not exactly resemble her, I should say that you belong to the Tea-Leaf Boy type.

You are right. It is most important to be lovely, pleasant and generous. Beauty often grows out of a charming disposition.

A. C., New Britain, Conn.

If you have a high forehead, you should never wear your hair straight back. In a bang, or slightly over the forehead will be best.

With brown hair and greenish-grey eyes you will look your best in nile and jade green. You can also wear black, yellow, orchid and violet, flame, brown, blue and the pastel tints. Your weight is just right about.

Betty Love, Missouri.

Many young married women have bobbed hair, and I am sure that it would be becoming to your type. Don't bob it, however, if your husband dislikes short hair. And don't tamper with the pretty color of it. Of course you should wear girlish clothes—you are too young to wear matronly garments. Don't try to dress like a flapper, though.

Often, when one is married, it is necessary to adjust one's circle of friends to meet the new situation. Don't make the mistake of choosing old friends, who are not congenial to your husband, in preference to him. Of course you should not give up your old friends, but remember that your husband should take first place in your life.

Green Mountain Girl.

I cannot advise you in regard to your coiffure without knowing something about the shape of your face. Or seeing a snapshot of you. I might give you the worst sort of advice without knowing any details.

However, I can tell you that you will look well in greens, in grey and midnight blue, and black. Also in brown, henna, orchid, French blue and flesh. And I think that you should wear simple frocks, that follow a fairly straight line.

A cold cream powder will prove more desirable than any other sort.

Hazel, Arkansas.

Wear brown, tan, red, burnt orange, flame, rose, pale yellow and nile green. A brunette can, usually, afford to wear the warmer shades. A good face powder will not harm your skin—I think that it will add to your attractiveness. And the soap that you are using is one of the best kinds.

You certainly take plenty of exercise—and so perhaps your weight is a result of careless eating. Try a diet from which you have omitted all butter, cream and sugar. Do without ice cream, candy, pastries and soda. And I don't doubt that you will notice a difference.

In a New Way in Solving Woman's Oldest Hygienic Problem

By Ellen J. Buckland, Graduate Nurse

Modern science has discovered a new way in personal hygiene. A way immaculate, exquisite, safe.

It supplants old-time "sanitary pads" and other make-shift methods.

Discovered only a short time ago, it is today used by eight in every ten women in the better walks of life throughout America.

The name is Kotex. And this offers you a test—free. Simply use the coupon.

What Kotex Does

Kotex is a soft, pure white absorbent of extremely rapid absorption. Made of Cellucotton, it is far more absorbent than ordinary cotton.

Then it is easily disposed of—a point every woman will appreciate.

In comparison with old methods, it presents safety, assurance and daintiness in contrast to uncertainty, lack of poise and frequently embarrassment. It has 5 times the absorptivity of ordinary sanitary pads.

A Trial Without Charge

I think every woman and every girl owes to herself to try Kotex.

Once you use it and feel the peace of mind and comfort it brings, plus other secret advantages I cannot mention here, no other method will ever satisfy.

Now I have asked the Kotex laboratory to permit me to offer women generally a trial of Kotex—free. And they have consented—for a short while, at least.

Simply mail the coupon. You will receive a packet in absolutely plain, unmarked wrapper, by return mail, postpaid. Cheque now, before you forget.

Kotex is sold by all drug and department stores.

It comes in packages of 12, regular size.

Also Kotex-Super—packages of 12, extra size.

Cellucotton Products Co.

Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Distributors

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.

Toronto and Montreal

Kotex

Free Sample—Mail this Confidential Coupon

Ellen J. Buckland, G. N.

Kotex Factory Laboratorles, Room 1430

116 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

Name

Address

City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Autobiography of Pola Negri

[Continued from page 55.]

The theater was converted into a hospital, and I volunteered as a nurse for the Red Cross.

The reopening of the theater four months later took me back to the stage, but I continued to serve in a hospital by day.

Ah, what a drama I entered when I entered that hospital! Great, lovable peasant soldiers of Holy Russia, so brave, so ignorant, like children. They couldn’t write so I wrote for them, little love letters, simple, haunting, pathetic... they broke my heart into pieces.

Then one day a terrible thing happened to me. I had seen the eyes of death, the misery of women, children and soldiers. I had witnessed it all. But one day a soldier, just a big peasant Russian toy, was taken into the operating room. They brought him back his right arm was gone; it had been amputated from above the elbow. I went over to his cot to comfort him. He asked for a glass of water. I brought it to him. He looked up, and smiled. Then he reached for my glass... he reached for the arm that was gone! The glass dropped from my hand and broke upon the floor. I collapsed utterly. That one little gesture nearly killed me.

My health had not been good. The strain of war and trouble had so unnerved me that I was not fit for service.

Romance and Another Tragedy

A few brief months and I had developed from a girl into a woman. I made my debut at the Imperial theater at the age of seventeen in Schedermann’s “Sodom’s Ende.” The favorable criticism appearing the next morning established me, and I continued in repertoire at the Imperial.

It was during my second year at this theater that a young man came to me, at my dressing room, to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened in my life. I was asked to play an unpainted role in theleading actress, and I was asked to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I thought I was more than anyone I had ever known in my life, because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed. That was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the streets, and they were brought in by the hundreds, rubble, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it was too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadfastly bombarded the city for a week. Through all I was compelled to act. The Germans ordered the theater to remain open, the performances to continue. Never will the experience of that night be effaced from my mind. On the way to the theater I saw bodies of German soldiers and of civilians in the street.

Acting Before the Enemy

In 1916 the Germans entered the city of Warsaw. The Russian forces were too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Prague, across the border from which they steadily bombarded the city for a week.
Questions and Answers
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

Alice and Marcia B., New York, N. Y.—You little girls believe that in union is strength—and courage. How do I know you are little girls? How does Santa Claus know Christmas? My children, handwriting is a tattler. Ben Alexander is ten years old. He may be such a girl bater as he plays in “Penrod and Sam.” Girl bating begins with the awkward age and ends somewhere between eight and sixteen. He was born in Goldfield, Nevada. Gloria Swanson has a daughter. Miss Swanson uses her own name in her professional life. She has been married twice and twice divorced. Neither Alice Terry nor Harold Lloyd is a parent. Nita Naldi’s birth day was April first, 1899. Her last picture is “The Ten Commandments.”

Photoplay receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method:

Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to the expense of the photograph and mailing. The stars get hundreds of these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay the cost themselves.

Helen, Birmingham, Ala.—Greetings, Rose of Alabama. It was Henry B. Walthall who played the owner of the saloon in “One Clear Call.” Theodore Roberts was not one of the players. This was the cast: Albert Hamilton, Milton Sills, Faith, Claire Windsor, Harry Gartett, Henry B. Walthall, Maggie Thornton, Irene Rich, Sony Thornton, Stanley Goethals; Tom Thornton, William Marion; Colonel Gartett, Joseph Dowling; Mother Gartett, Edith Yorke; Phyllis Horsford, Doris Pawn; Dr. Bailey, Donald MacDonald; Jim Ware’s daughter, Shannon Day; Fred, Annette Doxe; Stuves, Fred Kelsey; Jim Halbrook, Albert MacQuarrie; Toby, Nick Cogley.

G. C., Hempstead, N. Y.—All right, Gertie. Otis Skinner’s appearance in the movies was with “Kismet.” Adolph Menjou was born in Pau, France.

J. S., Daytona, Fla.—Send your photograph and the lively description of yourself you have given me to the casting directors of the motion picture firms nearest to Daytona. Miss Jack. The addresses of the principal studios are published each month in this magazine. But leave out the “I’m so wild I can’t be tamed” in your application. Some degree of taming and discipline are synonymous.

M. J., Pittsburgh, Kansas.—Address her through the United Studios, Hollywood. Can you qualify as “an exceptional individual in every respect”?

Dab, Draper, N. C.—Stars answer letters from their fans when they can spare the time. They receive thousands of such letters and there are only twenty-four hours a day. Art Acord married a member of Pasadena’s society set. Buster Keaton’s latest picture is “Our Hospitality.” Buck Jones’ age is the not too ripe one of four and thirty. His last picture is “Mike McGee’s Chorus Girl.” Louise Lorraine is not married. William Hart’s official age is forty-nine years. Mrs. Hart’s name before her marriage was Whinfred Westover.

Priceless Service

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and use the telephone in its daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty, and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies
Bell System
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Throat Irritations

Throat irritations quickly disappear when you take Brown’s Bronchial Troches. A dependable remedy—not a candy. Used for more than 70 years by singers and public speakers. Promptly relieves hoarseness, loss of voice, coughing. At all druggists.

Browns Bronchial Troches
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES
IN 3 SIZE PACKAGES

Help Wanted

We require the services of an ambitious person to do some special advertising work right in your own locality. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is exceptionally large. No previous experience is required, as all that is necessary to a willingnes on your part to carry out our instructions. If you are at present employed, we may use your some time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time. If you are making less than $150 a month, the offer I am going to make will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—your full time will bring you in a handsome income. I am going nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.

229 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
HOW MUCH DO ARTISTS EARN?

If you like to draw, you should develop your talent, for well-trained artists are always at a premium. They readily earn $75, $100, $150 a week, and even more. Many Federal students command $50 a week or more after a short period of practical work.

Develop Your Own Talent

Learn the methods and secrets that make your drawings worth big money. The Federal School home-study course develops your talent on a sure foundation by the quickest possible method. Millions of dollars are being spent annually for commercial art work.—trained artists always command high salaries, and have work that is pleasant to do. If you have drawing ability you can train it to bring you rich returns.

Leading Artists Are Authors

Leading designers, illustrators and commercial artists of the country have contributed exclusive lessons to the Federal Course. Think of studying under such famous artists as Neya McMein, Franklin Booth, Chas. E. Cope, Charles Livingston Buckle, R. A. Back Price, and others equally well known. These artists have produced and sold hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of commercial art. They will tell you how to succeed in this profession.

Send Today for "YOUR FUTURE"

This book is handsomely illustrated in colors and tells you very givelly you will need to know about the Federal Course. It shows work of Federal students, many of whom earn more than the cost of the course while still studying. The Federal Course is aimed at practical results, and gets them. If you are earnest about your future, send 6c in stamps today for this book, kindly stating your age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing

324 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "Your Future" for which I enclose 6c in stamps.

Age

Occupation

American Foremost School of Commercial Art

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

although he had not lifted a finger to help himself. Suddenly, directly in front, he saw the smooth place of which Billy had spoken. In starting quiet and agreeable tranquility the canoe swept forward. Directly in front was the ledge, which could be crossed only with the aid of the great wave on the left side.

"Let that big wave lift you over," Bill had said.

Larry saw it, frightfully menacing compared to the oily flow to the right, and then he realized that it was here Marguerite must have been wrecked, that it was here he must make the effort to save her. With desperate strokes he reached far out over the side and tried to turn the canoe. At first he felt that he was not making an impression and then, if suddenly possessed of a grim determination to shatter itself, the craft darted straight toward the lifting, engulfing wave.

The bow rose high in the air, poised a moment and then jerked down. The stern sprang up, but a moment the canoe was entirely clear of the water. Then it leaped forward and down as Larry clung despairingly to the gunwales. Before he realized that he was still upright, he was darting straight toward the brink of the falls.

Again he paddled frantically. The bow barely crossed the V of foam where the current split and eddied. Violently he turned the tongue of rocks, and the next instant it wedged between two boulders. Larry leaped out, scrambled a few yards over the wet, slippery granite and grasped Marguerite by one hand just as it had released its hold.

With difficulty he pulled her out and half carried, half dragged, her back to a higher, drier spot and laid her down.

"Marguerite," he whispered as he knelt beside her. The girl's eyes were open and she smiled faintly.

"You're safe now," he assured her. "And it's all over. They're both dead. They'll never bother you again.

She shuddered, but she continued to smile, and then she began to tremble.

"I'm so cold," she whispered. "And my head. It aches terribly."

The roar of the falls drowned most of her words, but he comprehended that she must be gotten to a dry, warm place as quickly as possible, and he sprang to his feet.

He remembered that Taylor had explained how the falls were to be circumvented, once the rapids had been passed. Climbing to the top of the point of rocks, he saw the quiet backwater shut off from the cataract by the natural wall of granite. Beyond, though the current was swift, there was an easy passage to the open lake.

Larry scrambled back to his canoe, dragged it out of the water and carried it across. Then he returned, picked Marguerite up in his arms and made his way carefully down beside it. Two minutes later he was being swept out into the lake and was paddling across to the camp of the movie people.

Dave Mann, Fay and Peggy and the others were there when he landed, and the two women immediately took charge of Marguerite. Larry helped carry her to their tent and then returned to the shore. Dave studied him closely. Well, you wouldn't have hit that hill. You certainly went and messed up everything. Look at your face! Now there's the devil to pay. No telling how many thousand things you have to do. Sit around it until it heals enough for you to work again.

It was the first time Larry knew he had been cut and he felt of his bloody visage in amazement. And look at the chances you took!" Dave continued. "Fighting up there on that ledge, why you didn't go over I don't know. And then running thoserapids! You, a greenhorn! Foolish luck is all that saved you. But look at you. Million dollar map! Ruined! And all—"

"Who's that coming?" some one behind Dave demanded excitedly.

A canoe, propelled by strong, swift strokes, was approaching from the open lake. No one had seen it until it was close upon them.

"Look here, Dave!" Larry cried. "There are other things in this world besides your damnable movies.

"Don't I know it?" replied the director angrily. " Haven't I been trying not to show it? Do you suppose I thought I was watching a show when you were doing all those stunts across the river and me not able to lift a hand to help you?"

Suddenly his voice broke, and he threw his arms around Larry's shoulders.

"Darn it all, boy!" he half sobbed. "I—I—but you're back, all right. You're back and—"

Signor Zappettini had landed and both he and Angelo catapulted from the canoe to Larry's side.

"Marguerite!" the maestro wailed. "What happened? Where is she? Did you catch them? We saw their canoe coming this way."

"She's all right," Larry assured him. "She's in a tent getting dried out. You can see her in a moment.

Angelo thrust himself between them and, with his quick fingers, demanded an explanation. Zappettini told him with a few convulsive movements.

"But you, my boy!" he cried. "Your face! And those two! Where are they?"

"They've fish bait now," Dave told him jubilantly. "Talk about fights! You ought to a seen that one. On a ledge, right above the falls! And Larry here alone against the two of them. And then—"

The maestro did not wait to hear more. He had seen a tent flap thrown back and Marguerite emerge with Fay and Peggy on either side.

"Cara mia!" he cried, and both he and Angelo rushed forward.

He took Larry in his arms, kissed her repeately and then held her away from him as he stared at her, speechless but with a radiant face.

At her feet knelt Angelo. His fierce braggadico's face was contorted grotesquely, and he was welding with the hem of Marguerite's skirt and pressing it to his lips.

"Here! Peggy cried. "That's my dress you're slobbering over. Look at that! Dave! First time it ever happened, and the skirt wasn't on me when it did."

He seemed to realize the tenseness of the situation. Several laughed. Everyone talked. Six people suddenly and simultaneously felt inspired to tell the story of what had happened. مARGUERITE, pale but smiling, glanced shyly at Larry, who tried to withdraw to the rear of the group.

At last each narrator seemed to have exhausted his supply of words, and then the group realized that Larry was to the rear of the group.

At last each narrator seemed to have exhausted his supply of words, and then the group realized that Larry was to the rear of the group.

"What in Sam Hill was this all about anyhow? Who were those two guys and what were they running off with the girl for?"

Marguerite became even paler as she looked quickly at Signor Zappettini. The musician, still greatly excited, was aghast. His mouth
opened, then shut, and he glanced wildly about him. His eyes finally met Marguerite's, and Larry, grasping the entire significance of the situation, felt suddenly sickened.

After all, he saw, the blackmailers might be dead but the impetus of their scheme was still carrying both Marguerite and the maestro on to disaster. Even two criminals, he knew, could not be killed in the presence of twenty people without that fact coming to the notice of the law.

And the law would not stop there. It would want to know what was back of it all. It would demand impertently, as Dave Mann had asked curiously, why there should have been that struggle on the ledge.

And such a demand could not fail to bring out the very thing the maestro would die to keep hidden and it would drag into the mire of a sordid affair the pale girl now looking so fearfully at Zappettini.

"What was it anyhow?" Dave repeated.

Larry took a quick step forward and stood in front of Zappettini.

"I can tell, now that it's all over," he said. "Those two had been after me for a year. They tried to frame me in New York and they almost did. But I fooled them. They threatened to get me and, of course, it was easy for them to find out we were coming up here."

Dave had been staring at him in amazement.

"Frame you!" he cried. "Fat chance any one would have hanging anything on you."

"But they belong to one of the biggest gangs in the country," Larry protested. "Clever as sin. They almost had me. And yesterday afternoon I went over to call on Miss Temple. They followed me. Must have heard us talking. Anyhow, they thought they saw a chance to make me whack up. They kidnapped her last night and then came and told me I'd never see her again unless I paid what they asked."

"How could they see you?" Dave demanded. "I didn't hear of anyone hanging around here."

"I couldn't sleep, worrying about them," Larry answered, "and I went for a little paddle along the shore. That's when I saw them."

"But why the light?"

"I was to meet them up the lake, but I must have missed them. Then I saw their canoe at the mouth of the river and I hurried over. I was running across the portage to catch them when I met them on the ledge.

"I began to see red then, I guess. We were alone and Mar-Miss Temple could get away. I didn't think she was in any more danger and I just lit into them."

"I'll say you did!" Dave exclaimed. "Gad, what a fight that was! But I guess you needn't worry now, boy. You've got enough witnesses. We'll all say they jumped you. There's no need to worry about the police."

Larry was conscious that both Marguerite and Signor Zappettini were watching him. He felt embarrassed, decidedly uncomfortable, suddenly desirous of being alone.

"Guess I'll go and get cleaned up," he said as he felt of his face. "I don't think that scratch will show much, Dave. It'll be all right in a day or two."

He turned and hurried away to his tent.

CHAPTER IX

A S Peggy Dare was the first to predict, and as everyone expected, the happenings crowded into five minutes that morning gave Dave Mann several new ideas which had to be worked into the story. Larry had barely finished telling what happened before his active mind was at work.

But Dave also saw another possibility. With the excitement which had died sufficiently for saner conversation he turned suddenly upon Signor Zappettini.

"Look here," he began brusquely. "You'd better change your mind about my using your house a little more. It means a lot to me, money and time and everything else."

The maestro held up his hands in protest.

Enables the natural figure to achieve all the grace and symmetry of the Eastern dancing girl or the Spanish gypsy

The ORIENTAL (trademark) is the new and beautiful undergarment designed for young girls who do not wear a corset. It is expressly fashioned to hold the lower part of the figure firm and to eliminate any unattractive line. Soft but snug—a perfect foundation for the present vogue of draped costuming.

Made of suede, of Jersey silk, of satin, of beautiful brocaded silk and combinations of these materials

Made exclusively by the Warner Brothers Company, originators of WRAP-AROUND (trademark) and CORSELETTI (trademark), 347 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco; 556 St. Antoine St., Montreal

$2 to $10

ASK FOR IT IN CORSET DEPARTMENTS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How hasty eating and soft foods ruin your teeth

Although we give our teeth more care than any other nation, and in spite of the fact that we are blessed with a dental profession without equal the world over, still our teeth deteriorate, our gums are growing soft.

The diet of today weakens the gum structure

The records of the clinics and the daily experience of the dental profession show an alarming increase in the number of tooth troubles which have their source in the gingiva (the gum structure) of the human mouth.

We Americans eat our food too quickly. We are the fastest eaters in the world. And hasty eating of these rich, soft, modern foods of ours is to blame for the distressing conditions our dentists are called upon to face.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

For soft food cheats the gums of the exercise once provided by rougher, coarser foods. Hasty eating prevents the massage given by thorough mastication. And lacking stimulation, our gums are growing, pampered and soft, as muscles do when deprived of regular exercise. Pyorrea, infected roots, diseased sockets and gingivitis are just the normal effects from the given causes.

Recognizing this condition, thousands of dentists have written us that they use Ipana Tooth Paste in restoring tender or congested gums to normalcy. In stubborn cases they prescribe a massage of the gums with Ipana after the regular brushing with Ipana.

How Ipana helps soft gums become healthy

For Ipana Teeth Paste contains ziratol, a recognized hemostatic, used through-out the country by dentists after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to the gums their normal toxicity. Its presence in Ipana is the cause of Ipana's great virtue in strengthening soft gums and in keeping them firm and healthy.

Send for a trial tube today

If you desire to experience for yourself the benefits of Ipana Tooth Paste, we will gladly send you a sample size of Ipana, enough to last for ten days. You can judge from the sample, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine, free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable power to clean safely and thoroughly, but you can judge, too, its fine flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.
They arrived late one night and the next morning David rushed into the work. He and his cast had hardly arrived at the cabin before he was busy picking up the threads where they had been broken by the maestro's fiery entrance.

Zappettini and Marguerite were warm in their welcome, and when the work of filming began they were as interested spectators as ever sat behind a camera man.

The scene between Larry and Fay, which had been interrupted, was quickly completed and then David jumped to the climax and the meeting between the lovers, Peggy and Larry. When it was finished at last to David's satisfaction even the maestro was loud in his praise. For to the musician's amazement he discovered that Larry was an actor.

To that love scene he brought something other than the usual smirking and greatly exaggerated sentimentality. There was an ease and sincerity, a repressed passion and a smoothness, that dumbfounded Zappettini, and yet which had already won the hearts of several million women.

"Marvelous!" he cried when it was finished. "A wonderful piece of work, Sir," and he turned and bowed to David. "I apologize again and again. The other day I thought it was silly mimicry. Today I know it is art."

"You bet it's art," the director beamed. "And it's art that pays, too. Wait until this picture is released. It'll be a hold-over in every house!"

Later there were several small cuts to be cleared away, none of which required Larry's presence, and as the work went on he found himself beside Marguerite. He had seen her at the movie camp, had talked to her a few minutes the day of the battle, but only when many others were present. Since his return to the cabin he had avoided being with her alone. A strange embarrassment possessed him and he found it difficult to carry on a conversation.

"You have never seen my dogs, have you?" the girl whispered. "Would you like to?"

"Dogs!" he exclaimed. "I always did like them. Are they huskies?"

She led him around the house and to the rear of the clearing. At last they came to an opening in the thick brush and Marguerite halted.

"There are no dogs," she said with an anxious glance at his face. "But I had to see you alone for a moment. There have always been others and I could not tell you what I think of the things you have done for the maestro and me."

Larry looked uncomfortable.

"Please don't try to," he said. "I enjoyed it. That is, some of it. I—I—when you went down those rapids, of course—"

"It was wonderful, all you did there!" she rushed on when he halted in confusion. "But not nearly so wonderful as what you did afterwards, there at the camp. I never heard of so noble an act, your taking all that dreadful story upon yourself. It was—"

She faltered and tears came to her eyes.

"PLEASE don't," Larry begged. "And I've wanted to tell you—to explain about your father and—and what I did to him. I'm sorry I can't tell you how sorry, and I know you'll never forget that I killed him. But I thought he had killed you and—"

"Don't," she said. "You mustn't feel that way. He wasn't my father. He told me that last minute. But even if he had been it wouldn't have made any difference. I never thought of him as a father, I couldn't."

Larry looked at her, his face beam ing in relief.

"And now you are going out?" he asked.

"To France, and Italy?"

"Later in the summer, the maestro says."

There was no exhilaration, no anticipation, and she looked back across the clearing to the cabin. Larry watched her a moment. His heart was thumping, and there was a strange feeling in his throat.

"Marguerite," he began, and his voice had a peculiar squeak in it, "I want to see you again.

Does your romance hang by a hair?

It is thrilling to have so handsome an escort. And he is proud of you—from your fragrant tresses to the sole of your pretty slippers.

But if he were bald—and if your hair were faded and lifeless—would that romance thrive, or would it wane and die?

Oh, but he is handsome and you are beautiful. True—but Time will work its havoc on both of you, unless you both take care. If he neglects his hair, he may become bald. And nothing will bring back his hair once it goes. He may not realize this—unless you tell him.

But you clearly understand what much of your charm depends upon the attractiveness of your hair. And like millions of other women, you know that Wildroot Hair Tonic will keep the scalp healthy and lend a lustrous lure to the hair itself.

Wildroot Hair Tonic is so mild it cannot irritate even a baby’s tender scalp. You will want to use it regularly on yourself and your children to keep hair lovely. And you will want your husband to use it to keep his hair. Ask your druggist today. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.
On a busy day
Beeman's
quiets
the
nerves
and
keeps you
calm—its
daily use is
"a sensible
habit"

BEEMANS
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

YOU
Are a PHOTOPLAY reader.
Are you also a photoplay writer? If so—

STORY WORLD
is indispensable. It is the photoplay writer's
trade and news journal. It gives you the up-to-the-minute developments in motion picture production. It is inspirational, technical, and
written and edited from the inside of the industry. The price is 50 cents a year, but as sent with this advertisement to STORY WORLD, Hollywood,
Cal., it will bring it to you for six months.
(25 cents a copy; no free samples.)

Photodramatist Publishing Co., Inc.

Close-up—Hands
Even in the revealing close-up,
the hands of a screen star are
deftly smooth and graceful.
Make yours equally lovely.
Use Crème et Eau Blancheclere—a cream to
make the hands smooth, firm-
ished and youthful and a lotion to bleach
them and control loose skin.
$2 by mail.

V. DARSY
17-D West 49th Street, New York

On a busy day
Beeman's
quiets
the
nerves
and
keeps you
calm—its
daily use is
"a sensible
habit"

BEEMANS
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

YOU
Are a PHOTOPLAY reader.
Are you also a photoplay writer? If so—

STORY WORLD
is indispensable. It is the photoplay writer's
trade and news journal. It gives you the up-to-the-minute developments in motion picture production. It is inspirational, technical, and
written and edited from the inside of the industry. The price is 50 cents a year, but as sent with this advertisement to STORY WORLD, Hollywood,
Cal., it will bring it to you for six months.
(25 cents a copy; no free samples.)

Photodramatist Publishing Co., Inc.

Close-up—Hands
Even in the revealing close-up,
the hands of a screen star are
deftly smooth and graceful.
Make yours equally lovely.
Use Crème et Eau Blancheclere—a cream to
make the hands smooth, firm-
ished and youthful and a lotion to bleach
them and control loose skin.
$2 by mail.

V. DARSY
17-D West 49th Street, New York

You know, I—may this be the last
time I get to know you. I know I should say
anything else, but..."

He broke off in confusion, utterly unable to
go on. But he risked a glance at her face
and found it very beautiful. Her eyes held his.
His heart thumped more violently than ever. He
felt that he would suffocate. Something was
the matter with his heart.

Then the next thing he knew his arms were
around her. He was trembling deliriously in
her hair. He made an awkward attempt to
kiss her and failed.

A half hour later they had talked over a
thousand things and had said some thing.
A thousand times. Then they heard Dave calling
Lary and started back to the cabin.

"Why is it, Larry?" Marguerite began with a
mischievous glance at him. "My name's not Larry," he interrupted. "I forgot to tell you. That's the name Dave dug up for me when he got me into the movies. My
real name is Jones, Cliff Jones. I never
liked Larry.

"But Cliff," she persisted, "why is it that
on the verandah with Miss Dare you made so
wonderful?" It was the sort of thing I'd al-
ways dreamed of, that every girl must dream
of, and yet back there a little while ago—why,
you didn't even know how to kiss me. You got
your mouth full of my hair and—"

"Huh!" Larry snorted. "That business with
Peggy—that didn't mean anything. That was—it was just plain movie stuff.

And then he wondered why her hand slipped
into his for a quick squeeze and her glance was
more adoring than ever.

Dave Mann rushed his work through
to completion in the afternoon and announced
that they would start back to the railroad in
the morning.

"We'll finish the rest on the lot," he said.
"We're going to make a time record on
this picture.

Before supper that night Larry called Dave
to one side.

"See here," he began. "I caught a glimpse
of Quig turning the crank on me that day at
the falls and I've been asking about it. I un-
derstand you told him to shoot the whole thing
and that he did it.

"He did!" Dave cried. "Every bit of it.
Some of it's pretty far off, but it's corking
stuff.

"Where's that film?" Larry demanded
sternly.

"Where is it? What do you mean?"

"You're going to burn that film, Dave.
"Larry said so when Dave looked at him
amazement. "That was—well, it wasn't the
thing to do, Dave.

"Not the thing to do. Are you crazy?
Burn it! Well, I guess not!

"But I mean that. Some things can be car-
rried too far and that is one that shouldn't
have started. I'll tell you now, Dave, confidently.
I don't want you to get out yet, but Mar-
querite and I are going to be married and that
film—well, it's personal stuff. Understand?
It concerns just us, and I want it burned. I
mean it.

Dave stared at his leading man with com-
plete lack of comprehension, but that didn't
mean anything to Larry. He knew only too
well the rapidity with which that mind worked
behind the mask of apparently unmoving
emotions.

Then the director made the characteristic
grimace which indicated that he was having a
new problem, he had solved it.

"Personal stuff, eh?" he exclaimed. "Where
does your go that? Nothing's personal or private
with a movie actor. You've dodged this far,
but you can't dodge me. And do you think
I'm a fool? Think I want to let these Canuck
cops tie you up for a long trial when I've got
the proof right there in that film? I'm going to
a jury and I'll cheer you out of the court
room. Personal stuff!

He snorted and started away and then
wheelred back out-stretched hand.
Be Careful

Lest the breath offend

Bad breath is one of the gravest social offenses, one of the most common. The offender is usually unaware, but it kills all charm. Cigars or cigarettes may cause it.

Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks.

A mere perfume simply covers up bad odors, and everybody knows it. It suggests concealment.

May Breath combats those bad odors, whether from the mouth or stomach. It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form, so it purifies as well as deodorizes. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion. Do not merely hide one odor with another. May Breath brings the scent of purity, the odor of spring.

Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them—in their pockets or their bags. Before any close contact they eat a tablet and feel safe.

They know that their breath is inviting. It will add to their charms, not destroy them.

You will do this when you know. Let us buy a box to show you how much May Breath means. Cut out the coupon and present it. This is something you need and want.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.

10¢

25¢

At Drug Stores and Drug Departments. Present Coupon

GOOD FOR A 10¢ BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10¢ box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY

1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, it feels a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cool, soothing relief from Old Man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the stink and blister Grandma knew so well.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

For small and inconvenient places; keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

52 Varieties of Nail Brushes

A different Nail Brush for every week in the year. All good, some of them lower prices than others. Different shapes, different stiffness of bristles, suit all requirements.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 114 Years and the Largest in the World.

How Those Animal Comedies Are Made

[Continued from page 29]

back, he himself sat down in front of a mirror and did it. The man was instantly interested. He peeped in the mirror, he peeped up at the director. At last he did it. Now gave him a mirror, even in the distance, and he immediately smoothed his hair.

They love to be in things and to have things going on.

The other animals are much slower, except the dogs. They are not supposed to go on the stage but the ducks, geese, and chickens are at times almost impossible. It will take an entire week to get one scene that is no more than a line or two. It is usually done by some trick, whereby they are led to do something natural to them, which fits in the picture and story. For instance, ducks will be kept away from water, then a little pond will be filled and they instantly sense it. They will start for it at once, in procession.

Cats are difficult, but patience and affection dominate them, although they can never be given intrinsically. Beasts are limited also, and the heavy work has to be borne by the monkeys and dogs, with the others doing out such things as patience will at last gain from them.

Cruelly is something entirely unknown on the Dipp-Doo-Dad set. In fact, Mr. Powers almost landed in jail for assaulting an Italian who brought his hand organ monkey out to
work extra and struck him because he was slow in obeying. The Italian didn't understand any English, but a stiff right handwallop has no nationalit y.

One great obstacle that has to be overcome is the natural antipathy of certain animals for one another. Monkeys hate cats, the fowls hate both cats and monkeys, and the cats hate the dogs. The monkeys and dogs are good friends and frequently become pals. The other aversions of the animals are overcome by discipline, which, in this case, is actually necessary, and by tact in making them eat together and giving them play-times together.

Dippy-Doo-Dadville is ideal for the social life of little animals. There are busy streets for shopping and promenades (all innocent, of course) tram-cars, taxicabs and rigid traffic regulations. There is a non-sectarian church, a school, a courthouse, a shop, a make-up beauty-parlor. Then, of course, there is a certain amount of night-life. And a miniature railroad in case the sheriff gives one of the fast boys twelve hours to leave town.

The monkeys are mad about the train. They are beside themselves with pleasure every time it figures in a plot. And the gossips (you know how ducks will talk) blame all the scandal on the broadening effects of travel, and look askance at Hal Roach every time the leading lady wears a new frock. One can't be too careful in Dippy-Doo-Dadville.

Hollywood's Mystery Woman
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

the humanness, the naturalness of her. I came away feeling that Marie St. Claire was a woman I had met, and I shall think of her often and, in time, forget that she lived only on the silver-sheet and think of her as a woman I used to know.

I think, when the motion picture public has seen "A Woman of Paris" they will want to know all about Edna Purviance.

The second interesting thing about her is her seclusion from the picture colony and her intimacy in California's most exclusive social circles.

Now the truth is that Edna Purviance is the one film star who belongs in society. By that I don't mean she is the only one accepted. There are many scores of social stars who are welcomed and honored guests in any home.

But Edna Purviance is a part of the most aristocratic and select set of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Pasadena. She doesn't come as a film star, a lion, a brilliant curiosity. She is one of them. She lives their life, spends her time with them.

Her most intimate friend is Katherine Elkins Hitt, society leader, daughter of former Senator Elkins and the object of much international attention at the time of her romantic courtship by the Duke d' Abruzzi, brother of the king of Italy. Mrs. Hitt is famed for her wit as well as her beauty. When she is at her splendid Montecito home, Miss Purviance is her house guest most of the time. Now that Mrs. Hitt is wintering at her estates in Middleboro, she is wiring frantically for Edna to join her there before she starts her next picture.

I could name you any number of bachelors, belonging to old California families, who have been devoted to Miss Purviance. Her engagement to young Carlton Burke, polo ace, was rumored at one time. Polo games, yachting cruises, golf matches, week ends at Riversidenot that is where you are apt to locate Miss Purviance now.

And she has assumed the manner and the outward appearance of that class rather than of the picture stars. I do not think anyone would ever take her for an actress. She has a calm, decisive, indifferent way with her. Her hair is cut short and she wears it plainly brushed back, and — her eyes trouble her from the lights — she puts on heavy, shell-rimmed glasses when she reads or writes. Her clothes

The Bottles That Bring Beauty

Mineralava is a natural antisepic clay with wonderful medical and beauty-giving qualities. It is refined and prepared for facial use by the foremost chemists of the world.

Mineralava draws out all impurities from the pores, cleansing the skin thoroughly. It stimulates the blood vessels, creating perfect circulation, and thereby builds up the facial muscles and nourishes the under-laying tissues.

Mineralava will demonstrate a marked improvement after one application. Its continued use keeps the pores so clean that they gradually become smaller and the texture of the skin consequently becomes finer. The color comes back to the cheeks, bringing a skin health and beauty unobtainable by any other method.

The regular use of Mineralava three times a week will keep the skin scrupulously clean, the blood circulation active, the muscles firm, and the contour youthful.

Mineralava Face Finish, which should be used after a Mineralava treatment, is a wonderful tonic for the skin — soothing, healing, nourishing and at the same time a mild bleach.

The cleansed skin readily absorbs the Face Finish, which gently closes, without clogging, the pores. It is essentially protective and provides an excellent base for your favorite face powder, (which will not cake as it sometimes does on a heavier base.) Mineralava Face Finish is not merely an adjunct to Mineralava, but is, on the contrary, a very fine lotion on its own account, and its regular use on the skin after bathing will impart a smooth and velvety texture.

Mineralava is on sale at all good drug and department stores at $2.00 a bottle (each bottle containing enough for 18 treatments), a special trial tube at 50c containing enough for three treatments, and the Mineralava Face Finish at $1.50.

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, INC., 251 West 19th Street, New York
Stacomb Prevents "Flying Hair" Even After Washing

Wash your hair as often as you like, now, and don't worry about its untidy appearance.

Both men and women know the value of STACOMB. After a shampoo you can comb your hair just as you like it and it will stay neatly combed all day.

Adds luster and leaves the hair soft.

Women find that STACOMB keeps the curl in, and is an excellent aid to permanent waving.

At all drug counters.

Tubes — 35c

Send coupon for Free Trial Tube.

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.

113 West Eighteenth Street, New York City, Dept. 44.

Please send me free trial tube.
Brulatour was acutely aware of the situation. He saw the independent demand for film rise from zero to 800,000 feet a week. He made pleas to Eastman at Rochester and even dared invade the offices of the Motion Picture Patents Company with a proposal that they agree, for a fee and consideration, to let the Independents buy Eastman film. The Patents company smiled back.

"All of the Independents will be in jail pretty soon, and then they won't need any film."

There were times when the legal aspects of the situation made it seem that this was right, or, if not right, certainly correct.

At a time in the early weeks of 1911 when the legal joustings had given the Independents a temporary respite and the pressure of the raw stock situation began to make an effect, Colonel Theodore Marceau, who operated a chain of important portrait studios in New York, Boston and other cities of the east, became interested in the plight of the Independents. His interest arose through his acquaintance with J. J. Mirdock, who will be recalled as one of the early importers of foreign pictures through the International Film & Projecting Company, a factor in the development of the Independents.

Marceau was a considerable consumer of Eastman wares and felt a certain assurance in his acquaintance with George Eastman.

"I can fix it," Marceau ventured to Mirdock, who in turn went to Brulatour with the idea and a partnership suggestion.

"I've been talking that same thing to Mr. Eastman and if anybody gets it I ought to," Brulatour responded. But he was willing to share profits with anybody who would get him Eastman stock to supply the clamoring Independents.

Marceau went to Rochester, and failed. But his efforts had perhaps an important part in paving the way.

Brulatour renewed his attack and argument.

"If you can get us some stock I will guarantee that the Independents will absorb a million feet a week," he urged upon Eastman.

Eastman agreed that he would take it up with the Motion Picture Patents Company to see what they might allow under their exclusive contract.

There were other factors in the situation besides commercial pressure. But the commercial reasons were enough. Here was a growing, eager market for more film.

The situation was also opportunite in that the screaming Independents had begun to direct attention to the monopolistic character of the Motion Picture Patents Company and J. J. Kennedy's brain-child, the General Film Company, which handled the licensed pictures to the trade. "Restrain of trade" was a phrase that began to roll trippingly off the tongues of the belligerent Independents. They were ready to use anything from a locust club to the Sherman act to get what they wanted.

An ironclad and continued application of the terms of the exclusive contract for raw stock would have been politically and legally dangerous from many angles. Neither the Motion Picture Patents Company nor the Eastman Kodak Company could have gained from sitting on the film lid any longer.

So, abruptly but unostentatiously one day in February of 1911, George Eastman announced to Brulatour that terms could be arranged for supplying him with raw stock. The price was approximately five per cent over that paid by the licensed picture concerns of the Patents Company. Five per cent was nothing to the fain-hungry Independents.

About March 1, 1911, the lid went off.

A new era of film history began. The
blood in his eye and that there would shortly be hell-a-popping in the Sales Company crowd.

Meanwhile, the ruthless raiding started. And on October 28, 1917, Majestic announced the acquisition of "Little Mary Pickford" and Mr. Owen Moore, this over the signature of Tom D. Cochrane, general manager. This Majestic company was surely starting something. It was not an admitted published fact, but Miss Pickford had been acquired away from Lamacille's Imp concern at the amazing figure of $273 a week, an increase of one hundred dollars a week.

Cochrane reached about, taking what and whom he chose for the Majestic stock company until the imposing roster included David Miles, Mabel Truscule, Anita Hendrie, Amy Oliver, Herbert Prior, George Loane Tucker and Paul Scardon. November 26 Majestic offered its first Pickford release entitled "The Courting of Mary." Now that the producers were fighting over her Mary had really become a star.

The waxing prosperity of the Independents brought growth and swift development to every competently, or half competently managed producing concern. The early autumn of 1917 found the Baumann and Kessel interests, flourishing with the New York Motion Picture concern, on the eve of widely extending their operations. Rumors got about that the N. Y. M. P. would soon be in the market for a new and outstandingly able director. It was reported that they were going to be willing to pay a considerable price to get the best man in the business.

This report reached young Thomas H. Ince, who was progressing merily but not conspicuously as a director for Lamacille's Imp company. Ince again gave a demonstration of Yankee strategy. He regarded a very young face in his shaving mirror and decided that it would be well to have a bit of a mustache to conduct to a scenic effect inferring more age and experience. When the moustache had reached the required pictorial proportions, Ince borrowed a large and impressive ring set with a four carat Kimberly monolith and went to call on Adam Kessel.

As they sat talking across the corner of Kessel's desk, Ince held his chin propped in his hand in a thoughtful deliberate pose, which, quite incidentally of course, exposed to Kessel's dazzled view the scintillations of the big diamond.

The diamond ring, by the bye, was and probably still is the property of "Doc" Willat, who was then Imp's technical chief.

Kessel blinked at the diamond and listened respectfully to Ince's impressive remarks. Kessel quite forgot that this same Ince was something of an actor as well as a director of pictures. In fact Kessel was so impressed that he did not even tap the motion picture's grapevine telegraph to find out what Ince's salary might be at Imp. Instead he took another look at the diamond and murmured something about possibilities for advancement and a starting salary of a hundred dollars a week. That was just forty more than Ince was getting at Imp.

But Ince stroked his new moustache with tender consideration and yawned. He was not outwardly moved. He pretended not to have heard Kessel's offer. A man with a diamond that big could hardly afford to listen to a mere hundred a week.

"Oh, I'll see you again some day," Ince replied and sauntered out.

This was most convincing. Kessel sent for Ince after a few days had passed.

"How about $150 a week?"

Ince deliberated two or maybe three seconds before he could trust his trembling voice to say "Yes" without too much color of anxiety. Ince, accompanied by Mrs. Ince, Ethel Grandin, Ray Smallwood and Charles Weston of the Imp company, went to Los Angeles to make pictures for the N. Y. M. P. at the old Edendale studio.
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly
in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift
by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn’t behave. As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity’s family moved to Spain and I didn’t see her again until last New Year’s eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

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

About this girl’s face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine. It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn’t wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

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

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

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm." "Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. Digname (tell me) senorita, what is your heart most desires?"

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

"Oigame, senorita," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was married to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven’s wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted (pelo rizado) curly hair. Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would style it for her. The prize fell to Pedro, the dressers. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted his mistress’ straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

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

I called a cab and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me."

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

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

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

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

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

I asked Charity’s permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratory. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

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

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

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

Don’t delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or return your money.

No-Profit Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

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

The actual cost of preparing and completing the Spanish Curling Liquid is $1.50. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below and pay the postman $1.50 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
Originaeors of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS
Dept. A4
Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Mar-
celle (Spanish Curling Liquid) I will pay post-
man $1.50, plus few cents postage, on delivery.

With the understanding that if, after a five-day
trial, I am not satisfied with the results from this
magic curling fluid, I may return the unused
contents in the bottle, and you will immedi-
ately return my money in full.

Name

Street

Town

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
AGENTS AND SALESMEN

ROBERTS & WILLIAMS: PRESIDENTIAL LETTERS for store window. Send name and address. Free samples.

LADDLEton, N. C.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR, 3847,88, Exclusives in New Shipment. Write for full details.

Carnegie, Dept. 290, M. L. Us.

WANTED—COLLECTING ALL MHIENS, HOUSEHOLD, OFFICE SUPPLIES, TRASH, everthing. 30% to 40% weekly, 100% to 100% monthly, anywhere. Opportunity Limited; valuable book free. Write us. W. R. Goodwin, 16 East 3rd, New York.


THE DAILY EUROPE, INTRODUCING ANY MEN’S or Women’s suits in silk, wool and artificial silk, 23 colors, lined to match. Sample free. Five thousand suits will gladly show samples we furnish: take orders. We deliver. 150-O-Mich Co., Company, Forth Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL OUR ROYAL VALUE $2 piece summer suits 57.50 and fancy, various suits for $35.00 to 40.00. Write full name and address. Free sample. Write J. H. Simpson, Dept. 708, Adams, Chicago, III.


INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or not, we want to buy. Write 2506 Cc, 137 St., St. Louis, Mo.

POEMS—VERSES $500.00 PRIZE CONTEST. IF you write the best four poems in the contest, you will receive $500.00. Send your name and address in with each poem. Make copies of poems. Write to Mrs. May, 347 W. 34th St., New York.

A $500.00 CASH PRIZE IS OFFERED for the best second verse written for the season. Remember, These valued by hundreds of men. We pay you. Write J. C. Seaman, Dept. 708, Adams, Chicago, Ill. 

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE AND HAVE A LITTLE OPPORTUNITY; most pay; travel. Write C. T. Ludlow, 257 Waverly Place, New York, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Excellent opportunity; position waiting for you. Write, American Detective System, 1639 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ALL MEn, WOMEn, BOYs, GIRLS, 15 to 70, willing to work, send in 50c. Free trip to New York or 25c. Free sample trip to New York. Traveling or stationary. Write Mr. Moslin, 265 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.


Write now. Guaranteeing YELLING TOPS TO ANY. Experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp, The Landon School, 1420 North Rush, Chicago, Ill.

Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time

from the school that has trained so many successful cartoonists. Start earning from 50c to $200 or more a week. Special method of teaching makes original drawing easy. No more expensive costs. Send for free catalog and three sample lessons. The Landon School, 1410 North Rush, Chicago, Ill.

Selling by Letter

DEVELOPS BUSINESS LIKE MAGIC! During past 15 years thousands have made money selling by letter. Books sold as high as $100.00. Ask for free letter. Write, Sabin Letter Co., 1043 A, New York, N. Y.

THE LANDON SCHOOL

1407 North Rush, Chicago, Ill.

PIANO JAZZ

By Niles or Ozar. With or without words. Short Course in piano technique. $3.00. The best letter course ever offered. Self-Instructing Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn to play Ives, Ravel, Stravinsky, Satie, Debussy, Schoenberg, Hindemith, Ravel, Ravel, Ravel. No more ugly sack, corn, Irish, etc., needed. Write with words. Sample copy. Rink, B. E., 976 Lexington Ave., New York.

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

ENLISTED EVERYWHERE, 3 weeks to 5 weeks. Three to six months' course. Commercial, Portraiture, Practical instruction, Modern equipment. N. Y. Institute of Photography, 1414 W. 35th St., New York.

BAUMANN & KESSEL

Kessel and Baumann were ready to plunge. Charles O. Baumann went to the west coast to see the new director launched in his work. Ince's first N. Y. M. P. effort was a one reeler called the "New Coast." Tradition says it was a hit. En route to a mountain location near Santa Monica canyon, Ince discovered that the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch show was coming to the vicinity. He remembered that a director's yearning that it would be a grand thing to have that show to play with in the picture. Baumann seemed to like the notion. He did some negotiating and then wired Adam Kessel:

"Can get 101 Ranch show for the winter at $2,500, what do you think?" Kessel thought over and answered in good race-track fashion:

"Take a chance."

The deal was consummated to the billion dollar publicity barage laid down by the press agents of the screen of today can scarcely realize what a speculation this two thousand dollar deal was. The contract was a full year without parallel or precedent. It was an epochal beginning. The art of the motion picture was about to enter upon its astonishing career spanning a century. Baumann signed the 101 Ranch show for the season.

No one could have been more amazed, fireballed, and perplexed at the兀4,000 offered to H. Ince. He had grown accustomed to the ordinary methods and problem of the director and was probably vastly more composed at the matter of operating a wild west show in connection with a motion picture company, was something else again.

When the first week when Ince saw the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch show strung out on the ice, an impounding caravan which seemed to reach clear into infinity, he bethought himself of the cost—twenty-one hundred dollars a week.

"This," he remarked abruptly to his cameraman, "had better be pretty good."

This might be the typical scenario for the utilization of the big west show. He started showing scenes and the story was born then and there, under fire. It became a two reel picture entitled "Across the Plains."

Baumann wired Kessel in excitement and enthusiasm:

"That's everything, a hundred and fifty horses, fifty-two Indians."

Baumann started east with the two reeler under his arm.

A TWO reeler picture in 1911 was sensational. Split reels with two or three subjects were common and a one reeler picture was the average standard of production of the day.

Now the N. Y. M. P. product was going to the exchanges through the Motion Picture Distributing & Sales Company, at the standard price of two cents a foot, this placed a definite limit on the earning power of a movie picture. There was a demand for about thirty-five to thirty-eight cents of the N. Y. M. P. reeler, 200 feet, this meant a loss on these expensive Ince two reeler with the 101 Ranch show in them at $2,500 a week.

There were some sleepless nights for Kessel and Baumann.

They decided that they would have to take the radical and unprecedented step of raising the price of the first established fact, something akin to Holy War in the one track, narrow gauge mind of the trade.

Baumann and Kessel issued a circular to the exchange customers, of the Sales company group, to the effect that the price on the two reeler of the Bison brand would be two cents a foot. This was significant. Here and now for the first time the factor of quality production came into the American producing field to introduce

Berry advertisement in PhotoPlay Magazine is guaranteed.
Reduced 53 Lbs.
In Nine Weeks!

Society Leader Takes Off Every Pound of Excess Weight — From 191 Lbs. to 138 Lbs. Mrs. Bayliss Tells the Way She Did It.

NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well known young matron of Philadelphia's social elect. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased late in November. A reduction of more than 50 pounds in a few weeks! But read how she said it:

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my avoirdupois had hovered round the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements — nothing else — did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years — and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore, and wearing styles I would have had the pictures appeared, were it fact, still more. One reel of film was just as long and just as good as another reel if it measured a thousand feet. It was easy for those who felt inclined to foment cancellation of print orders against Kessel and Baumann.

"Remember that this same precious pair 'K & B' had raided the 'Imp' for Inc and several important players, that also they were in a somewhat friendly relation to Majestic, which had boasted 'Imp' of the services of Mary Pickford.

"Remember, too, that the Independents, while they were nominally allied, had been driven together in the Sales Company by fear of the Motion Picture Patents Company. It was commonplace of love lost.

"So it might have been anticipated that Carl Laemmle, the chief of Imp and the head of the Motion Picture Sales Company, would not be entirely in sympathy with this upsetting price-raising departure of Kessel and Baumann to Laemmle's exchanges, of which there were many, cancelled orders for the K & B. products in return.

"To save the face of the situation while they thought out a solution, Kessel and Baumann issued a letter saying they were going into production exclusively for the European market. Which of course was not news.

Meanwhile the rip-treading Indian shooting profession was shooting pictures with Inc and costliest 101 Ranch show was going out at Santa Monica canyon, piling up costs on the ledger and negatives in the safe. A few weeks more reducing less complete, record and all.

"Is it easy to get thin to music — and extremely easy to prove that you can. The first reducing record awaits only your word. It is to try it only five days — and note the result in even this short time.

Free Proof — Send No Money
Just try Wallace's way for five days.
That's all he asks. Don't send any money; don't promise to pay anything now or later. The trial is free. If you don't see surprising results in these few days simply mail back the record and you will not owe Wallace a penny. Let the scales decide.
Here is the coupon that brings first week's results.

Mail This Coupon to WALLACE
Dept. 40, 630 So. Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

Brings First Lesson FREE
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID your first reducing record for a week's free trial.
Name__________________________
Address________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ment, offering to all and sundry on a “state’s rights” basis the wild west pictures at the unprecedented price of fifteen cents a foot. To their joy and amazement they sold most promptly a total of sixty-five prints per production. This took them into a handsome profit as against the loss incurred by the sale of only thirty-five to thirty-eight prints through the Sales company.

Incidentally, some pleasant by-play came into the situation. Examining the orders carefully, Adam Kessel found that some of these fifteen cent sales were being bought by Laemmle exchanges. He cancelled the orders, just by way of revenge.

The seeds of a glorious new war were sowing, while the old wars with the Patents Company still raged.

Meanwhile additional and lovely complications were arising elsewhere in the Independent branch of the Industry. Among other events an excellent row was brewing between Carl Laemmle, as the dominant factor of the Sales company, and H. E. Aitken, the soft spoken producer from Wisconsin with his Majestic company.

The head of the Sales Company began to realize that the control of the channel to the market for the wares of the studios meant power. It was suggested that Majestic should be a new comer and an outsider in the field, pay a higher price for distribution than the “charter members” of the Sales Company.

Straightway a leaf from the budding thorn hedge of litigation between William Fox and the Patents Company group, and made formal charges against the Sales Company as a combination in restraint of trade in violation of the well known and sometimes enforced Sherman Act. Now both the distributing concerns, licensed and unlicensed, were under the influence of consumptions and conspiracies. Which doubtless they were, morally if not legally.

To the present day student of the industry, this period and its movements are of special importance because it was then that disintegration, the profit-devouring ogre of the industry, became recognized for its importance.

The more shreded factors in the formation of the Patents Company, Kennedy, Marvin, and Kleine, had foreseen the large economies and consequent profits that would arise out of unified distribution of the pictures made by the licensed studios. But these were more than vindicated by the vast success of the early years of General Film, the concern formed to handle that unified distribution.

The Sales Company, as a defensive alliance, soon demonstrated the same large merchandising fact to the Independents and provided in itself a bone of contention among them.

FROM 1911 onward the business of distributing and selling motion pictures became the major concern of the chief officers of the industry. The channels of distributing became more important in the making of money than the wares that went through those channels. The General Film Company arose as the agency of the big monopolies. The Sales Company set out to be another monopoly of the same sort, and very shortly came other concerns, each in its lesser way trying to be a lesser monopoly. The ambition of every motion picture boss from Gilmore or Edison down to this year of 1924 has been total control of the industry. Every expedient known to the violent competitions of business has been applied by every concern to the maximum of its ability to that end—except the persistent pursuit of good pictures.

This disproportionate attention to selling instead of production is a considerable factor in the many ills of which the motion picture industry is today complaining, but a discussion of that aspect must be left until today has also passed into screen history along with the men who were building themselves niches in the Hall of Olivion.
It may be observed in passing, however, that nearly everything sells on a rising market with an unsatisfied demand. The motion picture market has for some years been sufficiently supplied to indulge itself in a disposition toward critical choice. The producers and distributors of 1911 had no such condition to face. All pictures sold well, some sold better than others.

Of course, Aitken's attack on the sales company with his complaint of combination in restraint of trade was followed by counter action—the organization of the Film Supply Company of America. This purported to be a selling alliance of independents who were ready to break away from the Sales company's standards. The Film Supply company was announced May 18, 1912.

But, meanwhile and concurrently, a similar project involving identical purposes and wider ones was under way in the West.

One snowy afternoon in December of 1911, John R. Feuer, owner with Aitken in the various Western Film exchanges, sat in his room at the Hotel La Salle and mulled over a list of film exchanges and film makers which he wrote down on the back of a hotel laundry slip. He had had many conferences and discussions of a project among the Independents, which was to follow very much the same commercial pattern as the General Film Company. This project was to be composed in the organization known as the Mutual Film Corporation.

Conference at the Hotel Astor, followed in which the project got well enough. The incorporation of the Mutual Film Corporation of Delaware in March of 1912 was followed by counter moves in the opposing faction of the Independents, resulting in the organization of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, announced June 8, 1912, with Carl Laemmle, president, and C. O. Baumann, of Kessel and Baumann, one of the aggressive organizers.

The Mutual took in the Western Film exchanges owned by Feuer and Aitken, and various other film exchanges, and formed alliance with various producers and importers; chief among them the Thanhouser Studios of New Rochelle, the American Film Company of Chicago and Santa Barbara, Calif., and the Majestic.

The Universal included in its group the Laemmle producing interests, Imp, P. A. Powers' Power Picture Play company, David Horsley's Nestor pictures, Porter and Swanson's brand, Mark Dintenfass' Champion pictures, Kessel and Baumann's 101 Bison, and a few minor importers and producers, and various exchanges.

The trouble began at Universal's second meeting, a session held at the Astor. Adam Kessel charged that the Kessel-Baumann concern had been misled into a situation where they were putting representatives against each other in the incorporation.

Then the war started. Kessel beckoned across the room to Baumann.

"Let's beat it,—this gang is framing us. They've got together and bribed it up to skin us for a couple of Dutchmen."

Kessel and Baumann went out of the meeting and out of Universal.

The law suits started promptly.

And the fight did not wait on the slow processes of the courts. The Universal set out to take possession of the Kessel and Baumann studios of the New York Motion Pictures company, both east and west.

Accompanied by the robust assistants, Mark Dintenfass was dispatched to the N. Y. M. P. studios at 251 West 99th street to take possession of the property. A stenographer engaged in conversation while a warning was telephoned to Kessel and Baumann.

Kessel went into action, recruiting his forces as he went. He arrived at the studio with a taxicab load of strong arm men and a pitched
She Can Attract Any Man

NOT particularly beautiful, perhaps, but somehow the center of men's attention wherever she goes. What is her secret? The answer is simple. Either instinctively, or through wide experience, she understands man's human nature. She knows what to do, what to say, as well as what not to do, to say, always and everywhere, to be attractive, interesting, and bewitchingly fascinating to men.

Knowledge is power. Any woman who understands man's psychology can be equally fascinating. Beauty is unnecessary. Once you understand man's human nature, winning his interest and making yourself a center of attraction is an easy matter.

Our FREE book, "THE SECRET OF FASCINATING WOMANHOOD," gives you the key to man's psychology and human nature. You will be astonished to learn how easily he is attracted and charmed, the different methods required for different men, and what makes a woman fascinating to them.

Just a letter with ten cents (10¢) to cover cost of packing and mailing will bring to you (in plain wrapper) our free book containing these stupendous revelations. Send for it. Know exactly what you are about when dealing with men. Learn the art of fascinating them, know what a wonderful thing it is to be popular, sought after, admired, and bewitching, to go everywhere, to join in all the good times, and to have your choice of dozens of splendid men. Try out its methods and plans, experience the power over men which its knowledge gives you, and watch the immense and remarkable change in men's attitude toward you.

Send your dime today. THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
Dept. I, 117 South 11th Street
St. Louis, Mo.

A Gift of Distinction

Beauty Monogram Auto Signal

A tall lamp and stop signal combined, including an illuminated interchangeable name or monogram of automobiles.

Can be installed on any car in a few minutes and without any alterations to the car. Full directions are enclosed in box.

In ordering mention make of your car.

Order Today!
Price complete ready to attach
$5.50

GET RID OF YOUR FAT
Free Trial Treatment

Based on simple diet principles, Scientifically proven to have succeeded for thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day, without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

Dr. R. Newman, Licensed Physician
State of New York, 285 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

SEND US YOUR FILMS
Mail to the above address for development and printing of your 16 mm or any size negatives, any size, development only or finished film. Photofinishing also handled. For free samples, write for film now.

226 East Ave.
HOUGHTON, N. C.

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed

FAT REDUCER
For Men and Women

WILL SHOW REDUCTION TAKING
PLACE IN 11 DAYS OR
MONEY REFUNDED

Dr. Lawton, shown in the picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part of your body you wish quickly, safely and permanently by using the Lawton a few minutes night and morning. The Lawton is not electrical, made of soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. By a gentle manipulation the Lawton dissolves fatty tissue, so that it becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination. By Physicians as well as by thousands of satisfied users. No dieting, starving, medicine or exercise. The Lawton will be sent to you in plain wrapper for $7.50, or upon receipt of $3.75 plus 20c postage, send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember, it is guaranteed.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON
15 West 8th St., Dept. B-490, New York City

Get these Facts about the New
MASTERTONE

Ear Roberts, tenor banjo, with Westphal's famous instrument. Phonograph record, $1.00. Guaranteed. Published by Thomas Beardsley, Chicago.

Write for Free Book, mentioning instrument

GIbson MANDO-LIN-GUITAR CO.
H. W. Shafter, Secretary
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Shredders

The new Gibson tenor banjo possesses exclusive features, making it easier to play, giving more resonance, durability and carrying power, eliminating string breakages, and enabling the user to play these features, the opportunities for pleasure and profit, and our Easy Payment Plan on any Gibson instrument: banjo, mandolin, guitar.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK, MENTIONING INSTRUMENT

GIbson MANDO-LIN-GUITAR CO.
H. W. Shafter, Secretary
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Music Lessons Given

You can read music like this quickly

IN YOUR HOME. Write today for our free booklet.

It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners and advanced players. Your opportunity to learn to read music in a few weeks.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 67 Lakeside Bidg., Chicago
Free Bottle Trial

No Gray Hair—You Needn't Tell the Secret

My method of restoring the original color to gray hair is so sure and simple that every woman can do it herself. There is no outside aid required, no expert skill needed. No one need know your secret.

My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, and as pure and dainty. It is easily and quickly applied by combing through the hair. The restored color is perfectly even and natural, and permanent. There is no greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash off or rub off.

Once I Was Gray

I perfected my scientific restorer to bring back original color to my own prematurely gray hair. Millions have since used it. So will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest-selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Mary J. Goldman's

Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Beauty is skin deep

Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

The World’s Greatest Discoverer, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operation. Removes all surface blemishes, Pimping, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Acne, Acne Scars, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury, arsenic, or irritable, irritates not an organisms. Quick, easy and sure way to have a beautifully new skin healthily and permanently. Ask your druggist or write for booklet “Magic of a New Skin.”

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. 15, 36 E. 26th St., N.Y.

Start Little Mail Order Business Home Evenings

Instructive Booklet Free

Pier Co., 525 Cortland St., N.Y.

200 Sheets—100 Envelopes

$1.00

Pepsodent Prepared High grade, clear, white bend proof gum powder, washable and washable. We give you much superior quality tooth paste in a solid stick. Give it a trial. We wi

Your Name and Address Printed FREE!

on every sheet and envelope. In rich dark blue, up to four lines. Make your mail order business a success. Type your order in the space provided, and it will be printed for you free of charge. This handsome envelope is laid out to be filled with mail order business.

National Stationery Co., 172 - 174 Dearborn St., Chicago

SONGS


T. S. Denison & Co., 203 S. Wabash, Dept. 203, Chicago

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Girl With Hypnotic Eyes

[continued from page 53]

white women could demand in the heart of public acclaim and approval.

The little girl departed for Australia secure in the custody of a cherished father she was soon to lose. Sylvia’s last memory was of being a lively happily back in his snug armchair as she sat at the piano one twilight—but he had died long before this.)

She was sent to an aunt on a sheep-ranch at one of the little hill stations in the heart of the country. Here she lived in rural tranquillity until one day a traveling-show passed through the neighborhood. The novelty of being a trapper never had entered her maturing mind. She watched the performance without harboring a single wish to be a part of it. But that which she had wanted—there even a conscious desire, without a logical idea, she simply ran away and overtook the troupe as it was approaching its next stand.

The show was a vaudeville production. An “eminent” doctor, according to the posters, entertained with “entirely harmless but completely hilarious, thrilling, mystifying, marauding and awe-inspiring” exhibitions of the legitimate science of mental-suggestion or hypnosis, using positively no trampolines, false boxes, wires, or tricks of any kind connected with his illusions.”

THE eminent exponent of this legitimate science took on the new applicant at nothing a week without a single scientific qualm. She played a apropos of the couch-back-stage, the human pin-cushion, the maiden suspended in air, with a lavish devotion to her job. She was the quick subject the doctor ever had imposed his will upon—that is, she was able to discard her own violation and read other people’s minds with miraculous ease. The doctor predicted a brilliant future for her, prophecy which she seemed to have fully of her own as well Sylvia, the girl with one thousand eyes.

But these crude psychological experiments were not to the girl’s aristocratic taste. She wanted red actory—she had a red hair making love to her and a real villain in pursuit. So, when her company reached Sydney, she precipitately jumped it, and signed up with a troupe of barnstorming players for tour of New Zealand in a repertoire of such thrilling classics as the old saw-mill melodrama.

Her sixth sense lay dormant. She was an actress. Each successive job was a better one. She acquired the stench of ingenuity leads in long run productions right in Sydney and Melbourne. And until there were no new tilts with Australia satisfied the girl. But when she had hit every tank in the Antipodes, she began to think about New York. Obviously, a theatrical child prodigy from Australia would find his way into a Broadway production at countless shillings a week. By the practical system of “doing without” Sylvia Brewer saved the important sum of five hundred dollars and started to conquer the new world.

“I spent most of my money in Honolulu,” said Sylvia ruefully, “and paid three hundred dollars for a ticket through to New York. I arrived at the Grand Central station with less money, I guess, than the average commuter bringing the lunch. And went to one of the best houses because some of the people on my boat had told me it was a ‘nice place for young girls.’”

“I had no idea of the value of American money, but I did know that four dollars a day for one small room was rather more than I could afford. But I was coquettish of getting work, so I began to look around—she put a little wrinkle in her nose. ‘Agents offices! Whew, the very words conjure up a nightmare for me. Weeks and months of impersonal office boys, and wet feet, and empty stomachs. Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
and aching back, and a chronic lump of hump someness in my throat that was slowly choking me to death.

In the meantime I had looked in the paper and found a little third floor back in a rooming house in the West Fifties. I wasn't eating much those days. Times were bad. Nobody was eating. I used to walk past the Astor Hotel and look up at that north dining room, with everybody at the windows looking fat and stuffed enough to burst, and I'd have starved if it had been for that sweet little landlady who'd feed me when I went to the fainting stage. It seemed that every restaurant on Broadway had a food display in the window, and that every newspaper was full of flights and over a pungent chop suey parlor.

"And loneliness—this is the loneliest place in the world. That's not an original thought, I know, but it's a sincere one. All those more, I didn't make a friend. I didn't get a bit of encouragement. I wasn't offered even a little job, or an honorable meal. I didn't get a chance to read the papers. The office boys said that I didn't get to the right people!"

"This is an old story to every girl who tries to break into the show business, but I think I found it harder than most because I was so far away from home and so alone. And after I had left my name and address a dozen times in every office in town, and was just at the point of giving up as physically unfruitful, I happened to have an aunt who had about an ounce of very weak blood to keep me going, a curious thing happened to me, something almost fatalistic.

Thus accident marked the change in her fortunes. Sylvia convinced me it was the broken bridge her nurse had prophesied. She recovered her energy with the strength, and the ablest physicians and the best advice, and walked boldly into the William Brady offices. The inevitable office boy opened the inevitable argument.

"I stood there debating with him, and demanding to see Mr. Brady. He kept insisting he wasn't in. Yet, I could catch a glimpse of that gentleman, comfortably smoking in an immaculate shirt, with his handkerchief in the bottom of his coat pocket. I made up my mind that I'd never use my psychic power before and never again that was the time when it was intended to test me. So I just stood there and without saying a word ordered that theatrical magnate to come out and give me a job. The boy kept hopping around kind of panic-stricken, because I must have looked so excited, and minutes the door opened and, still chewing the cigar, he walked out, right up to me and said very gently, 'What do you want?' I said, 'A job.' He looked at me, and I said, 'I'm Miss Nash in the New York company of 'Major Barbara' in which Grace George was starred.' During this engagement Sylvia received an invitation from Parker Reid to make a film test. She accepted without keen enthusiasm. She went to Fort Lee, made the test, a very bad one, and was thrashed by a sight of Barbara luring one of her victims. The result was an offer of a year's contract, which she accepted, because, as she said, "a year's work was a year's work, and I'd rather eat in Hollywood than be shabby back in New York."
Dimples!

"June, dear, do you remember how unhappy I was at school? None of the boys noticed me, and oh, I was so lonesome! Then one day I ran the ad for the Famous DOLLY DIMITER, and at once I thought how popular girls with dimples always are. I answered the ad, just as you will this one, and it was a very short time that the dimpled dimples. Everyone—men and women, prettier — I was the most husky was the kind that non-stop. Now I haven't a chance to get my dimples, but I do sit up and simply envy the other girls who have dimples.

DOLLY DIMITER

Many of the noted film stars or whose displacements have been called the DOLLY DIMITER— that's the secret of their charm. And you can have them, too. Just run the coupon below and send it for everything needed. Buttons to clean, polish, comb, and style at your convenience. And every advertisement is true. Don't wait. Write today.

DOLLY DIMITER CO.
Dept. 2, 217 Pearl St.
Dayton, Ohio

Harlequin #1 for the Famous DOLLY DIMITER, with full instructions for use.

Note:...

Address...

New Liquid Darkens Lashes Instantly

Here's a new discovery that makes even the scantiest lashes look dark and long. Now you can have lovely lashes, thick, long, and dark, just ordinary preparations. Dullshin Liquid, as it is called, is WATERPROOF. Tears cannot affect it. It does not discolor clothes. In minutes, it makes every lash smooth, natural effect, instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes, and restoring them to their lost luster. DULLSHIN cannot be detected. Contains certain natural oils that stimulate growth and keep the lashes soft and pliable. Try Dullshin Liquid today. It is on sale at all good toilet goods counters everywhere.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Dullshin Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Dullshin product, Dullshin Poudre, which quickly stimulates the growth of the lashes and makes up the Difference. Clip this announcement, coarse it to cover the cost of making and shipping and send it at once to Dullshin Laboratories, Dept. 22, 417 Canal Street, New York City.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

You CAN make $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing required. We show you how, guarantee you work at home no matter where you live and how you can cash each week. Full colors and booklet free. Write today.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LTD.
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, $1,000,000
210 Adams Blvd.
Toronto, Canada

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 1856
Genuine DIAMONDS GUARANTEED

DIAMONDS WATCHES

Cash or Credit

Send for FREE Catalog

17-Jewel ELGIN

Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., National Jewelers
Dept. N502, 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

POLA NERI’S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

contains some of the most vivid reminiscences of this great actress’s extraordinary career.

In the March Photoplay
Out February 15
The Paved Jungle
[Continued from page 36]

Kool,—a little often than I can afford it if the truth must be told. Still I list the expense as a necessity and trim off a little here and there or such luxuries as food and clothes and it comes out all right in the monthly balance. My wife and I, K. K. when I haven't spent any more than I can borrow.

"I don't come to call because I am a little ashamed of being pretty much a failure in life,—or perhaps it is more to the point to say that my position in the world and the clothes I wear than I have clothing,—I'm more presentable clad in novels, adjectives, adverbs and all that sort of thing than I am in my very best suit which looks exactly like my very worst."

"Then why do I recall myself to your attention at all? Because I can't help it. I love you. It won't hurt you any to know that there you are just a little of some sort is that window, a towel, a sheet, anything white that I can make out against the background of the brick wall. As soon as I see I'll be over there with all the words I can find.

"That's a silly idea isn't it? It would not have occurred to me, I suppose, if I were not an amateur maker of plots, a novelist with novel ideas who has never heard his lines spoken save by himself. It must be that I think in terms of melodrama.

"Forgive me for boring you this much. I have the best excuse that a man ever has for writing to a woman. Take that into consideration before you condemn me."

That was all, just "Peter."

N.O.T. that it made any difference but there were so many Peters that the Christian name, all by itself, was not much of a clue to guide the letter to the proper boxes. Much to anyone who had met during her school days. It couldn't be done.

Besides, she would never have any occasion to think of him again. In that promise she was mistaken as mortals frequently are. He sent her another letter in about a week.

"Dear Rosemary:

"You begin to write this time is the correct way impression which I may have given by my first communication. I said I was a novelist and a playwright. You might think that something strange happened to me but I was absolutely penniless. Far from such. I have another job, one that pays real money. I am an assistant in a bakery and work all night at it. I get twenty dollars a week for wearing flour on my nose and putting demountable rims on doughnuts. My writing I do only when I am off duty, usually at the time you are sleeping behind that really draw new shade of yours that I sit facing right now.

"When you put it up, along about noon, as you usually do, it's a little bit as if you said: "Good morning.""

"I never go to bed myself until I get that signal which tells you are all right for the day.

"Do my letters annoy you? It's a little late to ask but if they do I'll try not to repeat more advanced secrets of drawing. Almost before you realize it you are making drawings that sell.

Send for FREE BOOK
You may be considering the study of art merely for the joy you can get from it; or you may want to turn your ability into the big money which is to be found in Commercial Art. In any case—if you feel that you want to learn to draw, send for our new Free Book on Art, which tells all about the wonderful opportunities for happiness and profits in art and describes this startling new method which makes it so easy for you to learn to draw. Mail coupon for this Free Book and for our Special Free Offer.

Washington School of Art
Room 582
1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

It's Fun Learning Art This New Way
It's all just like a pleasant game when you learn to draw with this new method. You study right at home, yet every bit of your work receives the individual attention and criticism of a real artist. It's almost as though you had a famous artist standing at your elbow while you work. With his training you progress with amazing rapidity. Starting with straight lines and curves, you quickly learn action, perspective and all the

when you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPHAT MAGAZINE.
The Favorite Luxury of Gentlewomen

To step into a bath that smells like a flower garden—into water so soft and limpid, it tells you by its very feel how good it is for your skin; to step out of your tub with an indefinable almost "sentless" fragrance clinging to you—no wonder so many gentlewomen call this their favorite luxury. It is the luxury which Bathasweet has brought them for twenty years. Once you have tried it you will wonder that you ever did without it. 25c, 50c and $1 at drug and department stores.

FREE 10¢-can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Manufacturing Co., Dept. F., New York.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Meyer Both Company, the largest Commercial Art Organization in the World offers you an unusual opportunity for practical training, based upon twenty-three years of success. This nationally known organization each year produces and sells to advertisers over 15,000 commercial drawings. Meyer Both instruction is the difference between successful and experimental work. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Write for free illustrated book telling about the success of our students—full-sized free of charge.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Department of Art Instruction
Michigan Ave., at 22d St., Dept. 31, CHICAGO, ILL.
Note: Ta Art and Engraving Firm, Second largest commercial artists among our graduates. Write us.

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer

You needn't have
GRAY HAIR

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer will restore (not dye) the original dark color of your hair. This beneficial preparation has been used by men and women for over thirty years. Write in confidence. Used in privacy of your home, without fear or trouble. Change is gradual and natural, your friends need not know. Two 75-cent—try the Drug Store first.

Chinese Peacock Ring

Graceful in design. Carved in beautiful materials. No two alike. $2.00

WRITE JOKES

EARN FROM $3.00 TO $15.00 PER WEEK
writing Jokes, engravings and humorous stories for publications. Tremendous demand for material. Our short course in Humor Writing teaches you to write humorous material that sells. Learn in your own home—send for free illustrated book and full particulars.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF HUMOR
616-31 Park Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

SUBSCRIBE FOR
PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates will be found on page five, below, table of contents

★ STARS ★
Beautifully Framed Photographs (Fine Card Size)
Your Choice of MOTION PICTURE STARS
for only 35 cents, or select three (all different) for one dollar. Address—
APEX SUPPLY CO., Dept. 22
1001 West 25th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

in my own esteem. It takes a certain amount of highly specialized talent to write and sell jokes, so it's a great disaster for talent to fail simply because one has aimed above his ability, but to find that a Bohemian biscuit blacksmith stands higher with my boss than I do is almost more than I can bear. Just when I was beginning to think that someday I might dare to woo you with waffles as well as words. It's a hard world. I didn't know that any job lower than even-sterker on the night shift in a bakery but there must be, and I've got to find something suitable to my talents.

"If I didn't have you to tell my troubles to I'd probably become a Bolshevik and grow a set of barber's despair s from ear to ear so that when I wanted to wash my face I'd have to get a soapbath."

Even so I'm asking you not to turn away from me even if I do seem to be a very dark cloud on the horizon today. I need you for a few minutes ever so often, even though I realize that with the vanishing of my job I may have to deliver my messages myself. Two cents is two cents."

THAT letter had arrived the week before the accident at the Moonhill Roof. There hadn't been anything since. Rosemary wondered if he had found another job or if he was still living in the old cheap wall room within sight of her own window.

Rosemary when she struck her own problem wished that she might talk to Peter and lay it before him. She couldn't think of anyone else to turn to. Certainly it was not a matter about which she could annoy her father. One look at the grey pallor of his face and anyone that he must be guarded from everything but his own suffering, which he had to battle alone in the dark corridors of his soul.

Dim in the recercesses of her memory she recalled that in his first letter Peter had suggested that if she ever needed him badly enough she might signal to him out the window. She had almost forgotten it and he doubtless had, completely, so it was not anything to do. Besides her need was not serious enough yet. And what could he do to help her anyway? A legacy of a thousand dollars to see her father through his perhaps remaining years of life was the only thing that would give her a chance to turn around for air. Peter had no money. By his own confession that was one of the things he had everything else but. The only sort of a friend who could be a friend to her in her need must be wealthy.

When Rosemary finished her final two weeks at the Moonhill Roof she had applied for work at other similar even if less pretentious entertainments. No luck. Beauty and experience were of no use to her there, seemed to be no openings. Rosemary, in her bitterness, suspected that she was on a blacklist, that Quiller Banks had exerted his power in the world to have her in his theater, and incidentally to his own by calling upon his associates to help him starve her into submission.

She made tentative essays in other avenues of employment but, unfortunately, Rosemary had no training save in charm and a little dancing. She thought of the job of nurse or governess but when she answered an advertisement and told what her last position had been she met with a book-agent's reception. Even the most liberal minded mother would naturally hesitate for her coming off to the mercies of one who has just graduated from the most sophisticated chorus in the world.

She did not tell her father that her job was gone. For one thing she could not tell him how it had happened. Mr. Winters would have risen from his bed and gone to kill the man who had tried to profane his daughter's fair prey. He was an old fashioned man like that and did not know that the theatrical profession has an entirely different code of ethics from his own formal one which was brought over with Cavaliers.

Try Any
Instrument in Your Own Home
At Our Expense

You may now have any known musical instrument for a week's free trial in your own home. Play it as much as you wish. See how easy it is to learn. There is no obligation to buy — no expense for trial. You may return the instrument at the end of a week if you decide not to keep it.

Easy Payments

If you decide to buy, the Wurlitzer plan makes it easy for you to own the instrument you want. Payments are conveniently arranged in small monthly sums— a few cents a day will pay.

Special combination offers on complete outfits —velvet lined cases, all accessories, adapter, etc.— every instrument you need at practically the cost of the instrument alone.

Send for
Free Catalog

The greatest musical catalog ever published over 3000 articles every known instrument described and illustrated, many of them shown in full colors. Gives lowest prices and full details of Wurlitzer plans. Be sure to mark X in copy if you want Free Booklet on how to organize a band.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1722
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati
124 W. 42nd St., New York
329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
123 W. 42nd St., New York
250 Stockton St., San Francisco
Send me, absolutely free, your new illustrated catalog of musical instruments. Also tell me how I may try any instrument in my own home for a week and how the Wurlitzer Plan makes it easy for me to buy. No obligation.

Name_________________________
Address_____________________
City__________________________
State________________________

Instrument_____________________
D __ I want Free Booklet on how to organize a band

Copyright 1922, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
"They've tripled your salary, dear."

"I TELL you, Tom, it was a lucky day for both of us when you sent in that I.C.S. coupon. You'd never be where you are to-day if you hadn't decided to study in spare time just when you did."

Spare-time study with the I.C.S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I.C.S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service. There is a job of Ade. Some man is going to be picked for it. The boys can't take chances. He is going up to a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work.

Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I.C.S., just as thousands of other men and women have done.

The first step they took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

Mail the coupon to-day!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how to qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X.

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- Business Management
- Industrial Management
- Vermont Organization
- Traffic Management
- Railroad Law
- Bankers and Banking Law
- Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- Cost Accounting
- Bookkeeping
- Selling
- French

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- Electrical Engineering
- Electric Lighting
- Mechanical Draftsmanship
- Metalwork
- Railroad Positions
- Civil Engineering
- Metal Molding and Wax Casting
- Engineering and Drafting
- Engineering and Radio

Name
Address
City
State

Do you like to draw? Cartoonists are well paid. The Art and State-in-Trade School will teach you to make you rich a week. But if you are not yet a successful cartoonist you can learn with us.

- Blue Print Reading
- Contracting
- Architectural Draftsmanship
- Concrete and Masonry
- Structural Engineer
- Photography
- Pharmacy
- Auto Mechanics
- Agriculture
- Poultry Management

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning 500 Leader St., Camden, O.

Do you want to be a cartoonist?

$1800 for a Story!

Recently a writer was paid $1800 for a single short story. Most of our students are earning thousands of dollars a year writing stories that will sell. Some are earning $1.50 and upwards for each story written. The Art and State-in-Trade School will teach you to do this.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

The Art and State-in-Trade School
159 N. Main St., Appleton, Wis.

Every Advertisement in PHOTOPLAY Magazine is guaranteed.

Another reason for declining his dad about the ex-position was that he must not be worried. How they were to exist after the last week's pay was spent must be exclusively his own problem.

As in fool him she had to pretend to go to work every night at the usual hour, leaving him all fixed with food and medicines at his bedside. Then she would creep back quietly a little later than her own right. She did not want to be caught waiting,—what for? It was not difficult to dupe the sick man. His once alert faculties were now dulled by pain and drugs. All his remaining consciousness was concentrated in an effort to withstand the struggle between him and The Champion. Sometimes in a semi-delirium he called to her and she even went in to help care for him during the long hours that she was supposed to be away. She never knew or when he did seem to remember having seen her during the night she told him he had dreamed it.

THE money was all gone. They had no credit.

There was no milk. Her father lived on it.

The last bottle had been emptied for his supper.

Rosemary herself had not anything to eat for two days. That did not matter. Worry is an excellent substitute for food. She made ready to leave,—for the nightly pretense of going to see a long-since-gone.

It was harder than usual. The idea of the coming back was what appalled her the most. How could she return with empty hands when her father was about to be hungry?

A day without nourishment would be the end of her father. In his weakened state he could not withstand hunger. There had to be an alternative.

So she faced it. Rosemary had known all the time that when the time came there was the one sacrifice that she could make. It had hovered in her heart all along. The heavy cloud that she had been hoping might pass over but which had been growing blacker and blacker each time she looked at it fearfully was closing over her.

In her tiny desk table, too cheap and too old to be worth anything at the second hand dealer's, was that note from Quiller Banks. She flitted it out to get his address.

Then she felt desolate. The one-piece frock she had worn as a street dress to and from the theatre was still sound enough. One had to dress unobtrusively but well when one worked on a small salary.

She thanked heaven that her father was, for him, feeling moderately well. He seemed more lucid than he had for days past and when she left him was sitting up in bed fusing with a tiny Japanese block puzzle that she had brought him once in the days, a few weeks back, of quasi-prosperity. It was one of the few things of a dozen months that he had tried to put together bits of wood. It filled in many an exasperated hour when Rosemary was away and his eyes were too tired for reading.

ROSEMARY had been gone perhaps an hour when the thunderstorm arrived. Facts and surrounding thunderstorm around Mr. Winters from his self-imposed mental entanglement. For a few minutes his one-track mind of invalidism was busied otherwise than ponders over the matter. Then he knew, of course. It was early fall and the heavy rains were probably about to set in.

He called, "Rosemary! Rosemary!" before he remembered that it was the time of night that she was always away.

So he laboriously lifted himself from his bed by his still-powerful arms and rested his weight on his feet to keep his balance.

It was quite a job getting his window down and he was fairly exhausted by the time he had accomplished it. Still the impulse of the good housekeeper was too strong and he made his perilous way to his daughter's room where the preliminary gusts of the storm were already chipping the cheap curtain into excited flutters.

The window was hard to pull down. Perhaps it was stuck or maybe most of his strength was taken up by the pulling of it at first but finally his fingers encountered the fluttering mesh curtains. One of them held but the other tore loose from the fastening above and came flapping and half-way down his face. His weight prevented the fall. He was saved from the dizzy plunge, but his thin fund of reserve strength was exhausted and he lay with his head on one arm and one arm outside in the pattering rain.

Instinctively he held onto the curtain, the one that had saved his life and the other which hadtreacherously betrayed him. The latter hung down against the brick wall outside from the hand that extended into the rain.

He was still there ten minutes later when someone rapped at the door. He heard the knock but did not feel able to negotiate the trip. Besides it was probably a mistake. No one ever rapped at their door at that time of night. At any rate he could not know for seeking a neighbor, perhaps had confused the doors.

It was a very possible sort of a mistake, perhaps a person of no patience, whatever. He rapped once more and then there was the sound of splintering wood as the lock gave way. Someone seemed to be coming in regardless of conventions.

Mr. Winters from his position at the window faced the outer door which led from Rosemary's room (they had only two). He was not alone. Himself clad in a dressing-gown, he rather admired the trait in others and he was more curious as to what was about to transpire. Danger was something he did not like, nor the plans for seeking the youth. It was pain that had sapped the manhood which he had been about to boast. To finish under full speed ahead,—that was what his soul craved. Perhaps—He stood up.

The door swung open.

"Where's Rosemary?"

The question was fired immediately by the young woman who rushed in. His appearance was that of Harold Lloyd or Ed. Wynn,—that is to say, thin, brittle, mild and owlish,—horn rumps and everything. But it had not affected Captain William B. Kidd, himself, stepping over the leg scuppers or what have you of a captured hulk. The manner was so perfect, Mr. Winters inquired.

Mr. Winters didn't want to laugh when you saw who was wearing it. The spirit that animated the not very formidable body might well appall Mr. Denzey himself if he met up with it in a dark alley. Especially if it carried in its hand the article with which the young man had effected his entrance, a short bar of steel flattened and creased, which was the culminating jewel of a cross between a "jimmy" and a house-breaking crow-bar.

"Where is she?" the young man repeated.

Mr. Winters had not been at all corrected on this.

"I'm Peter. But that doesn't matter. Rosemary's in trouble."

"He's vanished."

"She signalled to me from that window with a white cloth."

"Impossible. She hasn't been here for some time and besides, I was the one that would have seen the window in my hand. It was the window curtain which accidentally came loose when I touched it."
"Buy a Studebaker Direct from the Maker"

Only $1 Down!

Just $1.00! The balance in easy monthly payments. You get the famous Studebaker, 21 Jewel Watch—Insured for a lifetime—direct from the maker at lowest prices ever named on equal quality. Send at once for FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles.

21 Jewel STUDEBAKER
-the Insured Watch

FREE! Watch Chain

For a limited time we are offering FREE with every Studebaker Watch a beautiful Watch Chain. Write now while offer lasts.

WRITE for Style Book!

Send at once and get a copy of this book — FREE! See the newest, beautiful, advance styles in Studebaker Art Beauty Cases and Dials. Read how you can buy a 21 Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money—and pay for it while you are using it. Write for our Free Book. It will post you on watch styles and watch values. Send coupon at once. Get Free Chain offer today while it lasts.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. 332 South Bend, Indiana

Mail Coupon for FREE Book

[Mail Coupon Image]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Rosemary isn't nerdy. Didn't you know that she works at the Moonmill Roof? She is a sort of a hostess. I thought I'd pay her just a visit. She was just about to have her dinner when I arrived."

"You say she is still employed there?"

"Yes, she never misses a night."

Peter couldn't betray her by demolishing her bravely constructed fabric of lies. But where was she? He knew that she was not working at the Moonmill Roof. He had been there only the night before and not seeing her in the chorus had gotten up his courage to enquire for her and had learned that it had been two weeks since she was there. He had mind told him that, not having appraised her father of any change in employment, she had not secured any position whatever to take the place of the old one.

"I guess," the old man interrupted his thoughts, "guess that I'm going to have to help them get back into bed. Putting down the windows kind of used up my strength and so long as you're here —" he ended apologetically.

"Of course," Peter spring instantly to his side. It would have been only too easy to have carried the emaciated form but the younger man sensed that such a course would have retread the spirit of the invalid who preferred to think that he was still the captain of his ship.

"There," the old man sighed as he sunk back on the pillows which Peter had arranged in a tempting incline. "That feels good. You're pretty handy around here. How did you ever learn about sick folks?"

"Oh, my dad used to be ill," Peter didn't explain the "used to be" meant that he had died last winter.

Mr. Winters did not ask either. Instead, he said, "There is something else you can do for me. I feel hungry. Rosemary, don't try to give me as much supper as usual and in my mind I could drink another glass of milk. It's in the ice-box."

Peter found the ice-box, a tiny zinc-lined chest. In it was a forlorn fragment of ice about the size of a fist,—nothing else.

That told the entire story. Peter knew as well as if it had been on a sign-board that there was no food in the apartment, that the last morsel had been consumed at the old man's supper. He suspected that the invalid was the only one who had eaten anything at all that day. In the other corner of the room he looked through the shelves that were tacked up against the wall. There were tins that once had contained coffee, bread and other supplies but there was left of only the peper, absolutely not a crumb of anything else.

Except one lone scrap of paper with an address written on it and a memorandum, "I shall be expecting you at about two o'clock after the show. Q. B."

It was not dated and Peter certainly had no way of knowing that it had been written two weeks before. He put it in his pocket for his watch, forgetting that there hadn't been one since the last trip to the pawn-brokers. There was no clock in the apartment either, perhaps for the same reason. Still, it wasn't two yet. He was fairly sure of that.

It is to be regretted that Peter forgot all about Mr. Winter's request for milk. His unruly ways and plans too crowed for him to remember a simple thing. Nor did he have any eating to speak of for a few days but that, too, sank into the extreme background of the thing.

He let himself out of the Winters apartment and started to descend the stairs like Sir Galahad in search of a photographer. Half way down he looked out and went back for his steel bar. One never could tell.

Rosemary Winters climbed the single flight of stairs reluctantly. To her they symbolized the first false steps. But she was committed to the adventure. There was no turning back. She had shot the flight to the top step and before she had a chance of panic rapped hastily upon the door which confronted her. It was a heavy door and the hands of a lifetime paled just at one spot next to the casing where it was slightly scratched and splintered.

There was no response to her knock although there were sounds from within the apartment. Rather strenuous sounds of panting and scuffling, subdued but tense, as if there were at least a conflict of wills going on behind the locked doors. It was no further noise but no one answered the door even then. It's rather disconcerting after having made up one's mind to a desperate measure to find that the opportunity is impossible. Rosemary didn't want to see Quiller Banks any more than she really wanted to see the devil himself, but having decided to hideous plan she had to face her starvation for her she wanted to go through and that immediately.

So she rapped again. This time there was the sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened. A young man stood inside and permitted her to enter.

He looked a trifle disheveled and he was brushing a little dust off the sleeve of his coat even as she stepped into the apartment. Of course she paid very little attention to him anyway. He was doubtless Mr. Banks' man servant.

He corrected her as to his identity. "I am sorry, miss, but Mr. Banks is detained at the moment. I am his housekeeper. Would you let me to see that you are entertained until he arrives?"

The young man didn't seem to be able to see very well, and was stumbling in his pockets eventually resulted in the discovery of a pair of horn rimmed spectacles which he put on with a sigh of relief. He gazed at her, then, in a manner that no one but a would-be Rosemary, au naturel, was very lovely; keyed up and flushed with excitement, as she was now she was probably a more interesting picture than Herr Rufus J. Solir, with his eye looked upon at any of his wedding anniversaries.

"Ah," murmured the young man and then suppressed it. Rosemary thought he was a trifle fresh but heaven knew she was prepared for that least. She could not afford to take offence at any- thing that would drive conveniences have to go by the board.

"As you will notice, Mr. Banks' servant, before he left, prepared a little something for your supper," he said. He placed a well filled tea table with sets place for two. Permit me to act as your host in the absence of my employer."

Rosemary hoped she had not greeted the food with too eager an eye. Why, not eat? She needed it and the collation was very tempting.

He made no objection when the owlish looking young man shoved a comfortable chair up to the table for her.

"Pardon me," he stopped her as she started to sit down. He took from his pocket a short steel bar from the cushioned seat. "A servant carelessly missed the ice-pick."

It was rather pleasant to defer the meeting with the other young man who was an aggravating hunger with this younger man as a table companion. No use to tell him that she was not the girl who was expected, that her face was not like the face of the one that she had come to dicker not to dine. It would be just as well under any circumstances to eat that meal before the real guest arrived. Winters had obviously been working and after all a meal is a meal you know.

This was an especially dainty one,—dainty, that is, without lacking in substance. There was venison cavia and a large char-coal heating oven, tiny green peas, toast as thin and crisp as Mme. Melba herself could have made it, bar le duc with choked Devonshire cream, and coffee. Evidently Quiller Banks did not believe in starving his lady
New Hair for You
in 30 Days
-or Your Money Instantly Refunded

My amazing guarantee means just exactly what it says! I don’t care how thin your hair is—I don’t care if you are completely bald—if new hair fails to grow after using my method—then the test costs you absolutely NOTHING! The astonishing proof of what I have done for others is now yours—entirely free. Simply mail the coupon below

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

Actual Results

(Dozens of letters like the following are received every day by the Merke Institute.)

In the short time I have used your treatment I have gained remarkable results. Dandruff has disappeared entirely. My scalp is now as fine as new hair. I would not part with my treatment for 10 times its cost.

A. W. B.

"The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half inch long. I have been trying for 5 years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment." T. C.

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair lotions constantly, but four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment, I am pleased to inform you that I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long. My friends are astonished at the result." F. B.

Not One Penny’s Risk!

Now I realize that you have perhaps wasted a lot of time and money on treatments which could never restore your hair. Very likely you are skeptical. All right. I don’t blame you. And I’ll admit right here that my treatment may not help you. For your case may be one of the three in every hundred that is absolutely hopeless. In any case, I want you to try my treatment at my risk—and if after 30 days you are not more delighted with the results produced—then all you need do is tell me so, and without asking a single question I’ll mail you a check refunding every cent you have paid me. I don’t want a cent of your money, unless I actually grow hair on your head! You, of course, are to be the sole judge.

Entirely New Method

My treatment is the result of 17 years of experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness. This included many long years which I spent in such famous centers of scientific research as Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Geneva, and Buenos Ayres. And my method is entirely different from anything known or used before.

There is no massaging—no singeing—no “mange cures”—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very few first treatments.

My treatment proves that a big percentage of baldness is caused—not by dead hair roots—but by dormant hair roots, which can now be awakened and made to grow hair again. The reason other treatments failed is because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow you would not think of rubbing “growing fluid” on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

In all the world there is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you on my positive guarantee of satisfactory results, or the trial costs you nothing.

Already great numbers of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin, falling hair have, through this method, acquired healthy hair that is the envy and admiration of all their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these in many cases disappear so quickly that it seems almost magic. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—for without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

No matter how bald you are—or matter if you are completely bald, this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.
512 Fifth Avenue Dept. 392 New York City

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 392, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: __________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCAL PLAY MAGAZINE.
friends. Or himself. Recollecting his figure one solemnly that the latter person was the more likely to care for the cause.

The two gue-ts at the banquet watched each other politely at first to see if the convention of "no appetite" was to prevail and then discovered that they were perfectly hungry and that they devoted themselves wholeheartedly to the total destruction of all the supplies in sight.

There was champagne, too, and other things in bottles but they thought not a neutral current nor a cork was pulled. There was stimulus enough in youth and warm food and—add belatedly,—pleasant companionship.

For Rosemary was before they got as far as the bar le duc that the young man, who had been so called Monsieur Hengel, was a most entertaining sort of a rabbit. He was very shaggy, which was strange for an employee of Monsieur Banks, and he had a way of making a statement uncertainly as if he were not quite sure whether it was proper or not, as if, perhaps, he were presuming too far in even thinking of such a thing.

Once during the meal there was a peculiar noise in an adjoining room, a sort of cross between a plover and a cricket.

"What was that?" demanded Rosemary.

Mr. Hengel had heard it, too. "Mr. Banks' dog, I think. He was sleeping but may have had a bad dream and slept past it and perhaps the smell of these lamb chops aroused his herding instinct. If you'll excuse me, I'll go and pet him a little to reassurance him."

"Not with that ice-pick?"

Pardon me, I hadn't noticed that I had picked it up. Absentmindedness, I suppose—that and my natural instinct for tidiness.

BUT when he returned a few moments later he still had the pick in his hand and he carefully deposited it on the floor within easy reach.

"After all," he said, relaxing back once more into the character of a well-fed dinner vis-a-vis, "there is nothing so tantalizing as a meal a dejaux in privacy such as this. It was very thoughtful of Mr. Banks to give me this opportunity of becoming well acquainted with one of his charming friends."

"Do you substitute for him often?" Rosemary asked maliciously.

"Not very frequently. It is that he gets business and, perhaps, mixed up his way he has this evening. In fact I think he may say that he will never recover for several days from his regret at having missed you. He is fearful about it, more than I am sure to tell you."

A clock somewhere in the apartment struck three. Mr. Hengel glanced up. I fear that 

"Mr. Banks will not be able to keep his appointment. Something was said to the effect that if he were not here by three why—"

"Oh, but I've got to see him."

Rosemary hesitated. "You've been so kind that I suppose it is only fair that I should tell you—"

And she did, her entire story. All except about the letters from Peter. That was strictly her own affair. And, besides, it would sound silly in telling, even if it was a tremendously sort of affair. But, believe me, after all, that it was an adventure. And, perhaps, it was a phantom admirer, who had pleased her so high a pedestal.

"So, you see," she said in conclusion of her narrative, "I was just to see Mr. Banks, himself. My daddy simply must have nourishing food and—"

"Tap, tap, tap."

Front door opened.

"Now who the deuce can that be?" asked Mr. Hengel churlishly of himself.

Rosemary thought she knew. It was doubtless the girl. Quiller Banks was always expecting something.

"Do you mind," began the young man reflectively, "stepping into this room here a moment and just standing in the dark until I come out of this closet?"

Rosemary started to protest, but, he gently, albeit firmly, led her to the outside door other than the out-side one and shoved her into the dark with her clothes.

Then he himself went to the outside door which he opened.

"I'm sorry," he began, "but Mr. Banks——"

"Oh!" said Rosemary. "You're trying to shut the door on. Pardon me for stepping right in. It was a feminine voice, a (ile excited, but you can't expect me to stand out in the hall all night. Good God, I've had a tough enough time getting here in the rain and everything."

"I tried very hard to get you by telephone, Miss——"

"Never mind the name. Mr. Banks is expecting me."

"But he has been called away."

"Who with? Some other dame, huh?"

"I didn't say that."

"You didn't have to. I know him. I was the one that stole him off Gladys Hawthorne. Ain't men dreadful? I don't mind him handing me the red light so much. I knew that was coming anyway. But by golly, he's got to come across with that diamond bracelet he promised to give me last night."

"I'm very sorry," the young man began again.

"Suppose rats! Get me the bracelet and we'll call it a day. It's in the wall safe there. He shoved it to me just the other night."

"But——"

"Vix on the 'Bucks' Get it."

The young man started obediently for the safe; then, upon reflection, stopped and picked up his steel bar. It was a handy thing and perhaps it might persuade even a safe to give up its secrets. The young man placed his elbow under the door of the safe about to pry it open.

Much to his surprise, it was a hard job without an effort. The combination had not been set. With a sigh of relief he opened the door wide and extracted therefrom a tray, which contained several trinkets and a roll of currency. "Is this the bracelet?" he said, offering the only piece of jewelry that description.

"Yes, and I guess those are my twenty dollar bills, too."

"Not on your life," denied Mr. Hengel. "Don't be greedy or you won't get anything."

"This way to the gate. I'll tell Mr. Banks that you called."

"Never mind. I'm never going to call again just as he expected. I can buy quite a lot of government bonds with what I can get on this."

She shook the dazzling bracelet in the eyes of the man who had been kind enough to give it for her. "When I get my new apartment, come around and see me sometime. Perhaps I could learn to love you for yourself alone." Mr. Hengel thanked her with an apprehensive glance towards the door, behind which he had disposed of the previous guest. "Perhaps I will," he murmured politely. "Good night."

THE next sound was the slamming of the door. He stood in the middle of the floor a moment, staring at the bills which he held in his hand. "Five hundred dollars will be plenty," he decided to himself and put the rest back in the safe. A few moments later, he noticed a cough coming behind his shoulder and then turned back to recounting his bills.

"Well," said a voice behind him.

The word wasn't so unexpected, as the fact that it was uttered by someone with a deep bass. The young man turned, started in mid-count, and looked automatically for the steel bar. He saw a few inches of sleeve and then turned around to find himself addressing a woman who had him standing there on it.

"This is a disarming conference," said Mr. Banks pleasantly.

"What have you done with her?" demanded Hengel.

Enter Rosemary from the room. "I'm
Brings 110-Piece Martha Washington Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

To fully appreciate this extraordinary bargain, you must actually see the dishes on your own table. Send only $1 and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will ship this complete 110-piece set of exquisite dinnerware and with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful 7-Piece genuine "Indian Head" Linen set and also the six silver-plated knives and six forks (pictured above). Use all these things on 30 Days' Free Trial. Then, if not delighted with your choice for any reason, send everything back and Hartman will not only return your $1 but also pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay for the Dinner Set—a little every month. Nothing to pay either now or later for the "Indian Head" Linen Set and the Knives and Forks. They are FREE—Gifts from Hartman.

You'll be proud to use this beautiful Colonial Martha Washington Set on every occasion—proud of its clear, white, lustrous body and unique decoration. Like the costliest china-ware, every piece is decorated with a rich gold band edge, a marquise blue follow band and 2 pure gold initials in Old English design, surrounded by gold wreaths. Handles are of solid design, entirely gold covered. Guaranteed all first; no "seconds." An amazing value which you must not pass up. And if you act quickly, you also get—

FREE Bargain Catalog

Over 200 pages of (which are in actual colors) of the world's greatest bargains in furniture, rugs, carpets, sewin machines, silverware, also farm implements and accessories, etc.—all sold on time for very, very small monthly payments. And 60 Days' Free Trial. Many valuable hints on how to make your home more beautiful.

FREE GIFTS

Book explains Hartman's gift plan which brings you FREE with purchases of as little as glassware, dinner, silverware, ticket sets, jewelry, table linens. Get this big free catalog today. "Let Hartman Prettier Your Home!"

IMPORTANT!

Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no "seconds." This is a standard of "open" pattern. Replacement piece may be had of us for $1. Each piece wrapped in tissue paper. Excellent packing to prevent breakage. Shipped at once.

Just Pin Dollar Bill to Coupon and Mail Now For

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 5984 Chicago, Ill., Location you like. Send the 110-Piece Dinner Set, No. 320FM222. Prices $33.95, as described, and with 7-Piece Linen Set and 6 Knives and 6 Forks, absolutely FREE. It is understood that I am satisfied, and I will send my $1 deposit, in full, with this form, to prevent any possible misunderstanding in the event your return is not accepted. If not satisfied, I will return your $1 deposit, freight paid, and you will have the set returned to you. Order by No. 320FM222.

Print Initial You Want Here

R. F. D., Box No.
or Street and No.
TOWN

State

Occupation of Head of Household

How long have you lived at present address?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

Your complexion may be of the easiest, it may be disfigured with spots, blemishes, whiteheads, with red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and blackheads, you may have tried a dozen remedies, you do not make, an enormous — any of these hitches. I can give you a complexion, and make you look like the mother-bird, of the State.

I have held out the roll of facts, refused to accept it. "Take it and heat it home to your dad. That will last you until I can crack another. I want to keep this gentleman from selling the book by the million. I'll do in the other way until you are safely out of the building."

"But I don't understand," the girl argued, "why you should do all this for us."

The young man grinned at her. "I'll tell you why, I'm Peter."

His attention was distracted from her lovely dimsey by the fact that Quiller Banks made a pass at him.

Peter shoved the disputed roll of bills into his pocket and passed back. Thereupon ensued the usual climax of the motion picture thriller, namely, viz., and to vit, the hand to hand struggle between the hero and the heavy, the over turning of chairs and tables, the tort coat and shirts, the bleeding gas in the swollen lip, everything that Rex Beach himself could think of.

The only objection to the whole affair was that towards the close of the riot Rosemary, who had stood fascinated — she didn't want to run anyway, not while Peter was in trouble — had an inspiration, shorter short steel bar was lying unserviced on the carpet. Neither of the men had time to put a foot on Rosemary. Quiller picked it up and aimed a blow with it at Quiller Banks' head and thought. The only trouble was that she missed it and hit Peter a glancing blow on the أماmomad that turned on an instantaneous hallucinatory for him.

“Good heavens, what have I done?” moaned Rosemary.

“Thanks,” grinned Quiller Banks, taking the persuader from her hands. “I couldn’t have been prominent, I hadn’t been for you would have had me down in about one more round. My wind isn’t what it used to be. As it is, we can talk turkery.

The manager tied up the wrists and ankles of his prisoner with his own handkerchief and necklace. “All the charges I can think up against you are murder, burglary, and murder,” Quiller Banks commented grimly.

“He did it for me,” pleased Rosemary.

“Humph!” said Peter, “I don’t hear what he has to say about it. Wake up young feller and hear the birds. We’ve an especially fine record by a nightingale.”

“Where have they ever requested.

“Just coming out of the tunnel.” Quiller Banks assured him. “That dim light you see ahead is the end. The smoke hurts the eyes, doesn’t it?” he added with friendly concern. “The smoke? No.”

“Vague,” Peter, coming to a full sense of what had happened, started to get to his feet.

Quiller Banks shoved him over again immediately. And in a moment the face expression as I told you before you began to gag. If you promise not to start anything I’ll let our little friend hold a wet handkerchief in your mouth and you with the ice-lick ice-lick, ha, ha, ha! Do you promise to be good?”

Peter, wravering slightly even though he was sitting down, promised with the promise.

“Good. Little lady, do your stuff.”

Like a mother-bird, returning to the nest with a succulent worm, Rosemary flew to Peter’s aid and gave Quiller Banks’ offered assistance, dabbed cold water on some of the places which had hurt the worst, notably that particular lump that she had caused herself.

She cried a little over the havoc she had made of his masculine beauty. “Oh, Peter dear, I’m so sorry.”

Quiller Banks looked on at the scene with some perplexity. “The thing I don’t just understand is why the deuce you two love birds chose this hour in the morning and my apartment as the time and place to do your cooking. Rosemary, where did you pick up this egg lover of yours?”

“I never met him before tonight—or if I did I was years ago and I had forgotten what he looked like.”

“But you called him by his first name just now, and you acted as if you were in love with him.”

“N-n-n-n-no, that is. I don’t think so.”

Quiller Banks turned suddenly on his prisoner. “You heard what she said. What do you think she was telling me?”

Peter regarded him with sullen antipathy. “She doesn’t care anything about—doesn’t even know me, just as she said a minute ago. She’s a girl in love with you.”

“Spoken like a man and a burglar,” commented Banks admiringly. “But the explanation is distinctly cloudy. Suppose you both tell me some more facts and see if I can get the outline of the real plot.”

So under the stimulus of not unskilful questions both Rosemary and Peter told the essential incidents that led up to their having met that night for the first time at the Banks apartment. The trials of the principal actors in it, and the piecing togetherness of the continuity was so interesting that they nearly forgot the unpleasant situation behind them.

But Peter remembered after it was all over. “You might as well call the police and get the fuss over with.”

“We’ll just always take back that $200 you removed from my safe.”

Quiller Banks turned over his trusted prisoner and extracted the roll of bills from Peter’s pocket.

He counted them carefully and then handed them to Rosemary.

“Why, what do you mean?”

He said to her, “I’ve both give it to you. Your story is worth it, whether I believe it or not. Stop—don’t throw that money in my face. There may be germs on it. Besides, I believe you. You have to admit, though, that the stuff about the silent, guardian lover watching for the signal of distress, which is given just in the nick of time by a telephone call, by which means you’re not in the plan, doesn’t sound so much like real life as it does like a play. —A play.”

He stopped himself. “I wonder if maybe it wouldn’t be better for me to write for my mind. I’ve seen some of your manuscripts and they’re rotten, but maybe with a good idea and the right kind of inspiration you could do something. Try writing this play out. I think it’s good, and if it’s any good maybe—I say maybe—I might produce it.”

“ Aren’t you going to send me to jail?”

“Not unless you think you’d do better work there than back by your own window where you can watch Rosemary to see that she doesn’t flee with somebody else before you manage to get her in the virtue to which she is accustomed.”

Quiller Banks didn’t seem to expect an answer or a decision. He untied Peter’s feet and told him to stand up, escorted them both to the door.

“Good night. folks, I got to get some sleep. If you’re my age, a love story costs only something over a call night. Don’t say a thing about it.” He stopped them when they tried to thank him.

When you play, you know when you play; you might put in the good word for the villain somewhere if you can think of an alibi for him. You might make him a feller that wouldn’t always be quite so hard boxed if he understood a little better.”

Quiller Banks closed the door in their faces.
Are You Ready for the Ash-Can?

Do you realize what it means to neglect your body? Do you know that you will clog up with waste matter and deaden your life just as ashes do in a furnace? Are you going to drag yourself through a life of misery and be ready for the undertaker when you should really be only starting to enjoy life? Come on and brace up. Take a good hold of yourself and shake those cobwebs out of your brain. Give me a chance at that weak backbone of yours and let me put a pair of man-sized arms into those narrow shoulders.

Pills Never Made Muscles

I am not a medical doctor. I don't claim to cure disease. Neither do I put any self-assumed title of Professor before my name. I am a *builder of muscle*—internal as well as external. I claim and can prove that by proper exercise you can even build muscle in and around your heart and every vital organ. The kind that shoots a thrill through your veins and reaches every crevice of your body. I add years to your life, and oh, boy! what a kick you get out of every day you live! And talk about big, brawny arms and legs, or broad backs and husky chests—just take a look through this winter's copies of Physical Culture Magazine and see for yourself. You will see a few pictures of my pupils there—living examples of the Earle Liederman system—doctors, lawyers, business men, but every last one of them good enough to pose as professional strong men. Some of them are in better shape than men who are now acting as instructors to others.

**Pep Up!** What are you going to do about it? Don't sit idle and wish for strength. That will never bring it. Come on and get busy. You must have it, and I'm going to give it to you. I don't promise it, I guarantee it. You don't take any chance with me, so come on and make me prove it.

**Send for My New 64-Page Book**

"**MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT**"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

Dept. 102, 305 Broadway, New York City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
MARIE PICKFORD in an address at Los Angeles recently warned young people of the nation against becoming movie strick, and laid down ten commandments for aspirants to film fame. They were:
1. Know some other vocation to fall back upon.
2. Have money enough to last a year.
3. See if you have talent.
4. Gain some stage experience.
5. Get professional experience, if possible.
6. Bring as many photographs as possible.
7. Bring a large and diversified wardrobe.
8. Take a get-screen test.
9. Be sincere and ambitious.
10. Success in the motion pictures can only be gained in the same manner as in other businesses.
Gas or Electric

The Lamp—
Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8-foot silk cord ready for use; or comes with 6-foot rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

Mahogany Finish
Standard is 60 in. high, 3 in. in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

The Shade—
Made in Fifth Avenue design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all, tassel braid border, with four inch Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shading weight, 27 pounds.

Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords
Also pair of Marshall silky fringe cords with 3/4 in. silky fringed tassels, giving an added luxurious effect.

For gas use, order by No. G6332NA.
For electricity, order by No. G6333NA.
Send only $1 with the coupon, $2 monthly, Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade, $19.85.

Free Bargain Catalog
Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

Price Slashed!

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only $1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk.

30 Days Trial
When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How useful it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only $2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of $19.85. Yes, only $19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash! Strauss & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U.S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. D. D.

Down Brings This—

Floor Lamp
With 5th Ave. Silk Shade

Send Coupon NOW!

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Dept.1722 Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW! STRAUS & SCHRAM Dept. 1722 CHICAGO

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send $2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade within 30 days and you are to refund my $1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

Electric Floor Lamp No. G6333NA, $19.85

Name.

Street, R. F. D., or Box No.

Shipping

Punt.

State.

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnish.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE.
LUCILY the lady can swim. When she landed in the river—at last—she was safe, comparatively.

DON'T answer advertisements that guarantee to make you a screen star or actress after the customary three months. Listen, instead, to the story of Hildor—who was known as the "mad monk" and whose life in Russia, during the past twenty years, reads like some dimly remembered romance. For Hildor, after escaping all sorts of trouble, has fallen afoul of a motion picture promoter, who sold stock for the "Rising Sun Productions, Inc." and then ran away with it.

Of course, there's a humorous aspect to the thing, as far as Hildor is concerned. But there's a great deal of tragedy behind each film scandal. Very good, many people have thrown away hard-earned money—a great many dreams and hearts have been broken. Don't answer advertisements that offer to make you an actress, or an actor, if you have neither experience nor talent or anything—but cash!

IN Chicago an allegedly bogus concern has been getting investors by the unwarranted use of the name of Muriel McCormick, daughter of Harold McCormick. Four men connected with the Popular Motion Picture Products Corporation, as a result, were found guilty. This outfit asked $50 to make a movie star of anyone who had that much money. And they made it easy—$5 down and the balance later. Their chief arguments included the Lullaby, which has "signed up with us." Needless to say, the McCormicks never heard of the concern.

EDWIN CAREWE, who has always wanted to go to Africa, is at last going to realize his ambition. He has already left for Algiers, where he will make a picture from Louise Germain's novel about the little innocent little wreck of a country girl. And now Jane Novak—wishing to capture the record for blondes—has appeared in a picture in which she takes three parts. The picture is called "The Lullaby and, in its title, plays a French immigrant, a broken, middle-aged woman, and a lovely debutante.

ANNA Q. NILSSON says that she likes her cropped hair. Of course it's no longer so short as when she played the part of a boy in "Pompa!" In fact, it's grown to an interesting length. It is the result of the experiment she made with curling irons. She says it's by far the most comfortable coiffure that she ever wore—and it is certainly more distinctive than the ordinary updo. However, Anna is not a duffer. And, under no circumstances, could she be called ordinary.

THERE has been considerable stir in French motion picture circles over the reported decision of the French government to allow an American film company entrance to the palace at Versailles, for reproduction of the life of the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette. The honor of making this picture was offered to Norma Talmadge, but she has refused it, on the ground that Miss Talmadge has already done much better work in this country as an actress. Miss Talmadge has graciously declined the offer. Always the gentlewoman, always courteous and tactful, she has stepped aside. If the French government should decide to make a French cast and a French star, she would not care to make it. She has announced that she understands the patriotic feeling of her countrymen. The French government has already decided its policy. Miss Talmadge has been given the role of the French revolutionist, while the parts of the French government have been divided among the distinguished stars of the French stage.
What Do Chiropractors Mean by Innate Intelligence?

This power develops the body from a blastoderm to its full growth in thirty-five years; for ten or more it maintains its vigor and then slowly lets the house in which we live decay. During all the circling three-score years and ten it coordinates the physical functions, heals the body’s wounds, mends its breaks, adapts it to the change of season, occupation and pursuit and performs the miracle of changing common food into living, breathing, sensate bone and flesh.

It laughs at all our efforts to locate it or to imitate its work and yet some people, because they cannot find it, weigh it or measure it, question its existence and say “Vital force is a chemical phenomenon.”

Call it what you will, it’s there—a rose by any other name is just as sweet.

This “power within” Chiropractors call Innate Intelligence and all their philosophy, science and art is built upon this fundamental fact. They teach that “Innate Intelligence” functions through the brain and nervous system, and that disease is but the abnormal expression of one or more of the nine primary physical functions. Any pressure of a harder tissue (bone) upon the soft nervous tissue, impairs the conductivity (function or work) of that tissue and results in disease. All that is necessary for a complete restoration to health, is that the impinging tissue be adjusted to normal position, which permits the nerve again to function normally.

Scientists call the modus operandi of the “power within” the law of adaptation. Among the professions engaged in getting the sick well, chiropractors alone recognize the existence of the thing itself, and the law of its expression, through the nervous system.

That is the reason Chiropractic succeeds where other methods fail.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

Universal Chiropractors’ Association
Davenport, Iowa, U. S. A.
A Life For A Life—

His sweetheart's brother was murdered in his mother's gambling house. He was innocent. But in the spirit of atonement he pledged himself to a life of bondage on the farm in the slain man's place.

This is the theme of the most revolutionary photodrama ever produced. It is revolutionary because in the words of Mr. Thomas H. Ince, the famous producer, it "marks the dawn of a new era in motion pictures—a 100 per cent successful test of the effort to find and develop new film writers." This picture is

JUDGMENT of the STORM

A PALMER PHOToplay PRODUCTION

Here is a romance of sorely tried hearts—scenes laid in the great city's most notorious gambling house and in an old-fashioned New England country-side—based on an astounding episode in the lives of acquaintances—written by a Pittsburgh housewife who was discovered by the producers of her story and trained to write for the screen. And who was paid

$1,000 CASH AND FIVE-YEAR ROYALTIES

This picture now in the current releases and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, is destined to work a profound change in the character of motion pictures. It is the first of a series which will bring the real drama of life to the screen for the first time. These pictures are not written behind studio doors by professional scenarists who are out of touch with life. But they are written by talented men and women engaged in everyday pursuits, who know life from daily battling in it.

We discovered Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton, the Pittsburgh housewife who wrote "Judgment of the Storm." Through the co-operation and training provided by our Educational Department she learned to write for the screen in spare-time study in her own home. Through our co-operation likewise the authors of our next two releases attained success. Those pictures will be:

"Lost," by a former mechanical engineer.
"Unguarded Gates," by a former salesman.

See "Judgment of the Storm." See "Unguarded Gates." See "Lost." Decide for yourself whether their dramatic appeal is not different.

We believe there are hundreds of men and women everywhere, in all walks, who have the same fresh imaginative powers as the housewife, the salesman, the mechanical engineer. We believe they, too, can learn to write for the screen in spare-time study in their own homes.

We offer all who believe in themselves an opportunity to learn by means of a remarkable scientific test, whether they possess the creative ability necessary to make a start.

Clip the coupon at the bottom, fill it out, mail it. This remarkable Creative Test will be sent you by return mail. It is free. No obligation is involved. The result of the test will show whether or not you are one of the unknown screen writers for whom we and all producers are looking all the time.

The author of "Judgment of the Storm" began the career which lifted her from the obscurity of the housewife to position and power, by clipping the coupon. Why not you?

SEE THE PICTURE—READ THE BOOK!
"Judgment of the Storm" was written directly for the screen. The publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co. has novelized the screen story. The cutting script—that is, the working chart used at the studio to regulate the assembling of thousands of feet of film in order to retain the utmost in suspense, interest and entertainment value—is included as a supplement. Never before has a cutting sheet of a picture been distributed outside the studio. To screen lovers this makes "Judgment of the Storm" one of the most fascinating novels ever published. Read the book—see the picture!
Idol of the Screen!

ONE among the newer stars of the photoplay firmament has so quickly or so surely won a place in the hearts of men and women as Ramon Novarro, actor, swordsman extraordinary, lover par excellence, and well-dressed beyond compare.

Mr. Novarro has achieved his present popularity by consistently distinguished work. Not only subtleties of character, but every detail in the costuming of his roles has had the painstaking care which only the finished artist bestows.

“Off stage” Mr. Novarro is no less fastidious in his selection of the details of his wardrobe. He insists that his footwear invariably be finished with visible eyelets, the mark of excellence in quality and workmanship.

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
Manufacturers of
DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS
You, too, can have

A skin you love to touch

Sleep—fresh air—the right food—all these help to maintain the general tone of your skin.

But good health alone will not insure a good complexion. Many conditions that seriously detract from the appearance of the skin, such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc., are of purely local origin.

Give your skin itself special care, if you want it to be smooth, soft, delightful in texture and color.

Each day your skin is changing

You can have a lovely skin, if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this new skin special care, you can actually make your complexion over—you can give it a clearness and smoothness it has never had before.

You will find the special treatment your skin needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and read, in this booklet, just how to take care of your skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.
Marriage a Failure in Hollywood?

Thirteen New Stars of 1924

A vivid new serial THE LOVE DODGER
STOCKINGS selected for beauty need not disappoint in their wearing qualities—not if you will ask for Holeproof. For in this famous hosiery, sheer, lustrous appearance is united with a fine-spun, woven-in strength that withstands long wear and repeated launderings. Moderate prices put Holeproof Hose within the reach of all, both for dress and every-day wear.

Holeproof Hosiery is offered in a wide variety of styles in Silk, Wool, Silk and Wool, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children

If not obtainable locally, write for price list and illustrated booklet

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
The Champion Economy Car

"The most convenient car of all time!" That is the outspoken verdict of the multitudes that have bought the new Overland Champion. The incomparable features, utilities, comforts and economies of this amazing car have literally dazzled the nation. Economy in many uses—price—upkeep—reliability. An all-season, all-year, all-useful car anybody can afford.

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

The Champion is the only quality closed car seating more than two passengers ever sold under $700! Adjustable seats give utmost driving and riding ease. The removable rear seat and upholstery provide 50 cubic feet of space for luggage, sample cases, groceries, tools—anything families, housewives, farmers, merchants, salesmen want to carry. Both seats make into a full-size bed in car for camping!

Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Doors both front and rear eliminate crawling over seats or feet.

Both seats adjustable forward and backward for tall and short people.
If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

You have discovered by now that this is more than a slogan—that it means just what it says.

There are more good pictures today than ever before and Paramount welcomes them!
The more people there are who know good pictures, the more people there are who prefer Paramount.

Individual Paramount Pictures, such as James Cuneo's "The Covered Wagon" and Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments" may add a special lustre to Paramount's fame, but a far prouder achievement is that today all America looks to Paramount as the largest perpetual source of the finest screen entertainment.

Current Releases

Zane Grey's
"THE CALL OF THE CANYON"
With Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marguerite DaW Supported by Noah Berry, Ricardo Cortez and Fred Huntley. Written by Victor Fleming, Directed by Victor Fleming.

"TO THE LADIES"

"BIG BROTHER"
By Rex Beach
An Anson Dyer Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written by the screen by Paul Stone.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A George Mellford Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiern. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A William deMille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screenplay by Clara Borden. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Robert Osborne.

GLORIA SWANSON in
"THE HUMMING BIRD"
A Sidney Olcott Production. From the Play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halper.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
By Zane Grey
An Irving Willard Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Berry and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Sherly and Vito.

GLENN HUNTER in
"WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"

Kate Jordan's
"THE NEXT CORNER"
A Sam Wood Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Montie Katterjohn.

POLA NECRI in
"SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A Herbert Brenon Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche and Henry Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by André Franquin and Francis Canco.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Written for the screen by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

"THE STRANGER"

WM. S. HART in "SINGER JIM McKEE" Supported by Phyllis Haver, William S. Hart Production.

"ICE BOUND"
A William deMille Production of the Pulitzer Prize play by Owen Davis. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S PRODUCTION
"TRIUMPH"
With Lewtice Joy and Rod La Rocque, By May Edson. Adaptation by Jessie Macpherson.
Contents
March, 1924

Vol. XXV No. 4

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Tempest Inman

Cover Design
Pola Negri

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
8

Brickbats and Bouquets
Frank Letters from Readers

Brickbats and Bouquets
14

Rotogravure:
New Pictures: Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Mae
Marsh, Carmel Myers, Richard Dix, Anna May
Wong, Irene Rich

Rotogravure:
19

Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)
James R. Quirk

Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)
27

Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?
28

An Answer to Critics

13 Baby Stars—Count 'Em—13 (Photographs)
The "Wampas' " Choice for 1924

13 Baby Stars—Count 'Em—13 (Photographs)
30

Odds and Ends the Camera Caught (Photographs)
Pick-ups in the Studios and on Location

Odds and Ends the Camera Caught (Photographs)
32

The Legend of Hollywood
Frank Condon

The Legend of Hollywood
34

$1,000 Reward Awaits a Mystery Man
Illustrated by R. Van Buren

The Legend of Hollywood
Illustrated by R. Van Buren

(Contents continued on next page)

Published monthly by the Photoplay Publishing Co.
Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Breaux's Building, London, England

EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres.
JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres.
KATHRYN DOUTHARTY, Business Mgr.

Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba;
$3.00 Canada; $3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal
or express money order. Caution—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1924, by the Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago.

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

Page 60
Abraham Lincoln..........................Rockett-Lincoln
Wild Oranges..........................Goldwyn
West of the Water Tower................Paramount

Page 61
The Great White Way..................Cosmopolitan
Boy of Mine..................First National
Black Oxen..........................First National

Page 62
Don't Call It Love..................Paramount
Through the Dark..................Cosmopolitan
Judgment of the Storm...........F. B. O.
The Rendezvous................Nelson-Goldwyn
The Steadfast Heart................Goldwyn
The Lusty Bird.....................F. B. O.

Page 63
The Song of Love..................First National
The Governor's Lady..................Fox
Three Miles Out....................Keena
The Man Life Passed By..............Metro
The Love Master................First National
The Courship of Miles Standish........Associated Exhibitors

Page 105
Prepared to Die..................Johnnie Walker
Pure Grit..................Universal
Restless Wives................Commonwealth

Page 106
The Supreme Test..................Remown
Other Men's Daughters...............Apollo
Defining Destiny................Selig
Cupid's Fireman..................Fox
Arabia's Lost Alarm.............Fox
His Mystery Girl................Universal
Hook and Ladder................Universal
Roulette................Selig
Innocence...................Apollo
Her Reputation................First National
Phantom Justice................F. B. O.
The Whispered Name................Universal
Age of Desire................First National
Hoodman Blind................Fox
A Prince of a King................Selig

Page 107
Reno............................Goldwyn
The Old Fool................Houdkinson
Broadway Broke................Selig
The Heart Bandit..............Metro
Lucietta Lombard...........Warner Brothers
Grit................Houdkinson
Thundergate................First National
**Contents—Continued**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Must She Commit Murder?</td>
<td>Bland Johaneson</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Can Lois Wilson Get Rid of Her Good Reputation?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Romantic History of the Motion Picture</td>
<td>Terry Ramsaye</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter XXIV: How Queer Twists of Human Nature Put Their Stamp on Screen Development</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Gang</td>
<td>Mary Winship</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All About Them—Including Farina</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talks About Tom</td>
<td>George Ade</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Famous Writer Has Something to Say About Mr. Meighan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rotogravure:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Priscilla Moran; Abraham Lincoln on the Screen;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Take Off Our Hats To—Cecil B. De Mille, Blanche Sweet, James Cruze, Jeanie Macpherson, Edwin L. Hollywood, Allan Dwan, Percy Marmont, and Ernst Lubitsch; Temple of Venus; Bill Hart</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Love Dodger</td>
<td>Adela Rogers St. Johns</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Installment of a Really Great Story of Hollywood Life</td>
<td><em>Illustrated by Arthur William Brown</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Autobiography of Pola Negri</td>
<td></td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Second Installment of This Brilliant Personal Narrative</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Close-Ups and Long Shots</td>
<td>Herbert Howe</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Witty Angles on Screen Life and Personalities</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Illustrated by Ralph Barton</em></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shadow Stage</td>
<td></td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Department of Practical Screen Criticism</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She’s a Regular Trooper</td>
<td>Mary Winship</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That’s What They Say About Leah Baird</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary’s Valentine to PHOTOPLAY Readers (Photograph)</td>
<td>Miss Pickford “Makes Her Own”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollywood’s Newest Bridal Pair (Photograph)</td>
<td></td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rotogravure:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strongheart, Most Beautiful Home in Hollywood, Priscilla Dean</td>
<td></td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, Why Did They Name You Priscilla?</td>
<td>Mary Winship</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Dean’s Name Doesn’t Fit Her</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Films with Colonial Settings Inspire a Modern Room</td>
<td>William J. Moll</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helpful Suggestions on Furnishing Your Home</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gossip—East and West</td>
<td>Cal York</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intimate Glimpses of the Film Folk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What the Well-Dressed Man of the Ages Should Wear (Drawing)</td>
<td></td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klitz’s Idea of Buster Keaton in “The Three Ages”</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If You Think It’s Easy Just Try It (Photographs)</td>
<td>Lillian Rich on Skis</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Valli Goes Shopping (Photographs)</td>
<td></td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Some of the Things She Bought</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Questions and Answers</td>
<td>The Answer Man</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“American”—A Film of the Revolution (Photographs)</td>
<td></td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scenes from Griffith’s Latest Picture</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendly Advice</td>
<td>Carolyn Van Wyck</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Department of Personal Service</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat Parties of Hollywood</td>
<td></td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 16

---

**What type of Man is most Attractive to Women?**

Last month Herbert Howe, using noted screen actresses as examples, discussed what types of women attract men most and what the quality is that attracts. Now, in the April PHOTOPLAY, Adela Rogers St. Johns will discuss the other angle, telling from her experience, what type of man is most attractive to women. Adela St. Johns is more than a brilliant writer; she is a thinker and an analyst, and she has the knack of putting her thoughts into vivid and convincing word-form. She knows her sex as no man could, and in this article she discusses her sisters for the benefit of PHOTOPLAY’s readers.

She, too, goes to the screen for her examples, and she tells just what quality it is that makes each man star popular. There are probably a number of writers who could go that far, but there undoubtedly is not another one who could so keenly and cleverly put into words the mental reactions of women to the attractions of these actors. And the best of it is that the women themselves, even though they may deny the truth of some of the things she says, will privately admit that she is absolutely right.

**Pola Negri on Hollywood**

In the third installment of her autobiography, Pola Negri tells of her arrival in America, of her first impressions of New York, and of her trip across the continent to Hollywood. Although a keen observer, with the trained mind of a brilliant woman of the world, this Polish star has a child’s capacity for enjoyment, and a sense of humor that is delightful. Her comments on Hollywood and its people are most entertaining.

And in this installment she gives an even deeper insight into the real Pola when she tells of her ambitions and what her screen work means to her. It proves, as nothing else can, the mental capacity and alertness of this great screen actress.

**In the April PHOTOPLAY**

_Out March 15_
Why Did She Do It?

Life will probably never be the same to her, now, poor girl. The door to all her cherished fancies had swung open, finally—and swung shut again. It was just a guileless little slip. But it must be paid with humiliation and sorrow.

Why did she do it?

Once she asked herself this futile question as she lay sobbing on her little bed—sobbing in keen appreciation of her loss by that one pitiful mistake.

With the dawn of budding womanhood, she had built a wonderful dream—a vision of a distant day when hopes should be reality. She had shaped her whole life to it. She had studied. She had worked. And then she had been only a dim somebody. Then, as she knew more of her world, it narrowed down to the ONE man who could crown her life with the fullness of success. From the instant of that realisation, she had planned for the momentous day that should be the climax.

And when, finally, in reality, it came—Why did she do it?

It was no crime she had committed to be thus sentenced to a life term of misery. But it was a grievous blunder. And she felt never, as long as she lived, would the distasteful memory be thrown off. Always she would see that gay group of friends—and him!

He had not laughed at her, as had some of the others. He was too well-bred for that.

But, it was too late. Checks flaming, she burst from the room, barely able to withhold the flood of tears. So she groped her way home, blindly, to wage a losing battle for forgiveness.

People Do Judge by First Appearance

Perhaps first appearances are deceiving. But people do judge you by them. Certainly in all superficial society, you pass for what you seem to be.

If you have perfect poise, are well at ease, and do the right thing at the right time, you are accepted. You make new and valuable acquaintances readily—and profit thereby.

But the people who hesitate and stammer when they meet others; who never know which is the "right fork" at dinner; who do not know how to give proper introduction; who blunder at the dance, the theatre, the week-end party, on the street—these seem out of place.

Indeed, this is so apparent that they soon are weeded out and excluded.

Social Knowledge of Vital Import

Every one has his ambition—man and woman alike. Many will spend years in acquiring some specific knowledge that is intended for their life work. This is as true of the woman making herself strong, beautiful and sweet for wifehood as of the doctor or engineer. Yet the one thing of vital importance is often neglected.

No knowledge, no ability, no talent is of value save as it is made profitable through contact with our fellowmen. Here, those best succeed who are always sure of themselves; who are always self possessed; who retain a calm dignity under all circumstances; who know exactly what to do and say in any emergency; who depict their well-bred in every manner and action.

A charming manner goes further than crude, inherent worth in getting along with people. It should be cultivated. And now it easily can be.

How to Avoid Embarrassing Blunders

People are too prone to acquire their "manners" from those about them. But how are they to be sure that those whom they follow are right?

There is a code of good manners just as there is a code of law. It is not meant to be dictatorial. It is intended to be helpful. It is a sensible code.

Sometime, to the individual, some of its rules may not be understood, yet the network of society, taking a broader view from years of broad experience, has found these rules the best ways. They should be accepted.

There are many perplexing questions; the customs of weddings, funerals, social calls, calling cards, first and second positions, their invitations and precise acceptances, theatres parties, dances—and every function. There are the niceties of teas, dinners, decorations, introductions, letters, dress, conduct in public conveyances, hotels, and all such things that often lay one open to embarrassing blunders. And

What is YOUR Problem?

Perhaps there is little question you would like answered. Perhaps you'd like to know what to say to your partner after the pleasure of a dance. Perhaps you'd like to know whether to invite a gentleman into the house after he has accompanied you home. Perhaps you have wondered how to eat corn on the cob, or peas or asparagus. Perhaps the slight of a finger-bowl sends shiver of uncertainty down your back.

Send No Money

Take advantage of the special low price offer. Send today for your set of the famous Book of Etiquette. These two valuable volumes will protect you from embarrassments, give you ease and poise of manner, tell you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the coupon. The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Give the postman only $1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) on arrival—instead of $3.50, which is the regular publishing price. If you are not delighted with these books you may return them at once, without question.

This coupon is worth money to you. It will bring you the famous Book of Etiquette at almost half the regular price. Use it—today! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 773, Garden City, New York.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 773, Garden City, New York

I am glad to know of the special low price for the Book of Etiquette. I may send you these two volumes without any money in advance. When they arrive I will give the postman only $1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment—instead of the regular price of $3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the Book of Etiquette any time within 5 days if I am not delighted with it.

Name.__________________________
Address__________________________

Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at $2.95 with same return privilege.

(Orders from outside the U.S. are payable $2.44 each with order. Leather binding $3.44 each with order.)

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

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

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox. —A man unjustly accused, vanishes. He has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. (October.)

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

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred. —Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. (February.)

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

ASHES OF VENGENCE—First National. —One of the first—and best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle excellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National—Holbrook Blinn is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

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

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

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

BILL—Paramount. —Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris postcard peddler, done by Maurice Summavey. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK SHADOWS—Pathé. —A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Seas. (October.)

BLINKY—Universal. —The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN—F. B. O. —A machine show which turns into a picture of the same type. (January.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount. —Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Charlie Sheenouan wearing gargoyle clothes. (October.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE—First National. —A fantastic picture, amusing and well done. The Oriental produce is exceptionally fine. (October.)

BROADWAY GOLD—Truitt. —A formula picture of the good little chorus girl, forced into marriage with a dying rich man. (October.)

BROKEN WING, THE—Preferred. —A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a roof onto the arms of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly. (September.)

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE—Paramount. —A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathé. —A dog star. Buck, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox. —A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. (December.)

CHAPTER IN HER LIFE, A—Universal. —A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine, (Ave.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount. —Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount. —A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. (September.)

CIRCUS DAYS—First National. —Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. (September.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Universal. —What Aton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." (November.)

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

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

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH—Preferred. —High society, American interest, decadent Russian duke. Some novelty, but not much punch. (Sept.)

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

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

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE—Universal. —A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O. —An amusing picture that guarantees the good little etonographe. Some-what preachy. (November.)

DESERT DRIVE-—F. B. O. —The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in the desert and ends in the mountains. (October.)

DESIRE—Metro. —Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE—Associated Exhibitors. —Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November.)


DOES IT PAY?—Fox. —Hope Hampton as a vampire who grabs all the valuables in sight. It won't do for the children. (November.)

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo—Stirling the formula—and this time one old. (October.)

DRIFTING—Universal. —Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demimonde. (November.)

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

DULY—First National. —A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE—Metro. —An interesting Western, somewhat marred by the straining for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE—Fox. —Aging melodrama for the youngsters. (November.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammsch. —Conventional story of a wolf, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

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

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE—Metro. —A Northwest picture with Rene Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn. —A great picture, but worse while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

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


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

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

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National. —Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]
Announcing—

The play that swept Broadway with gales of laughter and convulsed theatre-goers all over the country for five successive seasons!

"The Yankee Consul"—adapted from the great musical comedy by Henry Blossom, Jr., and Alfred G. Robyn. Revives a most delightful memory of the speaking stage.

What happier choice could Douglas MacLean make to follow his hilarious record in "Going Up."

THE Yankee Consul
is the second of the big pictures by Douglas MacLean as an independent producer. With him is the buoyant and gifted Patsy Ruth Miller and a distinguished cast. Directed by James W. Horne.

Now ready for release in your favorite first-run theatre.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS
Arthur S. Kane, President
35 West 45th Street, New York City
Physical Distributors, Pathé Exchange, Inc.

"The Yankee Consul" of laughing memory
Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness, for defective hearing from causes such as Cataract Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Ears, Thickened or Hardened Drums, Stenosing or Laying Off the Rims, and Hissing Sounds, Perforated or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Let Drums Fix the Ears" requires no medicine but effectively replaces what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. No hearing aid please. Just send for your free leaflet. It is a simple explanation of DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Inc., 725 Inter-Southern Bldg., HOUSTON, TEX.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

HUNTEST, THE—First National—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore does the title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brimming with tears. It follows the Harris succeeds in casting Mark Sarge and shows the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro—Viola Dana and June Collyer see life and become an Apache in Paris. (January.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn—A story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction good. (February.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathé—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have been made in type. (December.)

IT CHtTING PALMS—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, THE—Johanna Walker—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. (November.)

LADY OF QUALITY—Universal—A charm- ing picture, excellently performed by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAWFUL CARENY—Paramount—Most of the interest in the production has been least lavished. (October.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dolor and Charles De Roch in suitable roles. (September.)


LEGALLY DEAD—Universal—Theoretically unconvincing, with a plot not intended to bring a dead man back to life. (October.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and modern life with a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

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

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers—Johnny Hics is very good in this Geo. M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and good acting. (December.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Columbia—A charming picture which gives us doing the best acting of her career. (October.)

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

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox—Tom Tim and Tony, his horse, have a few more adventures, killing a great deal of death. (November.)

LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro—The King is Jack Oakie and this is one of the best things he has ever done. (December.)

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on you don't mind that. (December.)

LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal—Spanish ranch owner, range of crooks and a Crook. Brand of rich man loves rancher and plot fails. (October.)

LOVE PINKER THE—Cosmopolitan—Goldwyn—The woman in this picture is the father's employee. A good story. (September.)

LOVE TAP, THE—Apollo—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and dithelpose. Good laugh but the whole production disappointing. (December.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitascope—Propaganda for the better letter. A simple story, filled with pleasant humor and kindly feet. (October.)

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

MANN FROM BRODYNE'S, THE—Vitascope—An improbable story but entertaining and, therefore, entertaining. (February.)

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount—The story is based on "The Fan." Fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]
FREE
1 Damask Table Cloth
6 Napkins and 2 Doilies
with this
High Grade 110 PIECE
Dinner Set
Your Own Initial on
Every Piece


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

French Woman Tells How to Get Thin Without Drugs, Diets, Absurd Creams, Exercises or Appliances
Lost 50 Pounds in 2 Months

I reduced my own weight 50 pounds in less than 9 weeks and at the same time I maintained my general health and appearance. Today I look, act, and feel far younger than my resplendence. From the results in my own case and those of my clients, I am absolutely convinced that any man or woman, however fat, can take it off easily, quickly and surely by the same simple way which did so much for me.

The secret is one I learned in Paris, where women of every age pride themselves on keeping their figures slender and graceful, and while the stodgy, heavy waistline or double chin. With this simple new way which will cost you a few more minutes a day, you can in your own home reduce all parts of your body, or you can simply rid of excess flesh from the places where it shows.

No matter how fat you are, or what you have done in the past, I want to request you to send me the free coupon below, and I will explain to you personally and confidentially what I did for you.

Name:
Address:

If you race, enroach 5 cents to stamps to help cover expense.

“Don’t Shout!”

“I hear you, I can hear you as well as anybody, but I can’t stand it,” said the MORILY FINDE. “I’m in a room here now, but they are invisible, you know. I wish I had them in my mouth, only that I hear aloud.”

The MORILY FINDE is to the ears what planks are to the eyes—invisible, comfortable, weightless, and enduring.

Adjust it for over 100,000 miles. Write for booklet and instructions.


Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Excrescences on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE "A Correct Tonic Remedy," telling how I sold over $10,000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E. J. GIVENS, 123 Cheml Bid., Kansas City, Mo.

Kill the Hair Root

M. J. MAHLER, Providence, R. I.

[Continued on page 10]

Miss of Lopez, the—Monogram.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

Maytime.—Preferred.—The camera doesn’t help this dainty musical play. It is heavy and dreary. (February.)

McGurk of the Mounted—Universal.—Another North-West Mounted Police story, with the usual dashing hero. Plenty of action. (September.)

Men in the RAW—Universal.—A formula picture, Heart-warming. (February.)

Merry-go-Round—Universal.—One of the best pictures in the serial department this season. With atmosphere carefully maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (September.)

Midnight Alarm, the—Vitagraph.—Plenty of action but not much excitement. (November.)

Million to Burn, a—Universal.—An amusing picture without much probability. (January.)

Miracle Baby, the—F. O. B.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines. Formula again. (October.)

Miracle Makers, the—Asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-romance and Chinese-film formula. (Feb.)

Modern Matrimony—Select.—A commonplace plot filled with homely sentiment. Just innocuous. (January.)

Monkey’s Paw, the—Selznick.—An intelligent piece of work by a producer who has a real idea and who sticks to it, thereby deserving praise. Worth seeing. (January.)

Monna Vanna—Fox.—Would have been better if not so heavy. Crowd scenes are well done, and Parry in title role is charming. Only fair. (December.)

Mothers-in-Law—Garner.—Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz parties, lots of glitter—the usual thing. (October.)

Mysterious Witness, the—F. O. B.— More formula stuff. The sweet and alluring mother, the self-sacrificing daughter. (September.)

Name the Man—Goldwyn.—A Hall Caine story, with the long arm of coincidence stretched out of shape. (February.)

Near Lady, the—Universal.—Post comedy, with the titles the principal. (February.)

On the Banks of the Waabash—Vitagraph.—A fine cast misses, and wasted on a weak plot and poor direction. (January.)

Our Hospitality—Metro.—Buster Keaton in what seems to be a travesty of French and feud story. Not very good or funny. (January.)

Out of Luck—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young engineer transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. (October.)

Peter the Great—Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jannings, in the title role. A real picture. (September.)

Pioneer Trails—Vitagraph.—Imitation of “The Covered Wagon” without the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

Pleasure M.A.D.—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.)

Polikuscha—Russian Artufis.—A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter here. (December.)

Potash and Perlmutter—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage. Barney Bernard and Adolph Menjou in their original roles. (February.)

Power Divine, the—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that where there’s love there’s hope. (November.)

Puritan Passions—Hodkinson.—A screen version of Trollope’s “Androcles and the Lion.” A charming production. (November.)

Purple Highway, the—Paramount.—Ralph a snob and horse thief, with Monogram. (September.)

Rambler, the—The Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

Rapids, the—Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the making of a westerner by a man with brains and foresight. (September.)

Red Lights—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture. Excitement and thrills. (November.)

Red Russia Revealed—Fox.—Half scenic and half educational. Shows the beads of Soviet Russia. (September.)

Red Warning, the—Universal.—Even Jack Hulbert out of business, keeping up with the story in this thriller. (February.)

Richard the Lionhearted—Associated Exhibitors.—Wallace Beery is a two-fisted, most-entertaining Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

Right of the Strongest, the—Zenith.—A story of the Alabam hills with E. K. Lincoln in competing. Good entrance scenes between Lincoln and George Siegmund. (December.)

Rosita—United Artists.—The picture is as dimy and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. One of the best. (September.)

Roughed Lips—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. (November.)

Ruggles of Red Gap—Paramount.—A high-minded picture of a town, its people, and the world. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while. (November.)

Satin Girl, the—Metro.—Apollo—Lady crook foils the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

Sawdust—Universal.—Unconfined realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide. (September.)

Scaramouche—Metro.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ninon Novaro, and the direction of Rex Ingram, have turned out a masterpiece. Don’t miss it. (December.)

Second-hand Love—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a Charles Ray role. (November.)

Secrets of Life, the—Principal Pictures.—A funny picture, with the titles the principal. (February.)

Self-made Wife, the—Universal.—Three fourths of this picture is good. The end falls badly. (September.)

Shadows of the North—Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off claims on his property. Happy ending, after a good fight. (October.)

Shuttered Reputations—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artistically, badly acted. (November.)

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

Shifting Sands—Hodkinson.—Desert stuff, camel against the sky such things. (December.)

Shooting Love—Universal.—Steel shot in the small living horns on a steep Western. The herd back from the war, walks into a fence which is fully as exciting. (September.)

Short Subjects—Educational.—One and two reelers. Mostly entertainment. A clever little German, “Kinsgrom,” a brace scenic, “Speed Demons,” a story of a forest demon, and two comedies. (September.)

Silent Command, the—Fox.—A story of the navy. Propaganda type. A good narrative of the sea, well told. (September.)

Silent Partner, the—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. (November.)

Six-Cylinder Love—Fox.—A light and amusing picture, with a cleverly done effect story. (September.)

Six Days—Goldwyn.—Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement and remarkably good acting. (September.)

Six-fifty, the—Universal.—A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see wife. But she comes back. (November.)
New Hair in 30 Days
-or Costs You Nothing!

Alois Merke discovers a new simple method guaranteed to grow thick, beautiful, luxuriant hair or money instantly refunded. Gives new life and health to hair that is thin, falling, lifeless.

At the Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, letters are pouring in from all over the country requesting information concerning this new method for growing hair. So successful is this method that it has been guaranteed to grow new hair in 30 days or cost nothing.

To women this method is particularly interesting as it often transforms thin, falling hair into rich, luxuriant beauty in an unbelievably short time. It is unlike anything ever known in this country. It penetrates to the starved root cells, revitalizes and nourishes them—and the hair grows thick, lustrous, beautiful.

There is no massage, no singeing, no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind connected with this new method. It is simple, pleasant. Already hundreds of women who had thin, falling hair, hundreds of men who were "thin on top," have acquired new luxuriant growths of hair. Often the results are almost unbelievable.

Thin Falling Hair
Given Glorious New Health

Is your hair thin, lifeless? Does it fall out, break? Is it dull and without luster?

All these conditions are nature's signs of starved or atrophied hair roots. Ordinary methods cannot revitalize the roots, cannot reach them—no more than rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree can make the tree grow. You must get right at the roots and stimulate them. This remarkable new method provides at hair, an efficient way of invigorating the roots themselves. The hair becomes brighter, fluffier. New growths make their appearance within 30 days—if they don't there is no cost to you.

Some of the Amazing Results

The proof-guarantee is made possible only through splendid results that have already been achieved—as these few excerpts from letters testify. The letters are on file at the Merke Institutes and anyone may see them by coming to the office.

"I have been bothered with dandruff for 20 years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in."

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment."

"I must frankly state I was skeptical as to your claim, but a faithful use of Merke Treatment for a month has removed all doubt and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and growth."

Free Booklet Explains the Method

We have prepared a special free booklet called "New Way to Make Hair Grow" which tells you everything you want to know about the remarkable new method for growing hair. This booklet explains the method in detail. Give you many interesting facts and proofs concerning this new method. We know you would like a copy, and we will be glad to send it to you absolutely without obligation.

Among other things, this free booklet will tell you how this method penetrates to the hair roots—without any massage, rubbing or other tiresome methods. And it tells how the dormant root cells beneath the skin's surface are awakened, given new life, new strength.

Mail this coupon for your copy of the special free book today. Remember there is no obligation whatever. The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 393, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

The Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 393
512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new special booklet "New Way to Make Hair Grow," explaining in detail the remarkable method for growing glorious, healthy hair.

Name:.............................. (State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address:...................................
City:.............................. State...

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Soul of the Student Body

9 Massachusetts Hall, Hanover, N. H.

Industries are looking to the college boys for indications of the future, because, presumably, the college students of today will be the leading citizens of tomorrow. Up here, as we are not in contact with women, we more readily express ourselves. Every student in the audience takes it upon himself to inform the entire gathering of his views about the picture which is being shown. To date the most popular pictures this year are "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Spoilers," "Safety Last," and "Zaza." In contrast I shall name "The French Doll" and "The British Bottle." It is red letter day for the student body when Nita Naldi is on the screen. The most popular stars are Milton Sills, Gloria Swanson, Jack Holt, Betty Compson, and Lila Lee, and Old Lloyd. But even these can't make a bad picture good in our estimation.

I may truthfully say that what we fellows view is a question of action. You might think that such pictures as Mae Murray appears in would be popular in a college town, but the boys realize that she can't act.

Perhaps—what I have expressed is true only of Dartmouth and not of the college boys in general. Still, we have the reputation of being regular fellows, and not tea hounds, lounge lizards, or cake eaters.

M. L. Jacobs.

He Has Earned a Photo!

New York.

As a mild, plaintive voice of protest against your Beauty Contest, I venture the opinion that such a challenge is, to us plain folk, alias the public, rather exasperating and seemingly unfair to the motion picture actresses concerned.

An impartial choice and preference is a rank impossibility among movie stars as brilliant and dazzling as the stars on the blue firmament. What astronomer would command the audacity to proclaim Saturn or Venus or O’Rion, or some other Irish star, as the most magnificent and distinctive? Sir, how dare you ask our opinion about the charm and magnetic aura of jewels, all of which belong to the 24-karat class? It is asking too much.

Does a violin merit more admiration than a piano or a harp?

Ernest Smold.

For Lois and Dick

New Berlin, Ill.

We have just seen "The Call of the Canyon" and we think it one of the best pictures, of its kind, we have ever seen. The western scenery is wonderful, as it is in all of Zane Grey’s pictures. It clearly brings out the truth of the old saying, “God made the country and man made the town.” We do not think that the movies are going from bad to worse, as long as they have an actress so charming and sincere as Lois Wilson, an actor of such ability, one who so thoroughly seems “every inch a man,” as Richard Dix, and a writer like Zane Grey.

Mary Carollton.

Ramon Forever


Ramon Novarro is a splendid actor; but why say that he can never take Valentino’s place? Ramon does not have to take it, he already has it! I love both.

R. P. Buck.

I think that not. That is, not beloved of every fan. Rodolph may be the “only one” to some fans, but please do not think that everyone feels the same. Ramon surpasses Rodolph, by far, both in looks and acting ability. Consider the “Prisoner of Zenda,” Ramon’s first chance. As Rupert, he was perfect. Overnight Ramon has stolen Rodolph’s popularity and he’s going to stay!

Louise Y. Birkhart.

Posies for Percy

Meriden, Conn.

I should like to commend the photoplay "If Winter Comes" to all the readers of this magazine. Though I have heard the criticism that it is too "drawn out," I think short it would effect the wonderful picture of real life. The acting of Percy Marrmont, especially, is superb.

Mae Murray in "The French Doll" is a most absurd, frivolous thing. Why these wild jazz types?

E. M. G.

Duse and Owen Moore

Washington, D. C.

Just a line to express the humble opinion of one of your readers. Eleonora Duse played our home town yesterday; she was greeted rapturously by everyone in their six-six seats.

Former Presidents turned out, something unusual for them. Society was there en masse and I took the last fifty-five minutes of Government time coming to me and hiked myself over there. I got in just after the beginning of the act and watched the thing in amazement. A nice elderly lady, with snow white hair, something like an aunt of mine, was playing the part of a passionate Italian’s (young and handsome like our Rodolph) mistress, or would be, or once was, or something—I never did find out until I got on the car and read the program!

Nevertheless, I saw Duse. Then, to square myself with for such treatment, I went into a local house and watched Owen Moore work in "Thundergate"—now, that was something like!

Hazel Anna Ryan.

Tennessee Opinions

Kingsport, Tenn.

I can’t understand why Casson Ferguson is not more popular than Rodolph Valentino. I think Valentino is a “perfect mess.” I read in the January photoplay that only ignoramuses from the country did not appreciate him—well, I am sure it is the other way. I am a Southern girl of Tennessee, and I think he is the most common actor I have ever seen; I have seen all of the popular and unpopular stars, as we have three nice theaters in this town and get the latest pictures.

I think Dorothy Dalton is a wonderful actress, I admire her kind of pictures more than any of other actresses. I hate to see the heroine stand back scared to death, or faint while the hero fights the villain. Dorothy, as you will notice, generally takes care of herself and enters the fight.

L. C.

Why Throw Bricks?

Morris, Okla.

Why can’t there be more bouquets than brickats? Or, at least, why can’t people keep from hurting others’ feelings?

We all have our favorites, but is there any use in making the others feel badly? They are doing their best to give us a pleasant afternoon or evening, so why not use this column to let them know we appreciate their efforts?”

We can’t see our favorites all the time, so let’s not say such bad things about others.

Mrs. Elvisa Creekmore.

Get Together and Kick

New Haven, Conn.

Managers seem to have a tendency to kid the public. Reissues have come to cash in on the popularity of a later version.

Yet, this isn’t all that is going on. A theater in this town, recently renovated, has come forward and is trying to fool patrons. In the balcony there are two sections of seats. The lower are thirty-five cent seats, the upper, twenty-three cents. The Manager has advertised, but about one tenth of the upper section’s capacity is sold. Then, thirty-five cents becomes the only price available. When the lower section is filled, people paying thirty-five cents are compelled to sit in the upper section, until room is made in the lower section, which happens after you have seen the show from the upper section.

In this way the management makes twelve cents more profit. Has a theater this privilege?

Joseph Bace.

Last Straws

Dallas, Texas.

I have been going to movies for quite a long time and have been reading movie magazines for quite a long time, and never before have I registered a complaint against one of the players or one of the plays. But, like the proverbial straw that broke the camel’s back, or as a bumper line in a Margaret polymath, I say, "Hope Hampton and Mae Murray did the work!"

I was very resentful when Miss Hampton sailed through "Lawful Larceny" at the head, mind you, of a cast including Nita Naldi, Lew Cody and Conrad Nagel, but when Mae Murray’s much advertised “figger” in that atrocity, “The French Doll” flashed across the screen, well, words fail me!

G. Davis.
**FREE!**

Both 10-Piece White Enamel Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Enamel Canister Set

**Guaranteed for Life**

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set described at right. When goods arrive make first payment of only $2 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set— they are Free.

**Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking Set**

This is Hartman's famous, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying and more. And, think of it:

**Nearly a Year to Pay**

This offer proves that Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise. You pay only $2 and postage on arrival for the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay on either the Kitchen Set or Canister Set. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay. Offer is limited. Mail coupon NOW, while you can get these wonderful Free Gifts.

**FREE Gifts**

Book explains how you get Glassware, Silverware, Jewelry, Table Linens, etc., Free with purchase. Send today.

**FREE Bargain Catalog**

Over 350 pages (of which are in actual colors) of the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise. You pay only $2 and postage on arrival for the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay on either the Kitchen Set or Canister Set. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay. Offer is limited. Mail coupon NOW, while you can get these wonderful Free Gifts.

**Order by No. 417FM9, Price for Aluminum Set, $19.95. No money down. $2 and postage on arrival, Balance $2 monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set are Free.**

**Mail the Coupon Now!**

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 6088 Chicago, Ill.

Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World.

**FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Pc. Canister Set**

Both sets Free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Bowl, Measuring Spoons, Ice Picks, Egg Beater, Kitchen Spoon, Wall Rack, All Aluminum canisters and handle, and many other utensils. Canister Set includes: Large containers for Tea, Coffee, and Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Mustard, Almonds, Nuts, Cocks and Ginger, all enamelled in colors that last a lifetime. Offer limited.

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

SKID PROOF—Fox.—A ranking picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked, honest boy takes his place. (October.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balancing: "The Magic Skin" in all its many aspects, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—"A find the woman" melodrama. Jack Daws as a cynical butterfly and not so good as usual. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. (October.)

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

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount.—Pola Negri's best American-made picture. A proof that the faults in "Bella Donna" (December) were not hers. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno. (November.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. (October.)

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers. A picture of some value, and worth modernizing so the story has not helped it. (Oct.)

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount.—The first and only security for Pola Negri, Jr., for Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February.)

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture in every way. Even better on the screen than as "Captain Apache" (November). (November.)

SUCCESS—Metro.—Sentimental melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (September.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox.—An Al St. John comedy with the usual slickplast stuff, but also with some of the clever mechanical effects he always has. (Dec.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Arco. Exhibitors.—The only feature in Sherry Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty awful. (November.)

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

THREE COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and a marvellous serenade. The color provocative wondrously fine. (February.)

THIS FREEDOM—Fox.—An English comedy, headed by Fay Compton, makes the Hutchinson story fairly enjoyable. (September.)

THREE AGES—MGM.—Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has good spots. (November.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn.—A screen version of a stage show, but not so bad and with plenty of entertainment. (September.)

THRILL CHASER, THE—Universal.—A Holt Gibson goes to Hollywood and thence to Arabia, becoming a sincere proselytizer. (October.)

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal.—A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

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

TINS HAVE CHANGED—Fox.—Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Conventional and good for the family. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Phygo-ere.—Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks, missing necklace and the rest of it. (December.)

TO THE LADIES—Paramount.—A joyous entertainment and, incidentally, Director James Cruze's fourth successive success. (November.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with gags and exciting episodes. (November.)

TRILBY—First National.—A careful and artistic production of the beloved novel, with Andre Latyfaye, the French actress, as star. (October.)

TWENTY-ONE—First National.—The 1924 model of Richard Barthelmess in an interesting, but not great picture. (October.)

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

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan.—A costume picture of the Louis XII period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but a bit draggy. (January.)

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

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

UNTAMEABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton is the victim of a dual personality, but interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VICTOR, THE—Universal.—Rather obvious story, but all United Englishmen in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. (October.)

VIRGINIA, THE—Preferred.—Owen Wilson's famous novel made into an exceptionally good Western. (November.)

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National.—If you are a daughter, wander away from this picture and save your time and money. (September.)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE—Grand-Ashur.—This picture stars well, but gradually dwindles. The title is tricky. (January.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES—Capital.—A shadow of "The Covered Wagon," little trite and abandoned half way through. (December.)

WHEN ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU—Fox.—Williams sells the mines and the pretty girl. (February.)

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING?—United Artists.—A Ben Turpin comedy, but as full of laughter as any of his none. (Sept.)

WHERE IS THE WEST?—Universal.—A picture of the small child level, but interesting. (October.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rint-in-dit, the dog star, does his stuff again. It's a picture of no value, no legged players can be consistent, in any case. (November.)

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

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another tragi-comedy about Little Lillian, signed by lovely Little Klueke, the director. As a whole, excellent. (November.)

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

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME—Pathé.—Interesting film of a tragic idea. (September.)

WHY WORRY?—Pathé.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, THE—Metro.—Clara Kimball and your man in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

WILL B. HICKOX—Paramount.—W. S. Hart's return to the screen in a picture filled with gangster and other modern features. (November.)

WILD CRUZ, THE—Universal.—A young newspaper woman who gets tangled in hivel swindles, jail sentences and a lot of things. (December.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, THE—United Artists.—Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another triumph of the genius of Charles Chaplin, who produced and directed it. Not for children. (Dec.)

WOMAN PROOF—Paramount.—Thomas Meigh- an in a George Arl story, cut to fit and therefore confusing. (January.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Seitz.—Betty Comp- sen, always charming, in a picture that grows up like. (February.)

WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES—Paramount.—A fascinating study of the planting of elephants. (November.)

WOMAN, THE—Excellent acting by Betty Compson. (September.)

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Apollo.—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

YOU ARE IN DANGER—Goodman.—Crisis brought by boy in big city, love, money, mean much. (January.)

YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson.—A story of the country youth in the big city. Full of jazz and other modern features. (September.)

ZAZA—Paramount.—A very interesting picture which gives Gloria Swanson a chance to prove that she is one of the leading screen actresses. (Dec.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY Magazine is guaranteed.
Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF “THREE WEEKS,” HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. “THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE” IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCING A PENNY.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the woman, or the “other woman”?

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman’s heart or holding a man’s affection—you don’t need “The Philosophy of Love.” But if you are in doubt—if you don’t know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can’t afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

Do you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives are the most beautiful women in the world and very willing to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men’s whims?

Do you know how to retain a man’s affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a “wallflower” or an “old maid”? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do “wonderful lovers” often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In “The Philosophy of Love,” Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may all’ upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set you right about these precious things and you will be found to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love, has written the most uniformly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mingle words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and so clearly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticise “The Philosophy of Love,” but there’s nothing in such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her worldwide reputation on her book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted.

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for “The Philosophy of Love.” Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent in plain wrapping. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $2.12, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart’s content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantaneously.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn’s stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. “The Philosophy of Love” is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to be a world classic in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to dispose of the present edition. We have been compelled to make the present edition very limited. We may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you order it before July 1. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth. Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to the authors, Press, Auburn, N. Y. Right away—and with the coupon. We guarantee you satisfaction. The delay is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
After Thirty—can a woman still gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"?

Some women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and, above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

The cause of blackheads and blemishes

Blackheads are caused by dirt and oil collecting in the pores of your skin. A large-pored skin, or one that is much exposed to dust and soft-coal smoke, is especially susceptible to blackheads. Blemishes are generally the result of infection from bacteria carried by dust into the pores.

Don't neglect defects like blackheads or blemishes. They can easily be overcome by the following two treatments:

To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

A Special Treatment for Blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Follow the treatment you need regularly and see how much clearer your skin will become and what a world of difference it will make in its attractiveness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

The Andrew Jergens Co.
503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


Name .....................................
Street ....................................
City ...................................... State ..............

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

Advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
YOUNGER, by far, and simpler and quite lacking in artifice and sophistication—this new portrait of Gloria Swanson. It shows another side of an already complex character. Miss Swanson plays a charmingly "different" sort of role in her "The Humming Bird"
COLLEEN MOORE reached the climax of a colorful career in the flapper part in Warner Fabritiæ's "Flaming Youth." Indeed, she looks the part with her straight bobbed hair and her mischief-filled eyes. Once upon a time she wore curls—and a demure expression.
THIS looks like the Mae Marsh of yesterday—the little sister in "The Birth of a Nation" and the pitiful girl mother of "Intolerance." Miss Marsh has lately appeared in "Daddies"—a Warner Brothers' production in which her wistful appeal is very happily placed.
There's a language of fans—did you know it? Just as there is a language of flowers. Carmel Myers, by resting the bit of lace and ivory against her left cheek, is saying "No!" But her eyes—and her smile—betray the fan's cruel and negative message.
RICHARD DIX—who does some very fine work in the modern episode of "The Ten Commandments"—and his pal, who goes by the unromantic name of "Penny." Talk about a dog's life all you want to—but just take note of the smile on Penny's face!
ANNA MAY WONG plays the part of a dancing slave girl in "The Thief of Bagdad"— and advance reports say that she walks away with quite a bit of the applause. We can't help feeling that she might have posed for the Coles Phillips of Turkey's magic city!
THE sweetest expression in pictures, some say—the most womanly of the leading ladies. After scoring as the queen in "Rosita," Miss Rich has come back across the centuries to play opposite Monte Blue in "Lucretia Lombard." They were starring partners in "Brass."
Your new laundry problem

HOW TO MEET IT:

A FEW years ago nearly everything you wore could go safely into the family wash. Today the situation is reversed.

What were once cotton garments now are silk or wool—filmy crêpe de chine, cobwebby chiffon, silk blouses so delicate that they can almost be drawn through a finger-ring, fluffy wool sweaters.

Not one of these delicate things should ever be subjected to the cruelties of the "family wash." So you have a different washing problem today, and you therefore need different soap and different methods.

In recommending gentle laundering by squeezing lukewarm Ivory Suds through your delicate modern garments, we are supported not only by hundreds of experiments of our own with practically every known kind of material, but by the experiences of literally millions of women who have found this method to be the finest kind of safety insurance.

For Ivory Suds use either Ivory cake soap, or Ivory Flakes, which is Ivory Soap flaked for you and ready for instant use. Ivory in either form is economy, not extravagance. Ivory—so gentle and mild—is as harmless to colors and fabrics as is pure water alone. Silk and woolen garments, washed by the Ivory method, actually last longer than cotton garments washed by old-fashioned methods.

PROCTOR & GAMBLE

Important washing points

Except for very soiled and very bulky things, you need only a small amount of Ivory Flakes—just whip up the rich Ivory Suds from a teaspoonful of Flakes dissolved in about two gallons of water (see directions on package). Then dip the garment, squeeze the suds through and through it—don't rub hard, don't wring.

* * *

In washing silk or wool, the entire operation should not take more than five minutes.

* * *

For setting colors, see directions on the Ivory Flakes package.

* * *

The best way to dry delicate garments is to spread them on a bath-towel in a dark place, making sure that embroidered portions, if any, are kept clear of the body material.

A conclusive test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments. Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

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

Free sample of Ivory Flakes

A generous sample of Ivory Flakes and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 43 C.P., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Copyright 1924 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati
Speaking ofPictures

By James R. Quirk

February 25

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

March, 1924

A

NEITY FORD having withdrawn in favor of Calvin Coolidge for the republican nomination, on behalf of Charlie Chaplin I withdraw his name as a candidate.

M for President Coolidge because he’s a picture fan. That proves he’s human and I’d rather trust a human being than a politician. We mean no direct offense to Hiram Johnson, but I’m afraid that if Johnson thought he could get the flapper and Italian votes he’d promise to make Valentino secretary of state.

TALKING pictures are perfected, says Lee De Forest, the inventor. So is castor oil.

T WAS Christmas Eve. So Mrs. Natasha Rambova Valentino gave out a preview interview. Speaking for Ruddy she said something about “Peace on earth—good will to men,” etc., possibly explaining why he was going back to work.

THE truth of the matter, expressed perhaps in coarse language, is that the Valentinos got wise to themselves. That so-called beauty contest that Ruddy conducted for the cosmetic concern didn’t augment his popularity any. Nor did his dancing act. Nor did his eternal ranting about the demon producers. Never—Never—Never would he go back to work for Famous Players-Lasky—no never. Nevertheless he did, and we are glad of it. Over a year ago Famous Players-Lasky offered him everything he professed to be fighting for, and seven thousand dollars a week thrown in. He should have done it then. He has since learned that publicity cannot replace photography, and that fans want to see their favorites on the screen, not hear them on the corner soapbox.

STARS come and go. But the wiser they are the slower they go. The public throws roses in their path one year and banana peels the next.

FIRST, “Flaming Youth.” It was a hit. So along comes its poor relatives, “Flaming Barriers” and “Flaming Passion.” That last is a hot one. They’ll need non-inflammable film. We’ll probably see “Flaming Souls” and “Flaming Sin” next. And then the “Idiot Film Company” will offer a prize for the best title containing the word “Flaming.” That ought to burn it up.

THE real estate men want to be called “realtors” but the moving picture actors don’t want to be called “movacs.”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]
HAVE you ever noticed that when you pick up the Monday morning paper you always read about how many accidents happen on Sunday, but it never says anything about all the perfectly beautiful and safe rides the other folks had?

When I am pelted with the question which titles this story, "Is Matrimony a failure in Hollywood?" I always think of my Monday morning paper.

Everyone I meet who isn't directly connected with Hollywood asks that question. The general impression seems to be that residents of the western film capital combine the marital beliefs of the South Sea Islands and Turkey.

The general impression seems to be that residents of the western film capital combine the marital beliefs of the South Sea Islands and Turkey.

In its moments of sanity and domestic bliss, is practically unknown.

Now I should hesitate to answer the simple question, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" In fact, when it's mentioned, I always begin to feel like the caterpillar in "Alice in Wonderland," and the only answer I can think of is, "Why not?" Which is no answer at all.

But when they become geographical about it, when they try to tie it onto Hollywood alone, where I am well acquainted with all the cooks and chauffeurs, I feel I'd like to rise and make a few remarks.

It is perfectly true that all marriages are not happy in Holly-
In Hollywood?  
By  
Adela Rogers St. Johns

wood, any more than they are in Yonkers or Terre Haute. A few tragedies, such as happened to Charlie Chaplin and Bill Hart, cast a gloom over the whole subject, and when, in addition, Gloria Swanson’s two failures and Corinne Griffith’s recent divorce and the unexpected separation of the Vidor’s are prominently and frequently mentioned, it isn’t any wonder that the public raises its eyebrows and says: “They can’t seem to make a go of marriage in Hollywood.”

Now it is plain enough to anyone that Hollywood has more problems to face, when it comes to marriage, than any other place in the world. In the first place, practically all the women are financially independent, which is bound to make them stand less than other wives have to. In the second place, sudden wealth in itself had been a cause of many and many a catastrophe in the sea of matrimony long before Hollywood was on the map, and we have lots of sudden wealth. Add to these, tremendous flattery, enormous popularity, difficult working conditions and long and uncertain hours, unprecedented familiarity between men and women as a necessity in the regular line of work, ambition running wild, and you have a condition that is tougher for those breaking into matrimony than will be found in most places.

But even with all that, I don’t believe the percentage of divorce in Hollywood is higher than...
EVERY year the Wampas, which is the club name of the members of the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertising men, picks from among the younger actresses those considered to have the best chance of becoming stars of the screen during the coming year. These are the choices for the year 1924, and all were presented formally at the Frolic of the Wampas, held in San Francisco.

### 13 Baby Stars

**Count 'em—13**

**Julanne Johnston**—Engaging and winsome. Age 20. Black hair, brown eyes. From Indianapolis.

**Dorothy Mackail**—English type. Represenative, but can change. Blonde hair, green eyes. From London.

**Ellen Fair**—slender and buoyant. Twenty years old. Brown eyes, and hair of same color. A Richmond F. F. V.


**Ruth Hewitt**—dainty and petite. Eighteen years old. Dark hair and eyes, and was born in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

**Clara Bow**—real flapper type. Seventeen years old. Dark bobbed hair, and has brown eyes. Hails from Brooklyn.
Blanche Mahaffey—vivacious and starry-eyed. A "Follies" graduate. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Seventeen years old. Born in Minneapolis.

Hazel Kerner—wildflower type, but stately. Nineteen years old. Brown hair, hazel eyes. From Davenport, Iowa.

Margaret Morris—wholesome and gay. Nineteen years old. Dark eyes and hair. Appealing and enthusiastic.

Carmelita Gough—patrician and athletic. Twenty years old. Black hair and eyes. From Dubuque, Ind.

Blanche Mahaffey—vivacious and starry-eyed. A "Follies" graduate. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Seventeen years old. Born in Minneapolis.


Alberta Vaughn—piquant and naughty type. Eighteen years old. Dark hair and eyes. Ashland, Kentucky, claims her.
Odds and Ends
the Camera Caught

Interesting bits of photography gathered in the studios and on location in two continents

A built set that grows. Trees and grass were transplanted to the studio for "The Enchanted Cottage" and, under the glass roof, grew so fast that a gardener had to keep them in control until the "shooting" was over.

George Walsh drew the most coveted role of the year and will play Ben Hur. In circle above, Gertrude Olmsted is shown in the character of Esther.

No, children, this is not Rasputin, the Black Monk. 'Tis Will Rogers! Honest it is, in a satire on the Little Theater movement.

Trust Connie Talmadge to do the original. Now she has a four-band headdress, the upper band being of silver flowers and the other three of little cups in which diamond flakes were blown.

George Walsh drew the most coveted role of the year and will play Ben Hur. In circle above, Gertrude Olmsted is shown in the character of Esther.
This might be almost anywhere, but it really is near Rome and shows how Director George Fitzmaurice reflected light on Lionel Barrymore and Barbara La Marr for scenes for "The Eternal City."

The troops start for the front—in "The Eternal City"—led by Irene Bert Lytell, and preceded by the camera on a handcar, the motive power being Pete Props.

Just above—"The Heritage of the Desert" company on location in Utah. Ernest Torrence, Bebe Daniels and Lloyd Hughes in center of picture.

Page center—Beau Brummel Barrymore looks near death. But Drs. Chaplin and Fairbanks may save him. Charlie is an allopath, all right, and Doug has long felt the pulse of the public.

The late Sarah Bernhardt—one of her last photographs—taken while working on the scenario of a picture she hoped to make.

Could Gloria Swanson play Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"? Well, see what she's doing in "A Society Scandal!"
The Legend of Hollywood

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

I FIRST heard this story soon after my arrival in Hollywood and have always regarded it as more or less a legend. A wea

ticated little man with a tuft of whiskers was telling it, the first time I heard it, to the cigar stand clerk in the drug store

at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, and I regretted my late arrival, on that occasion, because all I

overheard was the very tail end.

It stuck in my memory, like a tack in a tire, and twice during the following twelve-month, it was retold. Once, an actor

recited it to an admiring audience at a Christmas Eve party at the home of Adolph Menjou, and though he was unknown to

me, when he finished, I singled him out in the gay crowd.

"That was an interesting little anecdote," I said to him. "Who was this fellow?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I heard the story two years ago, but the girl who told it to me didn't know the name of the man. Nobody seems to know."

"Curious," I remarked, "especially seeing it happened right here in Hollywood."

"It's a sort of legend," he explained, smiling. "We probably never will hear who he was. Time covers up such things rather effectively."

I had no intention of letting Time cover it up, however, and as I continued to hear the story my curiosity grew proportionately.

It annoyed me.

Here was a legend, a tradition of the community, a tale of Hollywood, which is a brand new city of shining homes, and why, I demanded to know, should the facts remain concealed?

Ireland has its fairy stories, but Ireland is old and hoary, and its legends are from the cloudy past. India is full of strange tales, but they were born a thousand years ago. Hollywood is new, and the story is new. I heard it in garages, with a dirty-faced mechanic telling it to a farmer from Iowa, as he tugged at a rusty nut. It came to me in the studios, where pictures are made, and I determined to run it down, to find this nameless hero, greet him with blandishment and beg that he go over the story for me, in his own way, telling me the details of the drama, as the main actor in it.

Well, I failed, and I admit it. At this instant, I have advanced not a single inch. The man is still shrouded in mystery, though I pursued him in the highways and byways. I inquired diligently, even of strangers, and of course among my friends, who have lived in Hollywood long enough to be regarded as old-timers.

One of the veterans of Hollywood is T. Roy Barnes, the actor, who owns real estate and two shiny automobiles. He sat patiently upon his veranda and listened to me with tolerance.

"Certainly, I have heard that story," he said, when I paused. "I heard it long before you ever did."

"Then who is the fellow?" I asked. "What is his name and where does he live?"

"I can't answer that. Never did hear his name. You might ask Jimmy Cruze about it. Cruze hears a good many things."

I found Mr. Cruze coming out of the court house, where he had been testifying against a bootlegger. He is an old-timer in Hollywood and its secrets are, to him, an open book.

"Yes," said Mr. Cruze thoughtfully, "I remember that story well. I first heard it years ago, and I still heard it every now and then."

"Did you know the man—the hero of the tale?"

"I don't know him and never heard his name. He is probably here in Hollywood today. George Melford might know. See George about it."

"One each day,” he said aloud. “I have gambled with life and lost, and now I gamble with death.”
Here is a mystery of a desperate man and seven little glasses which many in Hollywood believe, but which none can solve. Perhaps you can?


"And you can't tell me the nameless hero?"

"I cannot. Nobody ever seemed to know his name. When I was directing 'Behold My Wife,' there was a lad in the company who claimed to know him, but I never believed it."

"Well," I said firmly, "I'm going to find out. Who'd be likely to know?"

"Try Ernest Torrence," George advised. "He might know; or Allan Hale."

I encountered these gentlemen eventually, seated in the Alice-blue restaurant on the Boulevard, where the tourists from Kansas City crowd to stare without charge at the eating lions. I put the question straight. Did they ever hear the story? They did. Would it be possible for them to tell me the name of the strange and interesting figure about whom the tale revolved? No. They did not know it.

"I'd know it," said Mr. Hale, "if anybody could know it."

Clad in disappointment, I stumbled forth anew upon the quest of my man. I wandered upon Joseph Henabery, the director, and Wallace Beery, both familiar with the lore of Hollywood.

"I've heard it," Joe admitted.

"So have I," said Mr. Beery.

"But," I said, forestalling them, "you don't know the man?"

They shook their heads, and suggested that I see someone else. For weeks I followed the trail, approaching this one and that, and my quest was like asking people if they had heard the tale of Little Red Riding Hood.

$1000 REWARD!

Are you the man in this story? If you are and if you need a thousand dollars, read and decide if you wish to reveal yourself to the people of Hollywood.
Mr. Herbert Howe, fresh from New York, had heard it. So had Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows more interesting facts about Hollywood than any other observer. Likewise, it was known to Frank R. Adams, E. K. Lincoln, Tom Geraghty, Tommy Buchanan, Williams, the grocer; Jim Hall, the cop at Hollywood’s main crossing; Joe Woodman, the filling station expert; Susan Winters, the druggist; Mary O’Connor, the scenario chief; Joe Engel, manager of the Metro Studios; Perley Shechan, the transplanted novelist; Ralph Block, Jack Cun- ningham, Bert LeVino, Wally Young, Betty Weeks, Percy Heath, and so on without end. I append these names to indicate the vigor with which I followed a faint trail. They knew the story, but they did not know the name, and the name was what I was after.

There were, of course, variations of the narrative, and it came to me in many ways, but not one of my informants could tell me the man; or the girl; or the boarding-house mistress; or whether the boarding-house is still running as such.

And so, down to the present moment, the facts remain, but the identity of the actors has eluded me. Here is the story, as I have so often heard it, incomplete and necessarily vague in places. I troubled a reporter who would turn in such an account to a capable city editor.

IT seems that five or six years ago, when Hollywood was insignificant, and smaller than it is today, and when studios were fewer and you could still find a parking space for your car on the Boulevard, a man, comparatively young, drifted into town, clasping to his bosom a Great Idea. What that Great Idea was, I cannot say, because, if it was afterwards given a name, there was none to connect it with the young stranger. It may be as familiar a thing as “The Birth of a Nation” or the “Miracle Man”; or, it may never have been named at all.

At any rate, it was the young man’s Opus Magnificent, and he set to work in a small room, an attic in reality, at the top of a bungalow; and the bungalow was a boarding-house on a side street, owned and rigorously operated by an Irish mistress, a none too kindly soul. She has been described as an Italian and likewise a German, but no one is certain.

The history of the fellow was unknown and his conduct mysterious. He had him a civil engineer, a failure; and another told of him as a painter of portraits. Sometimes he was an artist, then an actor, and then again an author. He burned with high ambition, yet there was about him the grim manner of one who has failed, and who yet means to succeed.

We will have to call him Plain John Smith. He bestowed little or no information upon those about him, was looked upon as a sullen invalid creature, given to sullen moods, and kept to himself. During the day, he worked feverishly, and in the evenings, he strolled, usually by himself.

He was in bad financial circumstances, as are many venturers into Hollywood, and his room was the poorest and barest in the house, but he toiled as one possessed, and slowly his idea grew greater. One visitor at a time would come in to see him, a different kind of motion picture, greater in every way, a mark for other men to shoot at; and he took him months to put his plan on paper.

Now there enters into the story, the little maid. She was a bright, happy, dark-eyed little thing with glossy black hair and flushed cheeks, and her lot was humble and more obscure than his. She was the char girl for Mrs. Rooney, the general servant of the establishment, and each morning she came tripping into John’s work room with her pan and duster to set the place to rights. Sometimes she brought him cold food on a tray, or a rare letter from the mailman.

She watched John Smith at work, admiring him as he sat crouched over a small table, and presently she fell in love with him, though it was many a long day before he noticed it. He called her Marie, when he called her anything, though I have heard other names fastened to the little slavey girl. Amid his work came the knowledge that the house drudge loved him, and she smiled at her, spoke kindly and finally said:

“’You work hard,” she said to him, each morning, smiling in from the doorway, and if he were ready for such things, he would have observed that she was pretty.

“I am writing a motion picture,” he answered. “I hope to have a fine piece of work, when it is done.”

“Oh,” said Marie. “You, too, are in the movies?”

“I hope to be—after this.” He indicated the piles of paper. “So far, I have done nothing but examining his strange new art and try to decide why so much of it is rubbish.”

“You are a writer?” she asked.

“I have never thought so before. But I am an artist, because I know the good from the bad. This that I am doing, will be good.”

“I am sure of it,” said the girl. “You will have a great success.”

Her sharp eyes saw everything. His possessions were few, and she wondered about it, and about the gauntness in his face. If John Smith had any money when he came to Hollywood, it slipped away, and there was no income to replace it. His only recreation was walking; and on the strolling strolls, Marie went with him, clinging to his arm, adoring him. They climbed the hills and looked down upon the future capital of filmdom, and John told the girl of his ambitions. He was capable of fine things, he was sure, and she agreed with him. When he grew silent, she urged him to talk. At no time, did she remotely understand him.

PRESENTLY, his slender store of money gave out completely, and the difficulties gathered. Mrs. Rooney spoke to him about his rent and he promised to find the cash, but he never did. Eventually, his potential masterpiece was finished, lay upon the little table in a neat pile, and he lingered it lovingly, read it over and over, and sent it to the offices of the then greatest film company in California. On that morning, he assured Mrs. Rooney that she should have her money.

“That,” he said, “is a trifle.”

“It’s no trifle to me,” she answered. “I need money.”

Delays and more delays followed, and the days sped on. A great silence came from the offices of the corporation, which he could break neither by letter nor the personal call. He and his work were not rejected, nor were they appreciated. Nothing happened. He had one letter, after a long time, stating that important officials were in New York and that no action would be taken until their return.

Mrs. Rooney reached the limit [continued on page 114]
Must She Commit Murder?

Bored to tears by the appellation of "Hollywood's Good Girl," Lois Wilson fears she must do something desperate to show that she is just human and regular.

She flung open the portals of her chamber and stood there, in chaste lavender felt slippers, a wistful supplication in her deep, grave eyes. Not far away "The Covered Wagon" rolled along the tenth month of its Broadway journey. Outside was the city and wickedness. But here was a Sunday morning sanctuary—the radiant presence of Lois Wilson, the beautiful and pure.

A modest black satin negligee, lined in ecclesiastical purple, enveloped her discreetly. The most sensitive eyes I ever have seen held a mute, frightened query. I thought of all that I heard about her—

"They call you the good girl of Hollywood—" I began reverently. But I was interrupted by a soul-searing sigh and the blessed damozel sank wearily into a chair. Her optic plea had gone unheeded: her fears were confirmed. I had said the wrong thing. "Oh, I was afraid you were going to mention that," breathed Lois in pathetic resignation.

"Is that forbidden?" I heard myself mutter apologetically, thinking of the editor's instructions—Ask her how to be good.

"Forbidden, but in vain. I began this so-called 'being good' by inclination and consideration, now I have to devote my life to explaining it. I have created a Frankenstein monster to rise up and devour me. Really, people have begun making me feel that I ought to apologize for it."

"Never to me. Virtue rests upon your head, an invisible but dazzling halo. Not even a succession of all-night debauches, an elaborate program of amatory intrigue, a lake of Gordon gin, the whole Dunhill output crammed with the purple sins of the poppy, could obscure a single beam.

"Fine-breeding, intelligence, charm, sincerity and sweetness walk with you everywhere. You are a good girl, Lois Wilson. Herb Howe says so.

(continued on page 129)
This Chapter Tells How

LEWIS J. SELZNICK, a Sixth Avenue jeweler, declared himself into the open game of the motion picture in 1912.

CARL LAEMMLE and P. A. POWERS battled for the control of Universal, an action drama of lawsuits, police, studios, raids and the kidnapping of the corporation's books.

H. F. ATKIN was the first to bring Wall Street into the field of the motion picture, with the birth and rapid evolution of the Mutual Film Corporation.

GENERAL GRANT lost his whiskers in a picture of "The Battle of Shiloh" when "Pop" Lubin sat in as censor of his own product.

DOROTHY AND LILLIAN GISH went to Biograph looking for their friend Gladys Smith and found her to be Mary Pickford.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the first motion picture publication independent of the motion picture industry, began as a theater program in Chicago.

The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XXIV

WITH the Independents aligning themselves with some semblance of cohesion into the two camps of the newly-formed Mutual Film Corporation and the Universal concern, the industry of the motion picture entered upon a new phase in the early months of 1912.

Promotions, screen politics and corporate manipulations came in to supplant the slowly dying strife of the patent litigations. The litigations continued in the background for some years yet, but for curious reasons, which will in due season be set forth, they ceased to exert a controlling pressure on the industry as a whole.

The film makers of the earlier period had, as we have seen, found a solidarity and a certain stability at the close of the wars that ended in the establishment of the iron dictatorship of J. J. Kennedy in 1908. Among the licensees of the Motion Picture Patents Company, Kennedy was still boss.

But in 1912 there was considerable question about who was going to be boss among the Independents. There were several candidates in each of the independent organizations.

The public which supports motion pictures may have an impression that making pictures is the purpose...
of the motion picture business. That is a mere appearance.
The purpose of corporations is to dominate the business and
the purpose of men is to dominate the corporations. The
making of pictures is a detail affair for employees.
Back in '12 this question of who was to be boss among the
Independents had to be settled in some slight and temporary
degree before the motion picture could go ahead toward its
development into the institution of today. The progress of
the picture waited while the candidates fought it out. The
candidates or their successors are still at it in 1924, and the
progress of the picture is still waiting. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

Lewis J. Salznick, who became general manager of Universal by the
simple process of appropriating a desk in the office and announcing
himself in charge
Our Gang

By Mary Winship

"Hi, you, get off'r that football. How kin we play if you lay on it all the time, anyway?"

"Well, it's my football, I guess. Whose football is it, anyway? I'm goin' to kick it this time myself. You want to kick it all the time. You needn't think you're so fresh."

"Oh, gee, Fat says he's goin' to kick the football. Hey, Sammy, Fat says he's goin' to kick the football. Ole Fat can't get his leg up high enough to kick no football. Too fat."

"I can too."

"Aw, Fat, you better let me kick it. I can kick swell."

"Aw, no, Freckles, you kicked it last time. Let me kick it this time."

I peeped around the end of the big glass stage and discovered "Our Gang" in a moment of relaxation. All of them—Sunshine Sammy, Freckles, Fat, Jacky Condon and pretty little Mary Kornman were concentrated on their stomachs around a football. When the scenery shifted a bit, I likewise discerned Farina, very small and dark.

Instantly, it seemed that twenty years or more slid from my shoulders.

Because "Our Gang"—well, it's just exactly like any other gang. It's like your gang, or my gang that lived in the vacant lots and the dusty old barns, and drove a previous generation of respectable parents to despair. Even on the screen, when you take your own descendants to see them, you slip back to the days when you used to hop wagons, and climb trees, and play in newly-dug sewers. When you meet them off the screen, you positively feel well acquainted with them—as though they were merely re-incarnations of your youth.

That's the secret of the success of their comedies, and when I met Bob McGowan, who directs them, and roamed about for a day with the young members
of the company—all of whom are under long term contract—I understood why.

The kids in "Our Gang" aren't actors. They're just kids. They don't act. Bob McGowan simply suggests ideas for new and fascinating games and, while they play them, he turns on the camera. The lot isn't a studio, it's a playground. They've never had a scenario or a story in their lives—they develop it in the natural course of events as they go along.

More than that, they've practically selected their own company by a well-organized process of elimination. Because even "Mac" can't keep a kid on the lot if he isn't regular. They're all scrappers, in the troop. Every kid in the Gang is a fighter from the word "go." It doesn't matter how clever a kid is, if he isn't regular he can't stay, that's all. What's more, he doesn't want to. They don't gang him, either. They begin on each new kid and take him one at a time, as it comes. If a newcomer stands the test, he stays. If not, he goes. A simple and primitive method which will be envied by older players, I doubt not.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]
Talks About Tom

By George Ade

When I first met Tom Meighan, I was only a little older than he is now. This was several years ago. He was very young, very good-looking, just starting to try himself out as an actor. I think we got together, first of all, because both of us were interested in football. He had been playing with a college team and I was just undertaking the doubtful experiment of writing a play which dealt with college life and the game of football.

I asked Henry W. Savage, who was producing my play of "The College Widow," to get Tom in for the part of the halfback. He did so. Also, Colonel Savage engaged for the part of the "College Widow," a most attractive and intelligent young actress, Frances Ring, a younger sister of Blanche Ring.

Tom fell in love with Frances and they were married and have lived together very happily ever since. After "The College Widow" had been on the road for two or three seasons I asked Mr. Charles Frohman to engage Tom for a part in "Father and the Boys," in which William H. Crane was starring, and he did so.

At the beginning of his professional career Tom got a good salary as compared with other very young actors who are just beginning their careers; that is, his salary was well into three figures and now it is well up into four figures. He is one of the highest salaried actors in the world and he is deserving of all his success and the success has been well earned.

He had quite a varied experience before going with the pictures. He was with David Warfield for several seasons and he played a long engagement in London in a George M. Cohan play and he had fairly good parts in many important productions.

When he finally began in the movies he played secondary parts in support of Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick and other well-known women stars. He worked hard and learned how to register an effect when the camera was pointing at him. He learned what most of the actors from the speaking stage never learn. He found out how to time his actions and how to get over with the least possible effort the most telling effects in pantomime and facial expression.

He found his first big opportunity in "The Miracle Man" and since then he has been a star and he has grown in popularity with the public while other stars have grown dim and faded away. His abiding popularity is not altogether due to his winning personality. Tom is a hard worker. He picks out his own plays and gets them ready long in advance of production. He supervises the selection of the cast and watches all details of production. He gives his fellow players a chance to score and does not want everything for himself.

He is personally popular everywhere because anyone can see success has not spoiled him. He is always modest, good-natured and kind.

He is making a lot of money but he does not spend it in a showy manner.

He is intensely loyal to his friends and never forgets any man who once did him a good turn. He is popular with children and nice to women and polite to everybody. A large part of his success has been due to the fact that gradually the public has become convinced that he is a thoroughly likable and decent young fellow—a very fine type of athletic and vigorous American manhood.

His personal popularity seems to stand out on the screen and it should because he is the most unselshy and worthy and helpful kind of citizen.

I have written three screen plays for him—"Our Leading Citizen," "Back Home and Broke," and "Woman-Proof."

In these plays which Tom and I have worked out together, we have not striven for any big "effects." We have tried to deal with old-fashioned human nature instead of tragedy and high-tension romance. We have avoided crime and sex problems and deathbeds and physical violence.

Perhaps we have made our plays too tame and quiet for some of the movie patrons who are looking for a large thrill every moment.

At least, we have tried to show Tom all the time as a very clean specimen of interesting young manhood, and we have tried to mix a little comedy with the drama, and we are hoping that our friends will like the new play as much as they liked the two preceding ones.
PRISCILLA MORAN is the little foster sister of Jackie Coogan, and a star to be. Her history? She has appeared in one picture, "Daddies," with Mae Marsh, and she was named for Priscilla Dean. Also—see photograph—she surely reads elevating literature.
The log cabin, with slab roof and stick and mud chimney, in Hardin county, Kentucky, in which Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809. Outside the cabin are Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, and his sister, Sarah.

"Well, Mother, they've nominated us," said Lincoln to his wife (Nell Craig), as he walked into the sitting room in his Springfield, Illinois, home on that night in May, 1860, when the Republican National Convention at Chicago declared him its choice for president.

The last of seven famous debates between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas in which the "Tall Sucker," with his earnestness and homely philosophy, proved himself more than a match for the "Little Giant," polished and eloquent orator though Douglas was.

As a boy, Lincoln acquired his education by reading and figuring by the light of the log fire in the cabin. His father opposed the boy's desire to learn, but the mother (Irene Hunt) always encouraged and sympathized, praising his figuring, which was done on an old shovel in lieu of a slate.
Brings Him Back to us on the Screen

The famous "sight unseen" horse trade in which the town "smart Aleck," thinking to get the better of Lincoln by trading him a spavined, sway-backed animal, gets a sawhorse in return.

George Billings as Abraham Lincoln and, (in lower corner) the full length figure of Lincoln. The resemblance is striking, both in the face and in the tall awkward figure. Mr. Billings' work is the more remarkable in that this is his first appearance before the camera.

"They call these matches," says Lincoln to Ann Rutledge (Ruth Clifford) his first sweetheart. "It's wonderful what luxuries we are getting in these days."
We Take Off Our Hats To—

CECIL B. DeMILLE, for his direction of "The Ten Commandments"

BLANCHE SWEET, for her work in the title role of "Anna Christie"

JAMES CRUZE, who made "The Covered Wagon"—and three other screen successes—in only one year

JEANIE MACPHERSON, who wrote the story of "The Ten Commandments" and so made screen history
EDWIN L. HOLLYWOOD, who directed the first four pictures in the "Chronicles of America" series, for Yale University—and the world.

ALLAN DWAN, who reached the heights in his direction of "Big Brother," a great picture, and an intensely human one. Dwan directed "Robin Hood"—Photoplay's gold medal picture of the year.

PERCY MARMONT—for his remarkable performance as Mark Sabre, in "If Winter Comes" and for his work in "The Light That Failed." He awakens the mother instinct in every woman.

ERNST LUBITSCH for directing Pola Negri's early successes—and then making "Rosita" in America, with the nation's sweet-heart as star. Lubitsch carries genius, like a flame, in his heart.
AND when all the physically perfect girls had been picked—along came Phyllis Haver then, as always, the peer of them all.

EBBA MONA ought to be able to leap into fame, whether pictorial or terpsichorean. This particular pose is known as a "split lead".

ON the beach at beautiful Catalina Island, these nymphs dance as lightly as the foam on the sea which is their background.
Temple of Venus

WITH such a title to live up to, it was necessary to comb the entire state of California for beautiful and perfectly formed girls. To judge by these pictures, the combing was more than successful. Combine a great deal of pulchritude with fine settings and exceptional photography, and you'll be able to visualize this super-spectacle—although some careful audiences have been forced to sit through two shows to gather in all the wealth of detail! Of course, some critics have been unkind enough to suggest that Venus didn't go in for the Hollywood type of bathing suit. But then critics will say anything!
EUGENE ROBERT RIEHEE

BILL HART, in the name role of "Wild Bill Hickok," made a smashing, two-fisted, hard-shooting come-back to the screen, after a long absence. The vacation rested and refreshed him, for "Wild Bill" seems younger and more purposeful than William of yesterday.
CLEVELAND BROWN was his real name. Fame had crept upon him so gradually that it caught him before he thought of substituting something more ornate.  

Almost before he was aware of it, that name of Cleveland Brown had emerged from the mass of weltering picture comedians and possessed a box office value from San Diego to Boston.  

Somehow, for an indefinable something that lay behind his wistful eyes and his beaming, contagious smile, the millions loved him greatly and laughed at him and now and then shed an unexpected tear over him. He was like that. And it had paid him well to be a little ray of sunshine to the toiling masses.  

In 1922, young Cleveland Brown of Hollywood paid to the government of the United States an income tax amounting to almost a quarter of a million dollars. Immediately he was hailed as filmdom's most eligible bachelor. And while he ardently desired to retain the last word of that title, the two preceding ones caused him much mental anguish.

PART I

Cleveland Brown was filmdom's most eligible bachelor. He wanted to stay a bachelor, but Hollywood is a tough place in which to dodge love. He was a prize worth capturing. So Hollywood sat back to watch the fun.

The Love Dodger

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Rightly. For they plunged him, all unprepared and protesting, into a veritable whirlpool of love and adventure, unbelievable adventure and many kinds of love, as a peaceful rowboat might be plunged into a hurricane.

If there was any rôle in which Cleveland Brown did not aspire to shine it was the rôle of a great lover. But he was cast to play it just the same. All Hollywood knew it and sat back to watch the fun. He was a prize worth capturing and he was determined not to be captured.

In a land where love and its million substitutes are the chief diversion of the multitude, where the reincarnation of Cleopatra
and Helen of Troy and Aphrodite herself gather, where men and women work and play side by side in complete equality and familiarity, in such a land, the Boulevard gossips agreed that Cleveland Brown had so far refused to drink from the rosy chalice of passion.

But they admitted likewise that Cleveland Brown had picked a tough spot in which to dodge love.

A great many people would have been surprised to know that Mrs. Jimmie Smith, a young matron with red hair and ten superfluous pounds about her hips, had affected the life of Cleveland Brown more than any other person in the world. But it would have surprised Mrs. Smith more than anyone else.

As she pursued the even tenor of her way, she could not very well avoid bumping into the name of Cleveland Brown. It was everywhere. Upon the billboards. In the newspapers. Filling the magazines.

When she and her husband bundled the babies into their go-carts and left them outside in the lobby of the Main Street theater where they sought cinema diversion, they often saw one of the popular Cleveland Brown comedies.

Whereupon Mrs. Smith invariably said, "Dear, dear—little Cleve Brown. I used to play with him back in Fargo, North Dakota, when we were kids. He was a stupid little boy. Just think of all the money he must have made. And his folks were awfully ordinary. His father kept the drug store." Thus was Cleveland Brown registered upon the tablets of young Mrs. Smith's memory.

Certainly it never occurred to her that she was the remote cause of that reluctance within Cleveland Brown's breast that made him the most talked of bachelor in America. Or that her name actually should have stood first in that famous list that included such stirring ones as Leda O'Neil and Ray Connable and Janice Reed and Mrs. Harlan Morrison and even the great Paula Swayne.

But to Cleveland Brown, Pinky—they had called her Pinky in those days—stood for something drastic, dynamic, violent. Something that had changed the whole course of his life.

She was not buxom in those days. She was a painfully skinny small person with clear, snapping black eyes and an impudent chin. She wore her heavy hair in two stiff, unornamental pig-tails and their pumpkin hue was matched by a wealth of freckles. This, with the fact that two front teeth were missing, gave her rather the appearance of an animated Jack-o'-lantern.

He hated her. Of course he hated her. But she exercised for
him an awful and glorious fascination. There was no girl—and no boy for that matter—in all the state of North Dakota who could conceive the things that flashed like chain lightning through Pinky's active brain.

Clevé was two years her junior and he was her abject slave. You see, he lived next door to her. Upon such small geographical details do great lives hinge. Had he lived next door to some other little girl, he would never have achieved a reputation, unsought and unjust though it was, as a Don Juan of Hollywood, in later years.

And his mother, a woman easily deceived, made the mistake of wiser women and allowed Pinky's extreme plainness to argue virtue.

So Clevé went forth, morning after morning, with mingled dread and ecstasy, to follow in Pinky's crooked footsteps. She had a magnificent command of insult for one so young and once when he had refused to carry out her dictates, she tied him up with a clothesline, using fraud unmentionable, and fed him angeworms.

The things they did would fill many books. And, all too often, Pinky, with innocent eyes and trembling lips, escaped the dire punishments that followed. She had been led astray by that bad Brown boy.

The climax of it all came when she led a live water snake in the small hand organ which little Miss Almgård Trublood played on Sundays.

Miss Trublood was an elderly maiden with very little self-control and when the innocent young reptile poked his head over the edge of the organ to listen to her sacred melodies, she performed a feat usually attempted only by professional contortionists.

Cleveland, who had caught one glimpse of the muscular surprise in the faces of Miss Trublood and the snake as they faced each other, laughed. He stood convicted.

Later that Sunday afternoon, in his small back bedroom, Cleveland Brown examined with horrified curiosity the straight red welts made by a buggy whip in a firm and indignant hand and came to a conclusion which was eventually to shake Hollywood to its foundations.

Women were terrible. They lied. They didn't know what it meant to play fair. They got you into perfectly awful messes. And they left you there. Women were wholly and utterly unreliable, completely without heart or conscience, and dangerous to life, limb and the pursuit of happiness.

Consciously, young Cleveland Brown had forgotten Pinky. He ardently desired to forget her. But Pinky was there, nevertheless. An unseen guest at many a feast.

On that particular June morning when the papers announced in headlines Cleveland Brown's engagement to Ray Connable, late of the Follies, she was there.

And she was partly responsible, no doubt, for the anguished expression with which young Mr. Brown raised his eyes from the contemplation of Miss Connable's portrait ornamenting the five columns of the front page. For there was nothing about Miss Connable's likeness to bring that look of despair to a young and healthy man.

She wore the ragged breeches, the equally ragged shirt much open at the front and very short in the sleeves, in which all the beauties who need not fear such an abbreviated costume have been photographed at one time or another.

And no one had ever graced those ragged little pants with more entire success than Ray Connable. Even in the badly reproduced newspaper cut, you could count a full baker's dozen of dimples. Most women's knees and elbows should be covered. Ray Connable was an exception.

The wide eyes beneath the smartly shingled bob were impudent, but somehow wistfully, appealingly impudent. They had the friendliness in the eyes of a small puppy who has just chewed up your slippers but is willing to let bygones be bygones if you are.

Even in view of these favorable circumstances, Cleveland Brown was sunk in dismay and apprehension by the story surrounding the pictures.

The Browns were a large family. And they all congregated in the bright breakfast room downstairs. For this reason, Cleveland Brown had formed the habit of breakfasting in his room, mapping out the day's shooting schedule on the margin of the morning paper.

Thus there were no eyes to observe him when he opened the paper that contained Miss Connable's statement that she was going to be married to him very, very soon.

That trick eyebrow of his slid sideways and he ran a nervous and rather pathetic hand through the heavy mop of dark hair that was still wet from the morning dip in the swimming pool just beneath his window.

He sat quite still and read slowly the two columns of story.
In his striped flannel bathing, freshly shaven and bathed, Cleveland Brown looked not unlike any well-set-up, ordinary young American. He was typically and unquestionably of that great middle class that is the backbone of every nation.

No one ever noticed him in a crowd. If he had driven up to you in one of the seven million and offered to sell you a vacuum cleaner on monthly payments, you wouldn't have felt anything out of the way about it and you would probably have bought the vacuum.

He was no more cut out for a heart-breaker than he was a pirate.

As a matter of fact, Cleveland Brown—whose name was better known than the president's and whose face was as familiar as the stars and stripes—was those things simply because he happened to know how to make people laugh. And people will pay a higher price for laughter than for any other commodity on the market.

Strangely enough, it was probably to his mother that Cleveland Brown owed his exalted position. Her ill-health had necessitated the trip to California, where contact with motion picture production had awakened in him a passion of creative impulse.

Yet his mother had undoubtedly cemented his eight-year-old decision about women. Not that Cleve didn't love his mother. He knew that her virtues were a household word in Fargo. The trouble was that Cleveland adored his Dad. And his mother's treatment of Dad struck him as not altogether unlike Pinky's treatment of himself.

There were a great many people in Fargo who thought that old Daddy Brown was deaf. The people with whom he and his wife played cards always shouted at him. Cleve knew he wasn't deaf. He had just—quilt-listening.

He could hear very well indeed when he and Cleve sneaked off on a Sunday afternoon—the drug store was closed between one and five—and went fishing. As they sat in the sun, blinking and happy, Dad seemed to be able to hear even the things a boy didn't say.

Sometimes Daddy took along a musty volume from the public library—the life and letters of some great man. He had a passion for presidents. Probably Brown knew more about presidents than any other man to be found anywhere.

"It's a wonderful thing, Cleve," he used to say, as they idled on the river, "to think that any boy in this country can grow up to be a president. Why, Cleveland, you might be yourself. But it's a hard job. But that one thing's just what makes this country so great.

Daddy Brown's philosophy was that you could get a lot of happiness out of life, if you were "let." But Daddy wasn't let much. That, noted young Cleveland Brown, was what women did to you. If they once got their hands on you, you never did anything afterward that you wanted to do and you were always doing things that you didn't want to.

Some such thoughts were in his mind as he sat reading Miss Connable's diaries. Where it concerned her as a future husband. Some men would have been immensely flattered by them. Cleveland Brown was only immensely frightened. And into his nice, brown eyes came that expression of his, so friendly and kind, that encouraged a great many women in Hollywood to believe that it might be easy to marry Cleveland Brown.

Oh, a good many people were startled by that announcement in the morning papers. Little Ray Connable had stolen a march on them. But an engagement, in Hollywood, wasn't a formidable proposition. In this case, it was a call to arms. Of course Cleveland Brown's bachelor days must end. But Ray Connable wasn't necessarily the person to end them.

Now if Cleveland Brown had stayed in Fargo and gone into his father's drug store, he would probably have married some time. Not because he wanted to. But because some girl found herself suddenly and unaccountably twenty-five and without a husband.

But there wouldn't have been any concerted action upon the part of many women to capture him as there was to be in Hollywood. It wasn't quite fair. Because, you see, except as a motion picture star, he was still an eighteen-year-old boy from Fargo, North Dakota.

Then ten years between his arrival in Hollywood at eighteen and the present, were crammed full of concentrated heart-breaking work. Nothing but work. Years of struggle, of poverty. Of experimentation. Of bitter disappointments and golden victories. And as he drifted out of it, on the very peak of success, with a strangely unbalanced character, he knew nothing but motion pictures. He had no time to look. And he realized life could not be all sunshine. But he wished that his difficulties might have taken some other form than women—earthquakes, for instance, or bankruptcy, or the black plague.

He was moved to say, with Job.

The thing that I greatly feared is come upon me, and the stroke of God.

"My gosh," said Cleveland Brown with a gulp, "there can't be. Why, it's only eight o'clock. Dad, you go tell them I've gone on location for a week."

"Well, I'd thought some of that," said Daddy Brown, "but you never told us anything about it. One of them is a lady. Your mother's talking to her now.

"Jumping grandfather. Every time mother talks to a reporter I get in a jam it takes me six months to get out of. Get her away, Dad, can't you?"

"No," said Daddy Brown. "I can't. I ain't even going to try. But you can, if you like."

"What are they talking about?"

"Last time I heard, your mother was telling the lady that her son wasn't going to marry any chorus girl that had her picture taken in pants."

Cleveland Brown sank back and wiped his forehead with a napkin. "I—I wish they'd let me alone. I'm awfully busy. What in the world does everybody keep pestering me about getting married for?"

They both turned at the sound of quick, heavy feet on the stairs. Daddy Brown came in and sat down to get out of the way of a very large young man in brown tweed golf clothes, who breezed into the room like a playful young cyclone.

"Morning, morning, Cleve, my boy," said Scoop Wilson,
brightly and smilingly, "I see the lady killer is at it again."

"Scoop," said Cleveland Brown earnestly, "don't you try to be funny. You're the best gag man in the world, but you forget that news and help me. You were a reporter once. Go and do something to those downstairs. They've given me indigestion already."

"What'll I tell 'em? Are you engaged to this dame?"

"I never saw her in my life," said Cleveland Brown.

"Never saw her," said Daddy Brown pensively, "think of that. Well, I think she is a slighty girl. Your mother says she looks like a hussy."

Scoop Wilson helped himself to the monogrammed cigarettes in the silver box on Cleve Brown's dressing table.

"My dear old bean," he said slowly, "the lady says she's engaged to you. If you deny it, you'll look silly. You can't call a pretty girl a liar. Not done. Not done."

"But she can't say that," said Cleveland Brown frantically, "I tell you I don't even know her!"

"You could know worse," said Scoop Wilson coolly, "she's an eyelid. Besides, a nice little girl. The poor little devil's down on her luck, you know. I'm afraid it'll bust her all up if you come out now with a denial."

"But, my God, Scoop," Cleveland Brown rose in his wrath and began to pace and shout so violently that the striped flannel bathrobe waved behind and gave him rather the appearance of a garter ad, "do I have to stand for being engaged to some stray chorus girl I never saw because it might hurt her feelings if I tell the truth? I don't know anything about her. What's the idea? I won't get married. I'm too busy. Here we are six weeks behind schedule and a mere trifle like a hundred thousand bucks over our estimate and you should worry me about engagements."

Scoop Wilson refused to be serious. A shrewd twinkle appeared in his gray eyes.

"I'll bet you're scared of Janice's mother," he said. "Those two women treat you like you were still in your go-cart. If you don't watch out, they'll have you hooked before you know it."

"There you go again," said Cleveland Brown, "there you go. That's the way with everybody. All I hear. Janice is my leading woman. A fine kid. But she's only a baby. Thank the Lord she doesn't want to marry me."

"Oh, doesn't she?" asked Scoop Wilson suavely. He had his own personal reasons for disliking Janice Reed's mother.

"I bet her mother does," said Daddy Brown suddenly.

"Oh no," said Scoop, twinkling openly, "not the old lady, Mr. Brown. Why, she's——"

"Hush up," said Daddy Brown, "I mean I bet she wants to marry Janice to Cleve. And when she starts out to do anything, I bet she's pretty near going to get it. Janice is a nice girl. Only thing is, I'd be afraid she might grow up like her mother. Some girls do."

"Women," said Cleveland Brown, slowly, and though he had taken off his bathrobe and stood, deeply tanned and slender, clad only in his underwear, he managed to be impressive because he looked as though only a mighty effort of will kept him from bursting into tears, "women are terrible. In the old days, when women were sweet and nice and good and stayed at home and cooked and had children for a man, there might have been some object in marrying one. Now you don't marry a wife for yourself. You marry one to entertain other people and satisfy the public. Your courtship is something for the wise guys to gamble on. Your honeymoon is a great story. And your domestic life helps to make a great press book. Her chief usefulness in life is to pose in pictures with you because the newspapers and magazines won't print a man's picture alone. And you daren't get a divorce because it cuts down your box office receipts twenty-five per cent."

"All I wish is they'd let me alone."

"Well, they won't," said Daddy Brown, lighting his pipe "you can bet on that. That's what ruined Aaron Burr. To many women were in love with him."

"Well, I won't have it."

"Yes you will," said his father, "you ain't any smarter than the rest of us."

There was a moment's oppressive [continued on page 121]
The Autobiography of Pola Negri

The famous Polish star tells of her first meeting with Charles Chaplin, of her marriage to Count Dombiski, and her discovery of Lubitsch — a narrative every word of which should be read.

PART II

A

n ominous gloom was over Berlin in 1917, like the chill of approaching death. The city was more depressing than nerve-shattered Warsaw. Had I not been plunged instantly into work I should have returned to my mother.

Never in my life did I work harder than under Prof. Reinhardt's direction in rehearsals of "Sumurun." As the Slave of Fatal Enchantment I had earned praise in Warsaw during the season of 1912 to 1913, but I never knew its full possibilities until I essayed it in Berlin.

Prof. Reinhardt rehearsed me every day for a month, and under his tutelage I felt myself inspired. It was with exultation bred of confidence that I read placards about Berlin announcing "'Sumurun' — with Pola Negri."

Although I realized that I had developed tremendously under Prof. Reinhardt's direction, the opening night at the Kammerpele theater was one of awful agitation for me. I was before an entirely new public; I was a Russian-Polish actress before German people; and I was on trial as a provincial actress, seeking recognition in one of the most discriminating art centers of Europe.

The reception given me by the public and the press was overwhelming. The critics were most enthusiastic in crediting Prof. Reinhardt with a discovery, and their predictions concerning my future gave me new incentive.

The play settled down for a successful season, and I took up my home with a maid in a small apartment in the Emserstrasse. Berlin was suffering from food shortage, and oftentimes I did not have enough to eat. Warsaw, although under German domination, was in much better condition than Berlin. My mother sent me a basket of food every week. Whenever it arrived I gave a party, and a most popular hostess I was. One week the package failed to arrive; the next week when I opened it I found it filled with stones; my mother was sending food regularly, but it was being intercepted. I couldn't complain; thousands were suffering greater privations than I.
"Little Jazz Boy Charlie"

I HAVE since learned that the American press was amused by my salutation of the famous Mr. Chaplin when I first met him in Berlin. I squandered all the English I knew upon him in one magnificent outburst. I called him "little jazz boy Charlie." Wishing to pay me a compliment in German, he asked Mr. Kauffmann how to say, "I adore you." But what he really said to me was, "I think you are a piece of cheese." Naturally, I was astounded and angered by such impertinence, and Charlie was more astounded by the effect his intended compliment had upon me. The amusement of our friends soon revealed the trick they had played upon us. Mr. Kauffmann had given Charlie the wrong phrase.

While playing in "Sumurun" I was distressed to learn that my cheap little film, "Love and Passion," had been secured by a theater in Berlin, the manager planning to capitalize on the reputation I had achieved under Reinhardt. I thought if people saw me in that picture they would never again consider me seriously as an actress. To my amazement, the picture heightened my popularity, and Paul Davidson, general manager of the U. F. A.—the Union Film Alliance of Germany—offered me a contract at a salary twenty times greater than I was receiving at the theater.

My first German-made picture, "The Polish Dancer," was a dismal failure. The story was bad, and the direction worse. My second, a Russian story, "The Yellow Ticket," which was also presented on the stage and on the screen in this country, caused the public to express interest in me. It did not please me, however.

While playing in "Sumurun" I met a young man of Polish extraction, by the name of Ernst Lubitsch. He played an old woman, a grotesque character, in the pantomime. When "Sumurun" closed he went to work in the studios making one and two reel comedies in which he played a comic Yiddish character. I saw him directing these slapstick farces and was impressed by his understanding of characterization and drama. So, acting with characteristic impulse, I went to Mr. Davidson, the head of the U. F. A. and insisted upon Mr. Lubitsch as my director.

The idea seemed preposterous. Mr. Davidson explained that the company had signed me at a high salary, believing in my ability as an emotional actress; they would not consider risking my reputation at the hands of an unknown comedy director.

Taking one of these "temperamental" stands for which I have been so severely criticized, I refused to think of any other director. I had my way. Mr. Lubitsch was engaged. Our first picture, "The Eyes of the Mummy," was a tremendous success, and "Carmen,"—called "Gypsy Blood" in America

In her latest picture, "Shadows of Paris," Pola Negri is an Apache, a type of role in which she won fame in Europe

"Carmen"—called 'Gypsy Blood' in America—put Lubitsch and myself at the top of the motion picture profession in Europe

—put us both at the top of the motion picture profession in Europe.

Although generous in their praise of my work in "Carmen," American critics considered the production shabby. It was shabby, but Mr. Lubitsch and I were working under the greatest difficulties. The picture was made during the fourth year of the war; everyone sensed impending disaster; and our technical equipment was pathetic compared to yours in America.

Nothing in my career has been more gratifying to me than the discovery of Mr. Lubitsch. I think him the greatest directorial genius in the world. After "Carmen" we separated, but neither of us did as well apart. I made "Camille" and again displayed a "temperamental" whim, this time in regard to casting the part of Armand. None of the actors I knew satisfied my conception of the character. I have always contended that a star's characterization suffers if there are flaws in the cast.

[continued on page 86]
WHEN I set sail on the S.S. Majestic in company with Ramon Novarro to join Rex Ingram in Tunis, Editor James R. Quirk—affectionately known as Simon R. Legare by members of his staff—declared he wanted me to have a good vacation. All I had to do while aboard boat was write a few thousand words of Close-Ups and Long Shots and a few thousand more about Senor Novarro. I asked him if he didn't have some socks I could mend during dull moments. Or, I pleaded, could I take my paints along and paint a cover or two for the magazine. I get excellent likenesses of fish.

I finally hit upon the labor-saving plan of combining the Close-Ups and Long Shots with the story about Ramon and having Ramon write them both. I found him on deck, a few hours after quitting New York, puffing a pipe and spouting enthusiasm for the ship, the ocean and the liquor supply. The next morning I found him in his bunk looking like an Unknown Soldier in need of a sarcophagus. All he was interested in was suicide.

However, on the third day out there was a wonderful sea and all was fine until Ramon told me an Irish joke in his Mexican accent; ever since then I've been confined to my bunk.

RAMON speaks Spanish, French, Italian and English, but insists upon specializing in Irish and Swedish jokes. The following is an essay by a Norwegian, which he has memorized with great effect.

“Whar a wonderfull bird the frog are! When he stands he sits, almost. When he hop he fly, almost.

He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either; when he sitts he sitts on what he ain't got almost.

The credit for the above may be divided equally between Norway and Mexico.

ALICE TERRY and Ramon accuse Rex Ingram of being unable to grasp the point of a joke. Being Irish, Rex holds recites the asparagus, so his stars never lose a chance to harass him with some dud.

“What is the difference between an orange and an apple?” Ramon asked him brightly one morning.

“Neither are bananas,” roared Ramon.

WHEN Ramon told his own original fish story Rex came close to committing the first megaphone murder: A woman had a pet fish which she loved so much that she wanted to take it everywhere with her. Deciding to educate it to get along without water she each day reduced the amount in the globe until the fish was breathing air. Every day thereafter she would take the fish out for a walk. One afternoon as they were crossing a bridge the poor fish made a misstep, fell into the water and was drowned.

“Oh God!” wailed Rex.

FEW people know that Ramon Novarro, under another name, played for some time on the stage in a Los Angeles stock company. While making "Scaramouche," he was called upon to address a mob in the square of Rennes, inflaming them against the French nobility. He spoke in French; the mob was Mexican; but the dramatic power of his voice actually incited the extras to enthusiasm, although they understood not a word. After several arduous rehearsals, Ramon became hoarse, and a former musical comedy star who happened into the studio remarked that he would never make good on the stage. "He hasn't the voice," she said.

"Oh, well," said Ramon philosophically, "it's getting by pictures.

Incidentally, Mrs. Fiske saw Ramon when he was playing in the stock company. After the performance she met the young Mexican, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed: "You have it! Earn your money in pictures, then come to Broadway and wait for the right part... I predict a brilliant future for you."

IT'S surprising how fluently everyone speaks French at home only to find it solidified in Paris. Alice Terry learned French in order to speak subtitles in that language for "The Four Horsemen," "Scaramouche" and other pictures. She was complete mistress of such glib phrases as "Ah, oui" and "tres bien" until she reached the boulevards.

"But now," wails Alice, "I am a French lady..."

WHAT'S happening in Hollywood they seem to think it's only for the French. They find it strange that Alice Terry was the only female present who wasn't a lady. Alice Terry. The Prince of Wales made a little talk about pictures — without the aid of notes. Referring to a new English production, "Coming Through The Rye," His Royal Highness said: "For this production six acres of rye were especially grown!"

A NUMBER of years ago John Barrymore was leading man for a stock company in Los Angeles. One evening he did not appear. The time came for the curtain, but no John. Finally the manager of the company got a call on the telephone from the police station.

"Say," said the chief, "have you got a ham up there by the name of Barrymore?"

"Yes," said the manager.

"Well, we've got him now," said the chief.

The taxi drivers never can understand the name of the hotel unless I pronounce it so I can't understand it myself."

The French, we find, speak very poor French.

ALICE TERRY and Rex Ingram were guests at a luncheon in London attended by the Prince of Wales, Dukes, Lords and Ladies. In fact, Alice observed that she was the only female present who wasn't a lady.

The Prince of Wales made a little talk about pictures — without the aid of notes. Referring to a new English production, "Coming Through The Rye," His Royal Highness said: "For this production six acres of rye were especially grown!"

I found Novarro in his bunk, looking like an unknown soldier in need of a sarcophagus. All he was interested in was suicide.
The illustrious Hamlet had been arrested for cleaning up a barber shop. It seems that the barber had insisted upon trimming his hair.

"No," insisted John, "I like it long."

"No," insisted the barber, "it is too long."

The argument continued until John, exasperated, arose with dignity and smashed everything in the place—just as many of us have longed to do when the barber whispered determinedly in our ears: advising the usual singe, massage, and tonic.

With an actor such a demonstration is called "temperament." In another mortal it is considered simply—healthy peeve.

John tells this one on a temperamental railroad engineer of a country train on which he happened to be traveling.

"Conductor!" shouted a passenger, "that was my station just passed."

"But we don't stop there no more," replied the conductor. "The engineer is mad at the station master!"

One of the sweet young things on our boat played up to a seaman one day.

"How I envy you sailors," said she. "It must be wonderful to gaze on the wide expanse of the ocean and breathe always the clear salt air."

"Yes, miss, it must be," said the sailor. . . . He was a stoker.

"I'm afraid," said he, "that this won't get over. I have a better idea. We will show them meeting by an old oak tree on which their initials are carved in a heart."

Remember, producers want originality at any price!

**Youthful Screen Stars Will Marry**

After many denials and much gossip, Glenn Hunter has at last admitted that he is engaged to marry pretty May McAvoy. The admission came while Glenn was playing in the stage version of "Merton of the Movies" in Philadelphia, Miss McAvoy visiting friends in that city at the same time.

Here is an engagement that interests both the theatrical and motion picture circles, because Glenn and May have been pets of both. It was only a short time ago, while Glenn was playing in Chicago, that May passed through and, when she left, had a new diamond solitaire. But neither at that time would admit an engagement. The courtship is said to have taken place while both were playing in "West of the Water Tower." Rumor has it that Glenn even skipped church several Sundays to spend the time with the charming Miss McAvoy.
ONE of the most interesting and gripping pictures of the year. First of all, the cast. One feels that it could scarcely have been improved upon. The action rests in the hands of just five people—Frank Mayo as John Woolfolk, Virginia Valli as Millie Slope, Nigel De Brulier as Litchfield Slope, Charles A. Post as Nicholas and Ford Sterling as Paul.

The story is by Joseph Hergesheimer, a weird study in fear. Terror has possessed three generations of the Slopes and dwells with the grandfather and granddaughter, who live alone in the Georgia swamp country. Dominating them, is Nicholas, a homicidal maniac—half man, half child. And then John Woolfolk comes, a lonely man who carries sorrow in his heart. His advent changes the old order, bringing sudden tragedy—followed by freedom and happiness.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockeyt-Lincoln Co.

ANSWERING 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. The rarest kind of entertainment combined with history. If schools could teach as delightfully as this there wouldn’t be an uneducated person in America.

No book we have ever read has so brought out the lovable nature of Abraham Lincoln. It is impossible to tell the story in this brief space, but his whole life is shown: his youth, his struggles for an education, his political career, his romance with Ann Rutledge, her death, his subsequent marriage, the cruel ordeal of the Civil War, and his death.

The episode of the love of Lincoln for Ann Rutledge is one of the most beautiful romances of American history. The role of Lincoln’s first sweetheart is splendidly done by Ruth Clifford.

We could hardly ask better direction or more sympathetic handling of this epic theme. There is no attempt at great suspense by the usual motion picture tricks. Although there was a great opportunity for a thrilling ride of the Reserve Cavalry, at the time the capital of the nation was threatened by Confederate guns, that would have equalled the ride of the clansmen in the Birth of a Nation.

We have never seen a more delicately handled situation or sequence than the decline and death of the girl that Lincoln loved, or the scene in which Lincoln’s firstborn died in his arms while soothing the little chap with a child’s story.

Lincoln is wonderfully portrayed by George Billings, a man who had no previous stage or screen experience.

See pages 44-45.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE GREAT WHITE WAY  WILD ORANGES
WEST OF THE WATER TOWER  BOY OF MINE  BLACK OXEN

The Six Best Performances of the Month
GEORGE BILLINGS in "Abraham Lincoln"
OSCAR SHAW in "The Great White Way"
CHARLES A. POST in "Wild Oranges"
CLARA BOW in "Black Oxen"
BEN ALEXANDER in "Boy of Mine"
ROBERT ANDERSON in "The Lullaby"

THE GREAT WHITE WAY—Cosmopolitan

HERE'S another picture that's worth your money. It's
a personally conducted tour of New York with plenty
of action and thrills, and it's all done in the good taste that
distinguishes Cosmopolitan pictures from other Goldwyns.
If there isn't a prize fight, there's a horse race, and when the
chorus of the Follies disappears there's a fire. When the
rescue is over, there's a prize fight that is a fight. There
isn't a dull moment. The reliable H. C. Witwer wrote the
yarn around the romance of a dancer and a gentleman prize
fighter. Luther Reed wrote the continuity, and E. Mason
Hopper directed it with rare skill.
The picture cost a million dollars and it's all there in
result.

Briefly, the story is this:
A famous dancer and a ring champion are thrown together
through the efforts of a press agent who is attempting to
secure publicity for both. The press agent romance devel-
ops into a real one. Both are absorbed in their own lines
of work and detest each other's profession. Both try to
prove that they can make a living in some other line and by
coincidence the prize fighter secures a job as a shipping
clerk in a department store where she takes up her old
work of modeling. In the great fire scene, he rescues her
and subsequently saves her show by going back to the
prize ring which he has renounced for her.
Oscar Shaw, straight from the musical comedies, is one
of the screen finds of years. T. Roy Barnes, Anita Stewart,
Tom Wise, in fact everyone, was splendid. It's Anita's
best work. A score of newspaper and other celebrities
actually work in the picture. See it. Take the children.
It won't harm them.

BOY OF MINE—First National

ANOTHER classic of childhood — into which Booth
Tarkington has written, as only he can, the soul of a
boy. Henry B. Walthall and Irene Rich play perfectly their
rôles of father and mother, but the laurel wreath rests easily
upon the tousled head of little Ben Alexander. He, you will
remember, scored heavily in that other Tarkington screen
success, "Penrod and Sam." His small freckled face can
mirror every shade of emotion—can make a hard-boiled
audience (yes, there are such audiences!) choke up one
moment, and chuckle the next.

This is not a plotty story. It is, rather, a series of
episodes—the sort that go into the life of every boy—and
every parent. It is so real that, at times, it almost hurts! A
perfect family film—one that we recommend.

BLACK OXEN—First National

SOMEHOW, as Corinne Griffith plays her, the rejuvenated
Countess Zlatanne is a real flesh and blood woman who
lives and loves and suffers. She might, in less capable
hands, have been the puppet of a novelist's imagination.

The story, of course, is not an everyday affair. It tells
of a woman who, after sixty years of swiftly moving life,
becomes young again. This is done through—business of
quoting—"A modern miracle of science." With the face
and figure of youth, with the experience and subtlety of age—
she re-enters the society that knew her as a girl. And
many men fall victim to her charms. The one whom she
loves, in return, is Lee Clavering—a dramatic critic and
playwright; the part is well acted by Conway Tearle.

Well cast and well directed by Frank Lloyd. For adults.
DON'T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount

HAD a narrow escape from being one of the six best. It's an all-star, William deMille version of Julian Street's novel, "Rita Coventry," and is more of a character study than an action story. A vivid operatic star, with a veritable mania for transferring her affections, dashes like a comet across the surface of a trio of quiet lives. Nita Naldi, Jack Holt, and Agnes Ayres.

THROUGH THE DARK—Cosmopolitan

ANOTHER Boston Blackie story, with Forrest Stanley, this time, as the delightfully crooked hero. He doesn't come up to the standard set by Lionel Barrymore in a story of the same series, done by the same company. This action deals with a woman's faith in a man—and how that faith makes him go straight. Colleen Moore does good work as the girl, and George Cooper stands out.

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—Film Booking Offices

THE prize photoplay from the Palmer school, made with an all-star cast. The story of a man who, feeling himself indirectly responsible for the death of another, gives his life into bondage to fill the place left vacant. A charming love interest tries to blot out hatreds, but it isn't until a great storm proves the unselfish bravery of the hero, that the clouds are permitted to roll away.

THE RENDEZVOUZ—Neilan-Goldwyn

AN entertaining picture which contains a lot of Marshall Neilan touches. The story of an American officer (Conrad Nagel) stationed in Siberia, and his love of a little Russian princess (Lucille Rickson). Sidney Chaplin does a splendid bit of work as an English soldier. There's some tragedy in the picture, but everything comes right in the end and the audience goes home happy.

THE STEADFAST HEART—Goldwyn

THIS story—based upon the happenings that follow an unwitting murder, by a child—could never have happened. Courts have a quite different way of treating child criminals. But that doesn't keep little Joseph Depew from doing some fine work as the manly, though terror-ridden little boy. Some of the photography is splendid. The second part of the story, the grown-up episode, doesn't register.

THE LULLABY—Film Booking Offices

THIS is the best picture, by far, that Jane Novak has appeared in lately. In it she plays three parts—a young Italian bride, in a new country, a woman of middle life, broken upon the wheel of the law, and a carefree debutante. It is hard to say in which part she does the best work. Special mention should also be made of Robert Anderson, as the young Italian husband.
NORMA TALMADGE steps slightly out of character—\( \color{red}{\text{one always thinks of her as dignity incarnate—to become Norma-kal}}, \) a passionate, lovely dancing girl of the desert. Although a different Norma she is always charming, always warmly sympathetic. Torn between the faith of her ancestors and the love of a man who has confessed to being a spy, the girl is forced to fight a great battle with herself.

THE SONG OF LOVE—First National

THE MAN LIFE PASSED BY—Metro

FROM now on Percy Marmont will be doomed to play the lovable failure—the beaten, cheated victim of circumstance. And all because his performance as Mark Sabre, in "If Winter Comes," was so masterly! This picture tells the story of a brilliant inventor who, cheated by a ruthless business man, is brought back to faith by said business man’s daughter. The sisters Novak share leading lady honors.

THE GOVERNOR’S LADY—Fox

THE LOVE MASTER—First National

THERE are times when this picture touches greatness. Times when the swift tears are very close. But there are other, more frequent, times when situations are overdrawn and people act unnaturally. From the stage play of the same name, and telling the story of a man who outgrows the wife who has loved him faithfully through the lean years. Divorce solves the man’s problem—time, the woman’s.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH—Associated Exhibitors

ALTHOUGH this is based upon Longfellow’s poem, the trimmings are from history. There are moments of storm, of mutiny—there is disaster and death. The picture was an ambitious effort, but fell far short. Here is America’s oldest triangle, John Alden (Charles Ray, of course), Miles Standish and Priscilla Mullins. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

THREE MILES OUT—Kenna

RUM piracy figures conspicuously in this sparkling comedy which deals lightly, and humorously, with the endeavors of Madge Kennedy to escape marriage with a bold, bad bootlegger. The piece is far superior to any of this star’s recent vehicles and is one of the rare opportunities she has had on the screen to prove herself a comedienne of the first merit. You’ll get a laugh every twenty seconds.
She's a Regular Trooper, Leah Baird Is

And when one actor says that about another it constitutes the perfect tribute

By Mary Winship

I can't find it in the dictionary, but just the same it's the one word that adequately describes Leah Baird.

She's a trooper.

And when, in theatrical parlance, you've said that—you've said everything.

Maybe you don't know just what a trooper is.

Well, it's one of those comprehensive words to the folk of the stage and screen that takes paragraphs and paragraphs to define.

Just for instance, the other day I happened to be standing in the gateway of a well known studio. Near me were a group of men, varied types, who had finished their day's work. Oh, there were small time actors, assistant directors, property men.

A pretty young star, whose salary is fabulous, tripped lightly through the gate to her velvet-upholstered limousine.

"She's pretty," said one of the men, casually, "and she's got right nice ankles."

Silence.

Two minutes later a small, blonde, swift-moving ingenue bobbed through, gave them a smile, and hopped into a taxi-cab.

"That girl," announced one old fellow judicially, "that girl is a trooper."

"I'll say she is."

responded the entire group in enthusiastic chorus.

It meant—oh, it meant that the little girl could act. Really act. Not only that, but that she understood to the very core of her being all the complexities of the game. Hard work. Justice to others. The tricks of the trade. The things you can do and the things you just can't do.

It endorsed not only her work, but her disposition. Her actions under fire. That she could win without rubbing it in and lose without a whimper.

It meant she could walk in the mud and the rain of one night stands in the Middle West with a cheerful smile, and still go on at the old op'ry house and give a real performance. Rise to stardom and never forget her old friends. Stir the hearts and the admiration of the hard-boiled critics of the lot by real genius in her work.

It meant somehow everything that is fine and big and true about the great game of make-believe.

I told you it would take paragraphs to describe it, but in doing it I've described Leah Baird to you.

Instantly, she suggests the theater. Typically the actress, with her beautiful brown eyes, and her lovely soft brown hair, and her flashing white teeth. The actress of a thousand fiction stories—of popular imagination, of traditional conception.

She has been in pictures a long time—a very long time. Somehow, when people speak of these veterans of the screen, you have a mental picture of bent old ladies, with lace caps and canes. And it's startling to find them in the prime of womanhood.

She was one of the first Vitaphone stars, coming to the screen from a long stage experience. She directed pictures for Universal. She wrote scenarios. She was starred by several new concerns breaking into the industry. One of the real favorites of the old days. Her name meant something in front of a picture show in those days.

Then came the wave of interest and popularity, the great influx of money, that swept motion pictures to the top of the world. New stars flamed comet-like overnight. Great stage names were added to the roster. Million-dollar productions startled the fans. Stupendous salaries drew amazed attention here and there and everywhere.

We were overwhelmed, sunk, dazed (continued on page 130)
Mary's Valentine to PHOTOPLAY Readers

Mary Pickford may have a tremendous business enterprise on her hands and may be right in the middle of an important picture. But she was not too busy to think of the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, so she got a great big piece of black paper and “made her own.”
HERBERT RAWLINSON is a bridegroom. Springing a complete surprise on his friends, he was married to Loraine Abigail Long, society girl from Detroit, in the chapel of the Mission Inn at Riverside, on New Year's Day.

News of the ceremony leaked out and a crowd of several hundred people gathered about the Inn at noon, the hour rumored for the ceremony. When neither bride nor bridegroom appeared, the crowd drifted away and, at four o'clock, Miss Long and her mother and grandmother, Mr. Rawlinson and a small party of friends appeared.

The honeymoon will be composed of a series of motor trips through Southern California and will last until Rawlinson is recalled to Universal City, where he is under contract.

The couple met at the Mission Inn, where the new Mrs. Rawlinson was spending the winter. After a courtship of a few months, the wedding date was set. Mrs. Rawlinson has never been in pictures or upon the stage and is a member of the Garrison family, one of the oldest Washington select names.

Rawlinson was married before to Roberta Arnold, and obtained a divorce from her on the grounds of desertion some time ago. She was a great success in "The First Year," on the New York stage, and is at present appearing in "Chicken Feed."
THE perfect motion picture actor; handsome, talented, and without conceit. In other words—Strongheart. A family man, despite the fact that he's a star, and the father of five new dog babies! He is scheduled to appear in Larry Trimble's "The Love Master"
The Most Beautiful Home In Hollywood

Antonio Moreno was considered the confirmed bachelor of the screen. And then he met Daisy Canfield Danziger, society leader and philanthropist, and fell in love. The result? One of Hollywood's happiest marriages, and its most beautiful home.

Pale green walls and ceiling, pale grey marble fireplace, and chairs upholstered in hand carved leather. The rug and draperies, vividly Chinese in character, give warmth and cheer to this dining room.

Tapestried furniture, golden-hued velvet hangings, and oriental rugs—they create the foreground of what has been called California's loveliest drawing room. The walls are tinted in a soft grey-ivory, and the lofty ceilings are of dark wood that is polished and inlaid.
The Morenos live on a hilltop from which they can see the Pacific Ocean and Catalina Island, the first range of the Sierras, beautiful Silver Lake, and all of Hollywood and Los Angeles. The glorious freedom and space of an eagle's nest—with all the comforts of home.

The photograph on the right shows the inner court with its swimming pool of pale green and white tile. The house, itself, is of stucco with a red tile roof.

Mrs. Moreno's boudoir. The colors are rainbow-like, but perfectly blended—turquoise blue, golden tan and orchid dominating. The furniture is early French, except for the lovely modern table—with its personal photographs—in the center of the room.

Tony's bedroom is Spanish in color and type. Curtains and velvet spread are of gold and scarlet, the carved furniture is gaily upholstered in tapestry, and the bed, itself, is an early century importation from the land of olives and mantillas.
Priscilla Dean's latest, and loveliest photograph. Remembering her madcap "Virgin of Stamboul" it is hard to realize that this soft-eyed, wistfully smiling person is the same girl. She has, perhaps, lost some of fire—but has gained sweetness and repose.
Oh, Why Did They Name You Priscilla?

By
Mary Winship

In Hollywood, everybody is always wondering what is going to happen to somebody else. They wonder what's going to happen to Jackie Coogan when he grows up. They wonder what is going to happen to Mary Miles Minter now that she's left her mother. They wonder what's going to happen to Rudolph Valentino when he comes back to the screen. They wonder what's going to happen to Mary Pickford now that she's playing grown up parts, and what's going to happen to Pola Negri now that she has refused to bother about sympathetic roles any longer.

And I suppose most people have their own special wonder. Mine is what's going to happen to Priscilla Dean, now that her Universal contract is ended at last and she is to make her own productions.

Probably that is because I have such great faith in the things she could do, and because to me she stood alone on the screen as a fiery, dynamic, refreshing, dramatic personality. No one has every succeeded in imitating her, no one else has ever given us the impudence, the daring, the little devil-in-the-eyes wickedness that she gave us.

There's a great place on the screen that belonged and still belongs to the girl who made "The Wild Cat of Paris" and "Outside the Law."

Even off the screen, Priscilla is one of those people who act upon you like a tonic. If I feel particularly low, particularly negative, if life has lost its flavor and if what I have to do bores me to extinction, I love to see Priscilla.

She is pep plus. She is never bored. She is never tired. She is never cross.

Oh, she has a temper, I grant you that. She can make the fur fly in every possible direction. She fought her way through five years of her Universal contract, and, while

Patricia, or Carmelita, or Delphine would have fitted, but not that Puritanical cognomen they licked her in the end with bad stories and worse direction, she went down fighting with her boots on. But she's never picky, never troubled with nerves, never catty.

I love to hear her fly into a vivid description of something, her eyes dancing, her face aglow, her hands and shoulders and even her feet used for illustrative gestures—and end it with her pet phrase: "Can you imagine that?"

Priscilla isn't what you'd call a universally popular person. Not by any means. She's too definite for that. She says what she thinks and she thinks in italics. There is still something of the enfant terrible about her, something of the four year old who wore out her little frilled panties sliding down the steps of Grant's Tomb. But the people who like her adore her and will fight for her, and the people who don't, simply can't abide her. She's rather like that herself. Either she's crazy about someone, or she simply can't bear them.

A famous English beauty came to Hollywood not so long ago. Soon after her arrival she said publicly and with much horror that Hollywood screen stars didn't understand the care of beauty and that most of them were losing their looks. She said very emphatically that a beauty should never play tennis, should never drive, swim, play golf, ride horseback—nor go out in the sun without a veil. Someone read it aloud out of the Sunday morning paper when Priscilla and her husband, Wheeler Oakman, were engaged in a violent set of tennis on her own court.

"Bunk," said Priscilla. "Those women think too much about themselves. The best way to keep young is..."

Does Miss Dean look as if her name should be Priscilla? Answer:—She does not

Miss Dean in her favorite role of Mrs. Wheeler Oakman, being supported—apparently, at least—by her husband

[CONT'D ON PAGE 113]
Two Films, with Colonial Furnishings,

The homelike qualities of Colonial Furniture make it charmingly adaptable to your living-room.

Thomas Meighan's picture, "Pied Piper Malone," has this charming New England setting, typifying the Colonial as we so often find it in that part of America. It has decorative elements that can be well used in any modern home.

The Fourth Article on 
Home Furnishing & Decoration

Written expressly for Photoplay readers, by a decorator who takes current films and translates their better decorations to your need and use.

Thoroughly practical, in every detail, any housewife can take these articles and make good use of them in her own house furnishing and decoration. Each month there will be some phase of home decoration discussed, and if you have missed any of the past months, copies of the following articles will be mailed you upon receipt of 10 cents each.

"What Can Be Done With Cretonne."
"The Firelight's Soft, Warm, Radiance."
"A Modern Living Room, Italian in Spirit."

Address your request to Home Furnishing Editor, Photoplay, 750 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

The outline sketches to the left represent just a few of the types of Colonial furniture that are easily procurable in the average furniture store. Such pieces as these are additions to any living-room.
The Charm of the Colonial is Ever Fresh

By William J. Moll

In the term "Colonial" there is confusion, when we speak of furniture. The term is so all-embracing, yet the types of furniture so utterly different, that one wonders why classifications cannot be readily made. The phrase "Colonial furniture" strictly means that furniture used by the Colonists in America. And therein is our master key to the confusion so often created by the term.

Because, if we study the conditions surrounding Colonial life, we readily understand why there are so many, and apparently so conflicting, types of furniture.

New England, and the South. These two great centers of American Colonial life supply our sources of Colonial furniture. But with a variation distinctly marked. From inventories, bills of sale, and wills we get some conception of the furniture the first settlers of our country possessed. In New England the low valuations mentioned in the inventories lead us to believe that most of the furniture was home-made, while in the South the furniture was largely imported, because "old" is mentioned in all kinds of furniture inventories. Again, the people of New England were poor, except in the seaport towns, but in the South the people were wealthier and could discard their temporary possessions for the importations coming from England. And because of this vari-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
Gossip—
East & West
By Cal York

THE name of the picture starring Elliott Dexter and Mildred Harris has been changed from “The Way Men Love” to “By Divine Right.” Just a slight change.

THERE’S a rumor going around, just at present. A rumor to the effect that Norma Talmadge is going to leave the screen. This is a disturbing thought and one to be considered prayerfully by admirers of Miss Talmadge.

Nearly everybody comes in that class, it seems.

JOE MARTIN, beloved of the theater-going public and adored of screen patrons, has run amuck. In other words, he has gone bad. And so Universal has sold him, for $25,000, to the Barnes circus—where he will be a headliner, behind bars.

Joe Martin, as everybody knows, is a monkey. He has served the screen long and faithfully. We can’t hate him for going crazy. It was over a year ago that he was put in solitary confinement, and labeled unsafe. We can’t help feeling that there are a good many people that might join him—and yet the world doesn’t place them in circuses. Where’s justice anyway?

Good-bye, Joe. You were not handsome, but you were one of our favorite actors.

JOHN ROCHE, juvenile in “Flowing Gold,” is a singer of some little distinction.
He holds the record in one instance, certainly. For he is the only Irish Catholic who was ever known to sing Yiddish in the choir of a Jewish Synagogue.

This happened in Rochester, some years ago.

A remarkable example of double exposure of John Barrymore in “Beau Brummel.” The scene shows the death of the aged Brummel, with the spirit of the young Beau hovering over him.

LEW CODY wired a swift one to Cecil B. DeMille, following the world premiere of his mammoth production, “The Ten Commandments.” Here’s his telegram, word for word:

“Here’s hoping the Ten Commandments will appreciate their first kind treatment.”

CLIFF DURANT, race driver, sportsman, and son of the automobile manufacturer, has just purchased a beautiful new yacht and the general belief is that its purpose is to bear Cliff upon a honeymoon trip with Ruth Roland, serial star, as his bride.

Rumor has consistently linked the names of Cliff Durant and Ruth Roland for some time, and neither of them will confirm or deny the engagement. But the purchase of the palatial yacht, with its dainty appointments and a richly furnished bridal suite, is declared by many of their friends to be confirmation.

By the way, it’s an odd circumstance in matrimonial complication that Ruth still employs her divorced husband as her business manager and the manager of her vast real estate operations, isn’t it? However, Ruth says he’s a good businessman.

MONTA ARRUCKLE, who, during her husband’s, Roscoe Arbuckle’s, trouble, was all that a loving and sympathetic helper could be, was granted a preliminary divorce in Rhode Island on the grounds of desertion, but the Superior Court questioned the legality of her residence in that state and so her suit was later withdrawn.

Erich Von Stroheim, wrist watch, rings, helmet and white gloves—directing some desert stuff for his production of “Greed.” The temperature hovers at 140 degrees, and the orchestra—badly in need of a shave—adds a trifle more of warmth and atmosphere to the situation.
A New Liquid Polish
with all the features women want

Now another convenience for the smart woman's manicure has been perfected by the makers of Cutex. A liquid polish with all the features the fastidious woman has wished for.

- Won't dry in ridges
- Lasts a whole week
- Won't peel off
- Gives a brilliance water won't hurt
- Dries almost instantly
- Needs no separate polish remover

Cutex Liquid Polish is just thin enough to spread evenly so the nails never look thickened or varnished. The brush holds just enough polish for one nail. When it is time for a fresh manicure the nails are still rosy, smooth and bright. You can get it at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and chemists' shops in England for 35c, or in the $1.00 and $3.00 sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and $1.50.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept Q3
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A group of nationally known celebrities who appear in "The Great White Way." From left to right are: George MacManus, of "Bringing up Father"; Nell Brinkley, creator of the "Brinkley Girl"; Harry Herjfield, who draws "Abie the Agent"; Arthur Brisbane, famous editor; and Billy De Bech, father of "Barney Google" and "Spark Plug."

Lon Chaney has reason to be the best of the pantomimists—if there is such a word. You see, he was the son of deaf-mutes, and—from his very earliest childhood—he was trained in expressing himself without words. This training didn't hurt his motion picture career. Not a bit of it!

The rumor of the engagement of Constance Talmadge and Irving Berlin is flying around again.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, left Hollywood for the East, planning to spend six weeks cruising in Florida waters on Mr. Berlin's yacht. And Hollywood is wondering if Constance will be a member of the party.

Mr. Berlin has been one of Constance's most devoted suitors for a long time, and many of her friends believe that, when she finally makes her choice from among her many admirers, he will be the lucky man.

I X one of the scenes from "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Mary Pickford's newest feature, the sweetheart of America appears all lit up. In other words, she wears—under her voluminous skirt, an acetylene tank weighing exactly twenty pounds. This tank illuminates a candle which she is carrying—the scene depic,ts a dusky corridor. A plain electric candle doesn't give the right light quality, or something of the sort. And so Mary was forced to go in for the acetylene. West is more, before the scene could finally be photographed, it had to be rehearsed ten times.

Mary had to go lightly down said corridor, acting as if her skirt was a normal one, and as if the candle were made of practically weightless wax.

And then there are some people who say it's easy to be a screen star!

Patsy Ruth Miller, who has been making a picture at Lasky's, will probably be kept permanently by that organization. They have been looking for a new leading woman on the Paramount staff for some time and Patsy appears to be the best of the available material.

The real excitement on the lot, however, is over Rod La Rocque. Since his work in "The Ten Commandments," the whole organization, including Cecil De Mille, has become convinced that he is one of the greatest bets in pictures. They aren't even as excited about the return of Valentino as they were a few weeks ago.

A rumor has been flying around Hollywood of late that Mary Miles Minter is engaged to marry Dr. Raymond B. Misself, a wealthy physician of Pasadena. Neither Miss Minter nor the doctor will confirm or deny it.

Dr. Misself owns one of the most beautiful estates in Pasadena and is in an enviable position both in the medical profession and socially. He is considerably older than Miss Minter, but his attentions to her recently have been so marked that many predict she will soon be the mistress of his beautiful home.

Michael, loved dog of Laurette Taylor's stage and screen career, has faded out of the picture. Another dog will take the place of Michael in Miss Taylor's screen version of "Happiness."

No, Michael is not dead. Only very old, and very tired. Too old and too tired to make the long trip to Hollywood—even though an elegant little cage has been specially constructed, in which the trip would have been made.

Michael has been pensioned off. And, with the giving over of his stage career, Michael has stepped into a new personality. For Michael is a she, and has been masquerading all these years. She is more than a lady. She is a mother—and, yes, a grandmother.

After missing fire the first time, Will Rogers has returned to the screen under Hal Roach's banner, and seems to have found the exact silver-sheet medium for his talent. His satire on "The Covered Wagon" is exactly what the doctor ordered.

Norma Talmadge thinks that she's getting too thin. And so she's been rushing away, in time sandwiched between other little—to a nice dairy farm where she tries to drink on a few pounds weekly. We are, of course, referring to milk and cream.

Latest reports, however, say that Norma hasn't gained an ounce. She is too busy to rest completely—and it's a big part of every milks consumption. After seeing the lady in "The Song of Love," we feel called upon to remark that she's just right. Wait until you see her in "Norma-hal, the dancing girl.

The price asked for New York successes is beyond anything that picture producers can afford to pay for picture rights and still hope to make any money themselves. Two hundred thousand dollars was the price asked for "The Seventh Heaven" and "Sun-Up," two of the biggest Broadway hits.

From these prices, producers in the west are predicting a season of original stories for the screen, since the watchword of the year in pictures is production economy. And the return of the original screen story may do a lot toward giving us a relief from the sameness that seems to have invaded pictures lately.

Christmas and New Year's were a great time in the Hollywood film colony.

For the first time in years, Mary Pickford struck five days before Christmas. She declared she'd never had time to do a decent job of Christ-mas shopping and this time she was going to take it, whether or no. I wish the public might have seen the time and trouble and the infinite thought Mary spent on her Christmas giving. After her charity work was done, she personally shopped with thought and attention for all her friends, wrapped up the presents she had bought for them and the tens of thousands of others she had bought for charity.
**She keeps the same perfection of clear smooth skin**

*In spite of icy winds, desert sands, or burning tropic sun...*

They're everywhere—these women who travel—riding light-heartedly across burning deserts, frolicking in the shadow of eternal snows, enfolded in the beauty of vanished civilizations.

But the amazing thing about them is their easy way of coming fresh and lovely through journeys and discomforts. You'd think no complexion could stand the attacks of furious icy wind, the flying storms of sand and dust, the terrible tropic sun. Moreover, water is often a luxury and is likely to be brackish as well as scarce.

And yet these women have the most charming complexions. For the very hardships of travel have taught them the necessity of a perfect method of skin cleansing and protection.

To fulfill these two essentials of skin loveliness, cleansing and protection—the Pond's Method and the two famous Pond's Creams were developed.

Pond's Cold Cream spreads easily and sinks deep into the pores. It not only cleanses perfectly but gives the skin a youthful suppleness. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin from the coarsening of exposure and holds one's face powder for hours.

Every night, and after severe exposure, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it freely to the skin with fingers or a bit of moistened cotton. Then wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Do this twice. If your skin is very dry put on a little more cream for the night.

In the morning, freshen your face with water—use Pond's Cold Cream again if your skin is very dry. Then smooth on evenly Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin responds instantly with a fineness of texture, a clear fresh tone. This cream should be used during the day every time you cleanse your face, before you powder.

One traveler says: "I rode through the Valley of the Kings five hours in the white-hot glare of flinty rock. My skin, protected by Pond's Vanishing Cream, did not even feel drawn."

Another writes from Pekin: "The water here is so hard and the climate so trying, I wouldn't have any complexion if it weren't for Pond's Cleansing Cream."

Use this exquisite method yourself. Buy both these delicious creams at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

---

**Every skin needs these two creams**

Pond's Two Creams used by the women who tax their skin most and keep it loveliest

---

*Mail this coupon with 10c today*

The Pond's Extract Co., 144 Hudson St., New York
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every skin needs.

Name: __________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: __________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
the gifts herself and wrote little notes of cheer to accompany them. A lot of people will treasure those sweet little cards signed “Mary” long after the gifts have vanished.

MARRY and Douglas spent a quiet day at Pickfair on Christmas with their immediate family about them. And on New Year’s Eve they entertained a small party of very close friends at their home, including Charlie Chaplin. On New Year’s Day they attended the football game between the Navy and the University of Washington.

BUSTER and Natalie Talmadge Keaton entertained the Talmadge family clan at Christmas dinner, and had a large Christmas tree for young Joseph Talmadge Keaton. Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joe Schenck, and Constance Talmadge, and Mrs. ‘Peg’ Talmadge were all present at dinner.

FOR New Year’s, Norma and Joe went to Coronado, where they entertained on New Year’s Eve with a big party, which included Theda Bara, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, Eugenie O’Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harris, the New York theatrical producer and his wife, and Fred Jackson. Norma wore a dinner frock of white crepe, over which was thrown a magnificent white shawl of Spanish embroidery. With this lovely costume she wore her famous rubies, and the combination of white and ruby red showed off her beauty to the very best advantage. Miss Bara wore apricot satin, with hanging panels of apricot velvet, and her jewelry was entirely in diamonds and pearls.

MAE MURRAY and her husband, Bob Leonard, also went to Coronado for New Year’s and entertained a large party on New Year’s Eve. Miss Murray, at the ball in the Coronado ballroom, wore a dinner costume of white embroidered in scarlet beads, and a fascinating scarlet turban on her blonde curls.

HAROLD LLOYD and his wife, Mildred Davis, went to Tia Juana for New Year’s, and saw the New Year in at the famous Sunset Inn cafe.

On Christmas Day, Harold and Mildred entertained all their relatives at a big Christmas dinner. “And,” as Mildred says, “we have more relatives than anyone else in the world.”

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nihlo entertained with an informal dancing party on New Year’s Eve and later the guests went to the big house-warming given by Tom and Nell Ince. Among the crowd that gathered to see the New Year in at the new Ince home were Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Mac- Lean, Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean and Bob Ellis and May Ayliff.

Constance Talmadge, with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, entertained a party at the Biltmore, and Bebe Daniels was there also.

BILL HART spent both Christmas and New Year’s quietly at home, except that on Christmas he went next door and did his best to make Christmas seem natural to little Bill and Betty Reid. And on New Year’s Day he saw the great football game.

WHILE the star, the director and all the other prominent members of the cast missed a chance to be a perfectly good hero, a “still” camera man did the job. This sometimes happens!

It was during the filming of “The Inheritors,” starring Mary Philbin. After doing some water scenes, Miss Philbin sat down to rest on a pier that stretched out to sea from Catalina. And, carelessly, dropped her make-up box, which contained also her jewelry, into the ocean. At her cry of consternation, and before anybody had determined upon a course of action, Henry Freulich, a youthful “still” camera man, dived into the fifty foot depth and, after a few moments, came up with the box. The catch hadn’t come unlatched, and so everything was quite intact.

And now the masculine members of the cast—thinking of publicity values, and such things—are wondering why they didn’t dive in, too.

LILA LEE’s mother, Mrs. Augusta Appel, has brought suit in a Los Angeles court to recover the money on a note for ten thousand dollars, made out to her and, she alleges, signed by her famous daughter.

In reply, Lila says she wasn’t in Chicago on the date when the note is said to have been signed by her in that city, that she never signed such note and knows nothing about it. Whatever is back of the seeming difficulties,
He never knew why

Almost the first thing that greeted him on his return to town was a newspaper announcement telling him that the girl he had hoped to marry was engaged to another man. And, moreover, to a man he had never heard of before.

This accounted for her silence during his absence—not a single letter all the time he was away.

And he never found the real reason why his courtship had been so complete a failure.

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

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

It 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. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.
and they are all rather mysterious and Lila is being as quiet as possible about them, everyone in Hollywood is ready to stake their life that Lila herself is in no way to blame and is the unfortunate victim of some one else's mistakes. Lila's devotion and goodness to her mother are so well known here that they cannot be disputed.

Virginia Valli dropped into the Photoplay offices a few days ago, to call upon the editor. She was a very lovely lady—quiet and a trifle shy. She is cast, on business with Universal. Part of the business has to do with loaning her to Paramount, for a while, where she will have the enviable position of leading lady to Tommy Meighan in *Write Your Own Ticket.*

Mrs. Melford—wife of George Melford, Paramount director, has been promised a divorce. In her application for it she told the justice that the director had left her, and—when pressed for a reason—mentioned rather unwillingly that pretty Jackie Logan might be one of the causes.

They're banning Mabel Normand's pictures because her name was brought into the police records as a witness when her chauffeur shot a man. I venture the opinion that not one of those instrumental in the contemptible business can compare with Mabel in brains or in heart. No wonder religion is going to pieces when smug hypocrites and bigots put themselves forward as examples of its teaching, usurpers of the judgment of courts, and dictators of personal liberty. Mabel may not be so orthodox in her conventionality but she is in honesty, loyalty, and generosity.

The famous "Wampas Frolic," for several years the most important public social event of the motion picture industry, was held this year in San Francisco. And the fact that the "Wampas" was forced to hold it there is a black eye for Los Angeles that will not soon be forgotten.

After making all plans to hold the annual Frolic in Los Angeles as usual, the members of the "Wampas," which is the nickname for the Western Motion Picture Advertisers Association—discovered that the Police Commission of Los Angeles would not grant them a permit to dance after midnight, the closing time fixed by law. Not only that, but the "Wampas" discovered an atmosphere of opposition and a refusal to cooperate in any way upon the part of the Commission.

Hitherto, the "Wampas" has been one of the great sights for all winter tourists in Los Angeles. It is their best opportunity to see most of the famous screen stars in person. It has always been a thoroughly reputable and well-conducted affair, patronized by the best elements of filmdom and of Los Angeles society. The members of the "Wampas," backed by the producers, offered every guarantee to the officials that there would be no law-breaking and that the affair would be of the highest order. Still, they were refused the small concessions asked.

Official Los Angeles seemed to have forgotten entirely that it was their largest industry that requested the favor. It seemed to overbook completely the vast good done to the city by the money of the picture industry and the great wealth from its coffers that yearly pours through Los Angeles' business avenues.

San Francisco, its rival city in the north, immediately stepped in with the most cordial and hospitable invitations to the "Wampas" to come up there and hold the Frolic in the big Municipal Auditorium, which is much larger than anything Los Angeles has to offer for such an occasion. The Chief of Police of San Francisco, the Mayor's secretary, and several members of the Board of Supervisors, came down to extend the invitation and to assure the "Wampas" that everything possible would be done to give the motion picture people a good time.

The "Wampas" accepted.

Resenting the treatment given them in Los Angeles, every big star in the industry agreed to go north for the ball. Two special trains were chartered, and a marvelous program was arranged.

Among the stars who accepted the invitation to go to San Francisco are Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Bill Hart, Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred Davis; Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean, Jackie Coogan, Theda Bara, Douglas McLean, Tom Mix, Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith, Buster and Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Blanche Sweet, May Allison, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Leatrice Joy, Regina Denny, Florence Vidor, and Antonio Moreno.

May Allison appeared in the divorce court in Los Angeles lately and stated that her husband, Robert Ellis, had called her names, Mr. Ellis, not having been properly served with a summons, the case was put over, but it is understood that he will not contest the suit.

Warner Baxter just narrowly escaped becoming a professional ball player, the other day. Before he was a screen star he was an athlete of note at the University of Ohio.

What the well-dressed man of the Ages should wear

An artist's idea of Buster Keaton in "The Three Ages." First as the Palm Beach dilettante. Next as the Neolithic Sheik with Hairy Apes goloshes. And, lastly, as the Roman fashion plate and whip of the Julius Caesar Republican party

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 06]
Superior Sedan
$795
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.
Superior Roadster - $490
Superior Touring - 495
Superior Utility Coupe - 640
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe 725
Superior Sedan - 795
Superior Commercial Chassis - 395
Superior Light Delivery 495
Utility Express Truck Chassis 550

The Lowest Priced, High Grade All-Year Sedan

The closed car is the right type in a changeable climate, because it offers full-weather protection when needed, yet in summer with windows lowered is breezy and comfortable.

The Superior Chevrolet Sedan is distinctly high-grade in appearance and workmanship. It is so economical to operate and maintain that it is feasible for either one passenger's daily use, or for the evening and Sunday requirements of the average family of five.

Recent improvements have added further to its remarkable dollar value. Larger brakes give increased ease and safety of driving. The front axle has been straightened and raised 1½ inches to take care of deeply rutted or sandy roads. The improved springs are of chrome-vanadium steel, yielding increased riding comfort.

These and other less important changes have been made in line with our constant aim to maintain quality leadership in economical transportation.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
If you think it’s easy just try it

When Lillian Rich went to Banff to do “snow stuff” she was presented with a brand-new pair of skis. On which she started out bravely and gracefully.

But see what happened. She stubbed her toe. And, as she remarked, sadly: “I never knew before that I had so many feet or such inconvenient ones.” (Rather hard for us to believe that, looking at her)

But she became so proficient that a real N. M. P. arrested her for skispeeding and—then let her go.
You wouldn’t acknowledge Wedding Gifts by telephone

No well-bred girl would think of doing such an outrageous thing. It would be like writing your invitations on a typewriter or sending your maid to make a call. But are you quite sure you are not doing other things that detract from the smart correctness you so strongly desire? Are you using stationery, for instance, that has no social standing?

Your letters are part of your social life. Unless they show that you know what is correct, they handicap your other efforts. The effect of the smart gown you wear to a reception or the impression you make at a house party or dinner may be seriously marred by the “bread-and-butter” letter you write on “the only paper you could find.”

A correct, well turned out letter is the mark of good breeding. The right paper is easily obtained. At any stationery department you can get Crane’s Writing Papers or Eaton’s Highland Linen, any of which are beyond criticism. And there is so wide a choice in shapes, shades and finishes, you can always express your own individual taste, and still be absolutely correct.

Caroline De Laney
Address me in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Miss Valli is very much a "lady of quality" in this afternoon frock of black satin with wide sleeves of silver embroidered green chiffon. Untrimmed, except for this brilliant color note, and very simple of line.

She bought other pretties—lots of them. But the three pictures on this page are photographs of the prettiest. The evening wrap, above, is of brilliant brocade velvet, with a collar and border of lustrous fox. Under it can be glimpsed a bit of a lovely dinner gown—of black chiffon with silver lace, over grey satin. All of the clothes are from Milgrim.

A charmingly straight-line street dress of black velvet with collar and cuffs of the sheerest white organdie. Wee pearl buttons finish the pocket, and the narrow velvet sash ties in front. The Bonwit Teller hat that completes the picture is a cloche of black slipper satin.
Kodak in the Home

A Kodak record of the children catches them just as they are and keeps them just as they were.

Ask your dealer for the free booklet "At Home with the Kodak." You'll find all indoors invites your Kodak, too.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. The Kodak City
The Polish revolution of 1905, the great war, then the Kaiser's abdication and the revolution of 1918 . . . .
My life truly has been a drama of great scenes.
When I saw Karl Liebknecht, the greatest Communist in Germany, addressing the Communist mobs from the palace balcony, where, at the opening of the war, the Kaiser had made his great speech, I was particularly struck by the irony of human events.
Although order was restored very quickly after the Kaiser's abdication, the government never losing control completely, conditions were such [continued on page 118]

Next to her own performance, that of the leading man is of the most importance to a star.
While attending the opera one evening I suddenly noted a man in a box opposite. After observing him for a few moments I exclaimed, "There is Armand!"
I immediately sent one of my party to him to say that I would like to meet him. When he was presented I asked him at once if he would like to play Armand to my Camille. Naturally he was astonished. He was a Hungarian engineer! That was nothing to me. He represented my ideal of the part. Today that Hungarian engineer is one of the most celebrated actors in Europe. His Armand was excellent.

Pola Negri's first impressions of America, of New York and of Hollywood, her own opinion of her work, and her ambitions will be told in the third installment of her autobiography in the April PHOTOPLAY.
What’s Become of the “Homely” Girl?

Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be “homely” who has it.

The simple secret

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness. But pay attention to gently. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep complexion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

Beauty remains

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10¢ a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.
The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 396.

"And only $9.00—I can hardly believe it!"

What a homelike room—and how delightfully the Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug blends with the other furnishings!

These popular rugs come in such a wealth of artistic designs and colors that it’s the simplest matter to find one which lends attractiveness to any room!

And Congoleum Rugs save so much time and work. All the cleaning the smooth, enamel surface ever needs is a light wiping with a damp mop. How different from the hours of tedious sweeping and beating so necessary with woven floor-coverings! And how much more sanitary!

Stauchely durable, Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs are made all in one piece on a firm waterproof base. Hugging the floor without fastening of any kind they never turn up at the corners or edges to trip unwary feet.

**Popular Sizes—Low Prices**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6 x 9 ft.</td>
<td>$9.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7½ x 9 ft.</td>
<td>11.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 x 9 ft.</td>
<td>13.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 x 10½ ft.</td>
<td>15.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 x 12 ft.</td>
<td>18.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

Write for free copy of " Beautify Your Home with Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs," an interesting folder showing all the patterns in full color.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is Gold-Seal Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown here. Don’t fail to look for it!
LILLIAN ABELLA, NEW YORK CITY.—Here, Ramon Novarro, is a Spanish girl who wants to know if you have forgotten your native language. What’s that you say? Of course not. Well, Lillian, you might try writing him a letter in Spanish because he was born in Mexico not so long ago and would like to hear from someone in his native tongue.

“RICHARD DIX FOREVER GIRL,” CHICAGO, ILL.—Your letter makes me blue. Will anyone ever be so enthusiastic over me as you are over Richard Dix? What’s wrong with my face, anyway? You say he is “the only successor to Wallace Reid.” That is high praise. Agnes Ayres, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson may be addressed at the Famous Players-Lasky studio, Hollywood, Calif. Send Alice Terry’s letter to the Metro Studio. Rudolph Valentino receives his mail at 6 West 48th St., New York, care of Ritz Carlton Pictures.

GRAY EYES, NASHVILLE, TENN.—Intellectual but, according to an old proverb, full of mischief. Gray-eyed folk are shrewd so I agree with you about Thomas Meighan. “An actor, not a joker.” Quite correct. Theda Bara’s address is care of Charles Brabin, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

TEX OF BEAUMONT.—William S. Hart’s first, last and only wife was Winifred Westover, from whom he is now divorced. Lloyd Hughes was Mary Pickford’s leading man in “Tess of the Storm Country.”

L. M., MONTCLAIR.—You come right out and shout that Ralph Graves is one of the best looking men on the screen. That’s a frank confession. Mr. Graves is usually pretty busy in the studio; some of his latest achievements are “Prodigal Daughters,” “The Extra Girl” and “What’s Your Daughter Doing?” The August issue contained an article on the separation of the Vedros. You think “stars who screen together grow to look alike.” You cite Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy, Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish and Conway Tearle and Betty Compson as examples. Still Phyllis Haver never grew to look like Ben Turpin, did she?

H. R. H., DETROIT.—If you must have a picture of Pauline Garon, there is no better way of going about it than writing her to the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. The lady was born September 9, 1909; she is five feet, one inch in height and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. In other words, she is one of those dangerous little girls.

SWEET SIXTEEN, ST. LOUIS CITY.—Say, why shouldn’t I remember when I was your age? I suppose you girls think I am so old that I have to be rolled to the office in a wheel barrow. However, mad as I am, I’ll answer your question. Johnny Walker is twenty-seven, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, is five feet eleven inches tall and Irish. Also, he is married. Take that!

H. R. H., SANTA BARBARA.—J. Warren Kerrigan’s eyes are hazel. He is thirty-four and before his “leave of absence,” he registered in “Coast of Opportunity,” “House of Whispers,” and “The Green Flame.” Since his return “The Covered Wagon,” “The Girl of the Golden West,” and “A Man’s Man.” Kind of have a sneakin’ affection for J. Warren, haven’t you, Helen?

PEGS, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—You know whom you like, don’t you? And you have your little dislikes, too. Thank you for telling me about them and, what is still better, thank you for giving me your reasons. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona,—of all places!—on Oct. 21, 1897. His color scheme is unique; his hair is dark and his eyes are greenish gray. After all this, I regret to crush your hopes by telling you that Lloyd is married to Gloria Hope. The picture you ask about is “Scars of Jealousy.”” Agnes Ayres is about twenty-five.

HELOISE, OMAHA.—Yes, Heloise, the Answer Man has other literary flights. I also write for the magazine under other names. Some of my pen names are D. H. Lawrence, Irvin Cobb, George Ade and Gertrude Stein.

C. H., NORFOLK, VA.—Carol Dempster’s age is twenty-three. Wallace Reid’s lamented death occurred Jan. 18, 1923.

LIANE DE P., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Are you trying to start a riot about my other letter writers when you call Monte Blue “the nicest man in pictures today”? Monte is nice, of course, but when you’re as old as I am you won’t go in for sentiment. He was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on January 11, 1880. It is likely that any of the pictures starring the late Gaby Deslys will be revived.

M. D. M., PHILADELPHIA.—Dorothy Davenport Reid was born in Boston, March 13, 1885. Her weight is one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Her height, five feet. Nature gave her a striking color combination, for her eyes are a deep brown and her hair is copper color. She married Wallace Reid when she was eighteen. That is October 13, 1913. Notice how thirteen runs through the important dates of her life.

EVE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.—“Sir or Madame.” That’s a crafty way of addressing a letter to the poor old Answer Man. Can’t you girls quit kidding me? The David Wark Griffith Studio is at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Ivor Novello is thirty, Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight. Malcolm McGregor is about twenty-four. Cullen Landis is twenty-eight.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]
"AMERICA"—A Film of the Revolution

A revel in Colonial days in Northern New York, with Lionel Barrymore as Walter Butler, leader of the "blue-eyed Indians"

Carol Dempster (at right) as Nancy Montagu, the heroine in "America"

The era of the American Revolution. Paul Revere warning the American farmers that "the British are coming"

Neil Hamilton (at left), cast by D. W. Griffith in the role of hero in his latest picture

George Washington—a remarkable impersonation by Albert Dwayne
It puts back into your skin  
the vital elements your daily life steals from it

With this easy method of daily care, based simply on the idea of keeping the skin functioning normally, you can unlock a hidden beauty in your skin. So simple and effective, your own physician himself will in all probability recommend it.

Ointment originated has in itself given confidence to thousands who use them daily. Thirty years ago a well-known physician, continually confronted in his practice with a great variety of skin disorders, decided that ordinary patchwork treatments were not enough to reach and correct many of even the slightest skin blemishes. What was needed, he felt sure, was simply some corrective to start and keep the skin again functioning normally— to soften the skin and keep it supple, to cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to stimulate the flow of blood.

At last he developed a simple formula—not a complicated drug, but a basic prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today you too can have this remarkable prescription

At first the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use.

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Send today for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Address Dept. 5-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally.

Resinol
SOAP and OINTMENT

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Colonial Furnishings

FROM PAGE 73

find mahogany the chief wood, and the designs of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Shearer, Adams, and Chippendale in the larger homes. And with these types we find the heavy brocades and tapestries of English origin.

Gradually these two distinct types of furniture became mixed throughout the homes of the less wealthy, for manufactories were set up for the making of furniture to supply a demand that arose when the average run of the people of both localities became more opulent.

It is with this final merging of the two influences that we have to deal here. Because the furniture of this late Colonial period fits with perfect ease into our twentieth century needs.

Because the living room seems to be the chief concern of our modern life, we give our attention here to a living room in Colonial spirit. And for it we have chosen examples from each period. It is the restrained and proper use of these elements that make our rooms beautiful. Charming homes are not predicated upon costly furnishings, but rather upon the careful selection of the pieces that build the room, and the correct combinations of units and colors. No other kind of furniture offers us as economic a selection as the Colonial.

Its reproductions and adaptations are found in every average furniture store, in sizes and prices that will fit every purse.

Let us take, then, the modernized Colonial living room shown in the sketch on the second page of this article and see what goes to build its charm.

First, the walls. Contrary to general belief, Colonial walls were never plain. Rather they were highly ornate; panelled with wood, particularly at the fireplace end, or covered with scenic papers of French origin, with broad striped paper, or with the highly colored patterns of English or Oriental origin. These, of course, will not suit our present problem. So we turn to the adaptations of these designs and find in our stores many examples. Those shown in this article were selected at random from the existing stock of an average dealer, and in design and coloring they will fit admirably into the average scheme, except that the two larger designs at the top of the illustration would be better fitted for use above a white panelled wainscot. The remaining examples could be used to fine effect in any modern house with the desired effect, provided the paper is continued to the ceiling, and finished with a plain molding in the cove where the ceiling joins the wall. No cut-out borders should be used.

Choose then, your wall covering and turn an equal attention to the fireplace. In our January article, "The Firdlight’s Soft, Warm Radiance," we recounted the charm of a proper fireplace. In a Colonial room the fireplace is perhaps the point of first interest. Because a Colonial room should, above all other furnishings, have a fireplace that truly interprets the spirit of the age. Herewith is shown a type of Colonial fireplace that is one of the best examples of its kind. It is a sketch of the fireplace of a house opposite Faneuil Hall, and its cheery blaze probably warmed some of the perpetrators of the Boston Tea Party in 1773. It is a style adapted for reproduction by mantel makers of today because of its rich simplicity. The writer has seen its counterpart in every mantel store he has visited, and the price is fully within reason.

In the illustration the fireplace mantel is a wood frame, painted white. It gives the key to the whole room. One never mistakes the tone of a home with such a fireplace. The furnishings, and accoutrements of this fireplace will be mentioned further on.

Walls, fireplace, and then floor. In Colonial homes of the average
In "The French Doll!"

Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets have genuine celluloid tops that never lose their color.

They promote easy lacing, return their original finish indefinitely, and actually outwear the shoe.

Scintillating!

In bringing to the screen the joy of life that is the birthright of Youth, Miss Mae Murray, Metro Star, the very personification of buoyant, pulsating youth, has earned the gratitude of theatre-goers of every age. Graceful, vivacious, full of charm, her screen characterizations are chaste cameos against a kaleidoscopic background of exotic, colorful settings.

Fascinating!

The diversity, artistic audacity and élegance of Miss Mae Murray's costumes are a constant source of wonder and delight to her audience. Her exquisite taste and discrimination are manifest in the care she bestows every detail of her wardrobe. Miss Murray's footwear is finished with visible eyelets, the identifying mark of superlative quality and style.

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Women who eat soft food

must beware of tender gums

Dainty foods are the natural choice of dainty women. And yet, these soft, delicious creations you are so fond of—has it ever occurred to you that, to your teeth and gums, they are a real and constant menace?

Don’t let your toothbrush "show pink"

For these soft, creamy foods of civilization cheat our teeth and gums of that exercise and stimulation which, through the use of simple, coarse food, nature once provided.

And today, as never before, the profession is aroused to the need for fighting that class of tooth troubles due to softened, bleeding and receding gums.

Ipana Tooth Paste is one weapon that is used and prescribed by thousands of the foremost consultants. Many have written us that, in stubborn cases, they direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing with Ipana. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziralol, a recognized hemostatic, has a specific virtue in healing bleeding gums and in keeping them sound and healthy.

Send for a trial tube Ipana cleanses safely and thoroughly, too. And its clean flavor and delicious taste will pleasantly surprise you.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

In generous tubes, at all drug and department stores—50c.

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

A little word of greeting to Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Company, whose friends and associates are celebrating the fortieth anniversary of his arrival in America. His name will forever be linked with the motion picture for he was one of the little group of pioneers who fought and struggled to put the screen on the high plane it occupies today. He it was who fought the old motion picture trust through every court in this land and freed the art and industry from the baneful shackles of monopoly. A modest, unassuming little man, this nation will well be proud of him and his accomplishments. I believe him incapable of a deliberately unkind or dishonest action. If there are any more boys like him left in old Laupheim, his birthplace, I suggest getting the whole town in next month’s immigration quota so we won’t take a chance on missing another Carl Laemmle.

The Presbyterian church is going to hold a convention in Washington to convince congress that the movies should come under Federal control. They announce that they are going to "clean up the movies." Remember the little boy who said, "They’re always washing something and most the time it’s me." Well, go to it. But hadn’t these churchmen better settle their own arguments and agree among themselves before they start any more fights?

A Daughter of Joe Bridger is asking the courts to make the Famous Players-Lasky treasurer send her a million dollars. Says the good old scout is shown in "The Covered Wagon" as having two squaw wives, and it has damaged her feelings and social status. That lady is sensitive, and nothing will cure the bruises on her family escutcheon except a million dollar plaster. Seems to me they made him out a sort of a regular guy. Certainly nobody could outdrink or outshoot or out-squaw him in the picture. Then, again, it’s always dangerous to get mad and sue. They might prove he had three squaws.

Here’s a book worth buying if you are interested in a handbook of the screen. It is called "A Book on Motion Pictures," and is written by Robert E. Sherwood, the highbrow fan who commits picture criticisms for "Life" and the "New York Herald." The intelligent motion picture addict will find it well worth the price.

Lost and Found Department

Lost—One writer answering to the name of Herbert Howe. When last seen three months ago he was boarding the steamship "Majestic" to join Rex Ingram in Africa. Five feet nine inches in height, slightly built but has usual proficiency capacity. Disposition, peacable but affectionate. A cable inquiry to Mr. Ingram brought the information that a native camel driver reported Mr. Howe in Tunis operating under the name of Rudolph Valentino. He had opened a correspondence school of sheiksh and was coming money. A suitable reward will be given for his return—dead or alive.

You’ve heard of Abe and Julius Stern. They’re the chaps who said their comedies were no laughing matters. Here’s their latest contribution: A scenario writer applied for a job.

"You an educated man?" demanded Julius. "Yes, sir.

"You don’t look it—prove it," said the doubting Julius.

"How can I prove I’m educated?" asked the unfortunate college graduate.

"Show your diploma," said Julius.

The victim tried to explain that people didn’t carry their diplomas around with them.

"Well, then," said Julius scornfully, "say me a big word.

Another page of this magazine you will find that Abraham Lincoln is given the honor of being in the new picture as a president. And that, it is a great picture, and one of the very few that have been shown in a Broadway theater that is worth regular theater prices. If you love the memory of Lincoln, and every American does, you should see it and take the entire family. Tell your theater manager to hustle it along.

Francis X. Bushman is to play Messala, the villain, in "Ben Hur." Bushman has been dethroned as king of the moving picture heroes, but I’m going to say that he deserves a comeback. He went heavily in debt a few years ago, but he didn’t hide behind bankruptcy. He worked hard and paid them all up to the last nickel.

The producing program on "Ben Hur," which was for years considered the prize story for pictures, is set, but it may look rather rusty when it reaches the screen. Styles change in pictures as well as in clothes, and we doubt that the Goldwyn program will achieve the possibilities of the story.

Squinter of Iodine—Saw it in Movies." Sings the headline of a New York newspaper. A mentally deficient boy was caught riding Fred Passac, N. J., on his bicycle after dark throwing iodine at girls’ faces. He said he saw it in the movies. Such a degenerate stunt has never been shown in any motion picture. But that didn’t stop the newspapers from making it the feature of the story.

Wonder what some folks think the picture theaters are, anyhow—kindergartens or Bible classes? Home training is and always will be the foundation of child character. Mr. Peck would probably have blamed the movies for his bad boy. Before the movies came there were no bad boys, no murders, no robberies. Now all the parents of the wayward youth has to say is, "Judge, he saw it in the movies," and the boy walks out to join the gang in a holdup.

What Type of Man is Most Attractive to Women?

Some of the secrets of her sex are revealed by Adela Rogers St. Johns in the next issue. Vividly and entertainingly she discusses male fascination and analyzes the charms of a number of male stars.

In the April Photoplay

Out March 15

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
The Wonder Dog in a Human Drama

Laurence Trimble and Jane Murfin present

STRONGHEART
in The Love Master

with LILLIAN RICH

Written and directed by LAURENCE TRIMBLE

You remember Strongheart, the wonder dog, in "The Silent Call" and "Brawn of the North"! He comes back to the screen in his own true love story—a story of the far north, the land of eternal snows. And there's a beautiful human love romance that parallels Strongheart's. If you like the unusual, the exceptional, watch for this one.

Big Ones Coming

Richard Walton Tully's "FLOWING GOLD"
Rex Beach's famous story with Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills.

Thomas H. Ince's "The GALLOPING FISH"
From Frank R. Adams' story "Friend Wife."

Norma Talmadge presented by Joseph M. Schenck and directed by Frank Porzagc in "SECRETS."

Richard Barthelmess presented by Charles H. Duell in a John S. Robertson production "Sir Arthur Wing Pirero's drama "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE"

Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle

A First National Picture

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
In Stage Success—or Social Triumph

This distinguished hair net plays its part in stage success and social triumph. Its presence—though it can't be seen—lends grace and charm and glorifies the hair! America's leaders of fashion; actresses of note; women known for their beauty and charm—depend on this net as the first essential to smart coiffure effects.

At All Good Dealers

PRICES—Cap or Fringe
The Strong Single Strand . . . . . . . . 10c
Double Strand . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 2 for 10c
Gray or White . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 20c
Canad on Prices same as U. S. A.

Gainsborough

Genuine HAIR NET

The Largest Selling Hair Net in the World

The Western Co., Chicago—New York
Weco Products Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

Here you wondered what has become of Sasue Hayakawa, the Japanese star? Well, here he is in "La Bataille," a film recently completed in France by Aubert.

Gossip—East and West

[continued from page 85]

He was working out a bit with a semi-professional team at Glendale, California, when a short stocky man stepped up to him, and asked him for a moment's conversation. The conversation terminated in an offer from the Chicago Cubs.

Warner is too well satisfied, where he is, to go in for professional baseball. But there's a possibility that he may go into training with the Cubs, over on Catalina, just to keep fit. When he was in college he used to be an infielder.

Now comes word from Paris that Charles H. Duell, president of Inspiration Pictures, has been divorced by his wife, and it is intimated in some quarters that the announcement of the film magnate's engagement to Lillian Gish may follow. The acquaintance of Duell and Miss Gish began more than a year ago, when he went into the film business as head of Inspiration Pictures.

Robert Eadeson is being sued for divorce by his wife, Mary Newcomb Eadeson, an actress. She charges non-support.

Lew Cody is going to play "Dangerous Dan Mcgrove" in the film version of Service's famous poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." It seems to be another one of those pieces of casting forced by public demand—as was Blanche Sweet's portrayal of the title role of "Anna Christie."

When it was announced that Barbara La Marr was to make the story and appear as the Lady That's Known as Lou, people began writing in from all over the country suggesting Lew Cody for Dan McGrew. That was something, but when the exhibitors added their voice, it was everything. Metro was able to secure the services of the famous screen villain and we do think he and the lovely Barbara ought to make it mighty interesting for Dan McGrew and Lady Lou.

Clara Kimball Young is returning to the stage in a play which is called "Trimmed in Scarlet."

Will Rogers—polo star. Doesn't sound quite natural, does it? And yet you'd be surprised if only you could see him play.

Recently at a game at the fashionable Mid-Wick Country Club, of whose team he is a member, Rogers shot four of their seven goals, and won the game for them. Men on the field that day included Carlton Burke, world famous poloist, Captain Perkins, and young Ervin, all of whom are noted as polo stars.

It's all out, now, why Tom Mix was in a mystery shrouded hospital room for a week or two. It seems that he shot himself. Not to commit suicide—he's too happy with Mrs. Mix and little Thomsina and a fat contract.

It's just that he dropped one of his famous six shooters—which promptly turned on him, and hit him. The bullet tore its way through his left arm, went through the fleshy part, creased his back and lodged near his spine. But it wasn't serious, and the bit of lead was soon located and removed.

Tom says that it makes him feel "kinder like a fool"—he's supposed to know something about the handling of guns, and here he's gone and shot himself up, for fair!

A "TIP-OFF" from an underworld admirer and the prompt action of Tom Mix's famous guns in conjunction with the Hollywood police force, recently foiled a daring...
attempt to rob Mrs. Mix of jewels valued at over $100,000.

According to the police, a gang of crooks, headed by “Terrible Tommy” O’Connor, Chicago stick-up man, plotted to obtain possession of Mrs. Mix’s jewels.

WORK on Inspiration’s “The Enchanted Cottage” was held up for a week or two, while the star, Richard Hartshelme, underwent a minor operation. He came through nicely.

MOTION PICTURE stars are going to leave a deathless imprint upon the architectural history of Los Angeles, it seems. Miss Roland, not content with having an enormous exclusive residential tract on Wilshire Boulevard called Roland Square after her, has just moved her house off a Wilshire Boulevard corner and started to erect the Roland apartments.

The apartments will cost $1,500,000 and be the most elaborate and pretentious in the city. And Miss Roland owns them, don’t forget that.

A block or two farther up the street work has begun on The Ambassador, a beautiful apartment hotel facing the beautiful grounds of The Ambassador. This is a piece of Norma Talmadge’s investment of the money her pictures have earned.

THOMAS MEIGHAN had two narrow escapes while making “Pied Piper Malum” in New York. A quick eye and a nimble pair of legs saved his life when a 500-gallon tank accidentally opened ten feet over his head while doing some storm scenes on a ship. Had it hit him he would have been swept off the deck into Long Island Sound. It happened at midnight.

When, with his company, he went down to Chinatown, in New York’s East Side, for the filming of a few scenes in the same picture, there was a small riot. No, it was not a popular riot in which eager fans pressed near to get a look at an idol. It was a demonstration, on the part of Chinatown, against the bad reputation it has been given in many films. Stones, fruit and ancient vegetables were thrown. So were lamps and old shoes.

IT’S just one thing another with Anna Q. Nilsson. First of all she was very badly burned about the neck and shoulders and face.

**"Love in the Small but Perfect Circle Trace"**

—Anon

UNLIKE the bride of King Arthur’s time who said her marriage vows over a ring of leather, cut on the spur of the moment from her glove, the modern girl chooses an exquisite Orange Blossom ring.

Not unlikely the ring so chosen matches her engagement ring—and she has the comforting thought that they both match the Orange Blossom ring worn by the groom! A perfect triad!

Genuine Orange Blossom rings bear the mark of Traub. They are made of gold, iridio-platinum and jewels.

Sold by better class Jewelers as low as $12.00

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**Genuine TRAUB Orange Blossom Wedding and Engagement RINGS**

Bear this Mark

Another heiress who has listened to the alluring click of the camera. If children cry for her pictures as they are said to do for the source of her fortune she will be lucky, for she is Lucille Morrison, granddaughter of Charles H. Fletcher, of Castoria fame.

Relates the quaint history of the wedding ring from the remote long ago until now. You may have it for the asking.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Your baby's tender scalp needs a soothing shampoo

The hair of little children needs frequent and regular washings. But those little lovely tender scalps should never be touched by ordinary soaps—harsh and ill-smelling.

Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is as pure as certified milk—as mild as soft water—as fragrant as a wild flower—yet even more cleansing than harsh soaps.

Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and removes all the dust, dirt and dandruff—the chief cause of hair trouble. And it keeps the hair soft, fluffy and clean.

It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair healthy, and sweet enough to kiss. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

in the great forest fire scene of "Hearts of the Pacific." No rooster had she recovered from that than she sprained her ankle, in another feature picture. In "Fonjola," she lost her lovely blonde hair, the envy of half of America's girlhood—but this she did voluntarily. And then, in the first part of Richard Walton Tully's production of "Flowing Gold," she broke a rib. This last accident happened in a scene when she was paying more attention to the film rescue of Milton Silks, than to her own safety. And yet—with all of her troubles—Anita can still smile and murmur: "What next?"

The Emmett Flynns have a lot of modern ideas about child-raising—directors and their wives have to have some sort of interest outside of the studio, you know! And they decided, around about Christmas time, to put some of these theories into practice, and to give their daughter—a young lady with eighteen months to her credit—a common sense Christmas. Children, they agreed, had lost all sense of value. They would re-dress the baby's old doll and let it go at that.

But, when Christmas came, they weren't exactly happy. And when finally, Emmett stamped out of the house—to return, presently, with a tree and a wee necklace of platinum and pearls and a lot of toys—it was to discover Mrs. Flynn busily wrapping up the packages that she had stored away, for safe keeping, in the deep recesses of the darkest closet.

GOLDYNX has practically closed down, except for the mammoth production of "Ben Hur" which is to be made abroad. June Mathis has won, after months of battle, in having George Walsh cast for the title role, and though the Hollywood opinion is that he will not do the role justice, he's going to play it. Francis X. Bushman will have a marvelous chance to recover his public's admiration in the great role of Messala—the heavy. Bill Hart created the part on the stage. Carmel Myers, probably because of her racial qualifications, is to be Ira's, Gertrude Olmsted is to be Esther.

The cast would discourage us completely if it weren't for the fact that Charles Habin is to direct and he is a good director, and June Mathis is a good scenario-writer.—so there you are.

An escape that was nothing less than miraculous recently saved May Allison from permanent disfiguration and possibly from death. She was thrown through the windshield of her car, after the big limousine had hurtled a ditch and hit a telegraph pole in avoiding a collision with another car. At first it was feared that she might be scarred for life, but doctors quickly reassured her that the accident would mean no more than a few weeks' bandages.

Tt was on board the President Taft that the new husband of Irene Castle sprang to her defense, and put on a real m.p. scrap.

Irene and her bridegroom, who is an army man—one Major Frederick McLaughlin—were on board the liner, en route to Japan. And, one evening, the star's latest picture, "French Heels," was shown. And, after the picture, most of the men on board repaired to the smoking-room.

The Major, standing in the background, happened to listen in on a conversation between the representative of a silk house and a friend. The friend opened the conversation by asking the silk man what he thought of the picture.
"Oh, I thought it was terrible!" was the answer.

The friend persisted.

"But didn't you like the acting of Irene Castle?" was his next question.

"What I said about the picture goes for her, too," said the silk man.

It was then that the Mayor came to life. And it took the entire male personnel of the boat to keep the offender from going over the rail.

ERIC von STROHEIM locked himself in a tower at the Goldwyn studio, protected by an armed guard, cutting "Greed" trying to reduce the great mass of material to a few thousand feet.

Meanwhile, all Hollywood is anxiously trying to see the picture before it is released, because the general assumption seems to be that when the censors get through cutting it, there won't be enough left to bother about.

Anyhow, why the armed guard? Nobody's going to use force to disturb Mr. von Stroheim. He's a good, if wasteful, director, but the greatest little publicity stunt in the business.

HARRINGTON SICKEL, millionaire son of Welling Sickel, former Mayor of Trenton, is to be starred in motion pictures under the management of Merritt Land, well known composer and orchestra leader. Mr. Sickel and Mr. Land jointly own about one quarter of the Island of Bermuda and have made millions in raising and exporting onions. We hope they display more taste in their pictures than in the fruits of their agriculture. Mr. Sickel is a tall, slim, handsome chap, somewhat after the manner of Norman Kerry. We trust that Mr. Sickel will reap more benefits from his pictures than from his onion groves.

MRS. VIRGINIA BRIDGER HAHN, of Kansas City, Kansas, has brought suit for $100,000 against the producers and directors of "The Covered Wagon" for defamation of her father's character.

Mrs. Hahn claims to be the only surviving daughter of Jim Bridger, the guide, played in the film by Tully Marshall. And she says that her father was a most quiet and peaceable man, who never drank, and was a model citizen. Whereas in the film he is represented as being a drunken and living with at least two Indian squaws.

Personally, we thought Jim Bridger, of the "Covered Wagon," a great old scout and a credit to the nation.

Like Grime on Ivory

Those film-coats on your teeth

This is to offer you a test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show you how much it means.

New beauty, new protection come to users. No woman will ever go without the results when she knows them. Nor will she let her family go without them.

To combat the film

This method combats film on teeth — that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously. Unless you combat it, much of it remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

Protect the Enamel

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

Now ways to combat it daily

Dental science has found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This tooth paste has brought a new dental era to millions of homes the world over. And largely through dental advice.

Two other great effects

Research proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These combined effects are bringing people everywhere a new conception of clean teeth.

You cannot doubt

No one can doubt these benefits. They are quickly seen and felt. One who once knows them will never again go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out this coupon so you don't forget.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

The original "Keystone cop" will never create any more laughs. Frank Hayes died recently in Los Angeles after a stage and screen career of 25 years. His last role was in Von Stroheim's production of "Greed."

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Do you know how little it costs?

You can make a six weeks' tour of Europe and return [all expenses included] for $525 with superior "cabin" or 2nd class accommodations. Send the information below for your Government's new illustrated booklet "Economy Trips to Europe.

Investigate

AMERICAN SHIPS FIRST

The U. S. Government ships of the United States Lines are unsurpassed in the service between New York and Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen. There is a passage for every purse from the excellent "cabin" accommodations on the "America" and "Republic" to the suites de luxe on the great "Leviathan," and other first class ships.

Send the coupon today for the free illustrated literature.

UNITED STATES LINES

45 Broadway, New York Agents in all Principal Cities

Managing Operators for

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board
1723 Washington, D.C.

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government literature described above. I am considering a trip to Europe ( ), to the Orient from Seattle ( ), to the Orient from San Francisco ( ), to South America ( )

If I go date will be about

Name

Address

Would you believe it? Here is Jane Novak, taken with her small daughter, Virginia, and, at right, Miss Novak again in the character she plays in "The Lullaby"

Douglas MacLean, a stage star before he went into pictures, was a friend of "Uncle Billy" Pinkerton, the famous detective who died recently, and in reminiscence was telling one of Pinkerton's favorite yarns about the stage. Pinkerton adored the stage and stage people and knew many of the great stars well. He was a welcome guest in all dressing rooms and he liked to go back stage and spend an evening on occasion.

One of his hobbies was collecting pictures of these celebrities, particularly those who were friends of his, and his office in Chicago was filled with large and handsome photographs of the shining lights of the stage, many of them affectionately autographed.

One day he was entertaining a famous English criminal investigator, and several hours were passed in discussing crime, its ways and means, different types of criminals and their characteristics.

As he rose to go the Englishman put on his eyeglasses, gazed at the pictures on the wall for a few moments and then said, "And these, I suppose, are representative of your better criminal classes in America."

Allan Siegler may be a good cameraman—but he's a poor comedian.

It happened on the lot during the filming of Lock's "The Tale of Triona." Allan pulled this, out of a clear sky, on Harrison Ford, leading man.

"Who?" he asked, "was the first great wireless engineer?"

"Marconi," answered Ford. Quick—just like that!

"Wrong," answered Allan. "It was Adam. He made a loud speaker out of his spare parts!"

Think of girls—pretty girls—refusing to appear in a motion picture! No, it didn't happen in America. It happened in Africa, where Edouin Carewe is making "A Son of the Sahara." Mr. Carewe selected three Ouled-Nail dancing girls to appear in some of the scenes, but the girls absolutely refused to go before the camera. Mr. Carewe and his assistant, Rene Plaisetty, argued for an hour and even offered real money, but still the girls refused. They simply shrugged their shoulders, but would give no explanation.

"I was rather put out," said Mr. Carewe, "but it is interesting to know that somewhere in the world are girls who don't care about appearing on the screen. Imagine offering the chance to three American girls?"

Betty Jewel, who is considered a comer if ever there was one, got into pictures in a rather remarkable way.

She was given a letter to D. W. Griffith, from one of his friends, asking him to try her out. He was not in when she called and one of the men in the office told her it wasn't worth while to wait, that D. W. got about a thousand letters a day, just like the one that she was carrying. So Betty left, but just outside the door she paused to have a little cry.

She had it, and it left her heavy-eyed, and
red-nosed. But—just as she was blowing her very attractive nose, preparatory to leaving—who should come down the hall but the director himself. He took one look at her, walked around her, and then said: "Young woman, you come with me!"

That's how Betty got in!

Another Rex Ingram "discovery" is coming to the fore. The lady is, or was, Edith Allen—who so well carried off the second female role in "Scaramouche." Before her appearance in that picture she was a cabaret artiste in Chicago and New York.

As we said before, she was known as Edith Allen. For the lady has now changed her name, for screen purposes, to the interesting one of Hedda Lind. She is half Swedish, and the name was chosen out of sentiment—the Hedda for the greatest character in Scandinavian literature, the Lind for the famous Jenny.

Edith—excuse us—Hedda, will play the leading emotional part in a picture to be produced by Whitman Bennett and H. Clay Minor. She was chosen because of her nationality.

While making "The Ten Commandments," Theodore Roberts approached one of the assistant directors just after lunch one day, looking very serious.

"I don't think I can play Moses this afternoon," he said. "I feel that I am disqualified." "What's the matter?" asked the director in alarm, for Moses was rather essential to the picture.

"Well," replied Roberts, gloomily, "I've just eaten a ham sandwich."

Out of all films made in all countries, "Trilby" has been selected—by the British government—to be presented in every theater in England for the purpose of assisting the $25,000,000.00 fund for the hospital for war veterans. The British government has voted $50,000 to be used by First National in exploiting the picture.

Jack Holt's small son, Tim, had heard a great deal about his big sister's piano lessons. She was always practicing, or being taken to her lesson, or something of the kind. One day, after regarding her with some scorn, he said to his mother: "All right. But when I get ready to take piano lessons, I'm going to take them on a horn." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]
Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?

Vincent Lopez and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra, New York, famous recording artists, feature a complete Gibson string section.

You can quickly learn to play a Gibson

Stringed instruments are more popular than ever. Foremost orchestras everywhere are featuring complete Gibson sections. You'll find both profit and pleasure playing a Gibson.

Known as the finest stringed instruments, Gibsons are also easiest to play because of exclusive features.

The NEW Gibson Mastertone Banjo—with the exclusive Mastertone Rim and Tone Tube Construction; Gibson Tone Projector, eliminating need for resonator attachments; scientific scale, reducing string breakage; and other exclusive features—is acclaimed by banjoists as supreme in tone quality, volume, and easy playing qualities.

We're swinging into a new cycle of music—evidenced by the fact that Gibson strings are being featured by Lopez, Jones, Doerr, Westphal, and many other popular stars.

FREE TRIAL; EASY PAYMENTS

Send coupon for literature and details, mentioning instrument: tenor banjo, mandolin, banjo mandolin, guitar mandolin; mandolin; mandola; mando-cello; guitar; mando-bass.

GIBSON, Inc.
308 Parsons St.
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

GIBSON

GIBSON, Inc.
308 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Please send details of Free Trial plan and complete information about

Instrument
Name
St. or R. R.
City, State

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

And about its share of those that—carry on.

There is one thing that must be admitted to start with. A good many of the present successful ventures are second marriages. But not all of them are. And often, after an early divorce that had nothing to do with Hollywood, and they have now stood the test of a number of years lived in the very center of Hollywood's affairs.

There has probably never been a more complete union of hearts, lives and interests than in the case of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Of course, there is history, that will go down into future generations to be quoted by lovers in moonlit gardens. They are two tremendously vital, strong personalities, and it is only on very rare occasions that they argue, even disagree. They work harder than any other two people in Hollywood, and they have had a good many accidents.

But if anybody ever whispers to you that there is the slightest rupture in that marriage, or the very little chance of a separation—don't believe it. Mary and Douglas are the people of the other's slightest word or thought or deed. Altogether, it makes you rather happy to see them together. It's a bond that will never break.

Doerr received final word from Nevada that the divorce she obtained there from Owen Moore had been upheld, she went into the projection room. She took the wires from her arms and they both cried, and held each other close, as though some great danger had at last been averted.

Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck are just as happy and just as devoted, though in a much quieter and less romantic way.

To the public at large, Joe Schenck is almost unknown—a nobody. As his personality attached to it. He is very shy, very retiring, where Norma is concerned. While he will drive through some great business with the coolness and air of a Napoleon, he actually blushes like a schoolboy when the lights are on him. He has tried to get him to have his picture taken with his wife. But the people who know him, who work for him, have a great deal to say about his sympathetic understanding. They say about his amazingly shrewd, able brain, about his financial genius and his kindly gentleness.

Since the day of their marriage, over five years ago, he has given his wife every comfort, both at home and in her work. When he went East a few months ago, Norma was like a lost child. She grew thin, lost her appetite, wasn't interested in things, and at last she sent him a brief wire: "Joe, come home. Norma." And he came on the next train, in spite of immense business.

Of course Wallace Reid is gone, and no one would use the word happy in connection with the marriage of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport. Of course, there was no end. But until the menace that finally killed him stepped in, it was a happy marriage. There were never two people more in love. And I will challenge you to find anywhere, in the world, a more beautiful, more inspired, more devoted wifehood than that shown by Mrs. Reid. Here is an example of loyalty and love, and of the strength and beauty of married life.

Probably you know that Mrs. Smith has a lot of trouble with Mr. Smith, because he does drink, but she manages somehow. And Mrs. Jones, next door, is sweet and kind to her. And the Brownes are in debt all the time, but they're so devoted to each other. That isn't Hollywood, or New York, or Main Street. It's just life.

In Washington—

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Four out of Five are marked

Be the one who outwits Pyorrhea
—use Forhan's twice daily

Study the crowd as it hurries to and fro. Four out of five over forty years of age, and thousands younger, will pay Pyorrhea's dreaded toll.

Don't wait for bleeding gums—Nature's warning. Check Pyorrhea before it begins. Go to your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection. And brush your teeth at least twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.

This healing, refreshing dentifrice, if used in time and used consistently, will help to prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your mouth clean and healthy, preserve your teeth, safeguard your health. Used and recommended by foremost dentists everywhere.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Miss Barz told me one evening that they had been married in an apple orchard in full bloom, and that she had worn a simple frock of dainty, in order to get away from the screen characterizations. Since then, they have established a perfect harmony, a deep intellectual companionship, and the sort of mutual consideration and respect that isn't any too common nowadays. I love this old-fashioned courtesy with her, and the thousand and one attentions he showers upon her. And her consideration for him, and her tenderness and her evident pride in everything he does.

Eric von Stroheim, the arch-villain of the screen and the producer of "Foolish Wives," is another thoroughly domesticated individual. As a father and husband, he is quite perfect. I wouldn't go so far as to say Von was hen-pecked. That would convey a wrong impression of Mrs. von Stroheim. But I do say that, so far as their home life is concerned, I should judge her to be the most happily married woman of the Continental, a separate thing from his business, his daily contacts. But he gives it respect beyond the average husband.

Then there is a group of happy marriages that are probably exactly like the young married people anywhere else. The Douglas McLeans, for instance, are what my flapper friends call "perfect." They have a charming little house in Beverly Hills, and they drive around the country to see all the football games, and they laugh and romp together like a pair of children.

There are, too, the Charles Rays, the Conrad Nagels with their small daughter, the Jack Holts with their three kiddies, the Milton Sills with a daughter already in school, Fred Niello—he is Enid Bennett—and the Tully Marshalls.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, who have been married for a great many years, have endured three years of Hollywood now without affecting their complete understanding.

Frances Marion, the best known of the scenario writers, is ideally married to Fred Thompson, former all-around champion athlete and now a screen star himself.

AND of course you've heard over and over again about the Bryant Washburns. They are a tradition in Hollywood. I've never seen such a thoroughly natural, domestic happiness in my life as they achieve. There's no pretense about it. They even spot, on occasion, and they aren't in the least bit afraid to disagree. Their house is controlled by and revolves around Sonny and Buddy Washburn, ages seven and four. And it is a happy little person and impossibly young to be the mother of those two boys, and Bryant thinks the sun rises and sets around her.

Mae Murray and Bob Leonard always give me an awful kick. There is dainty, delicate, blonde Mae, with her exquisite frocks and her lovely manners and her soft voice. And there is big, husky Bob Leonard, over six feet and tipping the scales at better than two hundred, veritable monument of gigantic, outdoor manhood. Mae uses the purest, almost old-fashioned English, Bob is largely colloquial. Mae reads poetry, and Bob reads adventure and the sporting journal.

And yet they are really quite in love with each other. They balance, they complement each other. On the dance floor together, they are a delight, because Bob dances almost as well as his wife. Oh, they do quarrel. No people so entirely different can escape without an occasional difficulty. On the set, Miss Murray admits that she and her director-husband actually almost throw things at each other. He makes her so furious, sometimes. And Bob does get out of patience because the lovely Miss Murray changes her mind eight times about what she's going to wear when they're going out, while he cools his heels waiting. But all that aside, they are as happy as married people have any right to be.

Both branches of the house of De Mille have a stainless domestic record. Each maintains a stately home, ruled by an exceptionally...
The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger's Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste and on every stage. The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 25c (postage and airers) with the coupon below and we will send you a miniature bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring of all the lovely perfumes ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume

Sample 20c

Send 25c (stamp or airers) with the coupon below and we will send you a miniature bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring of all the lovely perfumes ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

$15.00 an ounce

$8.00 a half ounce

Charming and intelligent wife, who has a tremendous standing in the community. The William de Millés have two daughters, and the Cecil de Millés have four or five children, some of them adopted.

Loni Chaney had a wife and a son fifteen years old. He told me once that his only joy in life was in those two. He was building a lovely new home for them, and the boy was going to the finest school in the land. The Success has meant a great deal to him only because it enabled him to give his wife some of the things she had missed in their early years of poverty, and to give his son the things he himself had never had.

Certainly Adolph Menjou, who has just created such a furor as the delightful and unregenerate bachelor in "A Woman of Paris," is in love with his own wife. He and Herbert Brenon had a golf tournament and Pola Negri ret ten dollars on Menjou. He lost, and when he came on the set the next morning I heard Pola say: "Oh, you—you love me ten dollars, you and that wife of yours. After work, Mr. Brenon he go out and practice something for the match. You—you all the time want to run right home to your wife."

It is a tradition in Hollywood that Mrs. Tom Mix is the most adored wife in Hollywood. She is the best gift of love and respect, the best clothes and furs and cars of any woman in Hollywood. They go everywhere. It is true that Tom was divorced by his first wife, but the second marriage has certainly been a success.

Will Rogers and his wife and three kiddies spend most of their time in Hollywood and will think it a wonderful thing has happened to that marriage of long standing. Will is just as good a father as he is a comedian, and just as good a husband as he is a rope trooper. They went to the front with his troops, teaching them to rope or handle a rope, is a treat. The Ben Turpins have been married for seventeen years. The Darby and Joe of Hollywood are Jim and Edie Neal—you know them on the screen as James Neal and Edythe Chapman. They've celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary and fifteen years of their present living and working in Hollywood. Theodore Roberts and his wife are as settled and staple as the big brick house in which they live.

Harry Carey used the expression, "Ask the wife." Olive Carey and her checks, contracts and orders, runs the studio, the ranch, Harry and young Dolore Carey, their son, who is just about getting big enough to sit a broncho, and little daughter, and Harry loves them and teams upon her.

You'll go a long way and you won't find three huskier, inner, more representative American boys than Bill, Tom and Dick—the sons of Tom and Nell Ince. Each of them is bigger than his pretty blonde cousin and Mr. Ince has been obliged to acquire a thirty-acre estate close to Hollywood for them. He and Mrs. Ince can usually be discovered planning or planting some new project.

Levis S. Stone is serenely happy with his beautiful red-headed wife. She was Florence Oakley, a well known actress, but she gave up the stage to the lovely man she married and the two little girls left motherless by the death of Mr. Stone's first wife.

As for the Tommy Meighans—well, Frances Ring Meighan-Turner has to tell how long they've been married any more. And never the slightest hint of a cloud on that horizon. Tommy says "my Frances" still, with a look that means that he treasures their lives with a far-seen and charming wisdom.

Conway Tearle, now in Hollywood most of the time, is happily married to the musical comedy star, Adele Raywold, who regards as much honor with him in the west as her work permits. When she isn't there, he telephones her long distance every night. And Guy values Patsy, who has been making pictures in Hollywood for the past several years, as the devoted husband of beautiful Adele Ritchie.

She moved west with him, when he began his film career.

Then, to mention them rapidly and without comment, there are the Hoot Gibson, with a new baby daughter; the William Desmonds, with Mary Johanna Desmond becoming more of a personality daily; the gorgeous Harry Hawes, with a son in his first long trousers; the Malcolm McGreres, who have a little girl; the Roy Elders, with their Wood and Sam Wood, the Paul Powells, the David Ruthers and the Al Greens, the Joseph Schildkrauts, the Ernst Lubitsches,—oh, I could name endless ones.

Jackie Cooper's parents and papa seem to get along fairly well, too, and so do Baby Peggy's mother and Dad.

Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery, Priscilla Dean and Whirlie Mayes and Mabel Hallin. Eddie Sutherland and Margaret Rawlins, are among our younger married pairs and are all doing nicely the last we heard of them.

When the Hollaills are the bulletin kind—you should see them go after each other in a to-the-death tennis match. But they're such fine pals and have such a community of interest that they probably come through.

Earle Williams married a rich and beautiful society girl some years ago, and she stuck to him with a fine loyalty through a breach of faith. It is said that Earle has another woman. Aside from that difficulty, they seem ideally happy. And William Duncan and Edith Johnson have made a decided success of their off-screen partnership as well as their on-screen picture ventures.

A Quete a number of our ingénues and leading men are still in the profession and it seems to work. Mae March is the most devoted wife of a young writer named Armes—in fact, they're so devoted they married in New York. Since they returned to Hollywood they are living in a quiet bungalow, and Mae is almost as busy seeing that hubby isn't disturbed as she is her own screen work. Alonzo Ector Percy is Mrs. Ulrich Busch after office hours, and there isn't a happier husband in captivity. Anna Q. Nilson stole one of Los Angeles' richest and handsomeest men right from the hands of the society beau, and she makes good as Mrs. Gunnerson, even when she has to cut all her hair off to play in "Pom-poi," Virginia, who has married a young New Yorker, who established himself in the business in Hollywood to be near her, and Lillian Rich is the wife of a successful real estate man, whom she followed to Hollywood. In the Reginald Denny's at a piano recital the other day. Their daughter, Barbara, was on the program and Reggie wiggled and squirmed all day on stage and blushed with pride when she got through triumphantly. The Dennys were married in England, years ago, toured India together in musical comedy, and came to America. Just that the war broke out and Mrs. Denny sent her husband back to take his place in the British forces while she became the source of her young American soldier. Oh, and several hard years went by before they could be together again. Now they are making up for lost time by being pals in everything.

Nanizmow, who moved home and a beautiful residence is one of our show places, has remained devoted to her original husband, big Charles Bryant. Louie E. Dresser and John Gardner have settled here, and play in pictures and work on their little farm the rest of the time.

Until his sudden and tragic death, Dorothy Phillips was known and admired in their love-life. I have never seen two people so wholly and passionately devoted. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry have worked out an ideal marital partnership. And Alice allows Rex to live in and for his work, and he allows her to enjoy social life without him to a considerable extent. Hardon, Lloyd and Mildred Davis, having completed the “first year,” are still living in a perpetual honeymoon. As for the Antonio...
What Every Woman Does NOT Know

90% of the women in America are not as attractive looking as they can be. Specialists agree that the uses of shades of face powder and rouge are not understood by more than one woman in ten.

Today every woman can learn simply, easily and quickly—

1. What kind of a complexion she has
2. What differences there are in shades of face powder and rouge.
3. Which shades of face powder and rouge to use under certain lights and with garments of various tones.
4. How to apply face powder and rouge.

This knowledge is concentrated in a book entitled What Every Woman Doesn’t Know. Written by one of the sanest authorities on beauty in America, it is free to every woman who buys a package of Bourjois MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder.

But you will need no book to help you appreciate MANON LESCAUT Face Powder. Its charm will enter your boudoir and become part of your personality.

Most druggists sell MANON LESCAUT. They can offer What Every Woman Doesn’t Know with the package you buy. If your druggist does not have MANON LESCAUT, suggest he order it. If you are not within range of a dealer’s services, tear out the coupon below and mail it to us now with $1.50. We will send you a full-size box of MANON LESCAUT and a copy of What Every Woman Doesn’t Know by return mail.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker

THERE is an idea in this story of a jittery society man, without nerve enough to commit suicide, going to the Kentucky Mountains to get killed. Sure of all the idea that comes through, however, is that Eddie Foy looks funny in a monologue. A little more skill and invention should have made the feature enter taining. As it is, “Prepared to Die” evidently was prepared to do just that.

PURE GRIT—Universal

SOMEBODY said there were only seventy situations in drama. If there had been seventy thousand in Western drama they would have exhausted long ago. As there were not, the original lot keep hobbling up like revolvin ducks in a shooting gallery. “Pure Grit” has several of them, a good deal of identity twist, a fire, a runaway, Roy Stewart and other appeals to fans whose memories aren’t too good.

RESTLESS WIVES—Commonwealth

ACCORDING to motion pictures, work is the unforgivable sin in a husband. The perfect mate, like the perfect man, is always in...
THE SUPREME TEST—Renown

HERE again we have the city as a den of vice contrasted with the country as a paradise of purity. A young chap (Johnny Harron) flees to the farm to escape his evil associates, and falls in love with a blind girl. Subsequently the mortgage on the old homestead is sold and the necessary operation to restore the heroine's sight follows. You’d better stay home and play Mah Jong.

OTHER MEN’S DAUGHTERS—Apollo

PAPA was in the habit of parking the wife and child in the country while he did his philandering in the city. In the midst of a rather swift party one evening he meets his own daughter as one of the guests and hurries home to tell Mama. A family scene is averted, however, by a reconciliation between father and child. Madame Astor and Bryant Washburn are two good reasons for seeing this show picture.

DEFYING DESTINY—Setznick

UNREQUITED love, a crooked bank clerk, a misguided father, a sprinkling of misfortune, and a variety of promising or two are some of the more or less important ingredients which almost spell disaster to a perfectly good romance between Irene Rich and Monte Blue. But plastic surgery, a trick mustache, and an assumed name put things to rights in this film, which is neither good enough nor bad enough to create much of a stir.

CUPID’S FIREMAN—Fox

A Richard Harding Davis story of a woman shy fireman who—while on theater duty—falls in love with a good little chorus girl. Just as he is about to tell her of his love—enter the villain husband, who throws a damper over the whole thing. And then, of course, comes the big fire—which proves the fireman’s unselfish value, and gets him the girl! Charles Jones is the star.

ARABIA’S LAST ALARM—Fox

A JOYOUS comedy in which a clever child, a clever bull pup and a thrice clever white horse share honors. This will delight a child audience and will draw a general laugh from every grown-up who likes either kiddies or animals—or both! There’s quite a climax—even though this is pure slapstick—in which the horse and dog save the child from a runaway car which collides with an express train.

HIS MYSTERY GIRL—Universal

THE old, old story of a serious man who is given a little lesson in romance. He meets, under peculiar circumstances, a beautiful weeping woman. And then the action starts, and the complications begin. Herbert Rawlinson, with his ingenious smile, is almost miscast as a sober soul. He does the light-minded younger to perfection—and is usually given that sort of a part. This is, however, good entertainment.

HOOK AND LADDER—Universal

ALTHOUGH Hoot Gibson becomes a fireman through a series of adventures, he makes a mighty good one. With all the world making fireman pictures we must admit that Hoot is our favorite, helter-skelter, type of good comedy, a charming love affair with the captain’s daughter and some excitement of the blazing variety all combine to make this a good way to spend that empty evening. Family stuff.

ROULETTE—Setznick

THE red-and-black wheel is not exactly a new touch in pictures, and there isn’t much novel or convincing in this film’s big scene, where the heroine puts herself up as the stake. You don’t really believe the story, and couldn’t get excited if you did. The cast is unusually good.

INNOCENCE—Apollo

YOU may lend your ears to Mark Antony or to anyone who wants them, but you’ll need your eyes to view Anna Q. Nilsson in this wholly effective melodrama. To prove her innocence in a domestic tragi she sets a clever trap in which she catches her accuser, and proves that circumstances alter divorce cases.

HER REPUTATION—First National

LOVE and a flood, a persecuted heroine and a forest fire—all the things that go to make popularity for pictures are in this film. Consequently, there is little doubt that it will be widely enjoyed. The heroine and the flood are especially good. And you’ll really thrill when the last message over the burning poles stops the presses in time to keep them from printing another story about the innocent young woman.

PHANTOM JUSTICE—F. B. O.

BECAUSE the world’s foremost criminal lawyer (Rod La Roque) is cursed with an ungrateful tooth, the spectator is forced to chase through the wildest series of robberies, murders, secret burials, shootings and gunnings that ever was known in this world or the next.

THE WHISPERED NAME—Universal

RUTH CLIFFORD as a little country girl goes to the big city and becomes involved in a divorce suit. In fact, she’s named as the co-respondent in the case until a gang of blackmailers is nailed in the last reel. There are faults in the piece, but these faults do not make it a bad picture than a punctured tire makes an automobilist a bad machine.

AGE OF DESIRE—First National

THE AGE OF DESIRE refers to this age of desire for material things. Because of a passion for riches, adventure and idle excitement, a woman sacrifices the things that count in life for those that don’t. Her son whom she deserts becomes a crook, and, years later, blackmails her. The picture is interesting, but is right in purpose and valuable as an addition to our somewhat shaky morale. You will enjoy it—and take home something besides the program.

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox

APARENTLY there are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it—if motion picture producers only knew where to cast their lines. Here is another line. Here is the story of Sir Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett's suited to film requirements if it hadn’t been written when daguerreotyes were nearer than movies. There is mystery, romance, intrigue and suspense in plenty; not to speak of a shipwreck calculated to make you cancel your sailing. A good old melodrama written before an author with two ideas saved one of them for the next picture.

A PRINCE OF A KING—Setznick

LITTLE Dinky Dean is the most interesting feature of this picture—a promising youngster very likely in the same line of that piece of acrobats. He becomes a good acrobat, and, presumably, a good king, and there is every indication that he will become what Merton played to be—"a good movie actor." Children will like it; even grown-up children.
THIS picture is an argument for a uniform divorce law, if ever there was one. Rupert Hughes, the author, has done his darndest to show just what can happen when people marry unwisely but too well—and with no regard for the states in which they do it. Lew Cody is the polished and unprincipled husband of three wives—Helene Chadwick, Hedda Hopper and Carmel Myers. The hero—George Walsh.

THE OLD FOOL—Hodkinson

THIS belongs to the class of picture that starts with an interesting idea—and leaves it at the first turning. Why anyone who had hit upon as fruitful a theme as the tragedy of old age, exemplified in a pitiful veteran of the Civil War, should abandon it in favor of the conventional villains and smugglers, pursuits and rescues, is the kind of problem that is answered only in picture studios. The effect is a little like coining a prologue by Barrie with three acts of Samuel Shumman.

BROADWAY BROKE—Selznick

THERE'S nothing especially interesting about seeing a man drunk; but if you said you'd seen William Jennings Bryan in that state—!! Just so, in this film, a rather commonplace yarn is made interesting by tucking in Mark Twain, P. T. Barnum, August Daly and their Time. That part of Nellie Wayne's story is quite delightful, and the rest of it is made plausible and pleasant by the acting of Mary Carr, Marlyn Arshack, Macey Harlan, Henrietta Crosman, Frederick Burton and other distinguished players.

THE HEART BANDIT—Metro

VIOLA DANA holds her own as a tough little hard-hearted crook until an accident brings her in the clutches of a wealthy man (Milton Sills) with a dear old mother. The latter's influence makes a good girl of our Nell, whose personal acquaintance with crime helps her to rescue the hero from a nasty situation. The picture is innocuous enough, and may be guaranteed not to overtax the mentality of the Tired Business Man.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brothers

FOR some reason the gentle charm of Kathleen Norris' writing does not translate itself to the screen. Where the book was a success—the celluloid version is flat. Which may be blamed, perhaps, upon inadequate direction. Irene Rich is charming, but Monte Blue fails to register—he and the direction belong together! There is a forest fire, however, that lifts the picture above mediocrity. It is one of the best film fires, to date.

GRIT—Hodkinson

IF life were as full of guns and gangs as the pictures would have us believe all the insurance companies would be bankrupt. As it is, when the directors trot out more criminals and Chinese den we know we are back in Pictureville. Glenn Hunter is agreeable in this tale of a "yellow" crook, made so by the murder of his father. As usual, a girl "makes a man of him." Not new, but fairly interesting.

THUNDERGATE—First National

CHINA is a scene of a series of hectic happenings in this film produced on the popular theory that any means is justified by the end. It is very like a hundred others that have gone before, so that every turn and twist of the plot is known to the picture devotee as soon as he identifies the theme. However, you'll have the pleasure of viewing Owen Moore as a young American, and a Oriental Prince, which is something to live for.

Colgate's—Safe for a Lifetime

SAFETY is the important thing to consider in your dental cream. A gritty dentifrice may clean with greater speed than Colgate's—so would an emery wheel. Grit scratches teeth clean—but it also scrapes enamel. If you wish to keep your teeth for a lifetime, choose a dental cream that cleans by gently "washing," rather than by the scouring action of harsh grit.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is a safe, common sense dentifrice for which no "cure-all" claims* are made. It contains no grit to scratch your thin tooth enamel—no strong drugs to disturb the normal healthy condition of your mouth. Teeth brushed with Colgate's retain all their clean, natural beauty.

Colgate's "Washes" and Polishes

Does Not Scratch or Scour

Colgate's is a double-action dentifrice: (1)—its non-gritty chalk loosens clinging food particles; (2)—its mild soap gently washes them away. The taste of Colgate's is so pleasant that children use it regularly and willingly.

Colgate's is on sale today at your favorite store—25c for the large tube. Or, if you prefer a sample, clip the coupon below, fill out and mail it now.

*The U.S. Public Health Service, in the book, GOOD TEETH, (Keep Well Series, No. 17), page 14, says: "No medicine has ever been invented which will cure pyorrhoea, and the scourer this fact is recognized by both dentist and patient, the better for all concerned."

Truth in advertising implies honestly in manufacture

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. 8 199 Fulton Street
New York City

Please send me, free, a trial size of Ribbon Dental Cream

Name

Address

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
In quest of Beauty she found

HAPPINESS

S

O RUNS the legend of the princes who journeyed far and wide seeking Beauty. Wherever she found it, in the castle of the king or in the peasant’s cottage—there, too, dwelt Happiness.

There were three members, to start with. Sunshine Sammy gets the largest salary in the troop—$50 a week. But he isn’t a bit proud of himself. The only way in which he shows his superiority is in keeping a private tutor. By the way, Sammy’s real name is Frederick Ernest Morrison, and his father is a power on Central Ave. There isn’t a boy of his age in the colored district in Los Angeles who owns ice cream parlors, a candy factory, and a string of groceries, in that neighborhood. Sammy has four sisters, but they aren’t “in the profession.”

FRECKLES came all the way from Rock Springs, Wyoming, just to go into pictures. His father was a town actor of the old school. His career ended when he ran on the wrong screen, he decided that his son had more freckles than Freckles Barry had. So he packed up forthwith and came to Hollywood. Hand in hand, he and young Freckles tramped the streets for many a long day looking for work. The peculiar beauty of his son’s face seemed to be unappreciated. One day they happened to stop on the Roach lot just as Harold Lloyd was coming out of the gate. With a whoop of real delight, Harold grabbed the youngster and took him to Bob McGowan. Ten minutes later he had signed a contract to appear in “Our Gang” comedies.

McGowan picked Jacky Condon because he was what Mac calls a typical trailer. “Always got to be a kid trailing along in a gang,” said the director, pensively watching his small charges stand a place on the sidewalk for Sunshine Sammy to skate over.

To the original, have added three more. Fat Joe Cobb’s father was a successful lawyer practicing somewhere in Oklahoma. But he’d always had a yearning to come to California. To live. One day he saw one of the “Our Gang” comedies in his small town theater. Afterwards, he went home and looked long and lovingly at his son’s face, reposing on the pillow. Ten days later he’d signed out and brought “Fat” direct to the Roach studio. He’s been there ever since.

The only trouble with him was that when he arrived he couldn’t even laugh. Director McGowan had to take his face, like a piece of putty, work it into various expressions, and have him hold it while the camera worked. Since then he’s taught the youngster to use his facial muscles.

Fat is the hero of the only accident the company ever had. In “Derby Day” he fell off a corn cob and found himself out of the picture for a week. He is six years old, weighs sixty-five pounds, is one of the few people in Hollywood who isn’t interested in fat reducers, and has been wearing the same suit of clothes every two weeks, he grows so fast.

Next came Farina, the small colored person who is usually referred to on the lot as “It.” Sunshine Sammy’s father discovered Farina. And it must be admitted that Farina has—well, at least, a “disposition.” Yes, Farina has his likes and dislikes. He was fourteen months when he “joined up” and now he is nearly three.

Farina has been kidded by the “Gang” so much about wearing skirts in the pictures and playing girl parts, that he’s on the verge of a revolt. Valentine has something anyway of indicating his feelings. When everything is going all right and he’s happy, he keeps yelling, “Hot Dog—Hot Dog,” but when somebody else has the chance he’s about to kick McGowan on the ankles. He can’t kick any higher than that. When Farina is wearing heavy boots, such as he’s wearing in the bicycle picture shown on the first page of this article, Mac always has his eyes open. More than once, when he has been absorbed, Farina has come up in back of him with his diabolical purpose written all over his dusky little face.

Then one of the “Gang” warns him by yelling, “Look out Mac—Farina.”

Jacky Davis, Mildred Davis’ kid brother was next in line. He’s the youngest member, but this year Mildred insisted that he go to military school, much to his and the gang’s disgust.

And the last regular member to be added is little Mary Korman, the only girl who has ever “stuck.” She is the eight-year-old daughter of Harold Lloyd’s still photographer. Mary sees how her big brother is handled in the studio, cafe and one day finally persuaded her family to let her go to work.

The most wonderful thing on the lot is McGowan’s handpicked stock company. They adore him. When he appears on the screen they let out a war-whoop of delight. And yet they respect his authority to an amazing degree. His methods are simple.

He only tries to make them natural. He told me that he tried showing them just what to do and then rehearsing them. When it appeared on the screen they saw a lot of little Bob McGowans grimacing around.

“Children are such mimics, you don’t show them anything,” he said with a grin.

So he just decided to create them. “He says to them, for instance: “Now kids, we’re going to make a wild west picture. How would you like to hold up a stage coach?” They yell with glee and immediately they are off at their turn. He gets them to be the bandit and who’s going to drive the stagecoach. When they’ve settled this, he makes them build the coach.

NO prop man or carpenter goes with the company. Everything the kids use, they build themselves, exactly as real kids would have to build it if they wanted it. This is one of the things that McGowan adds to the realism not only of the scenic effects, but of the way in which the kids handle things. They also paint their own signs.

McGowan gives them cents for each “gang supply” they use. Freckles gets most of the gag money. He rather likes to hold up the action with the remark: “Now just a minute, Mr. McGowan, I got an idea for a good gag there.” Freckles is double-jointed, and many of his gags are based upon this anatomical fact.

It never takes more than two days to break a kid’s character. One day he is the innocent, the next he is the maniac. McGowan always scolds them in front of the other children, and he does it well and thoroughly. None of them are ever punished in any other way, but McGowan’s punishment of any of them a good “bawling out” at any time.

And no parents are allowed on the lot! That is absolute and final. Mac says he can’t handle the children, but not the parents. All the trouble, insubordination, jealousy, and strife that cause any real trouble arise, not from the kids, but from the grown-ups influenced by them.

Parents bring their offspring to the studio, turn them over to McGowan, and return for them when the day is over. Most of them have cars, but they aren’t the possible exception of Farina’s. Farina’s father bought a second hand flivver and repainted it himself. Farina was intensely interested in the job and when papa left it to dry, Farina made the fascinating discovery.
that he could make small handprints whenever he laid his black palm. Consequently, Farina’s gray linen—she is ornamental with a fresh of handprints around her base.

The children have to go to school four hours a day, and a regularly accredited public school teacher is employed. She goes on location with them, and conducts regular educational exercises whenever they are and with whatever children are not working at the moment.

McGowan himself was originally a Denver fireman. Between fires, he used to write scenarios. He sold same to the old Essanay companies and finally decided to come to Hollywood and become a regular scenario writer. It took exactly two months to get inside a studio and by that time he was putting cardboard in his shoes. His first job was sweeping a stage at Universal City. A year later he became an assistant director, finally went to the Roach lot as a director and demonstrated his marvelous ability to handle children.

He says the kids have never fallen down on him yet. He never asks them to do anything they are afraid to do, and he always tells them exactly what may happen if they do certain things. Their confidence in him is such that any of them would jump off a ten-story building if he said he’d catch them.

Sunshine Sammy has never but once refused to go through with a stunt. Mac explained the action to him like this. He said:

"Now Sammy, you’re going to be just casually strolling across the stage, just walking along, and the bear is going to be walking right after you."

"What’s that you say, Mr. McGowan?" asked Sammy, rolling an eye at the director.

"I said the bear would be walking right along behind you."

"You got that one word wrong, Mr. McGowan," said Sammy. "It’s any bear behind me when I come across that stage, he’s going to be running."

Next to McGowan, the idol of "Our Gang" is Harold Lloyd. When he comes to visit them, they stage a special rough house for his benefit, of which he is usually the center. They regard him as the greatest man on earth and their own special patron. They have never yet allowed him to depart upon or return from a trip without going down on his orders to the station. And since Mildred and his wife and Jacky’s sister, they have adopted her as their favorite screen actress.

Altogether, it must be pretty good fun to be a kid and belong to "Our Gang."

The Author's Rights

The right of an author to the proper presentation of his work in a play or picture has been upheld by the Appellate Division of New York state in the case of Frank L. Packard against a picture company. It is a decision which may have a far-reaching effect. Mr. Packard said that his story, "The Iron Rider," was produced for the screen, bore his title and his name as author, but was a different story. He sued, got a judgment, and, on the defendant's appeal, the Appellate Division ruled:

"The law is well settled that the author of a literary work possesses a property right therein and that such property right is subject to purchase and sale as the same as any other form of personal property and is subject to the same rules that govern the sale of other forms of personal property.

"Whatever rights the defendant acquired to use said story and in connection therewith were limited to the terms of the contract.

"When defendant exceeded the rights thus acquired and used plaintiff's name in connection with an entirely different story, defendant was appropriating something that it had not purchased from the plaintiff and for which it had given the plaintiff no value."

Shall the river work—or shall you?

Too many women, abroad, are still washing clothes like this.

They go to the river. Our American rivers are being trained to come to us. Water-wheels drive electric generators—thus water is supplied to your home, and electric current runs the washing machine which has banished so much toil.

Generations of travelers in Europe have seen women washing clothes, like the woman in this illustration, on the banks of rivers.

BACK OF EVERY GREAT STEP IN WOMAN'S PROGRESS FROM A DRUDGE TO A FREE CITIZEN HAS BEEN SOME LABOR-SAVING INVENTION. BECK OF MOST INVENTIONS IN ELECTRICITY'S PROGRESS FROM A MYSTERY TO A UTILITY HAS BEEN THE RESEARCH OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Beauty is skin deep

Removes the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DISCOVERY, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. Harmless, painless. Removes all surface blemishes, freckles, blackheads, discolorations, tan, eczema, acne, large pores, etc.

An incredible, stainless liquid. Contains no oil, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Bottle astounding. Ask your druggist or write for booklet "Magics of a New Skin."

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. CE, 30 E. 20th St., N.Y.
Play Yourself Into Popularity!

WHEREVER you go, if you play a banjo, a guitar, or a harmonica, there is applause awaiting you. At parties you're the center of interest. A new, greater popularity is yours.

And that is only one reward. You have your own satisfaction—a companion in times of loneliness. Also, new exciting possibilities open up through playing in dance orchestras and at entertainment, if you wish!

Easy to Learn

All this may easily be yours! No special talent is required. You need know nothing about music to start. A few minutes' practice a day—and you quickly gain a wholly new, more wonderful standing with your friends. Particularly this is true of the "Washburn," it is made for easy playing. Absolutely accurate scale makes pure tone production certain.

Washburn—The Supreme Banjo

The new "Washburn" Banjos bring new pre-emminence to a name famous above all others for many years. To the other technical superiority, has been added the "Art Cushion Reinforcement," the most advanced improvement in banjo history! Not only does this new feature increase Tone Volume, but it imparts a softness and mellowness found in no other make.

$29 to $350

The famous Style A Tenor Banjo, pictured above, is one of the most popular of the Washburn line. Others, equally supreme—standard banjos, tenor banjos, mandolin banjos, piccolo banjos—range in price from $350 for the gold-plated de luxe down to as low as $29.

Free Trial—Easy Terms!

Try this famous Style A (or any other model) for a week in your own home! Small monthly payments make it easy to own. Write for full information—TODAY!

LYON & HEALY

Inc.

Everywhere Known in Music

Est. 1864 • CHICAGO

Cats and Mail for Free Book!

LYON & HEALY

64-72 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me full details of your Easy Payment Plan and handsome 48-page Book on the instrument checked below:

[ ] Washburn Banjo
[ ] Washburn Mandolins
[ ] Washburn Guitars and Ukuleles

Name

Address

Dear reader who has a hint of musical talent, a new Washburn Banjo will put you ahead of the crowd. Write today for your free copy of "Easy Banjo Playing."

Washburn—the popular choice since 1864.

Friendly Advice

From

Carolyn Van Wyck

TT doesn't matter how cleverly a woman is dressed—it doesn't matter how becoming her hat may be, or how charming she is in a certain shade. If her shoes are wrong, the whole effect is spoiled. If her shoes are badly chosen, the tout ensemble is marred.

There was a time, of course, when it was hard to select shoes. There weren't so many clever designs to choose from. And, often, when a shoe was pretty, it lacked comfort. And when it was comfortable, it lacked something that the well-gowned woman terms "smart." But, this season, the shoe fashions are most elastic. And almost every shoe that is lovely is also practical. Take, for instance, the so-popular Colonial style. Built upon the splendid Goodyear welt, with a heel that is low enough to be perfect for walking, and that is high enough to be wearable for dinner or dress occasions. A shoe of this range can be worn upon a shopping trip, to a bridge, in the early afternoon, to the foie gras and to the less formal evening function. This shoe is the keynote of the mode, and its popularity tells—more than any style hint could possibly tell—the trend of the moment.

I have seen women spend hours with a hairdresser or a make-up artist and then go happily out with their feet carelessly dressed. I said happily out. Women who are badly shod seldom come happily home. It isn't long before they realize that something is wrong. And after that realization, it isn't a matter of many moments before the blame can be fixed. A woman whose feet are not looking their best becomes shoe-conscious. And when a woman is shoe conscious she is seldom able to walk with a carefree grace of movement.

Gloves, furs, jewelry—they are not able to conceal bad shoes! Bad shoes speak for themselves—just as good shoes speak for themselves. Longer skirts do not hide footgear. In fact, now that skirts are longer, shoes are more in evidence. Short skirts make the slipper, the oxford, too obvious to be interesting. But a delightfully dressed foot, peeping from beneath the hem of a lovely, long skirt, has an allure that is wholly and delightfully feminine.

I am not saying that a woman, if she is well shod, may overlook the other essentials of her toilet. No, indeed! But I do venture to tell you that no woman is ever gowned so charmingly, and in such exquisite taste, that she may neglect her shoes. "Feet first" should be the text, almost, of every modish woman.

Dorothy, San Francisco, Cal.

I think you are quite right in living up to your ideals and principles, even though it does cost you that effervescent thing called popularity. All men and boys do not Instant upon the so-called "petting parties"—save yourself, and your affection, for the right man who will come to you one day.

Plenty of girls who are not wealthy, who are not drunk, smoke or are too demonstrative, have masculine friends. You are silly to think otherwise.

Lillian S., Brooklyn, N.Y.

You are quite right—slippers are a most important item when one is going to a dance. With your black and silver, sleeveless frock, you have a choice of two sorts of foot wear. You may wear black slippers with cut steel buckles, or slippers fashioned of cloth of silver. The first should be worn with black chiffon hose; silver stockings will, of course, be best with the other choice.

A Puzzled Girl, New York City

With brown hair that holds a glint of gold, and with grey-blue eyes, you can wear nearly any color. In fact, if your complexion is fair, I can think of no shade that will be really unbecoming. Blues and greens will, perhaps, be best—also black. And the colder colors will be better for you than shades of red and orange. Powder in the naturelle shade, ashes of rose rouge, and a dark lip-stick will most surely suit your type.

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

Carolyn I'van Wyck is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive circles. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; to they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come in every one, the heartbreaks and the victories. She has not wished to talk to 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
May Breath

A spring-odor—not mere perfume

Whenever you meet people, guard your breath. There are nearly always odors which offend. Cigars or cigarettes may cause them. Or decaying food between the teeth. Or affected teeth or gums. Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks. Consider what a spring-like breath adds to all other charms. And how a bad breath destroys them.

Don't use a mere perfume to hide one odor with another. That suggests concealment.

May Breath combats the odor whether from the mouth or stomach. It is an antiseptic mouth wash made into tablet form. It both purifies and deodorizes. It brings to the breath the odor of purity, and at once. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion.

Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them. They eat a tablet whenever needed, and in every contact they are safe. You will always do this when you know. Let us buy a box to show you what it means. Cut out the coupon and present it at your store. Start now to end this grave offense.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.

GOOD FOR A 10c BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10c box of May Breath free. He will charge us. All leading druggists now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to be accepted at any future end, as long as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
Dept. M-23, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing

It's so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contract or simply in a social meeting. It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

One example, quite unconsciously you may notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerner, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really good dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—LAMBERT PHARMA-CAL CO., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 cents

Conn Saxophone

Book FREE

The saxophone is today's most popular instrument. And if you can read the saxophone, you can learn to play it.

Conn saxophones are in demand for orchestras and solo work. This Book explains exclusive features which make the Conn saxophone easiest to play, beautiful in tone, reliable in action. Tells why famous artists such as Isadore Jones, Paul Biese and scores more prefer the Conn.

Free Trial Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for bands or orchestras. Send today for Frohnt Book and details.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
Conn Building, Elkhart, Indiana

Girls! Girls!!

Save Your Hair With Cuticura


Cat Parties

at Hollywood

Cat parties. That's the very latest fad in Hollywood.

If you haven't even been to a cat party, you really don't know what life is all about. The object is to tell everything you know about everybody and a lot that you just think.

The women and girls of the film world work so hard during the day time that they seldom have time for the old fashioned cat party.

But the cat party substitutes and once every week or two, the male appendages are sent to the fights and the women congregate for an evening of gossip, hot chocolate and cake.

In fact, naturally these cat parties divide themselves into more or less exclusive little circles.

Norma Talmadge originated the name and gave several delightful ones in her Beverly Hills home.

Her guests usually included sister Connie and sister Natalie, and mother Peg, Ethel Gray Terry, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mrs. William S. Hart (Winifred Westover), Mrs. Tom Ince, Frances Marion, Anne pallette, and Mrs. Earle Williams.

The smart younger set is also given to cat parties—and includes Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Anna Q. Nalbandian, Marie Mosquini, and Kathleen Clifford.

Then of course there are the "sub-debs"—something like that. Headed by May McAvoy, this little cluster boasts such charm and beauty as Colleen Moore, Mildred Davis, Helen Ferguson, Pauline Starke, Virginia Valli, Lois Wilson, Gloria Hope, Yola Vale, Jessie Love and Patsy Ruth Miller. Of course there are several other groups—and it's lots of fun.

Colonial Furnishings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92)

is an easy chair, with a slip cover of glazed chintz in a very small floral pattern. Next it is a small tripod table for books, magazines, and a pipe, and the foreground is a wooden seated, fan-back Windsor chair of dull rubbed oak or walnut.

On the left of the fireplace is a sofa of old-fashioned type. Its carvings are some of the most delicate in the Empire, and it probably crept into use through French influence in Louisiana. Next this is a large, upholstered chair, covered with a large patterned cretonne, perhaps the same pattern as the draperies. And in the foreground is a gate-legged table and another wood bottomed chair of New England origin. Because of the fabric, the patterned rugs and draperies, the covering of the sofa should be in some dark material. Black, or dark blue wool tapestry would do. The polished wood and carvings of the frame would relieve this of any somberness. It is in the fittings and accessories of such a room that utmost care should be used. First, we take the fireplace and over-mantel. The fireplace furniture should be polished brass andirons and fire tools. The old bed-warming pan lends a quaint note. The pierced brass fender around the grate is an influence which can be carried. The added touch is very severely simple, perhaps a portrait. In the room illustration a Willard clock is used, and its dark case, with the inserts of painted glass and the gilt spread wing eagle on top, emphasizes the simplicity of the group. On the mantel shelf are candle sticks in either polished brass or pewter. Remember that over-decoration will spell even the best of rooms. Decoration in Colonial rooms is severely simple, and the brightness or high color of the decorative object carries the accent.

PICTURES can be painted portraits, landscapes, or still life, though these should be chosen with care. You will make fewer mistakes in colored French and English prints, etchings, silhouettes, samplers and needlework of the period. These should be framed in narrow dull gold, or black frames with mats. Law books and memoranda in accordion paper, or parchment decorated, are proper with plain pottery bases. The floor lamps should be plain wrought iron, or bronze standards of classic motifs. Oriental rugs are the crowning touch, as the oriental quality of Colonial that lends it its charm, and is the chief reason for the continued use of this really fine and decorative kind of furnishing. Each piece of the set is either left plain, or be decorated with a bit of brass or pewter. Next this desk type, the floor was often painted some pleasing shade of green, brown, or even gray. If your present floor is of hardwood, then it will be in perfect keeping if it is cleaned, dyed a natural tint, and waxed to a high polish. The floors of a great many Colonial homes were covered with Oriental rugs (spools of Eastern shipping) but we think that these produce home manufacture, the hooked, and the rag rug, will give more of the American spirit. Such a rug is illustrated. It is of the New England hooked variety, and its brilliant, but warm and blending, colors give accent to any floor.

The woodwork in Colonial rooms is usually white, or light cream. Tints of light green and gray are sometimes used. In the room which we are describing here the woodwork is white.

And next come hangings, subject dear to the heart of every home lover, yet one fraught with problems. A very noted decorator once told me that it would be far easier for people to decorate a room if they first plastered their hangings first, and then the wall paper. I think this is true, because you can always match wall paper to draperies, yet it is difficult always to match them to plaster. If your room is formal, then the draperies should be some tone of self-figured, or contrasting figured damask of the English period. But fabric of this kind is expensive, and not all of us can afford it. Then the draperies can be large-patterned and colorful. If the paper is patterned and colorful, then the draperies should be small-patterned, or plain. Add to the illustration a ruled edge dotted swiss, with tie backs, and you will have a range of possibilities that you can use to your advantage. The curtains—should be made with some sort, and the draperies can either fall straight, or be tied back with a self, or contrasting color. The furniture selected for the room is of many types. A large and beautiful fireplace is the old type of desk with its tall back chair. The desk is of the type usual to the period. It can also be had in the shaped front known as the "Govt." Then the top of the desk can either be left plain, or be decorated with a bit of brass or pewter. Next this desk...
Oh, Why Did They Name You Priscilla?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

to forget your face. Besides, life is too short. If I had to give up all those things, I'd rather be dead right now. I don't believe people care about these pinning-away beauties. They'd rather have a little health and vigor and life in a woman."

And she meant it. Tennis, swimming, her dogs, her horses, golf, are the things that really are important in her life, next to her work. Even in the evening, with her lighted, thick mahogany hair done in stately simplicity about her lovely little head, in a distinguished evening gown and the proper jewels, she suggests outdoors.

She's a dog-woman. Her dogs are really a part of her life. And they worship her. She has all kinds. She has a pair of prize-winning shepherd (police) dogs, she's collected various sorts and varieties. A Los Angeles paper recently had a story that the pond was going to put out of the way a number of lost and homeless dogs unless someone rescued them by noon the next day. Priscilla dashed out frantically, the picture of the eleven pathetic and nondescript puppies in her hand, to find them all gone but one extremely forlorn little doggie, who looked as though he combined a little bull, with a little wire-haired fox terrier, a dash of dachshund and a tribe of pug. Priscilla loaded him into her plush-lined limousine and hugged him all the way to Beverly Hills.

One of the most illuminating experiences you can possibly have is to ride in a limousine with Priscilla. She is a splendid driver herself. As a rule I dislike driving with women—Priscilla and Dorothy Head are the only two with whom I feel perfectly safe.

Priscilla pilots a roadster with dash- ing grace and with the minimum of danger and the maximum of speed. But once inside a limousine, with a chauffeur at the wheel, she is terrible. She clutches the speaking tube to her breast, glues the mouthpiece to her lips, plants both feet on imaginary brakes and stares frantically out the window. When the big car shoots through a little intense traffic—and traffic is very intense in Hollywood, believe me—Priscilla begins to do her stuff with the speaking tube.

Priscilla was born and brought up in the theater. It's the very breath of life to her. She made her first appearance with her mother, a well known leading woman, when she was a baby.

And I hope she'll put some of that splendid energy, some of that vital personality, back on her pictures. Her experience with Universal was an unhappy one. But we'd all welcome back to the screen the old Priscilla Dean. And by the way, why, oh why, did they call you Priscilla? It should have been Patricia, or Carmelita, or Delphine, or even Geraldine—but never, never Priscilla.

CHARLES STEVENSON, formerly Kate Claxton's husband and Mrs. Leslie Carter's leading man, is Adonis Sr., of Hollywood. Mr. Stevenson's good looks have not diminished with the years. He preserves them and his strength by as much life out of doors as possible.

To carry out this purpose he purchased an automobile. The machine behaved very well on the open road but grew capricious and ran through the wall of its garage. A few days later it repeated the caper. Shortly afterward, while on the highway, another car ran into it. Whereupon Mr. Stevenson sadly sold his capricious treasure.

"Even a rattlesnake gives only three warnings," he said.
of her patience and decided to eject her no-paying guest, but in a kindly moment, modified her intent.

Instead of thrusting him and his few belongings into the street, she compromised, in an interview during which she spoke sharply, and he said nothing.

"You can stay in the room," she announced.

"I'm a long-sufferin' woman, but times are hard and money's scarce, and I can't be feedin' ye for nothin' a week. Get me the money as soon as ye can. From now on, ye'll be boardin' yerself somewhere else."

"Thank you, Mrs. Rooney," he said, when it was over. "It will be only a matter of days till I have plenty of money."

Marie comforted him, patted his shoulder, told him he was a great man and prophesied that the film gentlemen would undoubtedly see the true qualities of his master work. After the Rooney edict was in effect, Marie smuggled plates of food to the room in the attic.

Joh NP watched the letter-man day by day, listened to hear him come clacking up the walk and knock upon the front door. He waited in vain. The postman came regularly, but it was with parcels and letters for the more fortunate lodgers. On one fateful morning, John telephoned and a private secretary, a genuine private secretary, in the film offices talked with him about his work.

"It has been read," said the secretary, "by several experts in our studio. They are opposed to it. But this is not a final judgment. You will have to wait until our president returns from New York."

"He waited, miserably. He began to despair. "I have failed at everything else in life," he told Marie. "In this, I cannot fail. They simply do not understand my idea. It is the finest and most powerful note ever struck in this new art. And they cannot see it—fools."

"Have a drink of nice warm tea," Marie urged him. She had brought it with considerable risk to herself and her job.

"I know I have talent," he repeated and Marie nodded vigorously. "All I ask is a chance—just a single chance to show the American public that a true artist has come into the motion pictures."

"You will have your chance," she declared. "They will take your story and make a beautiful picture from it."

"I hope so," he answered grimly. "Some day I may be a director, and then you will see moving pictures. They are wrong in the studios. Their methods are wrong. Their ideas of life are silly."

The days passed remorselessly and the hope of success died in the bosom of John Smith. Daily the muffler made his rounds, and daily brought disappointment for John. Marie never ceased in her bright efforts to cheer him up, but when the weeks had turned into months, and when no word came, no news of any kind, the artist-soul of John Smith rebelled.

He had stood it as long as he could. Mrs. Rooney was the least of his troubles. In his earlier years, as he told Marie, failure and disappointment had dogged them, and they were still at their heels. It may have been the lack of regular, sustaining food that finally broke his spirit, but whatever the cause, with nothing to live for and nothing to look forward to, he determined to kill himself.

He forgot little Marie, the faithful one, or else dismissed her from his mind. In his scheme of things, she was lovely enough, but a lesser figure. Mrs. Rooney appeared on the morning of a fateful Saturday with final and peremptory demand for money, immediate money, or her attic room.

THE BEST MOVING PICTURES OF 1922-1923

CONTAINING

Who's Who in the Movies and the Year Book of the American Screen

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Foremost authority on movie topics; movie editor of Life, New York Herald; contributor to Screenland and Photoplay.

The Yearly Record of the Screen!

ACCLAIMED BY CRITICS

"A book which I am certain will meet with widespread approval."—Herold Lloyd.

"Praiseworthy to All."—The movies have at last come into the town."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"First complete book in its field."—New York World.


"Recommends to ardent fans."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"Every follower of the films should have the Sherwood book."—Washington Times.

At bookstores, or sent direct, on receipt of 2.00

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY

Dept. A, 41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

MAH JONG SET $1

Complete with 136 tiles, cards and dice. All the fun at a $1 set. Why pay more?

ECONOMY SERVICE COMPANY

322 Hennepin, Dept. H, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE BEST MOVING PICTURES OF 1922-1923

CONTAINING

Who's Who in the Movies and the Year Book of the American Screen

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Foremost authority on movie topics; movie editor of Life, New York Herald; contributor to Screenland and Photoplay.

The Yearly Record of the Screen!

ACCLAIMED BY CRITICS

"A book which I am certain will meet with widespread approval."—Herold Lloyd.

"Praiseworthy to All."—The movies have at last come into the town."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"First complete book in its field."—New York World.


"Recommends to ardent fans."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"Every follower of the films should have the Sherwood book."—Washington Times.

At bookstores, or sent direct, on receipt of 2.00

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY

Dept. A, 41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

MAH JONG SET $1

Complete with 136 tiles, cards and dice. All the fun at a $1 set. Why pay more?

ECONOMY SERVICE COMPANY

322 Hennepin, Dept. H, Minneapolis, Minn.
"A few days more," he pleaded. "Give me another week."

"All right," she said, wearily. "One week and only one week. Seven days and no more."

"Thank you," he said. "And at the end of a week, your troubles with me will be no more."

"I hope so," she said.

His room was bare as he contemplated it in the sunlight of Saturday morning. Gone long ago were the little things of value, sold to pay his meager way, and there remained only an object of sentiment. It stood upon the mantelpiece and had been there since the day John moved into the room, a cut glass tray, supporting an elaborate pitcher and seven wine-glasses. The other five were gone. John had kept the remains of the set because it was his mother's, a gift to her on her wedding day.

Marie had noticed and admired the pitcher and John told her about the glasses and laughingly added that they were of too little value to sell.

Now, having decided to die, he searched about him for the means. He possessed no revolver and shuddered at the thought of using one. There was no gas jet in the room.

"Seven days and no more," Mrs. Rooney's words returned to him. There were seven glasses upon the mantel, and, as he looked up, a gleam of sardonic humor filled his eyes. Die, of course, but why not die neatly and with originality? He was not a coward and the thought of death was not appalling, but a fine relief.

"That will be the way," he muttered.

He put on his hat and hurried out and down the stairs. When he returned, he bore a flask of red California wine, and in his vest pocket a small phial of the white powder that was forever to end his difficulties.

He ranged the seven glasses on the table and filled each in turn from the flask. Taking the phial, he poured the white powder into one of the glasses, and then turning his back upon the table, he shuffled the glasses about, carefully, so as not to spill the wine. In a moment the poisoned wine was lost among its six harmless brothers. John turned and faced them. The wine shone in each clearly. The fatal glass was there, but which of them it was he did not know.

* * *

He placed the seven glasses in a row upon the mantel and faced them with a grim smile. There was humor in what he was going to do, a touch of excitement.

"One each day," he said aloud. "I have gambled with life and lost, and now I gamble with death."

He paced to and fro for several moments, wondering if there was anything he had left undone before taking the step. He was, he assured himself, quite ready to die, if by chance the first glass in the line was the fatal one.

He had no regrets, save Marie, who would be disillusioned, at least for a while. He was sorry for Marie, with her gay smile and her ready word of encouragement.

On the stroke of four o'clock, with the afternoon sun throwing a beam across his little room, John stepped to the mantelpiece, lifted the first glass in the gleaming row and drained it at a gulp. He replaced the glass and waited, standing motionless with the sun shining upon his thin face. Presently the look of expectation faded from his blue eyes and he smiled. He was not to die that day, at least, for the poison, he knew, was the kind that worked quickly.

"Reprieved," he said with a laugh, "for a day."

Sunday morning, contrary to his usual custom, he declined to walk into the foothills with the building kids.

"I don't feel like myself, today," he explained. "It will be better for me to stay at home. Go by yourself."

She was disappointed, and worried, too, over his haggard appearance. He reassured her, persuading her with difficulty that there was nothing seriously the matter with him.
For the Perfection of the Complexion

In her unceasing efforts to preserve and enhance her beauty, the American woman is turning more and more toward established products.

For more than forty years Kremola has played a prominent part in the daily toilet of women of discrimination.

As an approbation of the proven quality and readily licensable prestige of this exquisite cream, its sales are growing constantly in every part of the country. Kremola removes every deterriment to a perfect complexion. All blemishes disappear before its magic powers.

In addition to being a perfect face bleach, Kremola tones up the tired and jaded complexion.

We have as yet to find a complexion which will not be instantly benefited by Kremola.

For sale by leading druggists everywhere. Price $1.25 Postpaid.

DR. C. H. BERRY CO.
2975 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

Children's Musterole-Mild

Of course, you know good old Musterole; how quickly, how easily it relieves rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbago.

We now want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE, and especially for use on infants and small children.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE is just good old Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for the relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Keep a little white jar of Children's Musterole handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother. The price is so small—53¢ a jar—no mother can afford to be without it.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Master the Art of Piano Playing!

Easily - In Spare Time - At Home!!!

Free Book Shows the New Way!

Send for Prof. Feuchtinger's free book, "A Glorious Art Made Easy," this book tells of a most astounding new discovery in piano technique—simple, yet scientific—which makes it easy for anybody to play the piano and become a finished artist! Prof. Feuchtinger's marvelous new system of piano playing and piano technique can be learned at home, in one-fourth the usual time, without a teacher!

Win Popularity and Success

The skilled player is always in demand! Learn to play the piano and be the leader in popularity—the center of every social gathering. This great accomplishment will help you up the road of fame. How can you afford to miss it? Sensational Book FREE!!!

This book, "A GLORIOUS ART MADE EASY," is yours for the asking. Write for it today—it's FREE.

R. S. A. NATIONAL PIANO COLLEGE
1810 Wilson Ave. Studio 1133, Chicago

And again, at four o'clock, John stepped into the sunshine and drank the second glass. It was harmless, too. He was reprimanded for his second, and so it went. For six days he confronted the row of wine-filled glasses and drank, without fear, one each afternoon. And now it was again Saturday, and there remained on the mantel some of the seven. Twice that day, which was to be his last, he avoided Mrs. Rooney, whose temper was bad and patience at an end. Marie was frightened by a nameless dread and she sent him from the studio room several times, on the pretext of work. The afternoon dragged on towards four, and John waited miserably and impatiently. When the clock began its slow chiming, he jumped to his feet and walked to the mantel, with its array of six empty glasses—and one with wine.

"And now," he said bitterly, "the end."

His hand was steady as he reached forth and took the seventh glass. He raised it to his lips without a tremor, paused an instant and then drank. He stood quietly waiting for the blow to fall, for his body to crumble and sink like an empty bag.

THERE was a knocking on his door, and without lifting a finger he opened it and entered.

"A letter for you," he said briskly. "It just came, so I brought it up to you."

He tossed it on the table, looked curiously at the motionless figure before the mantel, and went away. John forgot to thank him. He glanced at the envelope and saw that it was a slim, pale blue paper, and that it bore the name of the great film corporation.

He tore it open, quickly, before his fingers numbed.

"You are," it said, after a formal greeting, "a man of true genius in a world where genius is rare. We are proud to have your story, because it is a great and extraordinary thing, and will undoubtedly change the future of the films. You are already a great man, and you will be greater, and so acknowledged, when we make this picture from your story and display your talents to the world.

"We want to see you and know you, and will esteem it a privilege. Money will be spent without stint in the effort to do justice to the magnificent idea contained in your epic tale. Come to the city tomorrow; so that we may talk over plans for the future. Enclosed is the check for one thousand dollars, which you may consider as first payment upon whatever proves to be the finest motion picture so far made."

It was signed by the president, the official who had been in New York.

John looked at the check and let it flutter to the table top. It was real. It was one thousand dollars. He touched it with reverent fingers, and, outside his door, the restless Mrs. Rooney coughed, rattled the knob and then caved in.

"You’ll be movin’ out tonight," she said sourly. "There’s no chance of you gettin’ no money for me."

"All right," he said quietly. "I’ll be getting out—soon."

"Tonight," she insisted.

He bowed his head and waved her away, and the old woman left the room, muttering. He was a queer duck, she said; she never saw the likes of him. . . . Marie pattered down the hall, waiting for Mrs. Rooney to descend the stairs. She stopped opposite the open door, and her eyes were red with weeping. The tears had little ragged paths down her cheeks. When she came to John, it wasn’t an easy hand upon the table, as though to brace himself, and his face was deathly. Marie approached him and hung her head.

"Crying, John," she said. "What are you crying about? Why should you cry over a trifling little row? Look at me. I am not crying, and God knows, I have cause to."

He shifted listlessly his feet and sank into a chair. His thoughts were not of Marie, but of the poison, and of the curious fact that, as yet, he felt no..."
pain, no sensation of any kind, except a strange lassiness. Why was he not dead, he wondered.

"I am crying," Marie's voice broke in upon his thoughts, "because I have done you an injury, and I have been afraid to tell you about it."

"I have injured myself," John said. "No one else has injured me."

"I have," she insisted, turning her face to him. "It was last Tuesday. I was dusting the room in your absence, and though I was careful, an accident happened."

He looked at her without curiosity, his thoughts upon his-delayed death.

"My dust brush struck one of the little wine glasses," she continued bravely. "It fell from the mantel and was smashed on the stone, and the wine spilled."

The look in John's eyes slowly changed.

"I was afraid to tell you," she went on with determination. "I knew how you prized the glasses from your mother, so I was a coward."

"I went out to the ten-cent store and bought another little glass, exactly like the one I broke. I filled it with wine from Mrs. Rooney's jug in the cellar, and put it back upon the mantel with the others... Can you forgive me, John?"

She burst into fresh tears and fell upon her knees at his side. He rose unsteadily and stood swaying... He was not to die at all. Life spread out before him again, a glorious prospect. He was to live and be a great man, and see his masterpiece produced by the corporation.

"Marie," he said weakly, "my life was mine, but now it is yours. It belongs to you... God!"

He suddenly began dancing like a mad man, and Marie had never seen him dance. He bounded about the room, shouting at the tops of his lungs, and the girl surveyed him in dumb bewilderment. He shook her violently, swung her from her feet, kissed her until her lips ached.

"See," he shouted, throwing the check to her. "I am rich. Now I have money. You, too, shall be rich, Marie. We shall be married, because I belong to you for evermore, and..."

She had seen the fine things that money can buy. You will never work again, and you will live in a beautiful home."

MARIE stared at the check. Mrs. Rooney made her way up the stairs, attracted by the weird noises from a hitherto noiseless room. She looked in from the door.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded.

"Look, woman," he shouted. "Money—money for everyone."

Mrs. Rooney took the check and read it slowly. John Smith sat upon the sofa, with Marie in his arms, rocking to and fro and chattering unintelligibly.

And there, good people, all, our story ends, because the legend of Hollywood goes no further, or if it goes further, I have been too inapt to tell its path... I do not know if John Smith married Marie. I do not know if his masterpiece was produced and carried him to fame and fortune, nor do I know the name of the wonderful picture.

As I said in the beginning, I have been unable, in many investigations, to ferret out this fellow. I merely tell you the story, as I heard it from many mouths, and I confess that I am as curious today as ever to know what became of this mysterious man, whom I have called John Smith.

For all I know, he may now live next door to me in Hollywood, or next door to you. His automobile may be, at this instant, standing at the curb before your house, and he may be a prominent figure in the daily life of the town.

He may be a failure, still plodding in a furnished room, with another Mrs. Rooney... Whatever his present state, you know as much about him as I do.

Marry in haste and pay rent in Paris—Town Topics.
The Autobiography of Pola Negri

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

that work in the studio had to be suspended during the winter months.

It was at the suggestion of a Berlin dramatic critic that M. Davidson finally undertook the production of "Du Barry," retitled "Passion" for the United States. The critique I received was particularly qualified for the role of the little fated-trick milliner. A play of French historical background seemed the height of folly at that time, with feeling so bitter between Germany and France. However, I had the advantage of free prejudices in matters of art. So, just as we in Warsaw presented the German play, Sodomen's Erde, while the Germans were surging toward our gates, Mr. Davidson and the members of the company courageously undertook "Du Barry." I had no connection with the character of Du Barry. How I knew the soul of that little milliner! Like me, she was the daughter of an irate fate. Next to Carmen I like the role of Du Barry the best of all I've played. I read every available book in which she figured. Never have I known a company to work with such harmony and inspiration as for that production. We were a family. With the Lubitsch directing, Emil Jannings playing the king, and an assemblage of the best players in Germany, my ambition was fired. There was no "star," we were one for all and all for one.

DO not believe in star pictures; each part should be played for its worth. A star does not gain public favor by holding the major footage of a film. On the contrary, I would rather have less than my legitimate share so that people might go away saying they could have seen more of me. In "The Spanish Dancer," my favorite American picture, I deliberately sought an all-star standard. My success on the screen was as an actress playing a role, surrounded by actors of such caliber as Emil Jannings, whom I regard as the possessor of genius. Roles were not re-fashioned to display my talents, no foolish "sympathy" was injected to ensure regard for me personally. I played my part for what it was worth and so I received credit as an actress rather than as a personality.

We had to overcome obstacles in making "Passion." There was a scarcity of materials, general discontent among laborers, and a political situation that made any investment hazardous. To balance these handicaps, we had a triumphant zeal and faith in our success.

But I never imagined America would receive me as she did. When the echo of the reception given me at the Capitol theater in New York reached Berlin, I was overcome with pleasure. I had had sufficient confidence in myself to believe that I might become famous in Europe, but never did I dream of winning America so short a time.

I was beshadled by the congratulations, the flowers and the offers received from representatives of American film companies. Only once before had I experienced such joy in success—that was on the night of my debut in Warsaw.

After completing "Passion," I went to Warsaw for a visit with my mother. I had become a celebrity, and was received by the people as a queen. I became so half-dazed, indignant when I was halted at the Polish border, upon my return trip to Berlin, and almost-suspected that I could not take my jewels out of Poland. It was one of those curious arbitrary rules that sprung into effect during the chaos following the war.

I was so indignant at the injustice that I demanded to see the commandant. When I entered his office I was furious, prepared to indict him in no uncertain manner. . . . Instead, I married him a few weeks later.

Count Eugene Dombki was a charming gentleman with estates at Sasinowskie in

snow

white

Shining in its snowy whiteness is the toilet bowl cleaned with Sanis-Flush. Spots and stains vanish, without scrubbing or rubbing. No hard work. Simply sprinkle Sanis-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush.

Nothing else will do this work. Nothing else can reach the hidden, unhealthful trap and make it absolutely clean and sanitary. Sanis-Flush destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Sanis-Flush5 saves your time and does the work better. Always keep it handy in the bathroom.

If out at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-size can.

The HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Sanis-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

KEEP YOUR EYES YOUNG
VAH-DAH CREAM is the cream especially compounded to quickly erase crow's-feet and fine lines. It makes the sensitive skin around your eyes youthfully firm and smooth.

$1.00 Postpaid with directions for the famous Quinion Eye Treatment.
Write me your beauty problems and send for my booklet—
"Last Beauty Pass You By" 

Kathleen Mary Quinion
Established 1899
665-D Fifth Avenue, New York

New Easy Way to learn Fancy Dancing

Right at Home!

Let your mind develop the steps that your fancy dancing instructor has taught you. Ideal manual for everyone, trained and untrained. . . .

Motion Picture Education Company
1,2,3,4 Fifth Ave., New York

Factory to Rider

Free phone service 45 to 55 on the Ranger line.

FOR FREE catalogue of tires and tubes, delivered direct to your garage, send 10c in stamps. Free phone service at half price. Orders filled only for manufacturers. Absolutely no salesmen. Write to

FORD TREADLE TIRE CO.
Dept. F-40 Chicago
Poland, and there I came as his wife, following my completion of the film "Sunburn," exhibited here as "One Arabian Night.

I was married just a year and a half. My husband wished me to give up my work and take my social position as the countess. I could not do it. Happily as I was during the first few months of marriage, I felt constantly the urge of my ambition. My work was really my first love. It had lifted me from poverty, restored my mother to health and comfort and given me a position in the world of art that I loved.

As I have said, in work I find my philosophy of life. I am not speaking in the manner of Polyeuctus when I say that service is the solution of life. I am speaking practically as one who has found the greater happiness in service. With me it has been service in art; but the object does not matter, it's the serving. The finest work ever done was writing letters for those Russian boys in the soldiers' hospital, because I regard it as service in the finest cause. That is why I call it the loveliest moment of my life.

Perhaps the time will come when I wish to give up my work. The right to change one's mind is the particular prerogative of woman. I would like a home, but it is difficult to serve two masters, and now my work possesses me.

I met Charlie Chaplin the first night of his visit to Berlin during his trip abroad. I was with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kaufman, at the Palais Heinroth, a fashionable Berlin restaurant, when Mr. Chaplin was presented to me. Although I had heard his name, I did not know his position in the film world and I had never seen one of his pictures. During the years of war no American films came to Berlin, and Chaplin, along with the other American stars, was practically unknown. Inasmuch as he complimented me upon my work, however, I told him that I thought him one of the world's greatest artists. I thought I was being very clever in my diplomacy; I learned later that he was quite as clever—he had never seen any of my pictures!

Mr. Chaplin has great charm of personality. He is boyish, enthusiastic and delightful in conversation. We met at several parties and I enjoyed seeing him give impersonations at several little affairs. He is always the actor, never losing an opportunity to indulge in mimicry or burlesque.

Our association in Berlin, far from being romantic, was quite casual. I admired him as a personality and as an artist. Indeed, at that time, I was charmed by all the American men I was meeting. Their deferential attitude toward women is quite different from the attitude of the European man. Americans treat every woman as though she were a queen. That I like! I have since learned that the American press was amused by my salutation of the famous Mr. Chaplin. I squandered all the English I knew upon him in one magnificent outburst. I told him, "What a jolly fellow you are!" Wishing to pay him a compliment in German he asked Mr. Kaufman how to say "I adore you." But what he really said to me was "I think you are a piece of cheese!" Naturally I was astounded and angered by such impertinence . . . and Charlie was more astounded by the effect his intended compliment had upon me. The amusement of our friends soon revealed the trick they had played on us; Mr. Kaufman had given poor Charlie the wrong phrase!

About this time I was suffering terribly from the criticism directed at me by the German press. They knew, of course, of my Polish sympathies, and, next to the French, the Polish people were the most unpopular with the Germans directly following the war. When they learned that I was giving money to Polish organizations, they took the opportunity to attack me openly. They said I was making my money in Germany and giving it to Germany's enemy, Poland. In vain I explained that I was giving it, not to the Polish militaire, but to charity, just as I had given to...
German charity. They misunder-tood me, and I was promptly removed. I did appreciate the patronage they had given me. At the same time I felt I had a right to dispose of my money as I chose.

Perhaps I was tactless. In any event, I felt I could no longer endure the unfriendliness in Berlin, and I went to the states I had purchased at Bydgosce—called Bromberg by the Germans—there in Poland. There I was given welcome so truly affectionate that I forgot all my troubles, for it was there I had been spending most of the money. I had established on my estate a home for Polish child orphans.

The first money I received from America under my American contract I used to take care of two hundred war orphans. It was little enough to do, considering what Americans did for the unfortunate people of my country. I still maintain that orphanage on my estates, supervised by my mother.

After rest and happiness with those who loved me, I returned to Berlin to start work on my American contract "Montmartre," directed by Ernst Lubitsch. "Montmartre" was the last picture I made in Germany; but it was not scheduled for release in America until after "The Spanish Dancer." The part I play in the picture is one of my favorite roles, perhaps because my heart was so gay while doing it. I enjoyed it. The picture has been made, and for four months I studied English in preparation.

I was asked upon arriving in America what picture had made me noted. I replied, "Broadway at night." Next month I will tell you of my impressions of America. of New York and of Hollywood.

She's a Regular Trooper (continued from page 64)

—by all this splendor. We dashed hither and thither trying to make a choice.

And, for one, had forgotten all about Leah Baird.

So I gave it a terrific kick to find her still doing business at the same old stand, as it were. Making her own pictures for a faithful and devoted public. Still the dramatic ideal of lots of people who never heard of Pola Negri. Cleaning up a fully little fortune on each of her economically-produced, cleverly-handled, well-handled nickel pictures. The nickels and dimes into the box office, where they never knew it would cost more to get into a movie, while $2 top starred a few blocks away.

It was really amazing to find that, while we ranted and raved about this and that, Leah Baird had gone serenely and wisely on her way, kept her place in the hearts of the masses, without flaire of trumpets. That, as the whirlwind died down, her productions were beginning to creep back to Broadway, to be noticed by every advertiser and applauded by the big cities once more.

In all frankness, Leah Baird admits she makes pictures for the masses. "A simple story of truth and melodrama, that's what I write," said I, "Let Baird, with that big, warm, hearty smile of hers, "I like it. I give 'em what I believe the majority of people want. I heard it's art—but if it isn't, that's all right, too."

She has been married for many years to her producer, Arthur Beck. She was born in Chicago, Chicago, but has a host of friends, particularly among the struggling young actors and actresses of the colony.

Legal Advice

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my little cutie."

Hang a scrap on each shapely limb.

And be a lovely being.

—Twin Topis.
The Love Dodger

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

silence. Young Cleveland Brown knotted his tie with unnecessary violence. If he could have pierced the veil of the future he would probably have hung himself with it.

"Let me tell you about this Connable kid," said Scoop Wilson seriously. "Some fresh director promised her a job and she gave up her place in the Follies and spent her money to get out here—and of course you know what happened. She gave him the raspbery and now he's black-listed her and she supports a mother and a couple of kid sisters or something back home. You know how tough it is to break in. If you'll let this story run about and not deny it—it wouldn't hurt you—it'd make her."

"What'd you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Engaged to you she'd be worth a million dollars to some of these producers. Probably could get a contract. Later you could break it off, mutually. It'd be a great, big, fine thing to do. You'd be giving a poor, helpless young woman a chance."

Cleveland Brown glanced at the paper. Certainly in those ragged pants and that torn shirt, with those bare toes, she looked pathetic enough. Poor kid. It was a tough role.

Cleveland Brown looked about him helplessly. "I suppose I couldn't come right out and deny anything, could I?" he asked.

"No. No. Terrible. Nervy little kid, too. I'll just go down and tell the gang you've nothing to say, they'll have to see her.

"X—now Scoop," said Cleveland Brown nervously, "you go easy. Don't—you know—don't go off on any of your nut ideas. Be conservative."

"Right," said Scoop, "and then I'll fix it for you to meet her."

"I don't want to meet her. Do I have to meet her? I don't have to meet her, do I? What should I do?"

"Well, it might not be a bad idea to know your fiancée by sight," said Scoop Wilson dryly, "besides, it'll pep you up to take a classy little lunge like that to be Bullock's for dinner. And boy, she can dance."

"I can't," said Cleveland Brown.

"You will," said Scoop merrily, "and until you've danced with Ray Connable, you ain't done nothing."

"Scoop," said Cleveland Brown, "I think maybe—

"Sorry," said Scoop soothingly, "it'll do you good. Anyway, you'll be crazy about this girl. She's a good kid."

"But I don't want to be crazy about her," wailed Cleveland Brown desperately.

"Do I look nice? Do I? Do I?"

Ray Connable, late of the Follies, faced the mirror with a passionate intensity. From behind her, Ella could see the little knot of muscles tighten just in front of her ears.

"Do I?" she demanded, stamping her foot with viri-him-ence.

"You look perfectly swell, Miss Ray, perfectly swell. I've already told you that one hundred times. Either you think I'm a liar or your memory is getting defective."

"Do I look nice enough? asked Ray Connable, and she gave a funny, breathless laugh.

Ella moved ponderously around and stood in front of the smart little figure.

"Tell me the truth," said Ray Connable, "tell me if there's anything wrong. Is my mouth on right? Should I have had my hair touched again? My God, I'm so nervous my throat won't swallow. I'm going to faint. Ella."

The giant colored woman laid steady hands on the restless, white shoulders. "It's the first time, then, Miss Ray. Now you stop. After all, he ain't nothing but a man. There's a sight of women got it on you for looks, Miss Ray. But for ginger and pep and excitement, you got it on any lady I ever...
Are You Reaching for the Truth?

I will tell you FREE

Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by Astrology, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, enclose twelve cents in any form and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to inclose 12c. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the

ASTA STUDIO, 305 Fifth Ave., Dept. PH, New York

High School Course in Two Years

Lack Of High School Training Handing You From A Successful Business Career. This simplified and complete High School Course—especially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to colleges and the leading professions. To matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without special training. Let us guide you through the general field.

30 Other Courses

American School

Dept. 772, Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

Secretary

Accountant

Automobile Engineer

Civil Engineer

Structural Engineer

Business Manager

Accountant and Auditor

Bookkeeper

Draughtsman and Designer

Electrical Engineer

Electric Light and Power

General Education

Vocational Guidance

Business Law

Lawyer

Bookkeeper Shop Practice

Photography Writer

Mechanical Engineer

Shop Superintendent

Employment Manager

Steam Engine

Governorship

Sanitary Engineer

Engineer

High School Graduate

Fire Insurance Expert

Unemployed

Name

Address

Every advertisement in PHOTOWAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
“Why should I look at the stage?”

he asked, “when I’d rather watch your lovely eyes?’

Do your eyes excite such admiration? They will, if you brighten them with beauty and increase their expressiveness by darken the lashes with WINX. Apply WINX with the glass rod attached to the spout—it makes the liquid instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the theatre.

WINX-black or brown, 25c. To conceal the lashes and promote growth, use colored Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 1c. Ask Drug Store chemists for it.

Write today for samples of WINX and of PERT Rouge—enough of each to last a week. Samples are without charge. Enclose 1c.

ROSS COMPANY

232 West 18th Street New York

WINX Waterproof


The Truth about Hair Coloring

Nothing equals genuine B. Paul’s Henna

B. PAUL’S HENNA

Restores natural color to hair, even in all grey in one application. Not affected by salt water bathing, perspiration, oils, hair or body shampoos or previous dyes. Will not stain scalp or rub off. Composed of Eternal Henna and Herbs. Easily applied at home, 14 shades. P. P. S. 1.00. Henna, Blond or White Henna for Lightening hair grown dark, 2.25 P. P. F. FREE advice and Booklet.

B. PAUL, Dept. C, 21 W. 39th St., New York


NOVEMBER

New Improved

W E S T ELECTRIC

Hair Curlers for long or bobbed hair.

Nothing was ever devised that waved hair so quickly, safely and economically as West Electric Hair Curlers. And now with the “New Improved” feature these famous curlers are in greater demand than ever.

In case you do not realize that your hair can be exquisitely waved without costly heat or chemical treatment, you will marvel at the simple way these curlers do their work. It’s merely a matter of winding your hair around the curler and closing the new rounded end that cannot fly open. In 20 minutes, when you remove the curler, the wave is in and your hair is ready for any coiffure that fashion demands.

Made of insulated steel, these curlers wave your hair by pressure only and keep it healthy. The rounded edges neither cut nor pull the hair, nor injure it in any way.

The New Improved West Electric Hair Curlers are guaranteed to last a lifetime. Nothing to get out of order, no porous surface to become oily or unsanitary.

You can buy them wherever notions are sold. A card of five costs 25c—two on a card 10c.

SEND TODAY FOR A FREE COPY OF "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home." It describes the latest coiffures and tells how you can get the effects yourself.

West Electric Hair Curler Co.

The Leading American Coiffure Specialists

West Beach and Motor Hair Nets
(double or single mesh—10c)
gray and white—15c

West Softex Shampoo—10c

West Electric Hair Curler Company
Send me your “Guide to Hair Dressing at Home.”

Name__________________________

Address_______________________

P. 3-24
The dance bug that had swept the country with the mightiest epidemic ever known to man, had found a new victim.

A month later, he and Ray Connable had won three dancing cups.

For two weeks, the engagement had filled the papers and it still occupied considerable space. Cleveland Brown continued to maintain a discreet silence. He had never at any time admitted that he was engaged to Ray Connable. But neither had he ever denied it. So an interested world watched and drew its own conclusions.

Ray was working now, but her evenings were spent largely in the arms of Cleveland Brown. Always, it is true, upon the dance floor, but still, in his arms.

And just about then, Cleveland Brown began to realize how very difficult it was going to be to get out of this thing. He had moments of terrifying apprehension, moments of feeling trapped. And then, with a half-hearted smile, he reassured himself. Ray was such a good little sport. And yet, after all, what did he really know about her?

Once or twice he tried to ask her when this fake engagement should come to an end. But it seemed so rude. Besides, he rather hated to end this pleasant companionship. Once he had decided to bring it to a close that very day.

But on his way through the hall, his mother cornered him and with tears in her eyes lodged a violent and exceedingly well-informed protest against Ray Connable.

It was all quite true. Only—he couldn’t explain it—his mother’s attack aroused all his sympathy for Ray Connable. He became a knight errant in the girl’s behalf.

What in the world could a woman like his mother know about a girl like Ray Connable? Why couldn’t an older woman have a little more charity for a poor, unfortunate little kid who’d been thrown into the world at seventeen to make her own way? After all, wasn’t the virtue of a great many women merely a negative virtue? Hadn’t she stood the awful fire of temptation? What right had they to judge?

Of course he didn’t like the way Ray talked sometimes any better than anyone else. Nor did he approve of her constant cigarettes. He had no illusions about her passion and conning from his mother, those very facts put him on the defensive. Anyone, knowing Cleveland Brown, would have known that.

Why, he remembered a day when they had tramped over plowed road-beds and broken fields in a big tract of land he had bought and opened as a subdivision. There were new little cottages. Gathered and house itself seemed to make every conceivable style springing up everywhere. The late afternoon sun flung restful shadows from the big trees and the freshly plowed earth and the drying grasses smelled sweet and clean.

The dance bug that had swept the country with the mightiest epidemic ever known to man, had found a new victim.

A LONG legged girl was wheeling a baby buggy up and down the new-laid sidewalk. Cleveland Brown thought it was a very ugly baby. But pretty poodles run down in its fat neck and made gurgling noises.

When the girl and the baby had gone on, she stood there lolling at a small white bungalow with a ridiculous patio, filled with purple and white petunias, waving like lovely banners.

"You’ll never know, Cleve," she said slowly, "what all this has meant to me. I’ve had five years of New York. You get awful sick of being an entertainer. If it hadn’t been for mother and the kids, the old Brooklyn Bridge—"

“They’re my sister’s kids you know. She’s dead. Gee, they’re cute youngsters."

"That’s why I want to live in Hollywood. Whatever they may say about Hollywood, I know it can’t be like New York. Because Hollywood is all outdoors. Why, you can smell the bills and see the ocean. Everyone goes around bare-headed. There
are flowers growing everywhere you look. Just the sun shining on you all day long makes it different.

"That's why, when I got out here, I couldn't go back. That's why I did that terrible thing to you. Sometimes, I wake up nights and blush all over thinking about it. You've been so kind to me. Cleve, did you ever stop to think how few folks are—just kind? And I've had my punishment, realizing what it would be like—to be really yours, not just a pretender.

"I've got a chance now for what looks like a year's contract with Silverbrook. If I kind it, I'm too old to break in. She'll kick us out here and maybe sometime I can save enough money to buy a little bungalow—like that one. Gee—wouldn't it be heaven?"

And then she said she meant it. That was one side of Ray Connable.

Cleveland Brown grew warm all over. Imagine feeling like that about one of those ridiculous bungalow girls. And still—it would be heartening for the kids. Why shouldn't he—what was one lot and a silly little bungalow more or less? Charity didn't have to be confined to institutions, did it? The idea grew as he looked at Ray Connable's softened, wistful little face.

At any rate, it certainly wasn't the moment to ask a girl when she intended to discontinue any engagement, was it?

And Ray Connable stealing a side glance at his eager, sensitive face, felt a thrill of pure hope in her heart.

SHE wanted very much to marry: Cleveland Brown. Bigger stakes than she had ever dreamed might come her way, glimmered before her. And she would stop at nothing, absolutely nothing, to have her chance that drove Ray Connable was ambition. In her world you had to be somebody. You had to be famous. She wanted people to notice her, that's what it was at.

Mrs. Cleveland Brown would be somebody. She had been cold-shouldered in her time. She had been shoved into second place. She wanted to be first. Cleveland Brown could make her first.

Scoop Wilson had been a lot of help to her. He knew Cleveland so well. "You tell him you're willing to give up the stage any time for a chance like this. Her ship was warned to a shaky biscuit tan that melted into the brown bronze of her hair where it fell in little ringlets on her neck."

When Annabelle disappeared, he found Janice's eyes fixed on him, with just a little question in their depths. Not a demand. Not an accusation. Just the question of one fall to another.

Cleveland Brown understood that look. Friendship was part of his creed. Loyalty, comradeship, service, were things he knew. There was more than that tie of friendship between him and Janice. She was capable of that kind of friendship.

As he looked at her sitting there, one pretty bare arm crossed over the other, she smiled, that faint question in her eyes, a wave of tenderness swept him. So that it was very easy to speak and to tell her all about Ray Connable and just how the thing had happened and just what sort of a girl Ray Connable was.
It was, he discovered, rather nice to know that he could trust Janice with the secret. The way she took it, filled him with admiration. Not that Janice had any claim upon him. He had been durn careful about that, because of Janice, but because he had never been able to wipe out that queer little feeling about her mother. He just felt that there was no special reason why a girl like Janice Reed, who had been sheltered and protected all her life, should understand the sad little story of Ray Connolly.

But, unaccountably, she did. She said so, in the nicest, friendliest way. And she understood why Cleveland had done what he had done. She considered it the only sporting thing he could do.

"I'm awfully glad you told me, though," she said, with her faint, boyish smile. "You hate to think a pal doesn't want to talk over his troubles with you. And we're such good pals, aren't we, Cleve?"

Cleveland Brown took her hand and patted it affectionately. "You let we're good pals."

The best.

She had thrown herself flat in the sand on her stomach, so that her blue figure made a Japanese print effect against the silver whiteness. Cleveland, beholding her with unadmiralized admiration, realized that he had neglected Janice lately. And he missed her. So he asked her to go to dinner with him. It never occurred to him that, in the eyes of the world at least, he was an engaged man and that he had no right to start a new flood of speculations and comparisons eddying about Janice's name.

"I'd love to," she said.

And he was amazed to see a little crimson flash along her throat and a crystal dew in her pretty blue eyes. Something took him by the throat and he looked hard at her, Little Janice. How sweet she was.

What was it, in her eyes? How could Cleveland Brown, who knew nothing at all about women, know that the blue eyes had just suddenly become so wet and sweet because he looked to her heart, the clean and wholesome and trustworthy. He looked as though, if you loved him, you need, never, never be afraid of the thousand hurts and humiliations, the black shame and unbecoming dissolutions, a man can put upon a woman who loves him.

And Janice wasn't thinking at all of his greatness.

But before he could say anything, she leaped up and started toward the dressing room. He didn't want her to go. He wanted her to stay and talk and fight. He wanted to tease her, as he always did, and see her speechless with rage one minute, only to come up smiling the next.

At the door she turned with her friendly, faint smile. "You know—Cleve, there isn't any chance that you might really marry Miss Connolly, is there?"

"No, certainly not," he said, "don't be a goof all your life, Janice."

"I'm not a goof," said Janice, imperturbably, "but you are. You might without meaning to it. I believe you and I care all you say—I shouldn't like you to marry her."

Cleveland Brown, quite honestly, was not thinking of marrying Ray Connolly. And he was a million miles from realizing the determination of her heart to marry him. In fact, if anybody had told him a thing, or hinted that she intended to do it—by fair means or foul—he would have laughed at them.

And yet, in spite of Janice's friendly warning, any number of things might have happened if it hadn't been for Leda O'Neil.

The big car swung out of the curved drive in front of the Plantation Club and circled noiselessly into the doorway. The big car swung out of the curved drive in front of the Plantation Club and circled noiselessly into the doorway. Cleveland Brown leaped back in his corner of the seat and drew a deep breath of night air. It was good to be in the open air. While he and Ray danced, he forgot the stuffy closeness, the tobacco-laden air.
What's in a Name?

TIMES have changed since the Bard of Avon put his famous query, "What's in a name?" In Shakespeare's day the most successful merchant was the biggest skinflint. His name meant nothing. You entered his shop with your eyes open and your fingers crossed. You haggled and you bargained. And if you were especially astute, perhaps you retained your eye teeth.

Modern business ideals and modern advertising have wrought the change. To-day, the biggest asset of any successful business is a good name built up through fair dealing, fair policies and a good product.

Advertising creates reputation. Makers of advertised products frequently value the names at millions of dollars. They cannot afford to jeopardize the worth of these names by selling anything but good merchandise of full measure and fair price.

A manufacturer does not dare to advertise wares that will not give service. He has his good name to protect.

Bank on this. Advertised goods must be as advertised. That's why it pays you to deal with advertisers and to buy advertised goods.

Advertising is your protection. Read it.
He was tired. He wished now that they hadn't stayed so late. That was it. Women were always making you want to do things that weren't good for you. Why, here it was almost daylight. That strange intangible, magic promise of light that is dawn filled the air.

He peered out to see if its glimmer already lay upon the sky.

Then his nose came in violent contact with the window-pane. There was a terrible jar. The car swung half across the road, sideways, with a scream of rubber on the cement and a deep groan of brakes.

Cleveland Brown sat paralyzed for an instant. Then he flung open the door and leaped to the ground.

The woman was laughing a little. A sort of sleepy laugh.

She stood in the middle of the road, exactly where the big car must have passed in another second. She was all in white and her splendid crown of black hair was bare. Her shoulders and arms, framed by the glimmering dance frock, gleamed bare in the luminous air.

"Hello!" she said, "what do you think you're doing?"

Her voice was low and thick. And even as she spoke, she swayed and would have fallen, but that he caught her in one arm and braced himself to steady her weight. She leaned heavily.

His hair was like live satin against his cheek.

"My God," he said aloud, "it's Leda O'Neill!"

"Certainly is," she murmured, nodding her head, "certainly is Leda O'Neill."

"My God, man, you better take me home. You know where I live. The people I came down here with. I was going to walk home—then you came along."

His heart sick, he tried to lift her into the car. The chauffeur jumped down and between them they managed to put her in.

"She gave me an awful scare, Mr. Brown," said the boy breathlessly, "she just staggered right in front of us."

Ray Connolly had drawn back, silent and disdained, a little pang shot through her. Namenless pang.

Cleveland Brown climbed in between the two women.

Instantly, he found himself engulfed in a pair of warm, bare arms. The strong hot fingers were clasped behind his head. He felt them caressing his hair.

Her head went down on his shoulder and again that moister perfumed black hair covered his face. She caressed against him with a deep sigh, as though she had found an accustomed place. He tried to move away, but she only pressed him tighter.

The scent of her, some heavy, suggestive scent like tuberoses mingled with the alcohol of her breath and filled the car. It made him lightheaded. It seemed forever, though it belonged to the creamy thick skin.

He felt the curve of her breast against his arm.

Just once she raised her head sleepily. Her great, dark eyes, with their amazing lashes gazed up at him.

"Oh," she said, and it made a big, exaggerated red bead of his blood, "it's Cleveland Brown. I know it's a sweet old thing. I just love you. I think you're so funny."

And she kissed him.

The car sped on, swift and noiseless. And Cleveland Brown sat, still and unbending, his head in a whirl, with the soft, warm fragrance of Leda O'Neill in his arms and the strange, silent, white-robed figure of little Ray Connolly beside him.

END OF PART ONE

Note the remarkable improvement in the same eyes below

The Miracle of
Maybelline

Makes Every Face More Beautiful

A touch of MAYBELLINE works wonders. Snowy eyebrows and eyelashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and lustrous. And the same may be done for the irises of your eyes—their brilliance, depth and expression—is here revealed. As for the lips, Maybelline Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful of feminine features, may depend upon Maybelline for that extra charm that makes them stand out. Works naturally from the roots of your eyebrows and eyelashes to the tips with the help of the special brush included with each Maybelline Tube. Best results are obtained if each dainty box is kept in a cool place. No need to sift. Tube, 75c at Your Dealer's. Orange, Red, Black, Brown. Price is not refundable. Test this out NOW of MAYBELLINE.

Gray Hair

BANISHED IN 15 MINUTES!

I DON'T care how badly streaked, gray or faded your hair is, I don't care if other dye have ruined it, I can apply my French preparation La-Goûtée-a-Goutte restores it to its original color. La-Goûtée-a-Goutte is easily applied. It will not fade, wash off or rub off. It is not affected by shampooing, washing or waving. It leaves your hair soft, silky and lustrous. No after-shampoo required. Any shade from blonde to black, including dark and medium shades obtained and hot. My successful experience covering 33 years in New York and Paris guarantees permanent satisfaction. Large Bottle of La-Goûtée-a-Goutte, containing enough to color any head of hair, will pay for $2.50. Order today. Banish gray hair tomorrow.

MONS. L. P. VALLANCE, 34 W. 55th St., Dept. 42, N.Y.C.

Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion. Tint with NEET, a dainty colorless preparation, spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair is gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! The method, the treatment and the expert preparations, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere from New York to San Francisco. — Lord by Playbill. May be had for 30c. NEET will fall to pieces. Please ask for and Dept. 400.

BE A JAZZ MUSIC MASTER

PLAY PIANO BY EAR

Play popular song perfectly, play any song you like best. Self-instructive book teaches you how to read music and play like a professional. 10c postpaid.

At Home in Your Spare Time and send for this Book

FREE BOOK

Ngela School of Music

500 CONTEST

We want a fourth verse for our song, "Simple Joe," and any verse must not exceed 100 words in length. Send us your verse and we will pay you $5 for each one submitted. Send us your name and we shall send you the words if you win and the rules of this contest.

Address Contest Editor, World S. P. Corp., 234 W. 47th St., Dept. 7220, New York, N. Y.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Alluring  - Fascinating  - Captivating

This favorite perfume of the rich and famous, and European society is preferred by so many because it has in it the essence of the most expensive and exquisite flowers and plants. It is reserved for the most appropriate, the most exquisite person present or you can make for any occasion—birthday, engagement, wedding—infusing Bridge or Alexander party—dance—graduation, etc.

A Lady Never Fails to Appreciate This Gift
Selected from the best, 2.45 (money-order or check). We also ship C. O. D., you pay Postman 2.45 plus few cents C. O. D. and M. I. I. Penn guaranteed. GUARANTEE—If not satisfactory, return it, and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

DUROY, GILBERT & COMPANY
820 East 56th St. Dept. 16 Chicago, Ill.

What $2.50 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photographe and illustrations of their work and pastime. Some of the articles about the people you see on the screen. Scarcely written short stories, some of which you will see acted on your moving picture theatre. The truth and nothing but the truth; about movie pictures, the stars, the industry. You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is the most reasonably priced, the most attractively illustrated, the best written and the most attractively printed magazine today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Yearly Subscription, U. S., etc.  $2.50
Canada, $3.00 Foreign, 3.50
Send money-order or check
with name and address to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. R-3, 350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

S E L L U S Y O U R S P A R E T I M E

Earn $5.00 Weekly at home

Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time from the school that has trained so many successful cartoonists of today. Learn from the masters. The Landon Picture Course teaches you to draw the methods of famous cartoonists. Learn the art of drawing and cartooning. Send for free information.

THE LONDON SCHOOL
1407 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

S O N G S

Clean, catchy hits that everybody likes. Ballads, comic pieces, novelty songs, corn songs, comic songs; full sheet music. Ideal for public entertainment or home diversion. Hundreds of plays and enter tenment songs. Complete $1.00.

By T. S. Dennis & Co., 203 S. Wabash, Dept. 203, Chicago

Must She Commit Murder?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Hollywood says, 'Your personality says us, in spite of you. Now don't manufacture transparent yarns about your wild life and depraved pleasures. There's no doing to but make the best of this vice of purity and live like you acquired it.'

"Very well," said Lois, ordering up some toasted sustenance for this ordeal. "My first reason for being good is utilitarian: badness is inconvenient.

"How true," I breathed fervently.

"My second is to follow the line of least resistance. I have no inclination toward vice. While people have never appealed to me, as they don't to most people who are for eight years have had to be made up and on the set by nine o'clock. My constitution wouldn't have stood them, in fact, neither would my family.

"I think there is a family.

"My dear, in cases like this always *cherche la faim*, to paraphrase the rule.

"and in the case at hand?"

"The family includes three sisters. I had the good luck to live with my people. The girls were in high school. Movie actresses popularly were supposed to be outside the moral pale. So, by this assorted circumstance, discretion was forced upon me, and it soon became a habit.

"Of which you never broke yourself?"

"Well, I have been seen publicly with men.

"The reason couldn't have been too terrible. Some actresses have been caught privately with them.

"The results were rather mild,—a few rumored encouragements.

"Unfound?

"Absolutely.

"The wildcat heroine of 'To the Last Man' smiled slightly as I took my cup of coffee.

"'And you will never, never marry?'

"Gracious, I hope to some day. I don't want to be an old maid.

"Now the conventional thing to say is: 'but I won't let it interfere with my career.'

"I probably would. I'm like that. I don't think many women can be successful at two careers.

"You have been successful enough at one and you ought to be true to it. Don't you love it any more?"

"Love it, I adore it! I am transfigured with happiness every hour I am at work. Every minute of it thrills me. I always have been stage truck, from the time I was six years old. I went to the theater every time I could and came home with the raptured imitations of every actress I saw. In boarding school I figured in private theatricals and I was terrible. I went to Los Angeles and got a job with Universal. I earned twenty-five dollars a week, making two or tea pictures a week, with no publicity, and I was still terrible. I furnished my own wardrobe out of this munificent sum which, in spite of my distressing performances, was gradually increased to forty dollars a week.

"I was positively terrorized with camera consciousness. It was my nervousness I had to fight for several years. I suffered agonies of the inferiority complex. I was awful, but I knew it. I used to go home every night and rehearse my day's performances, performances many times better than those I had dragged myself through on the set. People were wonderfully patient with me, kind by degrees I overcame my self-consciousness.

"Now acting before the camera is as natural to me as—"

"'As being good?' I supplied.

"'Oh, why will you revert to that dreadful scandal?'

Yes, We Will Positively Ship You

this splendid Underwood upon receipt of only $3.00. This is by far the most liberal typewriter offer that has ever been made on any typewriter. Nearly two thousand thousand dollars in additional outlay, requiring constancy that is superior to all others in literature, mechanical perfection and all-around excellence.

10 Days Free Trial
We want you to see for yourself that this is the typewriter you ought to have, and, therefore, we make our great free trial offer. You may send us the three dollars deposit and we shall ship the machine for you to try for ten full days before you decide to keep it. If not satisfied, every penny of your money will be returned to you.

Rebuilt Like New
Every Underwood will come just as new. It is dis equipped to the very buttons, and remanufactured to make it the best Underwood in the world. The finest in parts, the smoothest in action, the most durable in quality or durability of style.

Easy Monthly Payments
Our easy monthly payment plan makes it possible for YOU to own this splendid machine without having to pay a cent more than $3.00. You will know how much the machine, just the same as things it was fully paid for.

5-Year Written Guarantee
With every Underwood we give a written guarantee that in five years you shall have no adjustment to make except for ordinary wear and tear. We are willing to stand behind the typewriter and guarantee it to you! We fully guarantee the Underwood Typewriter against defects in material and workmanship for a period of five years from date of delivery. Should this guarantee fail, the Underwood Typewriter Company will exchange the typewriter at our expense, or will give you a full and complete refund of the entire purchase price, if the typewriter has been used for the proper purpose.

Your Money Back
Yes, you can have your money back if you want it. After you have the machine in your home, you have the right to return it. You are under no obligation whatever after you have tried it and have decided for yourself that you want to keep it.

Free with Every Typewriter

No Obligation on Your Part

When you order this splendid Underwood offer or for the typewriter itself, you are not under any obligation whatever after you have tried it and have decided for yourself that you want to keep it.

Free Book of Facts

"Will all who want a bargain send us the coupon for the Underwood Typewriter Free Book of Facts. In this book we illustrate and describe all of the various parts of this world-famous machine. You can look into every part of the typewriter yourself, and see for yourself how each part is constructed and functions. You can find out how the Underwood Typewriter triumphs over all other makes of typewriters. This price is not all. We will send you a complete one-dollar plain Underwood typewriter. This is one thing you are under no obligation whatsoever to keep, if you do not want to keep it.

Free with Every Typewriter

A complete course in touch typewriting. You don't have to be a typewriter to learn to operate this machine in one day. We also give a waterproof cover and all tools that come with a typewriter.

ACT NOW! Mail his coupon today.

TRIMMED AT THE Edge.

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.
2013 Shipman Bldg., Chicago
Send me your big bargain catalog and complete details of your surprising offer, without obligation on your part.

NAME...

STREET...

CITY... STATE...

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Whiten Your Skin
Almost Over Night!

No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin! A new discovery, absolutely amazing, and whitas your skin with amazing quickness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, roughness, blotches, mudness or any blemish.

Make This 5 Minute Test

There is hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and colored paints may have marred it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vivid beauty of the most beautiful complexion. Banish freckles, pimples and blackheads. Eliminate dryness. Don't let liver splotches, moth patches, tan or drink mar the beauty. Make this 5-minute pre-bedtime test. Smooth on this cool, fragrant creme on your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror.

Money-Back Guarantee

So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new scientific creme that we absolutely guarantee it to be money-back. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and assured that the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below. When package arrives pay postman $1.

PARIS TOILET COMPANY, Dept. 103, Paris, Tenn., M.

Now you can have the new jar of Golden Peacock Blench Creme. When package arrives I will pay postman $1., and if results are not as promised I am dissatisfied my money will be refunded.

Name

City

State

If you prefer you may enclose $1 with the coupon.

BETTER RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

MEN WANTED! Earn up to $250 permo.

Many opportunities for advancement in this new, fascinating occupation. Starting salary $30 per month, and promotion to $250 permo. if desired.

POSITION GUARANTEED

At least $250 permo. if you prove satisfactory. Fill in your own name, address and age. Any position in New York or elsewhere, from the day of your report. To report to high railway officials.

POSITIONS OPEN—Must Be Filled

Mail resume and letter of application to

Standard Business Training Institute

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Send me, entirely free, booklet No. 127, "How You May Become a Train Inspector." 

NAME

Send me, entirely free, booklet No. 127, "How You May Become a Train Inspector."

Print Name

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

In the new Universal group some of the most intricate, eccentric and delicious-film politics of the day was played.

The first formative moment when it was anything but light and when any one might have emerged with a victory. The first round of conflict, as related in the previous chapter, resulted in the succession of C. O. Baumgart and Adam Kessel, who went over to the Mutual.

This reduced the strong personalities in the Universal camp to A. A. Powers on one side and George L.Stuart on the other. For the purposes of the chess game of the picture industry, Cochrane and Laemmle may be considered by the historian as one man, as both put on the public the continuous performances in the history of the motion picture. Laemmle's name and pic ture dominated the advertisements and utterances of Universal, but the words were Cochrane's. Undoubtedly the potent ideas belonged to both of them. Cochrane was primarily an advertising man and business analyst. Just as he was that day when Laemmle, the clothier from Oshkosh, sold him the idea of the motion picture. The advertising man's viewpoint was, with the orthodoxy of his craft, to put the name of an industry in public circulation. He also may have very well held that all the glory and fame in the whole of the industry of that time was nothing a man of taste should enjoy.

Universal and it seemed that it would be a profitable and pleasant thing to control it. Getting control was a matter of dealing with men and stock certificates. A great deal of business was done that way. To form up all of the complexities of the moves that were made would be as unprofitable as a tabulation of election returns in Mexico.

The war began at once. There were plenty of pretexts on all sides, if any pretext had been needed.

Well, Swanson, David Horsley and Mark Dintenfass, the other factors in Universal, were part of the pieces on the chess-board, but Powers and Laemmle were the players. Dintenfass and Horsley occupied most uncomfortable positions on the fence, while Swanson dashed from side to side as the vanguards of battle changed.

The players became exceedingly uncomfortable and Mark Dintenfass wanted down, off and out. His stock was for sale. Since there was considerable question in those hours as to whether that stock was ever to be worth anything, there were no bids from either side. Powers seemed to Dintenfass the logical customer, but Powers professed an attitude of high scorn. He was moved to break the profound pride and dignity of Dintenfass if possible by studied indignities.

Dintenfass became highly dis-turbed. The ructions in Universal were doing him and his Champion pictures no good. Any move any day might bring ruin.

While Dintenfass was in the midst of this situation, a flash of recollection came to him on a succession of events destined to affect the course of film affairs for many years.

Business called Dintenfass to Chicago. He boarded the Pullman, and settled in the long ride west. Across the aisle of the Pullman he presently discovered that the young woman opposite was more interesting than the scenery outside the hanging telegraph pole.

Before long they were in conversation. It was he, she was showing her the flamboyant heralds advertising Champion films, with the imposing name of Mark M. Dintenfass, president.

Dintenfass, you were saying, was a hellick precise manner of an officer of the Prussian guards, withal a bearing of snappy distinction.

"And where are you going?" he asked by way of conversation.

"Pittsburgh." A flash of recollection came to Dintenfass.

He lived again for a moment those carefree days when he went to Pittsburgh selling salt and sugar for his father's Pittsburgh fish house. And there he met the fish shop where the two pretty girls presided at the counter. They had a good time together, the four of them. He sold the pitiful little fellow fish in a jewelery store in Smithfield street, and kept a bachelor apartment—what was his name? Then it came to him.

"You Cochrane referred to the young woman along-side, 'I'd get off at Pitts-burgh myself, if I could find a fellow U used to know there—wonder what became of him—Louie Selznick.'

The young woman sat up abruptly.

"Who do you say?"

Louie Selznick—L. J. Selznick—why, do you know him?"

"Sure—he's my brother-in-law. I've just been to New York to visit him."

"Well, now, isn't it a small world, etc., etc.

And so when the Broadway Limited paused at Pittsburgh Dintenfass escorted the young woman off the train and gave her his best military bow and salt herring.

"Here is my card—when you write Louie you send it to him and tell him I want to see him when I get back to New York."

At this very moment, Lewis J. Selznick was conducting with most indifferent success a jewelry store in Sixth Avenue, near Fourteenth Street, in New York. The business was not good. It was a paradox that Selznick decided to turn his defeat into a victory by holding an auction, the conventional and often profitable last resort of all jewelry vendors.

The auction left Selznick with nothing pressing to do and a whole waiting world to do it in. History shows that this is a time when things happen.

Dintenfass presently returned from Chicago. He called Selznick on the telephone.

"I'll bet you don't know who this is—Louie."


"Wonderful, wonderful!" Dintenfass exclaimed.

"What a head for remembering you have got."

"They got together for a talk about the old days, the jewelry shop and the salt herring and all—schoen gemacht."

AXD there came the film business into their discussions, along with it Dintenfass' troubles and his efforts to negotiate with P. A. Powers.

"He pretends everything must be so secret that he can't talk to me anywhere in the office," Dintenfass complained. "He says, wait for me out in the washroom—and then he tries to keep me waiting for hours."

Selznick, with a profound sense of humor, scented both amusement and opportunity.

"I know someone who himself comes out of the jewelry trade there might be something to do here.

"What kind of a fellow is this Powers?"

A vivid and remarked description of the august, vigorous and dominating personality of the battling Mr. Powers. It was indicated that he was, among other things, a bit inclined to salty gab and an appearance bearing a striking resemblance to that of Broadway. Selznick nodded, as Dintenfass went on, making note in his shrewd way of the observations that came through the other man's eye.

"Nifty dresser—eh?" remarked Selznick.

"I'll see him for you and see what we can do, maybe."

"How will you see him? If you tell him you come from me he will say—'meet me in the washroom.'"

Selznick waved his hand.

If a Jelly Fish Could Slap a Rat in the Face

he would do it. But he can't. He has no arms. Neither does he have a backbone. How much worse off is a man who was given a good backbone and a pair of arms but wasn't taught to use them.

NO EXCUSE

We excuse the jelly fish. He never had anything to work on. But there is no excuse for a jelly fish, round shouldered and flat-ripped specimen of a man. You were given a perfect framework for a body. You were meant to rule the world, but there is hardly an animal alive which does not show better sense than you do.

CUT IT OUT FELLOWS

Breathe up and be the man you were meant to be. Don't try to imitate a jelly fish. Get some pep into you and make a real He man out of yourself. Come on and let me help you. I'll show a thrill into you. Put into you the old spine quiver with excitement. I'll build up that chest, broaden those shoulders and give you the antiseptic pep, the vitamine. And that's not all. Your lungs will start pumping real oxygen into your blood, purifying your entire system. Those old coughs in your brain will disappear. Your eye will glisten in your face. You will have a spring to your step, and every move you make will be a show for all to see.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. All you need is a framework and ambition. I leave to you say 'I'm ready. Let's go.' I'm going to put off this whole plan on you for 30 days. Yes. Look over it. Then watch me grow. I'll put pep into you and make your backbone and build up every muscle in your body so that your own friends won't know you. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Come on then, and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Send for my 64-page book, "Muscular Development" It is FREE

It contains fourteen full-page photographs of myself and some of the many re-petitement pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, impotent to help themselves. Look them over and you will marvel at their present physique.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 103, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

133, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Five-cent-book with 15 cents, for which you are to send me one of any obligation on my note, whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development.

Name.

Street.

City.

State.

(i Please write or print plainly.)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Eyes He Adores

Your EYES mean everything to you and to those who love you. Do you give them the care they deserve to keep them bright and beautiful? Of course you do. But are you taking the simple steps that can make the EYES appear dull, lifeless and unattractive. To preserve and enhance the natural charm and sparkle of the EYES, they should be cleaned just as carefully as the skin and teeth.

For daily use, or when your EYES are tired, dull and heavy, Murine is used to relieve and benefit. This old and tried preparation has been used successfully for more than thirty years. It is guaranteed not to contain belladonna or any other harmful ingredient.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your Eyes, Brows and Lashes, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

The Murine Company

Depr. 27, Chicago

Murine
For Your EYES

Deluxe Diamond Book FREE

3000 Exceptional Values in Diamonds, Watches

and Jewelry

The most complete and beautiful book of its kind! 196 colored pages full of wonderful bargains— gifts for every occasion.

Buy on our
Friendly Credit Terms. You have 60 days to PAY on anything you select. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. No Red Tags. Every transaction strictly confidential.

Limited Supply Write for your copy. FREE. 1244 M.

L. W. Sweet, Inc.

1650 - 1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vlaximun’s absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1230 Gateway Station, Kauai City, H.

“Never mind, I will see him easy enough—you wait.”

Not long after this conference, Lewis J. Selznick, formerly jeweler in Sixth Avenue, presented himself at the office of P. A. Powers. No, he had not started his business. He would speak only to Mr. Powers in person and privately, and it was about a matter in which Mr. Powers was profoundly interested. This eventually got Selznick private audience in the Powers' suite.

Mysteriously and persuasively Selznick smiled himself into a seat at the corner of Powers’ desk. He reached into a vest pocket and produced a little note written in white paper and unfolded it with a deft manner of profound consideration.

Powers looked on curiously.

After enunciating a few words, Selznick made the move dramatically correct as a bit of salesmanship Selznick lifted the paper and poured a glittering stream into his palm and then spread a handful of unmourned diamonds on the edge of the desk.

Selznick’s manner toward the diamonds was almost reverential. It was as though he had unveiled all of the treasures of Zion.

THIS, of course, was only a manner. In the philosophy of Lewis J. Selznick are two gems of political acumen:

(A) “Jewelry is for suckers.”
(B) “There is always a demand for jewelry.”

But that is beside the point. This day Selznick was trying to sell diamonds of great value at, oh, the merest song of a price. As he had calculated, Powers was interested, and enough appreciative of a bargain to feel friendly. Hence...

Selznick brought his chair a bit closer.

“Why don’t you buy my friend Dintenfass’s stock in this Universal company? He only wants seventy-five thousand.”

Powers grinned—so that was it.

“I don’t want his stock—if I did I’d get it.”

“Yes, but do you want it—it would give you control—that’s what makes it worth the price.”

Powers would not deal.

Lewis J. Selznick has often been hailed, but so far not given the credit he is due for long.

He still had a pocket full of diamonds and a perfectly workable idea. He made certain inquiries pertaining to the tastes of Carl Laemmle, He was minded to sell some more stones.

With the little white paper of stones Selznick went to call on Laemmle. They got along famously, talking around and forth over the sparkling blue-whites.

“Now this fellow Dintenfass, maybe you think his stock isn’t worth much, but it would give you control of the company.”

This time it worked. Laemmle bought the stock and Dintenfass was happy, for the moment anyway. Laemmle was now the biggest stockholder, but he sold nothing about that for the time.

Selznick still had plenty of diamonds, but his visits to the Mecca building had given him motion pictures and he badly sized up the men he saw about in the offices and lobby. He knew nothing about motion pictures, but he knew a great deal about men. Across the street, Powers was beginning to doubt Selznick had learned a great deal about faces and the minds behind them.

“For such a big business it seems to take almost no brains at all, but he sold nothing about that for the time.

The diamond broker from Pittsburgh had, besides a taste for salt herring, a bottomless thrust for action, excitement, power and, maybe, downright nonsense. He was also a man of money. He decided to de-lure himself into the motion picture. It seemed to be standing there waiting for him to cut himself a piece of cake.

A little more conversation resulted in Selznick ingratiating himself into a somewhat undefined job and a desk in the office of the very firm that he was the busy general understanding that he was to be useful to the corporation in general and to the Laemmle interest in particular.

Sitting on the whole, Selznick found the film business even more interesting and full of opportunity than he had suspected. No one knew what Selznick was there for, and he was in an unexpected position. There may have been doubt, but surely no uncertainty.

Universal was so thoroughly split into factions and split so badly that none of the big men knew what the other was doing with any accuracy. All stragglers were assumed to belong to the other faction until identified. Meanwhile the management did not have a scrap of consideration or consideration as might be deemed salient in a turbulent even if not delicate situation. This situation of weakness and infinite chaos seemed likely to contribute to Selznick’s first discovery was that the corporation did not have a general manager. This was a grievous oversight to be remedied. He appointed himself at once.

He took no one into his confidence in the matter except the stenographer who got out his letter of appointment. This was not a daring as it may seem, since in this period motion picture men were not accustomed to reading their mail.

Free lunching about the office at 1300 Broadway, Selznick ranged to the city. He put himself in charge of all purchases and expenditures as far as might be. Since no one knew who was boss in the concern anyway, it was suddenly possible for anyone to issue instructions to clerks and demand information. He set about a scheme to establish a credit rating and fastened the timetable for orders on the procrastination and paper while the money stayed in the bank. He had a whole bag of tricks, familiar enough in the business game of wits, but new to the motion picture.
This Coupon is not an Aladdin’s Lamp
—but it is the Doorway to Success in Screen Authorship
—if you have normal intelligence and the energy to open the door

If you have story ideas and want money, the richest market in the world today is the photoplay market. But there is a special language in which photoplays are written. It is called “technique.” Manuscripts which do not follow the rules of this technique might just as well be written in Chinese.

The men and women who are making money today by photoplay authorship are not geniuses. But they have learned the language of the studios—some of them through the Palmer Course, some in the much tougher school of experience.

The Palmer Course teaches the technique of photoplay writing. You need not be a professional writer to study it. You need not go to halls of learning, or to the studios, for you can study the Palmer Course in spare time in your own home.

If you want endorsements of the Palmer Course, we can show you enough letters from successful Palmer students to amaze you.

But that is not the point. The point is that when you have finished with the Palmer Course, you will be equipped to write in the language of the screen.

In brief, the Palmer Course does three things for you. It gives you a complete workmanlike picture and explanation of studio methods. It gives you professional criticism—painstaking, honest, accurate. And if your photoplay is good, it will present it to you other producers who are in the market for original screen stories. But above all, Palmer Photoplay Corporation is a producer of motion pictures—selecting for its productions the stories of Palmer-trained writers for which it pays $1,000 cash and royalties for five years. Three such productions now before the country or scheduled for early release are “Judgment of the Storm,” by Ethel Styles Middleton, a Pittsburgh housewife; “Unguarded Gates,” by Harold Shumate, a former salesman, and “Lost,” by Will Lambert, a former mechanical engineer. All are being distributed by Film Booking Offices of America.

The coupon at the top of this announcement is not an Aladdin’s lamp. It will not accomplish miracles. It will not hand you thousand dollar checks on a platter. But it will reveal to you the simple formula which has enabled others to realize more than they ever dreamed of from their efforts. This isn’t reckless advertising talk; it is a considered statement.

If you mail the coupon, it will bring you the famous Palmer Questionnaire, absolutely free and without involving you in any obligation of any sort. The Questionnaire is a remarkable scientific test devised for the purpose of bringing to light the men and women, wherever and whenever they may be, who possess the natural qualifications of creative imagination and dramatic perception which are vital for eventual success in screen authorship. When you return the Questionnaire, it will be weighed and considered by experts. If you lack the necessary qualifications, you will not be lured into undertaking work for which you are not fitted. If, on the other hand, the presence of natural qualities making for success is indicated, the same co-operation in acquiring screen technique which has helped others to success will be placed at your command.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation produces motion pictures, but it does not produce the work of amateurs. On the contrary, it produces only the photodramas of authors who have learned to express themselves in the language of the peculiar medium of the screen. They may be unknown authors, but they are not amateurs; and they are not unknown long, as the focusing of nation-wide attention on the three current Palmer productions attests. These and their authors are:

**Ethel Styles Middleton**
Author

**Judgment of the Storm**
(Current Release)

**Harold Shumate**
Author

**Unguarded Gates**
(March Release)

**Will Lambert**
Author

**Lost**
(April Release)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLOY MAGAZINE.
“Won’t You Do It
For Me, Will?”

I WANT you to succeed more than anything else in the world, and I
know you can do it if you try. But you aren’t really trying now, Will—you’re only drifting.

“If the International Correspondence Schools can raise the salaries of other men, I know you can raise yours. If they help other men to win advance-
ment, I know they can help you too.

“Won’t you do it for me, Will? Won’t you send in that coupon and at least find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

“Some day I’m sure you will come to me and tell me it was the best investment you ever made.”

Mail the Coupon To-day!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 648-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked X.

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Business Management
Personnel Organization
Traffic Management
Accounting
Banking and Banking Law
Business Law
Mineral Law
Auditing (including C.P.A.)
Mechanical Accounting
Bookkeeping
Private Secretary
Spanish
French

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

Electrical Engineering
Mechanical Engineer
Aeronautics
Aeronautical Engineering
Civil Engineer

Sweating and Leather
Textile Engineering
Radio

Mathematics

Name:
Street:
Address:
City:
State:

Occupation:

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the
International Correspondence Schools, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Develops Bust Like Magic!

Develop the 15 years younger bust of your dreams with one easy treatment at
GROWDINA

For bust, neck or arm development

Write for Free Booklet from Parisian Studio, 3600 Broadway, New York.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Cartoonists are well paid. A professional cartoonist gets from 
$100 to $400 per week. A private cartoonist gets from 
$20 to $100 per week. This is profit only. The cartoonist
must buy his supplies, and often pays for his own meals.

If you are not a cartoonist, you can become one—write for

Free Booklet, "How to Become a Cartoonist"

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
860 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.

wounded dignity, was not to be approached. Powers called up Selznick.

“What’s the matter with your friend Dinten-
fass? He won’t speak to me.

“Oh,” exclaimed Selznick, with an affecta-
tion of surprise. “I will—see if I can’t make
an appointment with him for you—in the wash-
room.”

Powers made other plans. He is a bit of a
jester, too.

A vigorous dispute between Powers and Laemmle soon broke into the open. Powers contended that they were not getting the benefit of the same low prices from Uni-

versal that Laemmle’s enjoyed. He wanted a

refusal. He got refusal.

Selznick was rejecting in his self-made job of

general manager one morning in this period

when the manager of one of the Universal

studios in New York called up in great ex-

citement.

“Pat Powers is up here with a gang of trucks

moving the props a way, and we’re right in

the middle of a picture. What shall I do?”

Selznick grinned. “Call the police and then

report again to me in a half hour.”

At the end of the half hour the stu-

dio manager was on the phone again.

“Did the police come? How are you getting along?”

“Yes, the police came,” the voice on the
wire replied. “And they are getting along fine. They are helping Pat Powers load the

trucks.”

So ran the comedy of the Universal war from
day to day.

But the time came when Selznick’s expand-

ing powers in his self-appointed post undid

him—and liberated him for further adven-
tures. One afternoon a secretary from

Laemmle’s office went to Selznick’s desk

and laid a letter before him. Glancing up at the

clock as he did it.

“Mr. Laemmle went to Chicago in the

October—he told me to give this to you two

hours after the train left.”

Selznick opened the letter, but he could read

it without looking at it. It was “accepting

your resignation.”

“Did he think I would dynamite the train?”

Selznick smiled and reached for his hat. He

was on his way out into the world of oppor-
tunity to play the next game he had learned. A

busy ten years were ahead.

The Powers-Laemmle war meanwhile pro-

gressed merrily.

When doubt, Powers attacks. At about this

juncture he caused a receivership action to

be brought against the Universal. Nothing

especially resulted but more fighting.

The amazing 1914 found this situation at

high climax. The meeting opened in a

highly dignified manner at the company’s

offices at 1999 Broadway. There was, how-

ever, an electrical tension in the air and a

good many private policemen in the hall. The

Laemmle stronghold was well manned.

The reading of the minutes was barely under

discussion, however, when Powers and his

occasional partner, William Swann, venti-

lated the situation by tossing the books and the

great seal of the corporation out of the window into the air of Broadway.

This may have been connected with the presence of certain persons waiting below.

Anyway it was a violent move with every

promise of serious results.

But, some way, fate often intervenes in the

affairs of melodrama. The time of the stage

is always being nicked.

The longзолs galloping across this horizon in this thriller chances to have been

William Oldknow of the Consolidated Film

Company, New Orleans and elsewhere south-

erly. Mr. Oldknow, who had arrived from

the South and was making his way with hastening steps to the office of his friend Carl Laemmle.

We left the books and the seal going out the

door under the劲d window of the Mosca building. When they came down it was at the feet of

Oldknow. If his train had arrived one-

HOW TO BEAUTIFY

THE EYELASHES

Liquid Make-up the Best

Every girl can now have those long, thick, luscious, sweeping eyelashes which add so much to

beauty, if she wants them.

All she has to do is to apply a new liquid make-up which darkens them instantly, making them look

nearly twice as long and luscious as they really are.

The liquid, sold under the trade-name of

STARS (the initials of STARS Liquid)

is a self-made wonder substance. It is applied in an instant and is beneficial to the lashes, as it contains

a natural oil which stimulates their growth. The same liquid, which is used

by society women and screen favorites everywhere, is called Liquid STARS.

Free Trial

For introductory purposes we will send you free

a generous supply of Liquid STARS and a

brush. This will include a trial size of another Liquid product, Liquid STARS Make-up, which

quickly stimulates the lashes and gives

lash. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping and send it to us at

LASHBROW LABORATORIES, Inc.

Dept. 23

417 Canal Street, New York City

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SIR? (Post Card Size)

Your Choice of MOTION PICTURE STARS

for only 35 cents, or select three (all different) for

60 cents.

APEX SUPPLY CO.

Dept. 22

1001 West 25th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $150 A WEEK

Three to six months' course.

Modern Picture, Commercial, Portrait. Practical instruc-
tion. Send for Catalog No. 37.

N. Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

111 W. 36th St.

600 S. Wabash Ave.

550 State St.

Reduced prices on selected models.

SEND FOR CATALOG

Diamonds Guaranteed

Cash or Free Credit

 предложения выше.

Loftis

BROS. & CO., Inc.

110 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Storage in Leading Cities

LOFTIS BRO.

BROS. & CO., Inc.

110 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Storage in Leading Cities

Send for Catalog

Diamonds Guaranteed

Cash or Free Credit

CONTRIBUTED

REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

ROBERT B. WOODS

بورتريه

PHOTOPLAY Magazine—Advertising Section

Page 14
NoThemselves

The rise of the Mutual Film Corporation, contemporaneous with Universal, was marked with as many whimsies and controversies but combative as the one. It seems, and an hour later altogether the forty-six odd percent of the stock in May 1920, it sold to the Laemmle-Cochrane interests and the reports of the price run from one to two millions.

When the fighting was all over and endless changes and maneuvers, Universal was practically the only one, and it seemed, after the holder having some forty-six odd percent of the stock. In May 1920, it sold to the Laemmle-Cochrane interests and the reports of the price run from one to two millions.
LADIES!

AMAZING TREATMENT FOR WRINKLES

This is a new French treatment for wrinkles: The cream is put on every night, and in a few weeks, wrinkles disappear. No surgery. No danish! No drench the tragic lines and furrows that spoil the end of years. Every time you comb your hair, every wrinkle will be banished as by the touch of a magic wand.

Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

Mine, Leach guarantees, if properly used, this magic cream will develop the smoothest and most delicate skin and is a positive preventative for wrinkles. It requires only 3 minutes of your time each morning and night. After a week's treatment note the revival of your face and figure. Then, for 10 days send for a test at once, 50c, 75c, or $1.50. Ask for bottles of "قضي" and "استخدام". Also BRANCO for children's prevention cream. THE LEAH COMPANY, Sales Agent, 3 Ine Building, Houston, Texas.

WHY NOT IMPROVE YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE?

Send for booklet showing photo of Miss with and without the PERFECT LEG AND KNEE GROOMER. Also BRANCO for children's prevention cure. Perfect Sales Co., 1 300 N. Main Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Powers, does not recall the concern credited to him. While financing was under way, the Mutual encountered some curious adventures. It had a full staff of correspondence. At that time, Aitken was first vice president, and John R. Freuler, with whom Aitken was associated in the exchange business, was general manager. Robert Leibler, who had been associated in the quarter century since then, was now able to offer more start at $75c, difficult to lack of success. Meanwhile, Aitken, in New York, attended to financial matters.

Crawford Livingston, an investment banker in downtown New York became interested in various aspects of entertainment and formed the prospects of the new concern. He acquired stock interests in Mutual and established a connection which brought in Kuhn, Loeb & Company and gave Frank Kahn, the brother of Otto Kahn, the financier and sponsor, a seat on Mutual's board of directors.

At last Wall Street was in the picture business. Some securities had been issued to stockholders in the Mutual Film Corporation. It was the first film stock to be widely held. Millions were made through but not by the Mutual. A public figure considerably in chests to come for its share in the making of one of the great names of the screen.

When Freuler came in from one of his exchanges in New York, a tiny incident arose that saved the seed of ruin for the concern as it was being born. Livingston, in capacious mood, took exception to the figures on the account, on which the film man had rashly charged a hotel cost of six dollars a day.

Freuler was at this time enjoying an income of probably eight times as much, was vastly annoyed. Also he found, among other things, that he had been outwitted on the decision to office the concern in Chicago and that the financial interest of the picture on Wall Street address would be more imposing. Mutual set up its offices at 60 Wall Street.

Freuler resigned as general manager and went back to Milwaukee. In this he was merely backing up for a running start. His was coming back in due season to make some screen history.

Aitken was selected president of the Mutual. It launched itself on the motion picture industry with an advertisement announcing for release a picture entitled "Dora Thorn", but as the advertising went on Wall Street, New York, went all the way across the bottom of the page.

It will be entirely fair for the reader to begin to speculate about what was happening to the art of the motion picture through all of the bickerings and manipulations. The answer is very little. The art of the motion picture stood marking time while the business of the motion picture fought its war.

It was not alone that strife stood in the way of progress. The tremendous prosperity of the business must be remembered that the motion picture was a belated invention. The demand may be said with curious truth to have existed before the picture was more than a fanciful dream. In 1912, if all of the existing facilities for the making and distribution of pictures had been entirely free of the trammels of litigation and other straits, the entertainment would have been adequate. The theaters were clamoring and battling for film service.

In a day, when thundering publicity and sales campaigns and armies of salesmen are laboring to influence the buying agencies of the theaters, it is difficult to realize that, hardly more than a decade ago, there was an eager market for even the poorest of pictures. The motion picture distributor had only to make his wares available. Exchanges were persons of power. It was often possible for the manager of a local exchange to make or break the fortunes of theaters. The bookers, clerical persons concerned with the records of which theater played which picture, were the key men. At times, when they chose to sell their royal favor, they became persons of substance.

The exchanges were daily filled with brawling over contracts, with mending their demands, with the bookers and smirking for accommodations and preferences. Motion pictures were sold as program service. Thirtieth Street theaters contracted for a service of so many weeks at a time. The price was based on the age of the film, and was considerably more "commercial," renting thereafter to the lowest of the nickelodeons at a flat price.

The exchanges and distributing systems paid the makers of the film on much the same basis as they sold, by quantity or bulk. The price was to the makers of pictures established at ten cents a foot which was a wide limit the manufacturer could make his pictures as cheap or costly as he chose, but the market results were the same. Hence he usually made them cheaply.

The efforts of the film industry were very practically, directed toward the maintenance of a system of distribution which all were supplied in a steady stream like so much water or gas. The exhibitor was the faucet.

Obviously such a condition was destructive of business. The movies must supply two competing theaters, side by side, with entirely separate programs. And so it was that the independent makers of pictures were obliged to get sufficient product to constitute a program. A theater, of course, had to be either "licensed" or independent. The struggle among the dependents for the maintenance of program volume led naturally to a filling of the gaps in their output with purchases from the foreign market. On the whole, the foreign pictures were quite as well made as the average of American production, certainly as good as the average among the independents. But the patrons of the American pictures were skeptical. The appeal to the different public than now, had little taste for what the foreigners had to offer.

There are many reasons. The average in intelligence and cultural interest among the picture patrons of 1912 was lower than today. The motion picture had not attained to a real respectability yet, in any application of the standards of thought. If it had reached the power to appeal to the better people. Also, twelve years ago, the United States was neither so thoroughly infiltrated with foreign influences nor so permeated with foreign influences. The motion picture public of 1912 wanted pictures of its own people and its own time, and nothing else. And that is the preponderating demand yet.

This singleness of demand led, by its box office reactions, to a deep prejudice in the mind of the exhibitors against foreign pictures in

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Break the fortunes of theaters.
Waist and Hips Reduced in Ten Seconds With New Kind of Girdle

The Moment You Put On This New Kind of Girdle Your Waist and Hips Look Inches Thinner—And You Get Thin While Looking Thin, for This New Invention Produces the Same Results as an Expert Masseur. Makes Fat Vanish with Surprising Rapidity While You Walk, Play, Work or Sleep, Yet Does It So Gently That You Hardly Know It Is There. No More Heart-Straining Exercises—No More Disagreeable Starving Diets—No More Harmful Medicines—No More Bitter Self-Denials.

At last! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthful and slender! And then—with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

Look More Slender at Once!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines!

Actually Reduces Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort. Fits as snuggly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc.
Dept. G-183 404 Fourth Ave. New York

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. G-183, 404 Fourth Ave., New York
Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name
Address
City State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ALL MEN. WOMEN. BOYS. GIRLS, IT IS TO DO, willing to accept Government Positions, $12, $25, $50, $75, $100, etc., large orders. Indianapolis, Ind.

EACH EIGHT IN SPARE TIME AT HOME. advertise. mailing, music, carriers. Send 3c for music. Dept. K, 1859 N. Dearborn St., Dept. E, N. Y.

SOLD A MAGICAL HITTING PULL TOPS AT HOME. Experience unnecessary, particularly for stumps. Photo Supply Co., Ltd., Latrobe, Ind.

DISTRICTS NEEDED EVERYWHERE: CITIES large towns. Large salaries. Write National Headquarters, 188 East 70th Street, New York, N. Y.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT OFFICIALLY ENDORSED. No risk, no expense. Both men and women. Send 3c for list of prices. Franklyn Institute, Dept. G-312, Rochester, N. Y.


THE PHOTODYNE BOOK TEXT "HOW TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY." by C. G. Watson. Contains 60 selected scenario dialogues. Cautions and premiums. $3, 10c Post Office Dept. Chicago, Ill.

BUYING BIG MONEY PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, Pu EVANSTON, Ill., enterprising and will pay. Let us buy your work. Department K, Department Co., Chicago, Ill.

WRITE US FOR A BOX OF GEMS. NOW Available. Containing most erratic, not for 5c, 10c, but for $1.50. We have a complete line of money making Photoplay Books. Racine, Wisc.

INTERESTS INTENDING TO SECURE PATENTS should send us their ideas. We can turn them into gold. Send us a note or list of invention for fee of $5.00. Handsome & Co., Dept. 185, Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED, PATENTED or licensed, for $15.00. Write full details. Handel & Wolf, Dept. 175, Washington, D. C.


POEMS-VERSES
$500.00 PICTURE CONTEST. IF YOU WRITE, the best, you get a prize. $500.00. Send us your Poem. We will publish the best. E. A. Peck, American Detective System, 142 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A $500.00 CASH PRIZE IS OFFERED FOR THE second best Poem in the above contest. Don't fail to enter. The Poem must be 100 words or less. All Poems to be published in Equitable Music Corporation, 359 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS PLAYS. MUSIC, COMEDY, REVUES, musical revue, Imitations of plays, light comedy, music,杂志, cartoons, imitations, adaptations, magazines, sets, scenic agencies, films, traveling shows, stock companies, etc. Send for list of goods. Deighton & Co., 620 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED DO A DETECTIVE'S WORK? EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Lowing, 307 West Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY, EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY. Experienced detective, please. Address, American Detective System, 142 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN TO SELL, good news spread thereof to your door; plain method; steady work. No canvassing; all orders promptly sent, freight paid. Universal Company, Dept. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.

Print Your Own Stavigraphy letterhead, endevloge, receipt, envelope, receipt, postcard, postage stamps, letter, letterheads, photograph envelopes, postcards. Write for catalog and prices. The Photo Supply Co., Inc., Dept. 21, 5760 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Ill.

Subscribe for PHOTOTRAPY
PHOTOTRAPY "In Your Home," write today for our Free Booklet, containing the latest and most successful methods of music teaching. Guitars, Banjo, etc. Beginners and advanced players. Free lessons for 10 days to test. Musical Publishing Co., Dept. 56, Nashville, Tenn.

MUSIC LESSONS GIVEN IN YOUR HOME. Write today for our Free Booklet. Containing the latest and most successful methods of music teaching. Guitars, Banjo, etc. Beginners and advanced players. Free lessons for 10 days to test. Musical Publishing Co., Dept. 56, Nashville, Tenn.

VIOLEN TUNING SIMPLIFIED FOR BEGINNERS. Greatly reduced, $2.00, Thierryville, R. I.

THE PHOTODYNE BOOK TEXT: "HOW TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY." by C. G. Watson. Contains 60 selected scenario dialogues. Cautions and premiums. $3, 10c Post Office Dept. Chicago, Ill.

BUYING BIG MONEY PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, Pu EVANSTON, Ill., enterprising and will pay. Let us buy your work. Department K, Department Co., Chicago, Ill.

WRITE US FOR A BOX OF GEMS. NOW Available. Containing most erratic, not for 5c, 10c, but for $1.50. We have a complete line of money making Photoplay Books. Racine, Wisc.

INTERESTS INTENDING TO SECURE PATENTS should send us their ideas. We can turn them into gold. Send us a note or list of invention for fee of $5.00. Handsome & Co., Dept. 185, Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED, PATENTED or licensed, for $15.00. Write full details. Handel & Wolf, Dept. 175, Washington, D. C.


POEMS-VERSES
$500.00 PICTURE CONTEST. IF YOU WRITE, the best, you get a prize. $500.00. Send us your Poem. We will publish the best. E. A. Peck, American Detective System, 142 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A $500.00 CASH PRIZE IS OFFERED FOR THE second best Poem in the above contest. Don't fail to enter. The Poem must be 100 words or less. All Poems to be published in Equitable Music Corporation, 359 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS PLAYS. MUSIC, COMEDY, REVUES, musical revue, Imitations of plays, light comedy, music, magazine, cartoons, imitations, adaptations, magazines, sets, scenic agencies, films, traveling shows, stock companies, etc. Send for list of goods. Deighton & Co., 620 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED DO A DETECTIVE'S WORK? EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Lowing, 307 West Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY, EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY. Experienced detective, please. Address, American Detective System, 142 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN TO SELL, good news spread thereof to your door; plain method; steady work. No canvassing; all orders promptly sent, freight paid. Universal Company, Dept. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.

Print Your Own Stavigraphy letterhead, endevloge, receipt, envelope, receipt, postcard, postage stamps, letter, letterheads, photograph envelopes, postcards. Write for catalog and prices. The Photo Supply Co., Inc., Dept. 21, 5760 Michigan Ave., Chicago. Ill.

Subscribe for PHOTOTRAPY
PHOTOTRAPY "In Your Home," write today for our Free Booklet, containing the latest and most successful methods of music teaching. Guitars, Banjo, etc. Beginners and advanced players. Free lessons for 10 days to test. Musical Publishing Co., Dept. 56, Nashville, Tenn.

MUSIC LESSONS GIVEN IN YOUR HOME. Write today for our Free Booklet. Containing the latest and most successful methods of music teaching. Guitars, Banjo, etc. Beginners and advanced players. Free lessons for 10 days to test. Musical Publishing Co., Dept. 56, Nashville, Tenn.

VIOLEN TUNING SIMPLIFIED FOR BEGINNERS. Greatly reduced, $2.00, Thierryville, R. I.

THE PHOTODYNE BOOK TEXT: "HOW TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY." by C. G. Watson. Contains 60 selected scenario dialogues. Cautions and premiums. $3, 10c Post Office Dept. Chicago, Ill.

BUYING BIG MONEY PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, Pu EVANSTON, Ill., enterprising and will pay. Let us buy your work. Department K, Department Co., Chicago, Ill.

WRITE US FOR A BOX OF GEMS. NOW Available. Containing most erratic, not for 5c, 10c, but for $1.50. We have a complete line of money making Photoplay Books. Racine, Wisc.

INTERESTS INTENDING TO SECURE PATENTS should send us their ideas. We can turn them into gold. Send us a note or list of invention for fee of $5.00. Handsome & Co., Dept. 185, Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED, PATENTED or licensed, for $15.00. Write full details. Handel & Wolf, Dept. 175, Washington, D. C.


POEMS-VERSES
$500.00 PICTURE CONTEST. IF YOU WRITE, the best, you get a prize. $500.00. Send us your Poem. We will publish the best. E. A. Peck, American Detective System, 142 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A $500.00 CASH PRIZE IS OFFERED FOR THE second best Poem in the above contest. Don't fail to enter. The Poem must be 100 words or less. All Poems to be published in Equitable Music Corporation, 359 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS PLAYS. MUSIC, COMEDY, REVUES, musical revue, Imitations of plays, light comedy, music, magazine, cartoons, imitations, adaptations, magazines, sets, scenic agencies, films, traveling shows, stock companies, etc. Send for list of goods. Deighton & Co., 620 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED DO A DETECTIVE'S WORK? EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY; good pay; travel. Write C. T. Lowing, 307 West Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY, EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY. Experienced detective, please. Address, American Detective System, 142 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN TO SELL, good news spread thereof to your door; plain method; steady work. No canvassing; all orders promptly sent, freight paid. Universal Company, Dept. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lubin's final argument in all such cases was: "If I don't understand it, then there must be a lot of other people that don't know any more than I do—and maybe sometimes not so much. Fix it up the way I tell you."

These stories and their like have been told on many of the smaller picture sets of the time, as bits of critical humor. But the stern, iron-faceted truth is that "Pop" Lubin was more than half right. He was making pictures to sell.

J. J. Kennedy, of the Motion Picture Patents Company and General Film, came forward in those days with an idea for the betterment of the public that was suggested to him by the fact that, since the National Board of Censorship was viewing all of the General's product, the vote of the censors should be taken to decide which was the best film and which was the poorest. "Then," said Kennedy, "the maker of the best picture will be rewarded by an order for double the usual number of copies of the poorest picture, and the poorest picture and reimburse the manufacturer for the cost of making his negative."

The board of directors of General Film pondered this question for considerable time. Several meetings went by without action. Finally, at a meeting unattended by Kennedy, they voted on the plan, knowing he would demand action.

A SPOKESMAN called on Kennedy to apprise him of their decision. "We adopted that plan of yours about the best picture," he said.

"Fine," Kennedy exclaimed. "That will put the boys on their toes."

"But," the spokesman timidly went on, "we changed it today. We decided to have the vote taken on the best and second best pictures. Then we cancel the second best picture and pay for the negative."

"Oh, damn," Kennedy exploded. "The second best might easily be really the best. Decisions like that are close, and besides being second best it would be a part of our best merchandise. What do you mean by such foolishness?"

"Well, Mr. Kennedy," came the answer, "you see we had to fix it that way, because, you see, none of these gentlemen want to take credit for making the worst picture of the week."

That was the end of the quality uplift movement at the General Film Company.

The only effective force toward the betterment of the motion picture had come from the consuming public, variously expressed in terms of patronage, censorship, letters, and letters to the editor. Mostly the public has expressed its opinions in terms of box office receipts, the language best understood by the makers of motion pictures or any other merchandisers.

In this same 1912, however, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the first publication aimed at making the public articulate in its motion picture opinions, was born.

PHOTOPLAY's beginnings were quite as modest and humble as those of the motion picture itself. This magazine first greeted the public as the program leader of a Chicago theater. A long journey lay ahead in the busy career that has brought it into the full grown status of a national magazine, unique in its position among the world's best friend of the motion picture. From its theatre program days, PHOTOPLAY has grown with the development of the motion picture as a national institution and has grown with it and as an industry. The major obligation of the magazine has ever been to the public from which it has won its reward of success and prosperity.

The great day of the star had not yet dawned in 1912 and the motion picture was still adding to the anonymous personnel of the screen the players who were soon to rise on a wave of personal fame with the new era just ahead. The summer of 1912 brought the Gish's to the screen, probably the last sig-
Those recurring twinges due to abrupt weather changes can be promptly relieved

THAT bottle of Absorbine, Jr. which you have so often used as a cleansing, soothing, healing antiseptic provides a world of comfort for those subject to muscular aches due to abrupt changes in weather.

Apply it to the congested area. It awakens a dormant circulation. With the renewed course of the blood comes relief for the stiff, lame, sore muscles of the back, legs, arms, neck or other affected part.

Absorbine, Jr. merely stimulates nature to help herself. Its clean, agreeable odor makes it pleasant to use. It is conveniently at hand in the medicine cabinet.

At all drugstores. 15c. or put out.

Licensed trade marks. Inc. patented.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
218 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTI-SEPTIC LINIMENT

"Laveraged" $20 Profit for 217 Days

Ford Auto FREE!

We have a plan whereby our active agents can earn over $20 on every Ford without extra investment in inventory.

We have a plan whereby our active agents can earn over $20 on every Ford without extra investment in inventory.

Get full information on this new plan.

DONT WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern medical construction which gives capture relief immediately.

It has no adjustable metal braces or metal crotch. It is made of Cam Action Cloth and draw string (not elastic) keeps the padding in place.

It rests comfortably on the abdomen.

Sent on trial to prove its worth. Send for the new illustrated folder and the latest testimonials. Make up your mind. There is an extraordinary demand for the new, improved Besford Appliance, $7.50.

MR. C. E. BROOKS
112 Main St., Hot Springs, Ark.

TRY THIS ON YOUR HAIR 15 Days

Then let your mirror prove results. Write Today for FREE Trial Offer.

Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald, for there is a way to destroy this difference method utilized classifies part of the hair to deal with the entire hair. This system is 100% effective.

Send today.

AYMES CO., 109 S. Chicago, Ill.

March winds cannot blow off this Rouge

PERT ROUGE gives a natural, velvety rosy that lasts. It can be removed with cold cream or soap and water. Unaffected by rain, snow, wind, weather, old age, aqua dering. Pert has a light, fluffy, creamy base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

At Last, a Pert Waterproof Lipstick to match your Pert Rouge. Made with wholesome oil of sweet almonds.

Rouge and Lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail, 75c each.

Write today for samples of Pert Rouge and of Win X for darkness in the cheeks. Samples are a dime each.

ROSS COMPANY
212 West 16th Street
New York

Pert Rouge

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed are gone. The young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will sur- face in the most natural way, without the least appearance of disability.

The appliance is made of the finest materials, and is guaranteed to be a success. It is an absolute cure for bow-legs and knock-knees, and is also a most valuable aid in the treatment of all kinds of deformities. It is simple in construction, and can be worn without any inconvenience.

Write today for my new copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-knee deformities without any obligation on your part. Before a dime for postage.

M. TRILEY, SPECIALIST
904-7 A. Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

CASH'S 3 oz. 12c & 6 oz. 25c

WOVEN NAMES 9 oz. 25c & 12 oz. 45c.

Save Laundry Losses when Traveling

Write for Samples
J. & J. CASH, Inc.
33rd Street, So. Norwalk, Conn.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A practical four-door course in the writing and mar- keting of the short story, for the beginner. By Dr. James Luican, Editor of The Writer's Magazine.

Please address:
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Springfield, Ml.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Dear advertisement in PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The great age of screen personalities, the stars, was just ahead. It was coming as a part of the birth of the screen art and an accompanying new effluence of success for the business of the screen. This new period just ahead in our narrative involves many names no longer in the limelight. But it centers for the early months of its phenomenal development about the movement of Adolph Zukor. He now stood at the critical point where he was about to emerge from his comfortable obscurity as a successful exhibitor into a region of uncharted adventure. That will be the theme of a chapter to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

The story of the prospective marriage of Jack Benny and Saundra Fleming is causing great interest. When two of filmdom's most popular people get engaged there's bound to be a leak somewhere.

The engagement that began some time ago, and that was renewed after Betty's return from a recent trip to Europe. They did not intend to tell of their coming marriage, for the ceremony was planned for nearly a year—no until Mr. Cramer's divorce from his first wife, Marguerite Snow, has become final. But there were first whispers, then rumors and finally—congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson have sailed, again, for darkest Africa. They plan to be away for about five years—maybe. And if there's a lion or an elephant that hasn't blithely faced the camera in that time—well, we'll have to have a signed statement and the effect to boast, however wild, could resist Mrs. M. J.

Exhibitors are saying nowadays that we have too many crying men on the screen. No matter how tough the man, they say, there always comes a moment when he is softened by emotion and bursts into tears.

Sometimes it's a girl who does the softening. Or the old pinto pony dies, or the little child in the white nightie makes an appearance. And then there's a close-up, a hardenwed set of features dissolving into tears. The exhibitors say that this type of man doesn't appeal to women. And that men don't like him too darn well, either.

Mary Beth Milford, late of the "Music Box Revue" and now appearing in one of Witwer's prize fighting serials, has invented something. Something for ladies. Something that will not make them lovely—that will keep them lovely and fresh and crisp. Just as a nice refrigerator will keep a salad fresh and pretty and crisp on the warmest day.

The invention is called the "Mary Beth Ice-Pull" and it is nothing more nor less than a ice bag, with a metal cap. The ice bag is made of chiffon, and it is carried in lady's party bag when she attends a dance or a ball game, or when the Cooper-Hewitts get too hot for human endurance, it may be patted over the face, refreshingly, just as a powder puff may be used. And the result is that make-up doesn't run, and perspiration doesn't show, and everything's cool and lovely. Mary Beth said, "If this is OK with me, and it's pretty at a dance, the owner of the ice puff may sneak up to the nearest punch bowl and get a supply."

In Chicago a man never dies a violent death in pictures. He just topples over and the audience must supply the cause. Spectators hold guessing contests to decide whether it was tummy-ache or just mumps that killed him. It is said to have been one of the mid-Western censors who wanted to cut "fingerie" out of a comedy title because he couldn't pronounce it and he suspected it had a double meaning.

Send for FREE Trial Bottle

Gray Hair?
-Don't Have It

Not at any age

Whether you are young or old, gray hair is unbecoming and absolutely unnecessary. My scientific preparation will bring back the original color easily and surely and keep it for the rest of your life.

I perfected it many years ago to restore the color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. Since, millions of people have used it and millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Clean as water

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, pure and chaste as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky, nothing to wash off or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural and even in all lights—no streaks or decoration. Easily applied by simply combing through the hair. You do it yourself—no one need ever know your secret.


day--Till!  

M. J. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000 Bottles Sold

FREE Send no money Free
Pay no C.O.D.

Free Trial Outfit Free
Mail the coupon for our special patented free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of the Restorer with full directions and explanations for making your famous converting test on a single lock of hair. A trial package of my wonderful new Preparatory Powder is included with this outfit. This powder is the most recent discovery made in my laboratory, and I consider it invaluable. It puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration and acts as a tonic and antiseptic. Mail coupon today.

Fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter. When you have made the test which proves how easily and surely your gray hair can be restored, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you, or offers you a substitute preparation, write me direct and I will supply your needs.

Maurice J. Goldman
176-G Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad X shows color of hair. (Paint not being private.)

Blond, St. Paul black, medium brown, medium blond, dark blond, brown, light brown, dark brown, light brown, blond, City...

Mary Beth Milford's
Hair Color Restorer

UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO.

1 Down
Just $1.00 down—the balance in easy monthly payments. Write today for FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles. Learn how, for only $1.00 down, you can get direct from factory—a

STUDEBAKER
The INSURED Watch

Choice of 54 newest Art Beauty Cases: 8 handsome dial designs, 8 adjustable bracelets, 49 color combinations and 6 positions: Insured for a lifetime. Direct from the maker at lowest prices ever. Write for catalog and trial watch. Free with the book. Fine Chain FREE! Watch also comes with chain.

Mail Coupon
Send today for copy of this book—FREE—Site nearest friendly Studebaker Watch Store. Get it free worth $1.00 down now. Watch FREE! Send for Book!

STUDEBAKER Watch Co.
Dept. 333, South Bend, Indiana

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK!

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. 333, South Bend, Indiana

Please send me your Free Book of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your $1.00 down offer.
Is This a Miracle? Beauty Scientists Call It That

By Marlon Frances

Before THIS GIRL

5 Minutes After

The same girl

The thrill of seeing your skin transformed before your eyes is 5 minutes. How mysterious blending of certain plants and flowers, without "beauty mud" or artificial bleaches, purges face and pores—silks skin like a "fairytale miracle," say world's beauty experts.

Can you imagine a sallow, thin, even marred by blackheads and freckles, cleared up and left soft and white and smooth? That's in 5 minutes! It sounds like magic. And beauty scientists call it that.

The inventor is an internationally noted beauty specialist, Dr. John A. De Grasse, who has adopted his method that it is said in a way with anything short of a flawless complexion soon will be a rarity.

PURGES THE PORES

The "fairy" method is unlike any other ever perfected. Dermatological specialists say it has no parallel in the annals of beauty culture. It is a simple cream—treatment, compounded of plants and minerals, that affects the pores like a laxative does the bowels—clears out the poisonous accumulations.

Containing no bleach, no harsh chemicals; no clay, it purges every pore in your face within five minutes. You apply it cold and results are unbelievable until you get the next investigation.

At the recent Beauty Congress, dark-skinned women and men with blackheads and pimplies had their skins brought in for her "fairy" treatment.

In some cases, blackheads were removed from the face to the sebaceous glands. Blackheads were removed at the same time without leaving a scar. Blackheads were removed with one application.

Some women's complexions, once difficult to maintain, have been markedly improved

FOR HOME USE

The secret preparation—"fairy"—used in workrooms—these amazing skin transformations are now obtainable for home use. Your dealer will supply you or we will send direct for a limited time a regular $2.50 for $1.00 if you mail the coupon below, together with $1.00 to cover mailing cost.

Mail Today for Test Jar

International Beauty Institute
Dept. 310, St. Louis, Mo.

"Fairy" makes your face look younger with personal directions for using. I enclose $1.00 to cover mailing cost.

Name.

Address.

City (100, 25) and State.

IT'S YOUR FAULT

If you continue to suffer with sore, swollen, perspirating, itchy, or burning skin, your YOUTHFUL FOOT POWDER will promptly relieve all suffering.

Blisters, cracks, and other cutaneous irritations (scars) are no longer painful. YOUTHFUL FOOT POWDER will promptly relieve all suffering.

YOUTHFUL FOOT POWDER COMPANY, San Antonio, Texas

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

Detroit Show Card Studios

213 Drexel Building, DETROIT, MICH.

Dear Sirs—Without cost or risk, Flirt with Fame and send me a card.

Your Picture Card Studio will be a benefit to me.

(For names and address)

Dr. De Grasse, of course, is popular

Ask your druggist for the Marmola Prescription Tablets.

MARMOLA COMPANY

234 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Easy to Play

Easy to Pay

Saxophone

True-Tone

Buescher

Every student wants the instruments top-notch and one of the best is the Buescher True-Tone. This instrument, available at a price you can pay, is a genuine value. Buescher, the noted manufacturer, makes all the parts in the shop, and the True-Tone is a result of the highest craftsmanship.

Free Trial

Buescher Band Instruments, 2324 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Clear Your Skin

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or perspiration, we will send you our valuable pamphlet, "How to Get Rid of Them," absolutely FREE.

Marmola Sanatorium Laboratories, 165 B Ave., Unit 777, N.Y.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

MARIE, BOSTON, MASS.—Madge Bellamy was born in Willsboro, Texas. Ever notice how many small town girls are screen stars? She is a small person, for she measures just five feet. Kenneth Harlan is a screen rarity—a native born New Yorker, straight from Manhattan Island. He is a substantial gentleman, being five feet eleven inches tall and weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His hair is black and his eyes are dark.

L. R. C., LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Pearl White will be greatly surprised to learn that a girl at Lockport is mourning her death. Cleverly, Miss Pearl White is as alive as you or I, probably much more so. That is one secret of her success, that she is so keenly, thrillingly alive.

BARRIE, SEATTLE, WASH.—Settle a bet? That is one of the best things I do. You win. It was Nita Naldi who did the high powervamping in "Blood and Sand." The consolation prize for your friend is that Barbara La Marr has vamped very successfully in other plays. The place of Bebe Daniels' 'Fifth is Dallas, Tex. The date, January 14, 1927.

"JEST J.," RICHMOND, VA.—The camera occasionally misleads as to character. It may seem to register conceit while the actor inwardly is quaking. I do not think Gilbert is over-confident. He has repose, a quality essential to the best forms of acting in home and social life. The actor you mention is as handsome in real life as seen through the camera.

PHOTOPLAY receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method:

Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to pay the expense of the photograph and mailing.

The stars are inundated with these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay the cost themselves.

THEMIA, NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Superb" is a high term of praise. Norman Kerry may have received it before. If not, he will be interested to know that a girl of the "wise" old town applied it to him. Mr. Kerry's age is twenty-eight. He is married. His address is the Grand-Asher, 213 Fifth Avenue. Besides, the "Merry Go Round" and the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," he has been seen in "The Acquittal" and "The Satin Girl."

MILDRED, BUFFALO, N. Y.—You want "to live to see Thomas Meighan and Dorothy Dalton in the same play." They are hereby notified of your request, Mildred. This is the cast of "Molly O." Molly O. Marlow, Mabel Mar- mond, Tim O'Dair, George Nichols; Mrs. Tim O'Dair. Anna Hernandez; Billie O'Dair, Albert Hackett; Jim Smith, Eddie Gibbon; Dr. John S. Bryant, Jack Mulhall; Fred Mon- chester, Lowell Sherman; Mirtone Macchiotta, Jacqueline Logan; Albert Faulkner, Ben Deedy; Mrs. Jar. W. Robbins, Gloria Davenport; The Silhouetted Man, Carl Stockdale; Antonio; Bardiquiphi, Eugenie Besserer. The heights of the actresses you name are: Carol Dempster, five feet five inches; Claire Windsor, five feet six and a half inches; Billie Dove, five feet four inches; Enid Bennett, five feet three inches.

Eva T. Sheldon, Registered Nurse, says:

"I thank Madame Berthe for ZIP."

"I have taken the treatments a short time and find them more than satisfactory and everything that is advertised.

"This testimonial is voluntary and was unsolicited, as I consider ZIP the only thing on the market for the removal of superfluous hair worthy of second notice. I speak from years of experience."

Superfluous Hair and the Story of Eva Sheldon

Her experience is like that of thousands of others who have become familiar with ZIP after having tried innumerable preparations for eliminating superfluous hair. She realized the necessity for a remedy that is an honest-to-goodness hair destroyer, and has now banished the problem of superfluous hair.

Quick As a Wink

You can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember you are not merely removing surface hair—you dezivilize the roots, thus treating the cause and invariably checking the growth. Moreover, ZIP leaves the skin clear and smooth, pores contracted and like magic your skin becomes admirable. The process seems almost miraculous but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the scientifically correct way to destroy the growth.

Ask Your Mirror

Look in your mirror and ask yourself whether you can afford to ignore those objectionable hairs on your face, arms, underarms, back of neck, limbs, or shaggy brows. Can you longer neglect to use a method which really lifts out the hairs from under the skin, gently, quickly and painlessly and in this way dezivilizes the roots and checks the growth? Such is the action of ZIP and it accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary superfluous depilatories which merely burn off surface hair and which cannot destroy the roots.

Eliminate Your Growth

With ZIP—absolutely harmless, free of injurious drugs; easily applied at home; delightfully fragrant—and thus bring forth the beauty which may be hidden by these few unsightly hairs.

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist

562 Fifth Avenue

FREE BOOK and FREE SAMPLES

Face Cream and Face Powder with My Compliments—Guaranteed Not to Grow Hair.

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist

Department 922, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE samples of your MASSAGE CREAM and FACE POWDER, and your book "Beauty's Greatest Secret," in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful. (Please print your name.)

NAME...

ADDRESS...

CITY AND STATE...

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Samuel Goodrich Proctor is the fifth Mellin's Food baby in this household."
Geo. S. Proctor, New Hampton, N. H.

Mellin's Food

Many mothers have written us that they have brought up all of their babies on the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification.

Let us send you a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
EVEN more alluring than the visible charm of features, dress or manner is the invisible charm of perfume—when the perfume has been chosen, not merely for its fragrance, but because it breathes your own personality.

Florent, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, harmonizes with widely varying types of beauty—seeming to change its individuality with each wearer. And there are many other lovely Colgate scents from which to choose.

The famous Colgate Perfume Test shows you how to choose your perfume so that it will be a true expression of your own inner loveliness. For full instructions and materials for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfumes, send a two-cent stamp and your name and address to Colgate & Co., Dept. 8, 199 Fulton Street, New York City.
Teeth—to eat with or to be eaten?

Tartar germs live on tooth enamel. They fasten tightly to the tiny crevices in enamel, then build shelters of a hard substance we call tartar. Next they begin to eat tooth enamel. When tartar has eaten through enamel, the tooth soon decays.

Keep tartar off your teeth

You can’t keep germs from getting into your mouth, but you can keep tartar from forming. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, because of its special construction, sweeps tartar-forming germs off all parts of your teeth. The wide-spaced, saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach into the crevices between your teeth and drive out germs before they form destructive tartar.

The large end tuft

The large end tuft, like a separate brush, reaches and cleans the backs of teeth, especially the backs of back teeth.

Back teeth, molars, are important. Decayed molars may cause even more serious trouble. The out-of-the-way position of molars makes it important that your tooth brush be constructed so that you can give molars the cleansing they need. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush easily cleans the back teeth.

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush often, as illustrated. Brush well; do not merely wash your teeth. Be sure that the facsimile name Pro-phy-lac-tic is on the handle of your tooth brush, for the Pro-phy-lac-tic does get your teeth clean. Remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—adult’s 50c; small, 35c; and baby’s, 25c—are made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft.

Florence Manufacturing Company
 Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush

Always sold in the yellow box. • • • • A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
What Kind of Men Attract Women Most?
A Colorful Rug Makes an Inviting Room—

This simple living room owes much of its charm and attractiveness to the rich warm tones of the Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug.

These popular rugs possess every quality that the modern housewife demands. Whether she wishes a simple or an elaborate design she can find Congoleum patterns and colorings that will suit her perfectly. There are soft blues or browns for living and dining rooms; delicate flower-like hues for bedrooms, and conventional blue-and-white and tan-and-cream effects for the bathroom, kitchen and pantry.

And for practical service Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs have no equal. They are waterproof, mothproof and unharmed by dirt or spilled things. A few easy strokes with a damp mop and the smooth surface is clean in a twinkling.

Congoleum Rugs are made all in one piece—entirely without seams. They lie flat on the floor without any fastening, and never curl or kick up at the edges. Note the very low prices.

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

The pattern illustrated is made in the five large sizes only. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.

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

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs
Now $1.89
For the Genuine
ZARA VANITIES

To distribute the Genuine Zara Vanities at once among those who have not had an opportunity of obtaining them we are now making a special offer on both our fascinating, new styles. One, you wear on a ribbon bracelet like a wrist watch — the other, around your neck as a sautoir. They are the daintiest compact cases you ever saw and so convenient to carry. You know how much bother it is to carry a powder puff or an ordinary, big compact in your coat pocket or purse. A Zara Vanity will solve this problem to your lasting satisfaction. You will be perfectly delighted with one of these little cases.

A Vanity that is Worn Like a Wrist Watch

This wrist vanity is charming and distinctive. It is worn like a wrist watch on a ribbon bracelet with an attractive clasp to match the case in gold or platinum finish. Inside is a small compact of delicately scented powder, a mirror which reflects your whole face and a puff just big enough for the touch of powder that assures perfect grooming.

A Dainty Zara Sautoir - Vanity

If you desire, you may have this dainty sautoir vanity. It looks just like an elegant little locker. You wear it around your neck on a long black gros grain ribbon. Every ribbon is complete, with a slide with gold finish to match the vanity. This lovely vanity also contains a powder compact, mirror and puff.

Two Popular Styles

Zara Vanities

Only $1.89!

Mail This Coupon NOW! Send No Money!

If you live in Canada send post office or express order. No C. O. D. orders accepted from Canada or other foreign countries.

You do not have to send a penny for one of these popular Zara Vanities. Just pay the postman the small sum of $1.89 plus postage when it arrives. Mark on the coupon whether you want a Zara Wrist or Sautoir Vanity and the finish you desire. After you receive your vanity, you have three days in which to decide. Show it to your friends. Think how they will envy you when they see you with one of these chic vanities on your wrist or hanging from a gros grain ribbon around your neck. You will just love to wear your Zara. But if you are not perfectly satisfied, return the vanity within the three days and your money will be refunded. Fill out the coupon and mail it right away. There is no additional charge for the wrist bracelet or neck ribbon. Don’t delay ordering until the limited supply is gone. Send the coupon TODAY!

ZARAVAN COMPANY, Dept. 12-54
311 River Street, Chicago, Ill.

Will you please send me a Zara Vanity in the style and finish indicated below. I will pay the postman $1.89 and postage when it arrives. I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return the vanity within 3 days and my money will be refunded. (Please check style and finished desired)

Name
Address
City, State

If you live in Canada, it is advisable to enclose a post office or express order for $1.89. When you do this we pay the postage.
NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Produced by
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A WILLIAM de Mille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger from the novel "Rita Capener" by Julian Street. Adapted by Herbert Odlum.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
GLORIA SWANSON in "THE HUMMING BIRD"
A Sidney Olcott Production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Zane Grey's "THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
An Irvin Willat Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shirley Le Vino.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
THOMAS MEIGHAN in "PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A Herbert Brenon Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Rochefoucauld, Henry Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BIG BROTHER" by Rex Beach
An Allan Dwan Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Schrader.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Kate Jordan's "THE NEXT CORNER"
A Sam Wood Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE STRANGER"

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"ICE BOUND"
A William de Mille Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. With Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"MAGNOLIA"
A James Cruze Production with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Calvin Lucius, Philip Haver, Noah Beery. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Walter Woods.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
CECIL B. DE MILLE's PRODUCTION "TRIUMPH"

A Reliable Guide to Screen Entertainment of Quality—The name Paramount!

What is there to go by, after all, but one thing? Individual names and faces come and go, personal reputations wax and wane—where is there something lasting?

The brand name, the leading brand name, is the lasting guide. It is concentrated every imaginable form of responsibility—creative, artistic, ethical and financial.

Paramount provides the great and lasting stage upon which every kind of screen genius and fame may rise. The best talent seeks the greatest resources and the greatest audience secured by the name Paramount.

Behind the scenes goes on the hardest kind of creative effort, and the result is the wonderful spirit of screen romance identified always by the one name that lasts and leads.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
Vol. XXV  No. 5

Contents

April, 1924

Cover Design  Sylvia Breamer
   From a Pastel Portrait by Hal Phyfe

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures  8
   In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference

Brickbats and Bouquets  12
   Frank Letters from Readers

Rotogravure:  19
   PHOTOPLAY'S New Pictures: Betty Jewel, Corinne
   Griffith, Barbara La Marr, Dorothy Mackaill, Clara
   Bow, Lowell Sherman, Eddie Phillips, Adolph Menjou,
   Ricardo Cortez, Ben Lyon, Lloyd Hughes, Oscar Shaw,
   Ronald Colman

Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)  27
   James R. Quirk

What Men Have Told Me About Other Women  Nita Naldi  28

Wives Who Read This Will Be Wiser

Good-By, Boys, I'm Through  31
   Bland Warner

Pearl White Has Faced Her Last Director

Odds and Ends the Camera Caught (Photographs)  32
   The Men Who Grind the Crank Learn Something New Every Day

The Mix Jewels  34
   All Tom's Savings Go Into Beautiful Stones

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage

This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to
the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

Page 60
   Secrets,........................First National
   The Humming Bird,................Paramount
   Thy Name Is Woman,..............Metro

Page 61
   The Marriage Circle..............Warner Brothers
   Three Weeks,......................Goldwyn
   The Stranger,......................Paramount

Page 62
   Sporting Youth,...................Universal
   The Heritage of the Desert.......Paramount
   Pied Piper Malone.................Fox
   When a Man's a Man..............First National
   Just Off Broadway................Fox
   A Fool's Awakening................Metro

Page 63
   Painted People....................First National
   Nellie, The Beautiful Beau Model: Goldwyn
   Flaming Barriers..................Paramount
   Two Wagons—Both Covered.........Pathe
   The Yankee Cuckoo—Associated Exhibitors
   Daddies.........................Warner Brothers

Page 102
   Alimony,.........................Film Booking Offices
   The Man from Wyoming.............Universal
   The Next Corner...................Paramount
   My Man,..........................Vitagraph
   Jealous Husbands.................First National
   North of Hudson Bay...............Fox
   Ladies to Board..................Fox
   The Fast Express................Universal
   Wings of the Turf,..............Fidelity
   No More Women...................Allied Producers
   Jealous Husbands...............Universal
   Love's Lie.........................Allied Producers
   The Trail of the Law...............Biltmore
   The Net.........................Fox
   Cause for Divorce................Selznick

Page 103
   The Breathless Moment............Universal
   Week End Husbands.................Film Booking Offices
   The Daring Years..................Equity
   Let Not Man Put Asunder............Vitagraph
Contents—Continued

The Camera Never Lies (Fiction)  Frank Condon  35
But That’s Not Saying It May Not Give a Distorted View
Illustrated by R. Van Buren

The Autobiography of Pola Negri  38
The Conclusion of a Great Life Story

What Kind of Men Attract Women Most?  Adela Rogers St. Johns  40
Here’s the Reason Behind Every Feminine Choice

His Life Story Begins Next Month  42
Perhaps You Will Recognize Him by the Photograph

Rotogravure:  43
Rudolph Valentino, Baby Peggy, Aileen Pringle;
Ride ’em Cowboy!—the Fore-Horsemen of America;
Paramount’s Eastern Studio; Harry, “Doby,” and Ella
Ada Carey, Sheila and Pat O’Malley

The Love Dodger (Fiction)  Adela Rogers St. Johns  51
A Serial That Gives a New Insight into Hollywood Life
Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

The Enchanted Princess  Margaret E. Sangster  55
May McAvoY Tries to Look Her Worst

Close-Ups and Long Shots  Herbert Howe  56
Comment on Screen Personalities
Drawing by Ralph Barton; Pencil Sketches by Rex Ingram

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture  Terry Ramsaye
The Fabulous Days of 1912

The Shadow Stage  60
The Department of Practical Screen Criticism

Have You a Dressing Table?  William J. Moll  64
How to Make One of These Chief Assets of the Home

Lincoln and the Kids  Bland Johanneson  66
The Rocket Boys Present a Powerful Theme

Rotogravure:  67
Mimi Palmeri, Betty Compson, Alma Rubens, Jananne
Johnston

Gossip—East and West  Cal York  71
Intimate Glimpses of the Film Folk

Mrs. Tom Mix—Before and After  76
A Study in Plastic Surgery

Dan McGrew, the Stranger, and the Lady Known as Lou
(Photographs)  76
Otherwise, Lew Cody, Percy Marmont and Barbara La Marr

Rudolph Valentino as “Monsieur Beaucaire” (Photographs)  78
A Dashing Role in Booth Tarkington’s Classic

King Vidor Shooting “Happiness” (Photographs)  81
Questions and Answers  The Answer Man  83

The Theodore Roberts Family (Photograph)  84

The Shee Must Fit the Foot and Costume (Photographs)  86
Bebe Daniels Selects Slippers of Usual Design

Friendly Advice  Carolyn Van Wyck  108
The Department of Practical Service

Casts of Current Photoplays  127
Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 134

Who are the most popular stars of the screen?

In an effort to ascertain which stars of the screen and which directors are the most popular with the motion picture patrons of the country, PHOTOPLAY recently sent out a questionnaire to five thousand exhibitors all over the United States. The exhibitors were asked to name the six stars whose pictures were most largely patronized and to name them in the order of their relative value at the box-office. They were also asked to name the six directors whose names were the most valuable in exploiting a picture—names that would draw dollars to the theater. The results will appear in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

How to lose your husband

In a great many pictures a deserted wife figures. The philandering husband, weary of the woman to whom he is married, chases off on jazz parties and meets beautiful blondes, leaving the wife at home. Of all the women on the screen, Mary Alden probably has been a deserted wife more times than any other. She has been left flat so many times that she has made a study of the subject and has formulated a set of rules on "How to lose your husband." So, if any women readers of PHOTOPLAY desire to know how to drive their husbands away from home, be sure to get the May issue of PHOTOPLAY and read Miss Alden’s infallible rules.

What have you to toss the pictures?

There are many thousands of men and women, boys and girls in the United States whose desire—secret or otherwise—it is to act in motion pictures. They don’t know how to go about it. They don’t even know whether or not they have the slightest ability. And if they are sure they have talent, they don’t know how to offer it, how to find a market.

In the May issue of PHOTOPLAY, L. M. Goodstadt, for many years a casting director, tells just what should be done. He tells who are wanted in pictures and who are not. It is an authoritative article, written by a man who knows the wants of the industry as few can.

Be sure to get the May PHOTOPLAY

Out April 15
What Do They See In Each Other?

HE had invited her to dinner. She had accepted. Now, sitting opposite each other at table, they begin to see things they never saw before. They begin to see each other for the first time as they really are. What is revealed to them across the table? What do they see in each other?

She sees with a little pang of disappointment that he is not the cultivated man she thought him. Why do the waiters treat him with less deference than they do the men at tables nearby? What does he lack? Can he be just . . . ordinary? She does not want to believe it, but there are certain indications that are unmistakable. And he is watching her curiously, realizing that this must be the first time she has dined in a fashionable hotel. Why does she fumble so awkwardly with her fork? Why does she seem so self-conscious, so ill at ease?

Her evident embarrassment makes him feel uncomfortable, and suddenly he finds himself wishing he had never invited her. Yet only yesterday they had been attracted to each other, interested in each other. Both had dreamed a little. Today the dream has faded and they are disillusioned. Telltale blunders have revealed crudities they sought to conceal. And though they try half-heartedly to keep up the conversation, they know that they are disappointed in each other, that they will probably never see each other again.

Are You “Dressing Up” The Real You?

There is one thing that cannot possibly be concealed—and that is embarrassment. And there is one thing that causes more embarrassment than anything else, and that is the fear of blundering, the fear of doing or saying what is conspicuously wrong.

The famous Book of Etiquette, recognized as the most complete and authoritative work of its kind in existence, has brought ease and comfort to people in millions of homes. It does not attempt to “dress up” the real person—does not concern itself with petty artificialities or trifling rules of society. It does, however, dress the true personality, gives a wonderful new ease and poise of manner to people who have long been self-conscious and ill at ease.

In other words, the Book of Etiquette does not attempt to conceal embarrassment—it removes the cause for embarrassment. It tells you precisely the things you want to know, clears away all doubts and uncertainty, smooths away crudities, makes you sure of yourself. Before you realize it, you will have acquired a new self-reliance, a new confidence.

You will be able to mingle on an equal social footing with the highest and lowest, free from embarrassment, free from little unexpected humiliations, free from hesitancy and doubt.

The Famous Book of Etiquette
Half a Million Sold at the Regular
Publishing Price of $3.50
Special, Only $1.98

Do not “dress up” the real you, making it artificial, unnatural. Instead, make that real you so poised and impressive that people will instinctively admire and respect you wherever you go.

Wouldn’t you like to be able to do and say the right thing without stopping to think about it? Wouldn’t you like always to be perfectly comfortable and at ease, never embarrassed and constrained?

Perhaps you have been to a party recently, or a dinner, or a dance. Were you comfortable, at ease? Or did you feel “alone,” out of place, actually tongue-tied while others conversed easily and comfortably? Were you embarrassed at the table, or did you feel that you had complete self-possession?

The Book of Etiquette will give you lifelong protection from embarrassment. It will keep you from making impulsive blunders at conscious moments. It will give you a new reserve, a new self-control, a new assurance, a new confidence in yourself. It will tell you everything you want to know about dinners, dances, parties, weddings, funerals, dress, speech. There is even information for the business woman, for the country hostess, for the debutante, for the child.

You want the Book of Etiquette—you have always wanted it. Here is a rare opportunity to secure the regular two volume $3.50 edition at the special low price of only $1.98. This low price is made solely for the purpose of accommodating the thousands of men and women who have not yet purchased the Book of Etiquette—and we are able to make the offer only because of the vast number of sets already sold at the regular price of $3.50.

Will you be among those to take advantage of this opportunity? Or will you let it slip by? No money is necessary. But clip and mail the coupon now for your set of the Book of Etiquette. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 774, Garden City, New York.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 774
Garden City, New York

I accept your special Low Price offer. You may send me the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette in plain cloth, for which I will pay only $1.98 (plus delivery charges) on arrival, instead of the regular price of $3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the books within five days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

Name ________________________
Address ______________________

Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at $2.98 with same return privilege.

(Orders from outside the U. S. payable $2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., $3.44 with order.)
brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND.—Fox.—A man unjustly accused, vanishes. He has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. (February.)

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

APRIL SHOWERS.—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Richard Dix in a picture filled with old ma-

ARABIA'S LAST ALARM.—Fox.—A joyous comed
edrama in евегу letter. Well worth while. (March.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS.—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture, Federated with several scenes in the Orient. (February.)

ASHES OF VENGEANCE.—First National.—One of the first—or best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Greta Naurlre Tellmexcellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAD MAN, THE.—First National.—Holbrook Breen is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

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

BIG BROTHER.—Paramount.—A really big, lumpsu-mdrama, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (February.)

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

BILL.—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris publicist wedge, done by Maurice Feurant. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK OXEN.—First National.—A good picture-

showing, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and

nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (February.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE.—Pathe.—A dog star. Rocks' acts in this picture are worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of Photoplay in which the original review appeared.

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

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

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

CROOKED ALLEY.—Universal.—Another Bos-

ton Blackie story, but not particularly well done. (January.)

CUPID'S FIREMAN.—Fox.—Charles Jones looks hopelessly through Blanche, saving imperiled women. (February.)

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE.—F. B. O.—One of William P. K. Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

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

DANGEROUS MAID, THE.—First National.—A good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's power. (February.)

DARING OF NEW YORK, THE.—Universal.—Baby Peggy the delightful center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (January.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Associated Exhibitors.—An Oriental production and a good one of the Dickens story. (January.)

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

DAYTIME WIVES.—F. B. O.—An amusing pic-
ture that gratifies the good little stenographer. Some-

what preachy. (November.)

DEFYING DESTINY.—Schnick.—Full of inci-
dents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

DESIRE.—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE.—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE.—Independent.—A well and artful melodrama of the Great North-

west. Unimportant. (December.)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vampi-

re who graps all the valuables in sight. It won't do for the children. (November.)

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

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY.—Apollo.—Still the formula—and this time an old one. (October.)

DRIFTING.—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Friesella Dean playing a vivid dem-

monic. (November.)

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

DULCY.—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the folly of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE.—Metro.—An inter-
cating Western, somewhat marred by a strain for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE.—Fox.—Rearring melo-
drama for the youngsters. (October.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN.—Mammoth.—Conven-
tional story of a wolf, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

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

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE.—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Renie Anderen featured and

justly so. Excellent. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE.—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall

Nolan's production. (December.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE.—Schnick.—Chiefly notable

because Melvyn Norwood heads the cast and her

pictures are always worth while. (February.)

FAIR FEATHER, THE.—F. B. O.—Rather lack-

neyed story, with chorus girls as heroine. So-so. (November.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS.—F. B. O.—You know

all about this one after the first five minutes. (February.)

FASHION ROW.—Metro.—The best MacMurray

picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (February.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]
CORINNE GRIFFITH PRODUCTIONS INC.

"Lilies of the Field"
featuring
Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle

A DRAMA of beautiful women—lilies—who toil not, who spin not, but who are arrayed in the costliest of silks and the rarest of gems. A searching portrayal of an ultra fashionable New York society set that lives only for pleasure, and of a wife, robbed of her baby, who was saved from folly through a great love. Strong in drama, rich in beauty.

At Your Favorite Theatre Soon

Louis B. Mayer presents
The John M. Stahl production
"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME"
with Lewis Stone, Helene Chadwick and Mary Carr. Adapted by A. P. Younger from the Avery Hopwood stage success. Directed by John M. Stahl.

Thomas H. Ince presents
"GALLOPING FISH"
with Sydney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, Lucille Ricksen. Directed by Del Andrews under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince.

Joseph M. Schenck presents
NORMA TALMADGE in "Secrets"
By Rudolf Besier and May Edington. Based on the Sam H. Harris play "Secrets." Directed by Frank Borzage.

Inspiration Pictures, Inc.
Charles H. Duell, President presents
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in the John S. Robertson production "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE"
with Mary McAvoy. From the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero; scenario by Josephine Lovett.

First National Pictures

From the stage success by William Hurlburt—Directed by John Francis Dillon

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

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National.—Richard Hartley as the fictional hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of its best. (December.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—(Second Series)—F. O. O.—A prize fight stunt, with a new and blonde leading woman for the O'Hara boy. (October.)

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Selma.—Badly written, not a good melodrama. (December.)

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

FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE—F. O. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. (October.)

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

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selma.—A "triller" of the early Spanish days in California with the usual romance for the family. (December.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo.—The real title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and directed. (Dec.)

FRENCH DOLL, THE—Metro.—Mar Murray in a typical Mar Murray picture—legs, lingerie and lure. (November.)

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE, A—Paramount.—The story dramatizes a bit up speed and becomes rapid and interesting. Above the average. (October.)

GIRL FROM THE WEST, THE—Avvon.—Convincingly directed picture. A waste of time. (December.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies, with Douglas MacLean at his best. In the old rich kid vein. (October.)

GOLD DIGGERS, THE—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photomontage of New York. Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usally painted. (November.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verve and cloudy piece of work, with Gay Bates Post as star. (December.)

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

GRAT, THE—Fox.—A well made and well played piece of sentimental junk in plot. It's more or less of a Western. (November.)

GRE'ET WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour of New York, well acted and filled with interest. (March.)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a screen version of his famous play, which is extremely well acted. (December.)

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

GUN FIGHTER, THE—Armour.—A feud picture with William Farnum in the midst of it, enjoying himself thoroughly. (November.)

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Hunting down a devious cunning up a gang of counterfeiters. An exciting picture, with some good Wildudi stunts. (December.)

HALF A DOLLAR BILL—Metro.—Interesting a well told story of a lapsed officer. (March.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro.—Violent Dan is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (October.)

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

HELL'S HOLE—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Letty Lynx and Charles Jones as cow- patty and bandit. A typical Farnum Western. (December.)

HER REPUTATION—First National.—A kind of a lather picture, with Herbert Prior. Good acting. (December.)

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A romantic comedy, full of laughter, possessing a joyous entertainment. (February.)

HIGH LIFE—Educational.—A Mermaid comedy with Lige Conley starred. Lots of old tricks. (Jan.)

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount.—Another gem which will act as a young reader generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone.—Robert McKim as a most villainous villain in a Bertie Mclntyre story. Full of "movie stuff." (November.)

HIS MYSTERY GIRL—Universal.—The old story of a serious man who gets a little lesson in romance. With Jack Richardson and Norma Gomes. (October.)

HOLLYWOOD—Paramount.—Dozens of the pictures shown unexpected. The love they are just humans after all. A rousing good picture. (October.)

HOMEWARD BOUND—Paramount.—Theda in a comedy with lots of a comic stuff. His vein. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (November.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney, the old man in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comic stuff. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Metro.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but trimming with tears. It follows the original novel closely, with Theda in the title role. As Mark Stebbins does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

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

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a heroine, with a pretty love story and lots of comedy. Family picture. (March.)

HITCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—An extremely fine treatment of a picture. Will become and lives and becomes an Apache in Paris. (November.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good picture, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Typical fare. (December.)

IS CONWAY ROYALTY?—Pathé.—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than any which have been made in to date. (October.)

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. O. O.—The Palmer School's prize photoplay, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR—Annie Walker.—The film has one hour and ends just where it began. (November.)

LADY OF QUALITY—Universal.—A charming love story as adapted by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount.—Most of the interest in this production which is extremely lively. Good direction. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)


LEGALLY DEAD—Universal.—Theoretically unloved, with attempt to bring a dead man back to life. (October.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. O. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture. Effective acting, excellent cast. (December.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hilles is very good in this Geo. M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and good horse race. (November.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Columbia.—A comic picture with Marie Doro doing the best acting of her career. (October.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Avvon.—Again the Theme is to get his man and get it (January.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony, his horse, have a lot more adventure, due to the great deal of "movie stuff." (November.)

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

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind it. (October.)
They Said
It Couldn't Be Done!
But these
Screen Authors
Did It!

ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author

"JUDGMENT OF THE STORM"

THE three new screen authors whose photographs appear at the head of this announcement have demonstrated that "It can be done."

Elizabeth Allen says: "You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers with a pull can succeed. You aren't a professional writer, and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time."

But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the co-operation of Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the only producing organization in Filmland which conducts a Department of Education for the purpose of equipping men and women of imagination to write directly for the screen, that knowledge was obtained.

THEY MADE GOOD

The result was another defeat for the skeptics who say "It can't be done." Mrs. Middleton was a housewife. Mr. Shumate was a salesman. Mr. Lambert a mechanical engineer. None was a professional writer. Today all are accepted photodramatists. Their plays, produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theatres throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what skeptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned the technique of photoplay writing in spare time spent in study in their own homes. They have been equipped to write, not in highbrow language but in the dramatic terms of the screen. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body of screen writers upon whom the motion picture industry as a whole will come to lean more and more. Several stories by Palmer trained authors now in production or on the screen are "The Inner Sight," a Thomas H. Ince production; "Hush, Hush," produced by Hunt Stromberg; three current Century comedies, and "Tangled Lives," another Thomas H. Ince production.

Almost without exception every individual ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years undaunted, before eventually winning the battle. How much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if at the start they had the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

PLEASURE MAD—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.) [CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]
The Grown-up Mary

Just a few words to voice my disapproval of the announcement of Mary Pickford's returning to childhood roles. She is too beautiful and intelligent to waste her talent on playing juvenile roles. I enjoyed every foot of "Rosita"; it was flawless.

ANNA WILLIAMS, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

To a Lady

I have just seen "To the Ladies," and while still under its spell I must sing, or rather write, for which you may be thankful; my praises of Louise Dresser. I think she is perfectly splendid—and what a wonderful couple she and Theodore Roberts do make, in that picture! Despite her charm and ability, however, I never see one word about her in the magazines or even a picture. Why is she so neglected? Surely her work in "Prodigal Daughters," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Woman Proof," "To the Ladies" and several others should merit her some attention. Of course I knew of her rather enviable stage record but I'd like to see the movies give her some attention.

I wonder if there are other fans who have seen Miss Dresser and admired her—I should like to hear from them.

LUCY RUTICK, CHICAGO, ILL.

A Few Suggestions

I think PHOTOPLAY is the best motion picture magazine on the market. "The Shadow Stage," "Gossip—East and West," and "Close-Ups and Long Shots" are just fine; the interviews are all interesting and the pictures are so well printed! I have one suggestion to make, however. I think there should be more variety in the pictures in the Rotogravure sections. While I like Barbara La Marr, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan, I think their pictures have been too numerous.

FERN BLAIR, ELVINS, MO.

Gloria's Finest

After reading so many unfavorable criticisms of Gloria Swanson, I can no longer keep quiet as to the fact that she cannot act! If "Laza" didn't prove she could, then "The Humming Bird" surely has—it is one of the finest pictures I have ever seen.

BETTY WILSON, HARTFORD, CONN.

Unjust Action

I wish to protest against the action of certain city councils and censors, forbidding the showing of Mabel Normand's pictures. Just as if the trouble were her fault, or as if it reflected on her character! I think their action is bigoted, narrow-minded, and absolutely unjust.

EDWARD G. LORENT, WINSTED, CONN.

Registering a Kick

Your contest to determine the most beautiful woman on the screen interests me very much. However, I am not voting because my favorite is not listed. But I am registering a "kick."

You have omitted several mightily good-looking young ladies from your gallery; or, it may be that you do not consider them beautiful? Of course, I know it would be impossible to include every pretty face that ever walked before a camera; but I find well known ones missing. There are few lovelier than Leatrice Joy, and then, there is Mildred Davis, Dorothy Mackall, Elaine Hammerstein, Julia Faye, Alice Calhoun, the dazzling Mae Busch, Viola Dana, Edna Purviance, and many others. Of course, I realize too that it is all a matter of one's personal ideas of feminine beauty, but how can you justly proclaim one girl as the Screen's Most Beautiful Woman, when they are not all given a fair chance?

N. RUTH HANG, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Good Judgment

I have just seen "Judgment of the Storm" and cannot refrain from saying that it is the finest play I have seen for a long time. Myrtle Stedman and Claire McDowell, as the mothers, were splendid. Lloyd Hughes is a wonderful actor and, though I don't believe I ever saw Lucille Ricksen before, she, too, I think, is a darling.

GRACE ELLEN WOLFE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

That Hampton Interview

I guess those Hampton admirers just wanted to kick about something. That interview with Hope Hampton was very lovely and I never saw more beautiful portraits of her than those that were published with it. That was the first interview with Hope Hampton that I ever read, and I had been wanting to know who and what she was. I do not see anything unfair in the interview. In fact Miss Johansen said very nice things of Hope.

HELEN GILLETTE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Charming Elaine

I have been surprised when reading the letters published from month to month to see no mention made of one of the most beautiful and charming actresses on the screen—Elaine Hammerstein. Her pictures are not specially well advertised and are not always above the average, but Miss Hammerstein invariably makes them well worth seeing.

N. N., AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Shattered Hopes

Only a short notice appeared in PHOTOPLAY, along with others, of the divorce of Elsie Ferguson from Mr. B. Clarke. It was to most just another one, but to us it was a beautiful hope shattered—a hope that this romance, which had been declared by Miss Ferguson and all who knew her, as "ideal," would really last. We have followed her so long on stage and screen that she seemed very real and near to us.

E. H. AND FRIENDS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The "Half-Way-Between"

This is in frank praise of those "half-way-betweens" who are so numerous on the screen just now. The most promising of these is to my mind, Ben Lyon. And there has never been printed one photograph or interview about him so far! He is of the new, Glenn Hunter type that seems to be coming into vogue now in place of the Latin dynasty. He was a regular "Debut of Promising Youth," even if his role wasn't so very sympathetic.

Of course, Ronald Colman and Ivor Novello can hardly be cast into this pigeon-hole, but they are neither stars nor hopeful. Hughes is also on an uncertain pedestal. I admire these young "will-bes" greatly and know that, in not so very long a time, they will come into their own.

ESTELLE PEARSON, PORTLAND, ME.

An Unfair Division

I think PHOTOPLAY is undoubtedly the best magazine of its kind, but I have one suggestion to make. I think that all movie magazines have too much about some stars and not half enough about others.

MARIE ALLEN, NEW YORK CITY.

The Amorous Trio

What is the peculiar charm of Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and Jack Holt that they should be the only men in the movies? I have never seen against these gentlemen, but I am beginning to irritate me. One might as well be married to them. It is impossible to see a picture in which the heroine is not being wooed by one of the three—Conway, especially, doesn't care whom he loves, nor how many in one evening!

If I am careless enough to find myself a spectator of his amours, or Milton's or Jack's, I give a piercing scream and stagger out of the theater and into the night.

MARGARET HALL, NEW YORK CITY.

Irresistible Renee

After seeing "The Eternal Struggle" I shall never miss Renee Adoree again. I enjoyed the picture very much, considering my evening well spent, only bemoaning the fact that it was the last showing.

One thing was a great relief—the hero didn't fall in love at first sight! He even trifled with the heroine, not for long though—for who could possibly resist the appeal and charm of Miss Adoree as the girl in love? There is no hope in this picture.

CORLISS JORDAN, BOSTON, MASS.

A Request

I am an admirer of Malcolm McGregor, Glenn Hunter, Douglas MacLean, Harold [continued on page 16].

17
**Loses 72 Pounds Through New Discovery**

The Personal Experience of a Woman Who Reduced From 190 Pounds to 118 Without Drugs, Medicines, Exercise, Starvation, Massage or Any Discomfort.

"I am mailing you two photographs of myself, before and after following your method," writes Hazel O'Leary (Mrs. Gene Cobb), the charming actress of Muncie, Ind., "You are at liberty to use my name and photos at any time, you see fit in behalf of what your wonderful method has done for me. I wouldn't take a million dollars for the good it has done in reducing me from 190 pounds down to 118 pounds. I feel better in every respect, look better, and a woman could not ask for more. I am very grateful, and wish you all the success in the world."

To lose 72 pounds, without discomfort, without distasteful dieting, exercises or drugs does seem almost miraculous. Yet the wonderful results from this new method are familiar story to thousands of formerly stout people who have benefited from it as Mrs. Cobb has done. Indeed, many have reduced anywhere from a pound a day to ten pounds a week!

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh so rapidly, you can regulate the natural law on which the method is based, so that your loss of flesh is more gradual.

Restores Health, Vigor and Youthfulness

Those who have taken off excess flesh through this new method have pronounced it the most pleasant way of reducing imaginable. They attribute it to themselves, their systems with drugs of any kind, or submit to the discomforts of strenuous exercise, massage, steam baths or any of the futile and disagreeable measures usually resorted to. And they found that the new system, far from being harmful, brought wonderful health, and freedom from the indigestion and other ailments so common to stout people. The complexion is clearer; the eyes brighter; the step more elastic. You regain your normal, youthful figure. You feel and look like a new person.

Yet all these marvelous benefits involve no change in your daily routine. You continue to do things you like and eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you may even increase them!

The Secret of Weight Control Explained

Scientists for years have been trying to find the natural law that governs the entire system of weight reduction. At last, after years of study and research, Eugene Christian, world famous food specialist, determined a simple fact in physiological chemistry that enabled him to establish an entirely new—indeed, the only safe, certain, easily followed method of scientific weight reduction. This important fact which he discovered was that certain foods, when eaten in combination with certain other foods are fattening—but when taken by themselves or in correct combination, are non-fattening.

For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But if you eat the very same foods at different times in different combinations they will be converted into blood and muscle, and your excess fat will be used up.

By combining properly the various foods according to Eugene Christian's remarkable method, you can not only attain and keep a normal weight, you can eat many delicious foods which you have denied yourself before, lest they increase your weight!

Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable discovery of the real means of weight control into an interesting course—"Weight Control, The Basis of Health." In order that everyone can profit from his work, he offers to send the course, without the payment of any penny in advance to anyone who sends in the coupon. He feels that the best advertising he can get will be from those who try his marvelous course for themselves and prove to their own enthusiastic satisfaction how effective it is. They won't be able to refrain from mentioning it to their friends. He is therefore willing to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time in this way.

Mr. Christian's Special Offer—Why the Coupon Is Worth $1.00 to You Now

Just mail the coupon—no money. The coupon will be accepted as worth $1.00 on the purchase of the course, the regular price of which has hitherto been $1.97. Then when the postman delivers it to your door, give him only 97c, plus a few cents postage, and the course is yours, without the payment of another penny! Moreover, if you are not entirely satisfied with the course and really delighted with the results you get from its use, you have the privilege of returning the course and your money will be returned at once without any deductions. (Of course, you can remit the 97c with the coupon if you wish, but it isn't necessary.)

Our generous guarantee protects you in every way. Either you are so delighted with the new wonderful thing during the ten days' trial that you wish to continue to reduce by this simple, safe, agreeable method, or you return the course and get your money back at once. Why put it off? You can have a beautiful, well-proportioned figure—when you can lose as many pounds as you wish—and feel absolutely fit in every way. No trouble.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artlms.—A well made picture, but marked and made for a pleasant evening of laughter here. (December.)

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National.—An inspired on the screen as on the stage. Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in one of their best. (Nov.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky fad, proving that where there’s love there’s hope. (November.)

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker.—A good idea gone wrong. Not for Eddie Pah. (March.)

PRINCE OF A KING—Selnick.—Little Dinky Dean is the star and all children and most grown-up people love him. (March.)

PURITY HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount.—Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Midge Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is most wasted. (October.)

RAMBLIN’ KID, THE—Universal.—A wonderful Goble Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (March.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A cooking good mystery picture. Excitement and thrills. (November.)

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

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

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

RELATIONLESS WIVES—Com'omy.—Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (March.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors.—A splendidly mounted historic picture of the stirring Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alhambas hills with E. K. Lincoln in leading role, good entertainment. A great fight between Lincoln and George Seguinn. (December.)

ROSYTA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star, Mary Pickford—herself. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGLED LIPS—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture is a slow wave of delight. (March.)

ROULETTE—Selnick.—A good cast wasted in an improbable story. (March.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A highly amusing comedy, the locals being a Western cow town and a Hollywood party. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. (November.)

SAMOLY JANE—Paramount.—Bert Harte’s famous story made into an excellent Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while. (November.)

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lacy crook feels the whole police force, not just Harry. (January.)

SCARAMOUCHE—M-G-M.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Rinon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don’t miss it. (December.)

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a humble but comparatively good role. Far from a failure. (March.)

SECRETS OF LIFE—Piincipal Pictures.—The private lives of bees, ants and wasps held bare by a magnificent new Technicolor. (November.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off clain jumpers. Happy ending, after a great fight. (October.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artistically, badly acted. (Nov.)

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

SHIFITNG SANDS—Hodgson.—Desert stuff came against the sky and such things. (December.)

SILENT COMMAND, THE—Fox.—A story of the Navy and propaganda at its worst. A good narrative of the sea, well told. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done but such suspense is not well sustained. (November.)

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

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn.—Lovely. Constance Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement and a remarkably good cast. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal.—A train wreck near an old homestead, weeks out to the city to see life. But she comes back. (November.)

SKID PROOF—Fox.—A racing picture after the style of Wally Reid most famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place. (October.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Boalz’s “The Magic Skin” in celluloid. Rather vague, but Besie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—“A find the women” melodrama with Viola Dana as a society butterfly and not so good as usual. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. (October.)

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

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

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount.—Polo Negros boring American-made picture. Good that the faults in “Bella Donna” and “The Cheat” were not hers. Her performance as the young girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno’s. (December.)

STEADFAST HEART, THE—Goldwyn.—Although the story is rather improbable, the capital picture, with little Joseph DePew makes it worthwhile. (March.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. (October.)

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers which makes a picture of mere soro. Attempting to modernize the story has not helped it. (Oct.)

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

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture of a mystery, not quite as well directed as “Captain Applejack” on the stage. (November.)

SUPREME TEST, THE—Renov.—The country being the wrecked city, the mortgage on the farm and the rest. (February.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox.—An Al St. John comedy with the usual aplastic stuff but also with some of the newer comedic effects he always has. (Dec.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors.—The only feature is Stewart Holmog as a comedian and he’s pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox.—A mixture of a bit of office drawing cards, Jazz, comedy, and a bit of singing. (October.)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures of the year, full of excitement and a marvelous sermon. The color produces wonderfully fine. (February.)

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

THREE AGES—Metro.—Buster Keaton in the story of a boy from the wild west and the present. It has its good spots. (November.)

THREE MILES OUT—Kena. —Midge Kenny and a lot of rum pirates provide plenty of laughter. Congratulations. (October.)

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

TRINITY PARK—Cosmopolitan.—A Buster Keaton crook story, dealing with the redemption of a man through a woman’s faith. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]
New Kind of Girdle Makes You **Look Thin While Getting Thin!**

Waist and hips look inches thinner the moment you put on this new kind of girdle and, best of all, it actually removes fat while you dance, walk, play or work. Produces same results as an expert masseur—yet does it so gently you hardly feel it.

THINK of it! No more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials! This new scientific girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on, the bulky fat on waist and hips seems to vanish and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

**Gives You With Comfort**

**Fashion’s Straight Boyish Lines**

Takes the Place of Stiff Corsets

Now you can wear the stylish, becoming clothes your heart desires—without worrying about your figure. You don’t have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim. You can look more slender at once—without stiff, harmful corsets of any kind.

By means of this new invention known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you get a stylish, graceful appearance instantly and actually get thinner every day.

**Reduces Fat Day by Day**

No matter how many other reducing methods you’ve tried without results; no matter how heavy your waist and hips may be—the Madame X Reducing Girdle is guaranteed to make them look inches thinner—*instantly*—and to gradually and gently take off the fat itself.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You’ll look better and feel better. You’ll be surprised how quickly you’ll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

**Free Booklet Tells All**

You can’t appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you’ll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc.
Dept. G-184 404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name

Address

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE.
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal—A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. The picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

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

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox—Not much of a picture, with William Powell. Convivial and good for the family. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers—Mixed-up melodrama with Charles Butterworth, mission sleeping, and the rest of it. (December.)

TO THE LADIES—Paramount—A joyous enter-tainment and—incidentally—Director James Cruze's fourth directorial feature. (March.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. (November.)

TRILBY—First National—A careful and artistic production of the Dumas novel romance with Andre Lafayette, the French actress, as star. (October.)

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

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

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan—a costume picture of the Louis XIII period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but a bit拖沓. (January.)

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

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

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal—Glady’s Wal-ton is a second-rate woman, doing a rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VICTOR, THE—Universal—Rather obvious story of titled Englishman, stranded in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. (October.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Preferred—Owen Moore’s famous novel made into an exceptionally good Western. (January.)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE—Grand-Asheur—This picture seems to gradually dwindle. The title is tricky. (January.)

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

WHEN LAW CAME TO HAVES—Capital—A shadow of the "Covered Wagon," the story of old plainsman and abandoned baby. (December.)

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

WHERE IS THE WEST?—Universal—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. (Nov.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers—Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. It’s a pity some two-shot, two-lead players can’t be as consistent. (November.)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram—Based on a very popular novel, tells of the life of a frontier cowboy. (January.)

WHITNEY, THE—Inspiration—Another triumph for Lillian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. As a whole, excellent. (November.)

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

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

WHY WORRY—Pathé—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, A—Metro—Clara Kimball Young as a love-lorn wife in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

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

WILD ORANGES—Goldwyn—An interesting story of two meek children and the world beat-up. Based on Herzenholtz’s word story of a family. (March.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal—Glady’s Wil- son as a young newspaper woman who gets tangled in libel suits, jail sentences and a lot of things. (December.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists—Prob- ably the best perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another proof of the genius of Charles Chaplin, who produced and directed it. Not for children. (Dec.)

WOMAN PROOF—Paramount—Thomas Meil- ghan in a George Ado story, cut to fit and therefore entertaining. (January.)

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

YESTERDAY’S WIFE—Apollo—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

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

ZAZA—Paramount—A very interesting picture ofIMPORTANCE. A chance to prove that she is one of the leading screen actresses. (Dec.)

Lost 50 Points in Eight Weeks this Easy Way

No Diets—Dangerous Drugs—Exercises, or Absurd Creams

If you are one of many who has tried everything to reduce without success—If you are working, suffering, light-headed, anemic, short of breath due to obesity. AT "THE LAST TRAY" YOU CAN BE RELIEVED. Your figure is such that you are determined to appear in public with your husband or your smart-looking slender friends, you can now entertain with ease. Perhaps it is your bust, your thighs or your arms that you want to reduce, or maybe only one or two of these parts. It has lately appeared! Whatever your case may be, if you want to reduce only certain parts of your body. If you are 10 pounds too heavy or 100 pounds, you may attend this class and investigate this new discovery with which a million people reduced from 180 pounds to 115 pounds in eight weeks and greatly improved my general health and appearance. From experience I know how many worthless things you have tried in the past and in the effort to help you regain your former figure, I have again disappointed. I have decided to send ARBITRACY OF SLIM to everyone who mails coupon below full details about this new discovery together with exact directions (for men and women). We sell free of charge full information on the French discovery for the relief of Excessive Fat.

MAIL FREE COUPON TODAY

MADAME BLACQUE
545 South State Street
Chicago, Il.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

"Don’t Shout"

"I hear you. I can hear you, as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE, I’ve a case in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, had it not been for you. The MORLEY PHONE is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. An invisible, portable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can afford it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and coupons.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 105 S. 16th St., Philadelphia.

Sell Your Spare Time

Earn 35 to 50 Cents Weekly at Home

SHO-HME SIGN SYSTEM
5425 Shos-Rito Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

$500 CONTEST

We want a fourth verse for our song, "Empty Arms." $500 will be paid to the writer of the best one submitted. Send us your name and we shall send you the song and the rules of this contest. Address Contest Editor, World M. P. Corp., 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 1324, New York, N. Y.

Brickbats and Bouquets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Lloyd, and Richard Barthelmess. Also, Mary Astor, Madge Bellamy, Betty Compton, Marion Davies, the Gish sisters, Corinne Griffith, May McAvoy, Patsy Ruth Miller, Colleen Moore, Marie Prevost, and the Talmages.

Why don’t you give us more of them in your magazine?

GOLMIE LAZY, BELMONT, W. VA.

Vive Lafayette

Hooray! Sid-de-up, Napoléon, at last we have caught someone! Tell us all about the beauty, the one that plays Trilby in "Trilby." She makes the rest look like a pile of mud pies. Is that all her own, that golden hair—and are those features just natural? We are not used to having them come as pretty as that.

Andree Lafayette is a winner! You people seem to be very stingy with your news about her.

KEN TRAYNOR, SEATTLE, WASH.

"Banzai" for Sesage

As soon as Photoplay Magazine comes out each month I read "Brickbats & Bouquets." Often I scan the pages, see nothing at all about that most wonderful of artists, Sesage Hayakawa. Why? I have never had another favorite, myself, since I saw his first picture, "The Typhoon." I understand and he is now making a picture in France, and I hope to see it released in the United States. I trust he will be able to secure good strong stories, for weak vehicles were his only handicap in the past.

ALTHEA THORNTON, NEW YORK CITY

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
No Money Down!

Just mail the coupon—not one cent now—and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you, transportation charges prepaid, this wonderful, genuine Wallace 32-Piece Silverware Set and with it, absolutely FREE, the handsome 7-Piece Luncheon Set. When goods arrive, make the first payment of only $2.00 on the Silverware Set alone. Pay nothing for the Luncheon Set—it is FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than delighted, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation charges. If you keep the Luncheon Set, pay a little every month. Keep the Luncheon Set as a gift from Hartman.

Your Initial on Every Piece—Beautiful "Briar Rose" Pattern

Positively exquisite! A set you will be proud to use on any and all occasions. You know what the name WALLACE stands for on silverware. You know that the quality and workmanship of this nationally famous product is the very finest obtainable. This beautiful "Briar Rose" pattern is one of the most popular ever produced, and the set pictured here is extra heavy silver-plated, guaranteed for 10 years' service, 32 pieces, including 12 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell. When your set arrives, examine it carefully. Notice the handsome finish—none more beautiful. Even in much higher-priced sets of solid silverware, you can find no more pleasing design.

This Bargain Set Guaranteed for 10 Years

This amazing offer proves that Hartman gives the world’s most liberal terms and the greatest values in dependable merchandise. Send no money with order. Pay only $2.00 on arrival for the Silverware Set. Nothing to pay on the Luncheon Set either now or later. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep the silverware, pay a little every month.

Order by No. 317FMA39. Price for Silverware Set $9.85, No money down, $2 on arrival. Balance $1.15 monthly. 7-Piece Luncheon Set is FREE.

FREE Bargain Catalog

Over 300 pages of which 64 are in actual colors of the world's greatest bargains in home furnishing, jewelry, table linens, etc. Free with purchases. Send today.

FREE Gifts

This book explains how you get glassware, jewelry, table linens, etc. Free with purchases. Send today.

"Let Hartman Feather Your Nest!"

HARTMAN
FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
Dept. 6299
Chicago, Ill.

Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

Mail the Coupon Now!

Importantly!

This set is genuine silver-plated, guaranteed for ten years. It is not nickel silver. Beware of cheap imitations!

FREE

Not one cent to pay for the handsome 7-Piece Luncheon Set pictured above. It comes to you with the Silver Set absolutely Free—a gift from Hartman. Set includes a large 10-inch centerpiece and six 12-inch dollars to match. All of celebrated "Indian Head" linens with finely scalloped edges embroidered in color. A set that adds much charm to your luncheon service. Take advantage of this offer. Send today.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Blemishes
are directly caused by infection from dust • Guard against them by the right cleansing treatment!

You know how easy it is to catch cold when you are tired or run down.
In the same way, any condition that lowers your general vitality makes your skin more susceptible to blemishes. (Anemia or digestive disturbances are often associated with this trouble.)

But the direct cause of blemishes is local infection from bacteria and parasites carried by dust in the air.

To free your skin from blemishes use this treatment every night, and see how wonderfully helpful it will prove:

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

Special Woodbury treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet “A Skin You Love to Touch,” which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today—begin the right treatment for your skin tonight!
A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury’s also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send 10 cents for a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations

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

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"


Name
Street
City

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today
BETTY JEWEL sobbed herself past the doorman, and into the presence of the critical D. W. Griffith. That happened not so many months ago—now she's a leading lady. Betty was convent bred
CORINNE GRIFFITH scored a great personal triumph in "Black Oxen's" most difficult role. And now she's to appear as the loveliest flower in "Lilies of the Field." But she is perhaps most charming in a home setting. One of the screen's great beauties
IT'S HARD for Barbara LaMarr to look domesticated—even with the aid of a fireplace and a linen smock. The Mona Lisa at her elbow gives her away! She came into her own with the "Eternal City." Now she's a star as The Lady that's known as Lou.
Lowell Sherman oscillates between the screen and the stage. But he is conceded to be one of the really great actors.

Adolph Menjou justified his French name by making a real hit in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris."

Eddie Phillips is a nice boy—but they will insist upon casting him as an underworld character! He plays another crook in "Through the Dark."

Ricardo Cortez has that Valentino look. Probably his Latin blood—for he's a Spaniard. With Gloria in her two latest pictures.
Ben Lyon is to appear in "Painted People," opposite Colleen Moore. Before that it was "Flaming Youth."

Oscar Shaw got off to a splendid motion picture start by his work in "The Great White Way."

Lloyd Hughes will be featured in Rafael Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk." His first costume picture—after a series of modern leads.

Ronald Colman made his first appearance in pictures opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." He will be with Lillian, again, in "Romola."
IN these days of promised "soap-magic," women are often surprised to learn that, whatever a soap may claim, the utmost it can do for their complexion is to cleanse it safely. No more!

This simple truth prevents delusions about soap claims and goes to the very heart of the whole soap subject.

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the best known authority in America on the care of the skin, says that soap's function is to cleanse—not to cure or to transform. Further, he recommends, as the most effective method of achieving and maintaining a lovely skin, simple daily washing with warm water and pure soap, followed by a rinsing in cool or cold water. If you have a dry skin, use a small amount of cold cream.

Among all soaps, quite regardless of cost, Ivory is usually first choice for such a method, because Ivory has for generations been distinguished for purity and gentleness. Doctors recommend it for babies. Hospitals find it almost indispensable. Millions of women have used it to achieve and maintain a beautiful skin. It contains neither coloring matter nor medicaments. It is pure soap.

And we now offer you Guest Ivory—a dainty new cake of Ivory, especially designed for the face and hands—charming in dress, convenient for slim fingers, and fitting in every way to grace the washstands of fastidious women. Guest Ivory is truly as fine a soap for the skin as can be bought, yet its modest price is five cents.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

The plain truth about soap and beauty

"Look, Sally," smiles Cousin Joan, who has just returned from Capri, Cannes, Naples and points South.

"Why, Cousin Joan, you didn't get Guest Ivory abroad!"

"No, my dear—this is the last cake but one from the carton you gave me before I sailed. That gift was worth all the flowers and candy, because I used it constantly. All the time I was away I didn't find any soap I liked as well."

"I wonder," wonders Sally Jollyco to herself, "if I shall ever be as lovely as Cousin Joan."

Fancy charming Sally wondering that!

Guest

IVORY

5c

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS
Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

THE Ohio board of censors is hereby handed the idiocy prize of the month. There was considerable competition by the Pennsylvania Association for the Protection of Morons, but in all fairness the solid ivory medal must go to Ohio. They objected to the intimation that in France a man might call on a lady and find a supply of clean handkerchiefs for his personal use in her boudoir. But they wanted to be reasonable. So they permitted Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" to run for one week. Then to the boneyard. There's a brilliant compromise for you. Perhaps they thought the people of Ohio were too thick to get the point in one week.

THE radio is going to put theaters out of business again. This time a Washington inventor claims to have devised a method of broadcasting moving pictures direct from the studios as the action takes place. He overlooks the trivial objection that it sometimes takes a year to finish the picture at the rate of thirty feet a day. It's a great claim anyhow, and if he doesn't look out some motion picture producer will hire him to write some advertisements for those super-special-spectacle productions.

THE radio is in a way a twin brother of the pictures. It broadcasts entertainment and information. But the facts remain that folks like some place to go once in a while. What a life this would be if all the needs of our body and mind were broadcast right into the front parlor! It would put more than the motion picture theaters out of business.

HERE are the little imitators following right in on "The Ten Commandments." In the trade papers the Artclass Pictures Corp. advertises, "'After Six Days,' Featuring Moses and The Ten Commandments. "'The greatest cleanup this business has ever known." "More favorable comment than has ever been accorded a picture," are other modest statements. Boy, pass this advertisement the garlic wreath of veracity.

UP to the time of going to press Rudolph and the Famous Players Company are getting along together like a couple of D. W. Griffith's doves in a love scene. He's hard at work at the Long Island studios on "Monsieur Beaucaire," and from all indications it will be a wonderful picture, a veritable riot of beauty and color. Lois Wilson is playing the queen of Louis XV, and such a queen. Bebe Daniels is the Princess de Bour-
Nina Nahi has been called the most exotic, the most bizarre personality in pictures. But, off the screen, she is intensely human—and delightful. Honest, exceedingly without pretense, and with such a sense of humor! One of the few people who can really claim New York City as a birthplace, she came to prominence via the Century Roof. Then the "Follies," musical comedy and the silver sheet. She had her first real chance in "Blood and Sand"—since then her path to fame has been a glory road!
What Men Have Told Me About Other Women

By Nita Naldi

A story that every wife should read

I SHALL always claim that it is not my fault that I have
these eyes and this hair. I was born with them and while
peroxide might change the hair, nothing can be done about
the green eyes that slant after the Chinese fashion. Since
I was fifteen, people have considered that I must be wicked on
account of my coloring. However, I suppose I shouldn't com-
plain because it has enabled me to make my living.

Combine my coloring and general contour, which is also the
result of nature, with the sort of roles I play on the
screen, and every man I meet thinks I am the real
thing in vampires and either runs after me or away from
me, according to his nature and inclinations.

No man that I have ever met so far has taken the
trouble to inquire about my personal likes and dislikes.
I am a vampire and all men are my prey. He takes one
look at me, somebody says, "That's Nita Naldi, the
vampire," and he wades right in.

I have heard it said that appearances are sometimes
decietful, but nobody ever gave me the benefit of the
doubt.

Oh, I'm not claiming that
I'm an ingenue by instinct.
I admit that I have been in
the "Follies" and various
other American institutions
of that kind. I don't like ingenues. Most of them are
either hypocrites or bores.
Men interest me. I admit
that, too. Sometimes I get
a thrill out of them and
sometimes they're good for
a lot of laughs.

But I have learned most
about men from those who
assumed on first acquaint-
ance that I would be inter-
ested in their views on love,
with and without marriage.
The "with marriage" re-
ferring to their wives, and
the "without marriage" re-
ferring to me. The things I
have listened to from men whose names I couldn't remember!
And it is odd, but so many men are married.

My idea in writing this yarn is chiefly to give a little advice
and a warning or two to women.

Ladies, ladies, my dear friends, I will not tell you the things
told me about their wives, their sweethearts, and their women
friends. It has been a liberal education to me. Incidentally,
if you care anything about your man, it may show you some
of the things not to do.

A lot of it is such old stuff that I am ashamed to mention it.
Caesar told it to Cleopatra on the banks of the Nile. And I
daresay he stole it from the ancient Chinese. However, since
there's nothing new beneath the sun, and a lot of women don't
seem to know any more about men than they do about mon-
keys, I may as well not try to be original.

The first line that is pulled on me most often is—oh, it's a
shame to do this—"My wife's a fine woman, but she doesn't
understand me."

If I like his looks, maybe I let him get away with it. If I
don't, I say, "The truth is that she understands you too well.
You don't want to be understood. You want somebody
to tell you how grand you are."

Nevertheless, I notice by
the papers that nice little
school teachers and inno-
cent young stenographers
all over the country are still falling for that misunder-
stood line. It isn't such a
joke, either, because a lot of
times it leads to divorces
and separations and even
to murder.

So, just in confidence, let
me tell you an experience of
my own. I knew a man
once who had a wife. (This
line is going to cause a lot
of men who read it to get very
nervous around the collar.)
I was young and innocent
then, my ankles had just
gone into the "Follies,"
and I thought this man was
pretty nice. He had such
lovely, trustful brown eyes.
Well, anyway, as for his
wife—my dear, my dear.
That woman, according to
his story, should have been
boiled in oil, given lethal
gas, hanged by the neck.
She nagged him from morn-
ing till night. She spent
more money every month
than he could make in a
year. She hadn't any sense
of humor and she didn't
laugh at his jokes. She
threw dishes at him when
she got angry, and once she
broke a clock over his head.
She flirted with other men.
She was always gadding
around to teas and bridge and beauty parlors. Oh, there is no
end to the things that woman could be guilty of.

I believed him. I believed him! The merest thought of that
man's wife used to make my young blood boil. I never felt so
sorry for anybody in my life as I did for him.

Well, a few years later when I was touring around the
country, I happened to stay at a fashionable hotel at a well
known springs in the middle west. There, I met a lady by the
same name. But it was a fairly common name, and my heart
had ceased to turn over at the sound of it many months before.
The only thing that did occur to me was how different this Mrs.
Smith—we'll call her Smith though that wasn't her name—was

Nita Naldi's Ten Commandments.

For Wives Only

Don't be too obvious in understanding your husband's little faults and failings. Let him get away with it sometimes.

Don't nag. If he doesn't get you the second time, it's hopeless anyway.

Don't let him make you dowdy in appearance.

Don't keep him from drinking cocktails or playing poker at home unless you can enforce the amendment everywhere else.

Don't make a liar out of him for a few miles or a few dollars when he's telling a story.

Don't be too free with your opinions and too stingy with your laughs.

Don't knock any other woman he admires. Agree with him and then look around diligently for some little thing that will make her seem or look ridiculous.

Don't make him feel as if his home is a prison. Let him go out with the boys once in awhile and always see to it that you've got something amusing to do yourself those evenings, so he'll worry a little about you. He'll come home earlier.

Don't forget that man, being a polygamous animal, can't be content with merely a wife. He's got to have a sweetheart as well and the smartest thing a wife can do is to be it.

Don't be too familiar, too nervous, too busy, or too tired to be polite and decent to your husband. There are so many other women in the world.
from the one I'd spent my evenings hearing about. She was a sweet, pretty, gentle soul, well-groomed and intelligent, and devoted to her husband. She used to tell me what a fine man he was, and I found she even had a sense of humor. I liked her immensely.

Imagine — I ask you — imagine my surprise and horror when Mr. Smith appeared for the week-end and turned out to be my long-lost acquaintance. It was beautiful. Incidentally, imagine my surprise and horror.

A man will say anything when he wants to win a woman; never forget that. And it's my personal experience that nine out of every ten men who describe their wives as monsters of iniquity are merely looking for an excuse for their own rotteness. Before you fall for that bewhiskered line of courtship, look up friend wife. Even if you have to pretend to be a book agent, give her the benefit of a passing glance. See what she looks like and how she talks. As Bert Savoy used to say, "You'll be surprised."

On the other hand, it occurs to me from men's conversation, that wives understand their husbands a little too obviously. Let him get away with a little something. As I said before, he isn't looking for a deadly chemical analysis of his virtues and faults. What he wants is a little love and flattery and belief in his ability to bring home the world on a platter if necessary. Maybe you can't go that strong. I never could. (Oh, I was married once. Yes, indeed. I still wear my wedding ring to remind me to control myself when my emotion becomes too exuberant and the marriage license bureau is mentioned as the next stop. Some woman wrote me a letter the other day to tell me my husband was in town, but I wrote back and said: "I'm sorry, but I can't leave right now. I'm in the middle of a picture.")

Anyway, even if you can't believe all the things about your husband that he'd like to have you, steal a little. Pretend at least as much as you do with your lady friends when they come in afternoons for bridge.

There are two things I have seen wives do that ought to be barred by law. One is to stop a husband in the middle of a story and say, "John, it wasn't eighty miles, it was only twenty-three." The other is to make fun of a husband, or tell about his little failures in public.

Little as I believe most men, when they've told me about things like that, they have convinced me they had a cause for complaint. Tears actually come into their eyes. After all, a husband may be the lowest form of human life, but even a worm deserves better treatment than that.

Another thing that men are always telling me is how dowdy and old looking their wives let themselves get and what rotten taste they have in clothes.

On that one, I've got to go back a little ways. The first thing a man does when he really falls in love with a woman is to try to make her as unattractive as possible to the rest of the world. In China they make them shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth. They can't get away with that here. But they do their best.

The way I can tell that a man has really fallen in love with me is to watch for the time when he says I wear too much lip-rouge and not enough bathing suit. In Turkey, they shut their women up in the harem so they can keep them beautiful and nobody else can see them. In America, a man may doll his wife up and take her out somewhere to show her off, if he can keep his eye on her. The rest of the time, he'd prefer her to be harmless.

All that is natural enough. But I notice that about the time a man has persuaded his wife not to use a lipstick or have her eyes, not to have her hair marcelled, not to wear sheer stockings or an evening gown that comes below her collar bone, he usually romps off in pursuit of some show girl that is done up like a Christmas tree. Watch it and laugh.

A man falls for a woman who understands how to make the most of her looks and then he tries to show her how to make the least of them. Then he complains because she's let herself go. Then he sees, and finds some beautiful young damsels to start in on again. It's a nice little circle.

Don't do it. Don't do it! The man is sincere enough at the moment and he probably thinks he will love you better if you look more domestic and less beautiful. But he won't. They admit it to me every day. And believe me, when a man starts to tell me his wife has lost her looks and doesn't care how she dresses, I always ask him how much he had to do with it.

Don't let him get away with it. Don't let him make you look dowdy. And unless it's a question of food, don't let him make you economize on clothes. If you do, he'll be buying fur coats for his stenographer some winter day.

Another complaint that I get made to me a lot is that wife won't let him have a cocktail before dinner. Therefore he rushes out and buys a case of champagne for some "Follies" queen.

I hold no brief for cocktails. But until a woman can convince a man that they're all wrong and he mustn't use 'em, she'll be wiser to let a man buy them. Then if he gets any wild ideas about spending the evening, she'll be there.

Then there is the time-worn and time-honored one about all men being naturally polygamous and morals are all a matter of geography anyway. I have a stock answer for that one. I say: "Yes, look at the South Sea Islands. Women have got just [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]"
Good-by Boys
I'm Through

Star who never knew fear
says that "Terror" is
her last picture

By Bland Johaneson

PEARL WHITE is lost to the movies. The bravest girl in pictures has done her last stunt. "I'll never work in another picture. I only did 'Terror' because I was talked into it," said the valiant Pearl. And she announced that all her future connection with the films will be in the capacity of a director. Not only have the melo-serials lost their courageous and harassed heroine who was pursued to the depths of the sea and the heights of the air, but Pearl has abandoned the land of the neighborhood movie altogether. She is a Parisienne, now, a real one, with a high-necked nightie and black Georgette underwear.

She was wearing the former the first time I saw her on her recent flying visit to New York. What runaway locomotives and wrecked balloons had failed to, laryngitis had accomplished. Pearl was laid low by it.

She has grown both prettier and plumper. "I can't talk," she whispered from among the mufflers and blankets. "I haven't anything to say, anyway. I'm only here for a few weeks to try to sell my picture. Then I go back to Paris where it's cheaper to live—and I use the word 'live' advisedly."

Pearl muttered of economy in a suite at the St. Regis strewed with jewels and chinchilla. "I've been studying French for two years and you've no idea what a few 'c'est trop cher's' can accomplish."

With this the door opened to admit, or rather disgorge, the exuberant Miss Blythe Daly, ingenue daughter of Arnold, who squealed, "Pearl, you look wonderful!" and implanted an enthusiastic kiss upon the patient.

My admiration for Pearl White doubled. She was running a temperature, but I never have seen such perfect composure.

"Go in the other room and sit down. Read a book," she said evenly, and Blythe departed with a gurgle of, "Darling, you look marvelous!"

A long time ago, a mutual friend told me that Pearl White was strange, so matter-of-fact that if she was occupied with bridge or something and a stranger entered the room she would disregard the introduction until later when her attention was free and she could be genuinely interested. This sounded like the rankest rudeness. I put Pearl down as an underbred and ill-mannered person.

But I was wrong. She is unquestionably an unusual young woman. But what savored of social eccentricity, was nothing more or less than Pearl's abounding sincerity. She has the "take it or leave it" attitude toward life. She makes no efforts to please or to impress. She evokes no false interest. She has the profound detachment of an aristocratic cat, and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]
Odds & Ends
the Camera Caught

Throughout the known world you will find cameramen, and they pick up many interesting things in their travels.

A fifteenth century pirate galley chasing a ship for "Romola"

Yes, it's Rudie. Training for the title role in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

This gown with a thirty-foot train was designed for "Zaza," but never used.

All dressed up and no place to go, but still happy, Farina, of course.

32
And here is little Ina Anson, the dancer, diving. Diving into what? Oh, nothing, just diving!

You don't need a caption to identify him, for he looks just the same now, does Tom Mix

Claire Windsor out in the Sahara desert, riding a mile with a camel

Ben-Hur and Messala, alias George Walsh and Francis X. Bushman

What they will do for their art! See what Corinne Griffith did to herself for “Black Oxen”
The most startling of the Mix collection is an anklet of diamonds and platinum with three diamonds of four carats each in the center. It is of unique and beautiful design and exquisite workmanship. This and the eleven-carat solitaire were Tom Mix's gifts to his wife last Christmas.

A watch set in a diamond and worn as a bracelet is the unique piece of Mrs. Mix's collection. A large diamond was hollowed out to hold the works of the watch, the face of the diamond forming the crystal of the watch. Large sapphires and diamonds are set around it. It is insured for $30,000.

Three of Mrs. Mix's many rings. From left to right are a ring with a great emerald and two diamonds: an eleven-carat solitaire, her largest gem: and an eight-carat diamond.

The Mix Jewels

With the possible exception of Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille, Mrs. Tom Mix has the most valuable collection of jewels in Hollywood. It is valued at about $250,000. Practically all her jewelry consists of diamonds or sapphires. She has a superstition about pearls and will have none.

"Tom can't get insurance because of the risks he takes," says Mrs. Mix, "so we put our savings into jewels. They are a good investment and we can realize on them quickly if necessary. I love these gems and I know their every characteristic, just as I know Tom's or Thomasina's."
The Camera Never Lies

But it does mislead at times and it is liable to cause odd complications, especially when it brings about a meeting of East and West.

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

We have, here in America, and there is no use denying it, a rather gloomy future, and we will have to look sharp and howl for our rights during the next ten years, or something cataclysmic will befall us. We are in a fair way to receive it just under the ear, the way Rome got it, and Carthage, and Nineveh, Tyre and, the name escapes—the ball team at the bottom of the American League.

They, and you know who "they" means, have been savagely taking our liberties away from us over a long period, beginning with the first "keep-off-the-grass" sign, erected upon the lawn of the Philadelphia City Hall in 1856, and the pastime of liberty-snatching grows more impudent and astounding day by day.

They slapped away our beer from under our chins, and we whined mildly and took up with the drug store addicts, heaving in strange liquids that never expected to enter the human esophagus. They came out against our smoking cigars and cigarettes, or chewing fine cut without the aid of a bib, and what did we do about it? Not a thing.

There are strong and frowning confederations organized today, to work against picking the free American teeth in front of cafeterias; combing the male hair on the sea beach; rolling the feminine hose to a point due south of the knee; powdering the nose between the little fish and the soup; kissing in railway stations when leaving; kissing in the parks and autos when not leaving, these latter reforms being sponsored by the living dead of both sexes, who were probably kissed in extreme youth by

whisker-bearing relatives or garlic eaters and thus got the wrong idea about it. They are going to prevent us playing golf, tennis, baseball, post-office and pinochle on Sunday, and, eventually, the time will come when nobody will dare to eat an ear of corn in public, wear a bathing suit, keep his hat on in an elevator, ask a doctor for a prescription, or swear through the telephone. The outlook is sad.

As Ralph Waldo Bellomy truly says, when you take away too many small rights from a nation, you thereby destroy Romance in the land, and when you run Romance beyond the national boundary, you are digging the national grave, for, without Romance, marriage slips into a decline, and the birth columns begin to print ship arrivals, whereupon the international undertaker hauls out his jar of embalming fluid and sends over for the exact measurements.

The one loyal, vigorous and untiring friend of Romance in America today is the Motion Picture. Take away our movies and Romance curls up and quits, particularly in the remote places, where the traffic is light and the ploughman homeward plods his weary way. You find precious little Romance in modern books, because modern books have become painful psychological pokings into the pornographic, studies in psycho-analysis, and half hours with perversion. Therefore, Romance is having a stony time of it, and the movies—well, it's a good thing people like the movies.

For example, Dan Claypool not only admired them, but he likewise believed in Romance, although mighty little of it had ever come his way, which circumstance was probably due to the
character of his job. Dan would have gone into Cypress every night in the week for his movies, but it was fifteen miles over a rutty, dirt road, and he usually worked until nine or ten at the ranch. There was one theater in Cypress, the Alcazar, formerly a retail paint store. During tense moments in a film tale, one could smell the varnish of other times.

Dan was young, stepping upon the sill of life, and alone, except for twenty-two active men who aided him in running the property. It was a cattle ranch, established by his father and kept going by his mother until Dan grew up. Both of the old folks were now gone over the bonier, and Dan ran the place and ran it well. The fragrant earth was dotted with his cattle as far as the eye could reach, and he shipped to Chicago, not by the car, but by the trainload. His men liked him because he was a square-shooter and paid excellent wages, and in the natural course of events, Dan Claypool would become one of the cattle giants of Oregon.

The Claypool house was a cheerful, comfortable pile of stone and brick, with windows everywhere and half a dozen fireplaces. Dan was twenty-three, and at twenty-three the male mind frequently turns to the contemplation of women. He met with few of these in the flesh, and, usually, they were Indians, or Swedes who came out from Cypress to scrub.

Romance knocked timidly at Dan's door at intervals, and he sank into musings, generally after an hour at the Alcazar. He saw numberless nice girls at the movie house, fluttering from scene to scene, and meditated about them on the ride home, unless Broken Nose Donnelly was with him. Broken Nose was one of his hired men, and a favorite pal, but a man could not talk sentiment to Broken Nose.
Dan Claypool was commonplace to look at. He wore leather boots, corduroy pants and a blue shirt without a tie. He was six feet tall and bony, with a beak of a nose and calm gray eyes that seemed to believe in people. Reading and study had played but a small part in his life, so far, because he had hustled since he was fourteen. He respected women and regarded them all as far better creatures than men, which theory has sometimes fooled people, but never harmed them much.

Dan's laugh was loud and hearty and the neighbors liked to hear him coming. One of them called him Smiling Dan, yet there was a question in his eyes about life in general. Sometimes he believed it was an accident, and at other times he felt sure there was a purpose of some sort in it. He had almost become convinced that Romance was a thing that never drifted into a man's life and settled upon his shoulder like a snowflake. You had to go out and find it for yourself,—look for it, and never stop looking till you had it. He was religious, clean-minded, soft-spoken, took a cold bath every morning, and could knock any man on his ranch sprawling with a single poke. He had nice teeth and wavy black hair, and many a girl would have looked at him kindly, even leaving out the cattle ranch.

There was no reason why Dan Claypool should be sophisticated, and he was not. Some of the jesting subtitles in the films were Greek to him, and the motives that actuated screen characters were often without meaning to the big lad, sitting in the rear row with a cold cigar in his mouth.

On a warm spring morning, Dan drove into Cypress with a bundle of papers for the notary public, and after lunch, as usual, he paid his forty cents at the Alcazar ticket window and strolled within, to sit through a five-reel society tale, called, "Help Wanted." Dan decided that it was mildly good, because it was about city life. Not that he had gone through episodes of fashionable life in the metropolis.

The star was a well-known woman of the movies, with masses of yellow hair, but Dan surveyed her coldly, and it was not until the picture was half over that he suddenly sat bolt upright. His hat fell off his right knee and lay unnoticed on the floor. He held his breath, and for that single, amazing instant, an earthquake would have bended off him unnoticed.

A young woman meandered into the picture, and a subtitle identified her as Jennie Malone, "a typical, modern, New York working girl." Dan stared at her hungrily, and strange, deep forces stirred within him. It can be done. It has been done.

He fell in love with this flitting figure of a screen instantaneously. Presently, Jennie Malone came into a close-up, and Dan saw that she was a creature of purest beauty and beyond compare.

"There," he said to himself, "is the girl I am going to marry."

The lady, anon, receded into a medium shot, and an elderly character, a more tradesman, strode into the scene and talked Jennie for her address. She told him that she still lived at the same place, but to make certain he would deliver the shoes, or whatever it was, she wrote down her address upon a bit of paper.

A minute later, the street and number flashed momentarily across the screen in what the movies term an insert. The number was 422 East 68th Street, in plain handwriting.

Jennie then departed smilinly, and later on, Dan Claypool watched her enter another scene and walk up the steps, take out her key and disappear into what was obviously and undeniable her own home.

When the five reels of "Help Wanted" ended, Dan could remember nothing except Jennie Malone. He could recall no character, nor did he desire to, except the slim, straight figure of a girl ascending the steps and entering her home. He emerged from the Alcazar Theater in a pleasurable haze, walking upon little, unseen clouds, and his feeling about Jennie was unchanged.

"I am going to marry her," he repeated. "There's the girl that Fate intended for me and I know it. This is no accident or mistake or idle thing. This is the moving finger of Destiny."

He returned to the notary's office, signed papers, walked out and leaned against the price sign in the filling station.

"Dan can act anyway he wants," remarked the clerk, "with his money."

The Oregon sun blazed down into Mr. Claypool's youthful eyes, but he scorned it.

"Her name," he murmured happily, "is Jennie Malone, and that's where she lives, and I am going to marry her. Nothing in the world can prevent me."

A problem seemed to be settled, all in an instant. Dan had wondered, in a puzzled way, about marriage. Every young man was married, but where he asked himself, would be meet a girl—him working on a cattle ranch, with never a rustling skirt for miles, or the click of high heels? Why should a girl fancy him, anyhow? He wasn't handsome or heroic. His finger-nails were cracked. His skin was burned a brick red. He wore suspenders and his feet were big—too big. Dan Claypool had to like him, because Fate had made it to be that way. He was calmly assured about that. He had never thought of Fate before, but here was its palpable working. No other girl had stirred him. This was meant to be.

He generally returned to the ranch at five in the afternoon, but on this day, he remained in Cypress, because it was necessary to have that address and write it down. It had slipped by too quickly. He purchased a lead [continued on page 150]
MY life has been one revolution after another, and Hollywood was the worst.

It was not easy to leave New York for California after the cordial reception I enjoyed. America is the goal of virtually every European artist today. Nowhere is the aesthetic impulse so vigorous. Art requires patronage, and New York is the most magnificent patron in the world today. Consider the success of the Metropolitan Opera year after year. New York has always been my goal, and I was not disappointed when I arrived.

I viewed the New York skyline breathing. What grandeur, what color, what aspirations in marble! The skyscrapers, like the Gothic cathedrals of Europe, seem striving heavenward at the urge of man.

The first glimpse of New York from the bay awed me with its loveliness, the first view of it from within thrilled me with its drama. The rushing, seething, noisy turbulence of its streets is the dramatic expression of America. I love it. Of course I couldn't work there; I'd go mad. But I do want to work at a studio near the city, in touch with its power and beauty.

The most beautiful picture in the world: New York at night. Times Square, robed in jewels, is a pageant unrivalled in the achievement of man. I was not prepared for the ovation that awaited me. While I knew of my success on the screen in "Passion," I never realized how much New York was interested in me. When a boat came out to meet the steamer with a banner inscribed "Welcome Pola Negri," and I heard the orchestral serenade in my honor, I was surprised and touched. I waved my greeting and then suddenly found myself surrounded by reporters and cameras.

During the eight days I was in New York, before starting toward Hollywood, I was entertained at dinners, luncheons and theater parties. Then Hollywood and another lovely greeting. A little newsboy presented me with some roses, the sweetest greeting of all. Everyone was charming, and I felt that it was all a dream which could not last. People are human; where there is great generosity there is also jealousy and selfishness.

The heat was terrific the day of my arrival, and it continued so for a week. I despised of becoming acclimated. For the first four months I suffered under the most frightful depression. I could scarcely arise from my bed in the morning; it scented an effort even to think clearly.

The climate was sufficiently depressing, but the criticism was worse. I was a foreigner unacquainted with the customs. Everything I did, every move I made was criticized. It seemed to me as though nothing I did was right. Perhaps I had been spoiled by the attention given me in Europe and by the reception of New York. Perhaps I was tactless. All I know is that for every mistake I made I paid twenty times in suffering. I learned that I was being called

There is something my critics never knew—that I cried day after day and night after night behind closed doors. When I went out my head was high. It will always be high. I am ambitious to achieve success as an artist, not as a personality.

PART III

This is the last installment of the remarkable story of Pola Negri, which the beautiful Polish screen star wrote for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Since this was written, a great change has taken place in the attitude of the public and of the motion picture people toward this wonderful woman. Greeted on her arrival with jealousies, unkind and exaggerated stories, she has since won friendship and admiration for her human as well as her artistic qualities.

The Autobiography of

Pola Negri
"the competition," my house "the competition house" and my car "the competition car." Interviewers sometimes asked me such personal questions that I misunderstood the motive. In Europe they ask you about art; here they asked me, what is the dangerous age of a man and of a woman! I did not know that every other star was interviewed the same way; I thought it was something personal.

There were stories printed so absurd, that they were beneath denial. Until now I have never replied to criticisms and have never sought to show my side.

There was, for instance, the story of the cats. Some one who evidently disliked me terribly printed a story to the effect that I ordered the cats killed or removed from the studio. And the story was reprinted everywhere! It was absolutely untrue. Even had it been true, it was too petty for the attention of an intelligent person.

Every time I expressed an opinion contrary to the accepted or made an objection of any sort I was heralded as "temperamental." I refused to do "The Cheat," it is true. In the first script they had me jump from an airplane into the water, from the water on to a motorcycle and from a motorcycle on to a moving train where I was to run along the roofs of the coaches. They wanted me to do all the things that have made Eddie Polo famous. I did not feel I was qualified.

When the acrobatics were deleted, I finally agreed to do the story, although I protested that I was not suited to the rôle. It was not my milieu. I am not so conceited that I think I can play all types with equal effect.

I did not like "Bella Dona." The original story, yes, I liked that, but when they found it necessary to alter Mrs. Chep- stone's character by making her sympathetic, in order to please exhibitors, censors and the public, I knew I was lost. What could I do? All these problems were new to me. I did not wish to be dictatorial and unreasonable. I realized I had a great deal to learn about the motion picture situation in America.

Now I know the situation fair-
What Kind of Men Attract

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

THERE is an answer to every human riddle. And the most fascinating game in the world is trying to find those answers.

But the question of what kind of men attract women most and why, is one the solution of which is being sought continually by novelists, dramatists, and even psycho-analysts—and without any great success.

Nine cases out of ten you can figure out why a certain woman attracts a man, because men are not hampered by shame in such matters and can be honest. They have been honest for centuries. But women?

My father, who was a great criminal lawyer and had faced all kinds of men and women on the witness stand, used to say that it was absolutely impossible for a woman to tell the truth where a man was concerned. Certainly the old-fashioned superstition that it is immodest and unwomanly to admit that men do attract women still persists in enough places to make it difficult to get at any authentic cross-section of feminine feeling. Nearly all women are secretive on that subject and most of them will deny flatly that they are ever attracted by anything in men but grand and noble character. Which is manifestly silly.

When a man stumbles upon some small measure of the truth about what kind of men women actually admire, his ideal of the fair sex is usually somewhat shattered.

But he seldom finds out. Oh, he may nose about and find individual cases of great interest. He may diagnose his own experiences and those within his immediate circle.

For instance, I asked a woman once why she loved her husband enough to beat to death the girl who had become her
rival. She was a black-browed woman with a scarlet mouth and the shadow of jail bars fell upon the slim, brown hands that had wielded the fatal hammer. (I had seen her husband in court and found him singularly colorless—a slight man with the cheap, soda-clerk type of good-looks.) Her sombre eyes met mine for a moment and then she said: "He's the only man I ever knew that I was afraid of. I never knew from one day to the next whether he'd show up or what he'd do to me if he did."

On the other hand, the wife of a famous matinee idol who had walked through hell-fire with the love-light still burning in her eyes, explained her inspiring devotion by saying softly: "He needed me so."

When I was a girl at boarding school—and girls of that age are apt to be more frank—I remember that we had four idols common to the student body.

The most popular was a chauffeur who drove one of the day scholars to school. I have never seen a man before or since who was better to look at, there is that in our defense. In addition he wore a cold, bitter expression and never once glanced at the flutter of a fair skirt. It was the general belief that he was the younger son of an English peer and that he had been forced to leave England because of an indiscreet love affair with a lady too near the throne.

Our second choice was the captain of the Yale football team. He was excessively homely and he had a rather timid, embarrassed smile. He was in love with one of our seniors—a plain girl who had been unnoticed in the school before his arrival, but who immediately became a personage of great importance. He wasn't much to look at, but he was the Yale football captain.

The third was a famous stage star, and the fourth was the Episcopal rector, a tall young

Women Most?

Women crave love, yearn for romance. So they choose stage or screen idols as the lovers of their dreams
HIS screen personality is as well known to the entire world as that of any other person living. His "fan" mail is enormous. But of the man himself comparatively little is known. That is largely because he does not favor personal publicity.

He starts his story at the proper place—with his birth in a small town in Nebraska. He follows the wanderings of his restless family during his early years. And he gives a most interesting picture of his boyhood.

Humorously and graphically, he tells of his first business venture—as a popcorn merchant—of his first appearance on the stage, and of his first love affair—with a girl to whom he never dared to speak.

Briefly he gives his background up to the age of eighteen years—just the usual human kid, up to all manner of kid pranks and generally in scrapes. He even became a prize-fighter, but only for a short time. The stage was his ambition.

"And," he adds, "I made my first appearance in a motion picture and I played an Indian."

Here is a document that should not be missed. Not only because the subject of the autobiography is one of the most interesting and human figures before the public today, but also because he has played and is playing such an important part in the making of motion picture history. And Photoplay is both pleased and proud to present, beginning in the May issue, his own story of his life.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO is suggestive of "The Thinker" in this pose. Perhaps he is wondering how it will seem to wear a wig and satin knee panties in the appealing title role of his next picture, Booth Tarkington's great romance "Monsieur Beaucaire"
BABY PEGGY—excuse us, Miss Peggy Montgomery—has adopted the expression of an infant Duky. In the oval she would seem to be the screen’s youngest, and most delightful, dumbell. The smaller picture proves that she’s only acting a part.
THE lady of the leopard skin not only reclines upon them. She has 'em made into coats! Yes, this is Aileen Pringle—hailed as something quite new, and very effective, in the vamp line—who has the difficult leading role of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks".

THE brooding eyes of a Madonna—the narrow, curved lips of a heartbreaker. Gowned with a simplicity so demure that it is ultra-sophisticated. This is—Aileen!
Ride 'Em
THE FORE-HORSEMEN OF AMERICA
BY JULIAN JOHNSON

The cowboys have ridden into history. The last ropers have loped down the evergreen canon of yesterday. When the herd was grazing, they rode supreme as the dreadful quartet of the Apocalypse; but instead of death, they left the seeds of Empire in their hoof-prints, and peace, not destruction, settled in the dust behind them. They were the fore-horsemen of America. Where their lariats whirled, railways came to make the States really United. Where their beef bellowed into the market-place, great cities grew. They nourished the world and enriched the nation. Thus, the cowboy seized the universal imagination not only because he is picturesque, but because he is one of the decisive horsemen of the ages. He rides with the fire-shod Arab and the cartridge-jeweled Cossack, and behind them thunder the wild hosts of Attila and Genghis Khan.

Yet the cowboy thanks to the motion

This is Bill Hart's fighting expression. In centre—Roosevelt, modeled by Laura Gardner Fraser from J. N. Darling's drawing

Boyish, lovable, with a sense of humor. Hoot Gibson, whose pictures are consistently good

Charles—sometimes known as "Buck"—Jones. Daredevil, heroic and such a smile! The sheik of the cow country, and a regular fellow, too, who is not afraid to take a chance
Cowboy!

picture, is the only horseman of history who is immortal, living on to delight future generations not merely with legends, but with his actual existence. Meissonier, greatest of battle painters, remotely suggests the rushing splendor of Napoleon's cavalry. But the camera perpetuates the cowboy's speed as well as his spunk, his habits as well as his habitat—it has preserved everything about him except his raucous voice. To the native the cowboy is patriotism; to the immigrant he is a lesson in Americanism; to both he is an unconscious inspiration. The cowboy is also the last horseman. The machine has claimed us in work and war; and the horse, who dragged civilization behind him for forty centuries, has become an archaic pastime. Into the valley of memory the riders have galloped, giants and barbarians and centaurs, but men every one! And they sleep, and are a tale that is told—except the screen-living cowboy vanguard, immortalized by the sun.

The favorite of the small boy, and the dearest dream of the sub-deb! Tom Mix has been called a "ridin' fool"—he dares anything

When Jack Hoxie lays aside his six shooter in favor of nature's weapons, Jack Dempsey must needs look to his laurels. A great man in a fight, despite the dimpled chin

In centre—Tom Mix and Tony

Art Accord is beloved of the serial fans—and their name is legion! A best seller cowboy
In an idle moment—there aren’t many such!—Allan Dwan chats with the glorious Gloria, and Sam Wood tells Mary Eaton a new one.

The outside of the studio is so impressive that it probably sends many a shy, would-be extra scuttling home. A building architecturally perfect.
John Barrymore is almost too handsome to be true as the sarfiorially perfect Beau Brummel. A powdered coiffure certainly does enhance his profile—not that it needs enhancing! The picture is from the Clyde Fitch play of the same name.

A big moment, in which the big line of the play falls from the bored lips of Beau Brummel. "Sherry, who's your fat friend?" he asks—referring to, and quite refusing to recognize, the corpulent Prince of Wales. Consternation—and comedy!
Here are Harry Carey and his two candidates for roles in his next Hunt Stromberg production—"Doby" Carey and his baby sister, Ella Ada.

These modern girls are always up to something when their fathers are napping! Sheila O'Malley hits the pipe while Daddy Pat dozes.
Then she opened her eyes and looked at him—unsmilingly, steadily, almost accusingly

The Love Dodger

A story from behind the curtained windows of Hollywood

Part Two

Two days later, Cleveland Brown received a note from her. It bore that remembered heavy fragrance and his heart stopped as it came to him, so vividly did it bring back the soft yielding of her in his arms.

"Dear Cleveland Brown—I am having a very small dinner party on Tuesday night at eight. Will you come? I want an opportunity to thank you for saving my life and also I don't want you to go through life with such a dreadful and, really, erroneous picture of "Leda O'Neil"

He stuck the thing immediately into his pocket out of sight. Of course he wouldn't go. Ridiculous idea. He had been shocked to the very depths of his being by her condition. It was the first time he had ever been close to a woman who had drunk too much, though he had seen them. His whole being recoiled from the experience. A drunken man was bad enough—but a drunken woman!

And yet, how strangely sweet and soft she had been, unlike anything he had ever known! The memory of it simply would not be erased. How sweet it might have been to hold her like that, if she belonged to him!

Rather a rotten trick that fate had played him—throwing such a creature as Leda O'Neil into his arms that way.

He took out the note and read it again. "A dreadful and, really, erroneous picture of Leda O'Neil."

At least she had the grace to be ashamed of herself. Perhaps it had been one of those unfortunate and accidental things that happen nowadays. He himself had once drunk two glasses of some gin whose parent had recommended it highly and had forthwith passed into that state where all men are indeed equal.
Maybe something like that had happened to her. Poor girl.

However, he would refuse the invitation. It was safer. No use rushing into trouble.

Then he stopped short. He couldn't. It would be the height of rudeness and cruelty to do that. Why, the poor girl must be feeling dreadful enough about the whole miserable affair. Probably she was suffering sufficiently with remorse and shame without his heaping coals of fire upon her head by rebuffing a simple act of courtesy and gratitude like an invitation to dinner. If he didn't go, what could she think except that he was an ill-mannered and narrow-minded prig?

He hesitated long about the manner of acceptance. Should he write or telephone? No one had ever invited him to dinner by mail before.

Her stationery was heavy and white and satiny, like her skin.

Finally he, too, wrote a note. Simply—

"Dear Miss O'Neil: It is very kind of you to ask me for dinner on Tuesday and I shall be awfully glad to come.

"Sincerely,

"Cleveland Brown."

On a night some two weeks after that dinner party of Leda O'Neil's, all Hollywood would gladly have listened in on three conversations that touched closely the life of Cleveland Brown.

Janice and Anabelle Brown, side by side in Janice's white bed, were whispering in the still night hours.

A faint starlight poured in through the big, open windows and filled the fresh and simple chamber where they lay. A room like that of a particularly fastidious college girl.

"Janice," said Anabelle, in an awed voice, "Cleveland's just as different. Why, I never did see such a change in anybody."

Janice turned on her side, so that Cleveland's sister saw only the thick, rippling curls of her hair, loose on the pillow.

"What do you mean, different?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. He's grouchy—and he never was before—and he's nervous and he's so absent-minded, honestly it's terrible. He can't seem to get started on his new picture. Mother's just worried to death. Janice, he's just crazy about her, that's all."

"Crazy about who?" said Janice. Her voice sounded as though she had stifled a yawn.

"Oh, you know. Leda O'Neil. He can't stay away from her. Every minute he's home, he's like a shut-up dog."

"Well," said Janice, and she turned restlessly, as though, somehow, she could not find a comfortable spot in the bed, "well, she's the most beautiful thing I ever saw. If I were a man, I'd be crazy about her myself."

"Oh, would you, Janice?" Anabelle almost gasped. "Well, if you like that type! But my goodness, Janice, you know she's got a terrible reputation. They say she's a worse yump off the screen than she is on. It seems so funny for Cleveland to be running around with a woman like that. Promise you'll never, never tell?"

"I won't tell."

"Well, I was up in Cleveland's room the other morning and there was a book on the floor by his bed. One of hers. It was poetry. Oh, Janice, it was terrible."

"Why terrible?"

"You know. I—I memorized some of it to tell you, but I'm ashamed to say it."

Janice laughed. "If you memorized it, I guess it won't hurt you to say it."

"I only had time to read the ones that were marked. This one was," she hurried into it, giggling now and then between the lines,

"'Can this be sin?"
"This ecstasy of arms and eyes and lips,
"This thrilling of caressing finger-tips,
"This toying with incomparable hair?"
(I close my dazzled eyes, you are so fair.)

"Did the naughty, old bad vamp get him, poor little boy? Did the wicked vampire just grab him and eat him up? It's a shame, so it is!"

This answer of caress to fond caress,
This exquisite, maternal tenderness?
How could so much of beauty enter in,
If this be sin?

"Opposite it she'd written something about—'this is what I tried to explain to you last night.'"

"What was the other one?" asked Janice quietly.

Anabelle took an audible breath and made the plunge:

"'Unbind your hair and let its masses be 
Soft midnight on the weary eyes of me. 
I faint before the dazzle of your breast; 
Make shadows of your hair that I may rest, 
And I will cool my fevered temples there; 
Let down your hair.'"

"There's more, but I can't remember it. Can you imagine Cleveland reading that kind of junk?"

"Cleveland's a man," said Janice. "Of course, they sound silly when you say them, Anabelle, because, of course, you don't know what they mean. But can you imagine what they'd sound like to a man if she read them to him? Somehow—I can."

There was so long a silence that Anabelle dozed.

Awakening with a little start, she said, "Janice. Were you crying?"

"Certainly not," said Janice coldly, "I think—I've taken a little cold in my head. Do go to sleep, Anabelle."
Ray Connable stood at her window looking down into the almost deserted street.

A policeman stood on the corner, leaning up against a building. A taxi sputtered by. Across the way, there was a small blur of light and activity at John's, where the late crowds dropped in for something to eat. Everything else was dark and quiet. How different it was from New York at midnight! Ray Connable, with an unaccountable pang of homesickness, shivered in the night air.

From the room beyond a sleepy voice said: "Miss Ray, can't you go to sleep? You want me to get up and fix you some hot milk? You'll catch cold standing there like that."

"I don't want anything," said Ray Connable, drawing the blue and gold of her mandarin coat about her. "Oh, damn it, Ella, why is the world so rotten?"

"You quit worrying, Miss Ray. That woman ain't going to keep on bothering long with no Cleveland Brown," said the unseen counsellor. "She's used to sheiks, she is. Besides, I hear she's got to have somebody new every few days. And when he does get through, my, won't he be glad of somebody to cheer him up? Didn't he send you them roses yesterday?"

"Yes. But everything was going so wonderfully until she came along. Well, I'm not going to give up. I'm not. Go to sleep, Ella. I'm all right."

But in the still darkness, she put her forehead against the cold comfort of the window pane and said bitterly: "It isn't fair, it isn't fair."

And even while Janice lay wide-eyed, staring into the starlit darkness; while little Ray Connable stood strainig to see the midnight world go by. Mrs. Henry Brown, in her big brass bed, was awakened by a stealthy footstep on the stairs.

She sat up instantly, very formidable and entirely prepared to cope with an army of burglars if necessary.

But when the door opened it was only Daddy Brown who slipped in like a wraith and ridiculous ghost. He edged very quietly and cautiously around to his own side of the big bed, only to be galvanized as he heard it by the unexpected and violent tones of his wife.

"Where have you been, Henry, chasing round getting your death of cold this time of night?"

"Why, I just went downstairs to get me a drink of water," said Daddy Brown. "I didn't know you was awake, Jennie."

"There's plenty of water right up here in the bathroom," said his wife, switching on the light beside the bed. "Is Cleveland home yet?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Mother."

"Don't lie to me, Henry. You been downstairs to see if he'd come in. Has he?"

"Why, now you speak about it, I don't think he has."

"What time is it?"

"Why, I don't know, Mother."

"You can find out by looking at the clock on my bureau."

"My gracious, it's most two o'clock."

"Two o'clock and Cleveland's not in yet. And when he comes in, he sneaks along so quiet. When he was flying around with that chorus girl, he used to stay out late some nights, but at least he'd come banging in, whistling and waking up the whole house. How many nights has he been out this week?"

"My gracious, Jennie, you better lie down and go to sleep. Cleveland's not a baby any more. I guess he can stay out a few nights all night, and it wouldn't be unheard of in a young fellow his age."

"Henry," said the voice from the bed, and for the first time it broke a little and its commanding note was lost in a pleading that Daddy Brown had not heard in many a year, "Henry, it's not like Cleveland. You're scared, aren't you? I know, every night you're wandering around, most all night. I hear you, up and down, up and down. You think—oh, I'm so worried. What do you think—"

Daddy Brown went and sat down on the edge of the bed and patted the hunched shoulders.

"I don't know, Jennie, I don't know. I never got into anything like this myself, though I guess most men do. Some one woman, some time, gets into their blood and sort of sets 'em crazy. Usually, it don't last. But this Miss O'Neil—"

"She's a devil," said Cleveland Brown's mother.

"No, she isn't. If she was, I wouldn't worry. Straight out and out badness isn't much to worry about with a boy that's got fine principles like Cleveland. But it's funny how much goodness and badness can get all mixed up together in this world. Cleveland's been dodging love a long time. It was bound to catch up with him some time—in this town. I'm just hoping it won't hurt him so bad that—he'll never get over it."

"Do you think he'll marry her?"

"No, because I don't think she'll let him."

"Does he want to, Henry?"

"I hope so, Jennie. I wouldn't want my boy to feel like that about a woman and not want to marry her. Yes, I expect right now he'd about give his soul to marry her."

The purr of a motor broke the night air. Daddy Brown pulled off the bedlight. Side by side, as they had lain every night for forty years, they stayed breathless in the darkness. But the motor went by. And the night seemed stiller than ever, almost as still as death, when it had died away in the distance.

It was the first time he had ever been in that particular room. The room in Leda O'Neil's house that was to be printed on his mind forever. A strange room that could have belonged to no one but Leda O'Neil, with her childish love of the bizarre and the sensational.

At first sight of it, Cleveland Brown had stopped on the threshold, startled and just a little amused. It was more like a motion picture set—a glorified boudoir from some film extravaganza seen on the screen—than any room in the house of a real woman.
After all, Leda O’Neill’s tastes had been formed and controlled almost entirely by motion pictures. Like Cleveland Brown himself, she was a product of them.

The pale grey walls, so palely grey that they were only a shade warmer than white. The black velvet curtains, somber in their long, straight lines. And then the odd, startling, bizarre splashes of color all about. In the fantastic cushions heaped about the floor. The transparent glass bowls and vivid polychromatic flowers. The gleaming lamps and the odd, futuristic pictures on the walls.

Its effect was almost violent, like some weird piece of Oriental music, stirring the senses and deadening the intellect. His feet hesitated on the plain, black velvet carpet.

A panic, almost a premonition, drew him back, as surely as the smell of the O’Neil, on the black velvet couch in the middle of the room, drew him on.

He had never seen anyone in his life who could lie so still, so deliciously, lazily still. As though she never wanted to move again and yet pulsing and throbbing with life in her stillness.

The soft glow of the lamps had given the long, white thing she wore the sheen of a pearl, like her skin.

She lay on her side, with knee drawn up against her body, and one bare arm curved under her head.

The tiny, glowing, perfume lamp on the table beside her filled the air with that heavy scent he knew so well.

The pitiful look of a great desire that is only desire swept Cleveland Brown. Her eyes hungered shyly, hotly, over the lovely thing on the black velvet couch, pleading and yet afraid. Agony imprisoned him. An agony of longing and painful timidity. Every step became a separate torture that must be endured.

He knelt down on one of the purple cushions at her side. For a moment he thought she was asleep. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him unsmilingly, steadily, almost accusingly.

His hand went out hungrily, gently, and touched her hair. And then he had her in his arms. Holding her with a young madness that was terrible.

Kissing her with hot, untaught, almost brutal kisses that fell on her lips and her eyes and her hair and her long, white throat.

He held her, and almost might hold a panacea that would cure some great and horrible pain. Touch her with that and at last hid his face against her breast, sobbing like a child.

Leda O’Neill held him close, sweetly, almost maternally close.

“I love you, I love you,” he said, and knew no ornaments with which to embellish the great words his lips had never said before.

“I love you.”

She smiled, a luxurious, swooning smile, because she could soothe this desperate, painful need.

The loveliness of her that had swept a world to her feet, she seemed to pour out upon him, like a scented oil, to soothe and heal the heat of his young, violent passion.

She drew him closer, until they held each other as two people might who see death just around the corner. Held him close and hard and sweet, until they were wrapped in some living flame that merged them together and away from all the world.

Leda O’Neill was twenty-five.

An Italian mother and an Irish father had combined to produce in her something that, on the screen, had the fascination of both races. And, on the screen, most of their faults.

Her popularity was based entirely upon her beauty. A beauty that possessed both sex appeal and distinction. And nothing whatever to do with acting. And a great many men had loved her, not wisely but too well.

There is no explanation for a Leda O’Neil. Hollywood attempted none. In some measure, she was a product of its sudden riches, its tremendous flatteries, its essential familiarity, and lack of restraint. But she was not a stranger to them. Anywhere. Leda O’Neill would have been the thing she was. Only she would probably have been forced to add the final sin of hypocrisy.

Her theory of living was exceedingly simple. She earned more money than most men. She paid a large income tax to her government. She supported civic and business schemes with her name and her money. Charity drives and charity organizations depended upon her time and again, not only for large donations but for all sorts of personal appearances, speeches and appeals. She supported her family well and decently, and met her financial obligations promptly.

Therefore, when the fulfilled the duties of a rich man and a prominent citizen, she assumed that she had the right to enjoy the privileges that most of them took unquestioned.

She did not choose to marry, because she preferred her freedom. So, she argued, if she took the pleasures of life where she found them, she was harming no one. No one had any claim upon her. No one had any right to say you shall or you shall not to Leda O’Neill. Except Leda O’Neill herself. And it never occurred to her that she had any obligation to herself.

She was wholly independent. She owed her success to nothing except the gifts the gods had bestowed and her own ceaseless endeavors.

The Latin languor that dominated her in her lighter moments was entirely absent in connection with her work. She worked like a dog. There was no star in any studio who worked harder or more diligently or more honestly than Leda.

And there was no girl in Hollywood who was down and out, but might come to Leda O’Neill and find an open house and an open hand.

She had also the disposition of an angel. No one ever saw her cross. She didn’t know the meaning of the word temperament.

She had a marvellous, lazy, ever-present good humor and a fund of easy kindness. She could endure hardships for herself without a whimper, could work twenty-four hours on end, or under the most miserable conditions of place and weather, and come upon smiling an angel.

She could not bear to hurt any one’s feelings and her democracy around the studio had won her the love of every gripe, electrician and cameraman on the lot. “No” was a word not in her limited vocabulary.

That was Leda O’Neill.

Her weaknesses corresponded with her desire to please, her inability to give pain.

She loved love.

The man-woman game fascinated her. Even the phrase had its thrills and its amusements. Leda could be everything in the world to a man except his friend. Give him everything except fidelity. Tell him everything except the truth.

Cleveland Brown was a new sensation to Leda.

That there could be—in Hollywood—in the Twentieth Century—a man like Cleveland Brown, seemed to her inconceivable.

He was like a boy—for some young knight. His innocence, his trust, his adoration were new and pleasant things to her.

Long, long ago Leda had learned the ancient truth that, to a woman who plays the game, there are only two kinds of men who are worth while. The men who know everything and the men who know nothing.

Cleveland Brown knew nothing more consistently than anyone she had ever met.

And he was Cleveland Brown. Even a Leda O’Neill might be proud to exhibit Cleveland Brown.

That which has gone before

Cleveland Brown, the famous screen comedian, was at heart only a small town boy, grown older. A small town boy with a distrust that amounted almost to a fear—of all women. This feeling of his, however, did not keep him from being the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood for his past had been blameless, and he paid an income tax that reached the quarter million mark. Many women tried to insinuate themselves into his life, but it was all wasted energy until Ray Connable—a man called the ex-Follies girl, and an utter stranger to Cleve—announced their engagement. The announcement appeared in the papers, and the comedian planned to deny it, until he discovered that the Connable girl was at the end of her rope—that she needed publicity in order to get a job. So he played the game with her—dancing, dining, almost, at times, losing his head. Though he told his little leading lady, Janice Reed, that the engagement meant nothing, there’s no telling what might have happened if Leda O’Neill—alluring, lovely, and quite intoxicated—hadn’t stayed across his path. After his car had nearly run her down, Cleve—who was taking Ray Connable home from the plantation club—was forced to become Leda’s escort, also. Entering his car she cuddled down against him and, with her coming, a new era dawned in the life of Cleveland Brown.
The

Enchanted

Princess

The story of a little girl who decided that she had something more than beauty to offer on the screen—and proved it

By Margaret E. Sangster

May McAvoy in "The Enchanted Cottage," and (left) as she really is

ONCE upon a time there was a very beautiful princess. So beautiful that folk said the fairies had made her of sunlight, and blue sky and the pink of rose petals. And people loved her because she was so pretty! And then one day an ogre took it into his head to make her ugly. He did it for no reason at all, for he was a motion picture director—and motion picture directors don't need reasons! He made her so ugly that the people who had loved her turned away in pitying horror.

She cried, of course. Not glycerine tears, either! She begged, and entreated. But the ogre didn't pay any attention to her protests. And so, because she was a philosophical princess, she got down to work. And showed the people who loved her that she had something more than beauty—better than beauty! And because hard work is its own reward, and because genius cannot be covered with a false nose and make-believe teeth, the director-ogre smiled upon the princess, despite her ugliness. And, smiling, he said one word. And that word was a magic word. "Cut!" he said.

And the princess, knowing that she had been disenchanted, tripped off the set and ran happily into her dressing room. And, with the aids of cold cream and a towel, became beautiful again.

SHE sat in a deep chair, with her head thrown back and her feet tucked under her, little girl fashion. Behind her, making the bare top of a hotel table into a veritable garden place, bloomed a low bowl of hyacinths. And, close beside the hyacinths, stood a vase of pussy willows. Shy brown and silver grey, the vanguard of the spring-time! I looked at the whole picture, etched—but gently—against the coming twilight. And then I spoke softly to myself. Spoke one word—and a name.

"April," I said, first. And then, "May McAvoy!"

It was hard to reconcile this youth, this tenderness, this fresh quality with the pictures that I held in my hand. Stills taken from "The Enchanted Cottage"—in which May McAvoy plays

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]
TUNIS, AFRICA—When I arrived in Paris to join Rex Ingram I found that he had gone on to Tunis to pick locations for "The Arab," leaving the company to join him a week later. The company consists of twenty-five birds from eight different nations and God knows how many jays. It beats Barnum's. There are hunchbacks and dwarfs, a dancer with funny legs, an old jazzbeau with a henna beaver, an actor with a Shakespearean voice and a John Barleycorn nose and a lady whose passion is playing the vioctrola and memorizing the joke records. I'm the only unnaturalized American, Alice Terry having become Irish when she married Misther Ingram. Rex met the boat when we arrived at Tunis and immediately taught me the proper Arab salute. It consists of shaking the other guy's hand and then passionately kissing your own. It's not very thrilling but it's sanitary. Having mastered this and six cups of Mohammedian coffee the size of quinine capsules I was ready to step out among the yashmak.

THE harem beauty of Tunis of whom you've heard so much wraps herself bulkily in sheets until she looks like the week's washing coming home. Her face is bound tightly in black stuff with only a slit for a peep hole. At a distance you'd swear she was Al Jolson playing ghost. The swell dishes never get a hoof out of the harem except on Friday afternoon when they're treated to a ride to the cemetery. That's the only exercise they ever get. A wife of my friend El Beji missed one Friday and lost the use of her legs. "They were no use anyway," she said philosophically.

I HAVE seen Bedouins and Berbers from the desert who were quite 'and-some fellows, but the down-town cake-eaters are no more imposing than our own. There's a distinctly modern note to their dress. The burnous falls just below the knees, allowing a fascinating glimpse of Paris garters, socks and bull-dog shoes. They still wear turbans, but I predict <s>the derbies next season.</s>

IN company with Rex I visited an Englishman's Moorish house at Sidi Bou Said. We were received through portals of hammered brass by an Arab servant in pantaloons. Passing through slim marble pillars supporting Moorish arches and walls so delicately hand-carved they appeared to be embroidered ivory, we entered a cool and fragrant court where water played over an alabaster basin of floating roses. The balcony was enclosed with grilles and panels of painted gold inlaid with rich enamels. No sound but the trickle of water in the basin and the faint stirring of petals in trays of amber under a mystical light.

Then we visited the home of a high Arab chief. The reception room was papered with illustrations cut from ancient issues of the London Times. The drawing room was furnished in red plush with crocheted tidies. Countless photographs of relatives, deceased and active, intermingled with paper butterflies and Japanese fans, adorned the walls. Aside from his fez, denoting Arabic nobility, our host looked as though he might belong to the noble house of Kuppenheimer. He wore a fashionable stout business suit, and his hands played with a heavy gold watch chain that swung across his vest like a suspension bridge.

THE Bey of Tunis signified through one of his ministers that he would be pleased to receive Mr. Ingram and Madame, but first would like to know if they could take a photograph of him, and, if so, how large a one. We were glad to know that the Bey, like ourselves, was interested in Bigger and Better Pictures.

REX made another one of his startling "discoveries" the other day. He saw a photograph of an Arab maiden in a postcard store of Tunis. The shopkeeper assured him that he would have her there in the morning ready to work in the picture. When Rex called for his "discovery" the next day the obliging shopkeeper made humble apologies. The beautiful girl was unable to come because she had been dead for twenty-five years. Another case of just missing a good part.

UNABLE to sleep a night while crossing the Atlantic, Ramon Novarro announced upon landing that he didn't intend to see Paris and die, he intended to see her and sleep. And he certainly did. I have never known anyone capable of such soporific concentration. He never wasted a moment. Whenever he got into a taxi-cab he had to leave word for someone one to call him at his destination. At Louer's while Yvonne Georges was singing "Why Did You Make Me Care" for his special benefit he slipped right off to dreamland. Later he fell downstairs and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]
Editor's Note: Disguised as a wandering sketch artist for Photoplay, Mr. Ingram and his company invaded Tunis to make "The Arab." Here are some of his pencil impressions.

An impression of Ramon Novarro in the title role of "The Arab," in which he has an opportunity to display that sable and impertinent humor that won him stardom in his first role—that of Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

A Marabout or holy man—"sits" for Mr. Ingram. He is a member of a religious nobility who are highly regarded by the Arabs, and their sanctity descends to their children and their children's children.

A Marabout who has a prominent character part. Writes Mr. Ingram to Photoplay: "The Arabs are natural actors. They have a traditional poise that prevents any self-consciousness even before the camera."

Do you know what an Ouled-Nail is? Nothing more nor less than a Saharan vampire. An intense gold-digger who spares neither her charms nor herself in securing money from stronger men for a marriage dowry. The Ouled-Nail is famed for her dancing.

This is Rex Ingram's sketch of Alexandrea, a Roumanian actress from the French stage, who plays the part of one of the dancers in "The Arab."
The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye

And it seems even longer ago than those saffron-tinted memories in the swiftly moving world of the motion picture. Twelve years ago in the films is about the close of the Middle Ages.

One afternoon, in March of this 1912, an obscure little man of no special importance presented himself at the office of the Motion Picture Patents Company in New York. He gave his name to the attendant in the lobby. The name was “Adolph Zukor.”

Zukor took a seat.

The attendant took his name inside and returned to his post. There were many waiting at the portals, exchangers, theater men, cranks, reformers and all that miscellany of callers who sought the attention or favor of the motion picture’s overlords, the bosses of the film trust.

An hour passed and many who came later went in and came out again while Zukor sat waiting. After a time he attracted some attention because of his persistence and apparent patience. The door opened just a little and some one peered out to size up this little fellow. There was a low voiced conversation on the other side of the door.

“Who is this guy Zukor, anyway?”

“Oh, he’s an exhibitor, string of theaters with Marcus Loew—got some nut idea about big pictures.”

“Well we don’t want him—we’ve got Lubin—that’s enough for us.”

Meanwhile, Zukor kept on waiting. A certain degree of patience in places where he has to be patient is one of his characteristics. Sometimes patience makes speed.

But it was, after all, an absurd hope that had brought Zukor to the doors of the stronghold of the motion picture combine. He had an idea and a motion picture. He intended to ask the picture

Chapter XXV

It was the year of 1912. To place it back in the perspective of time, remember that this was the year of the Titanic disaster, the discovery of the South Pole, the election of Woodrow Wilson, and the Rosenthal murder in New York. Motorists still wore linen dusters. Birth control was yet to be heard from. Skirts were ankle length, and there was a new war in the Balkans.

If you can not place it by that, recall it as the year of the tango eruption, the year of “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” and “Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon.”

Wallie Reid, when he first appeared in pictures in 1911, played in Vitagraph’s “Leather Stocking Tales.”

Now You Can Read About the Time—

Adolph Zukor sat on a waiting room bench three hours for a chance to tell the Motion Picture Patents Company about his idea of famous players in famous plays—and they did not want to hear it.

Clara Kimball Young emerged from a Salt Lake stock company to appear in Vitagraph pictures in a minor part in a one reel picture that started her up the road to fame.

“Quo Vadis,” produced in Italy, was imported by George Kleine and presented for a sensational success which upset the world of the speaking stage and the motion picture. D. W. Griffith asked for a raise and promoted himself out of Biograph into the independent field, as his first step from an anonymous obscurity to fame as the world’s greatest director.
History of the Picture

trust's bosses to let him in on the ground floor with his idea and his picture. Nothing could have been more preposterous. That was just as foolish as it would be to go now and wait outside Mr. Zukor's office in Fifth Avenue for him to decide to let you in on the ground floor of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

It was a decidedly untimely call. The motion picture dictators of the day were looking for big things in court decisions rather than on the screen. Their problems were not problems of the motion picture, but of plain, desperate, commercial war. The Motion Picture Patents Company was suing the "Imp" and Carl Laemmle in pursuit of a permanent injunction against infringements. William Fox was suing the Patents Company to let him stay in business under license. Laemmle and P. A. Powers were fighting for the control of Universal. H. E. Aitken and John R. Freuler were promoting and building the new Mutual Film Corporation, which they were presently to fight over, and which Wall Street was in turn selling to the public as a bonanza. There was an internal fight brewing in the General Film Company. Also everybody, licensed and independent alike, was making money—largely because at this period it was practically impossible to escape money in the motion picture business.

Adolph Zukor, then only an exhibitor, saw his big opportunity with the appearance of Sarah Bernhardt in the picture, "Queen Elizabeth," and started "Famous Players Film Co."

R EVELATIONS of the birth of the modern era of the motion picture screen in the days of 1912 are here set forth for the first time, authenticated and interpreted in terms of stark reality. Only twelve years ago, and yet already deeply obscured by the flood of intervening events in this busy world.

This chapter should carry a message of large encouragement to all those who are hopeful and ambitious. Here we see the tiny, feeble beginnings which, in this comparatively short interval of time, have grown to greatness against apparently insurmountable obstacles.

There is a great lesson, a warning and an invitation in the clearly documented thesis of this history, that the art and industry of the motion picture prove a destiny more powerful than any man or group of men who rise to proclaim themselves its chieftains for their little hours of glory. The investigations of this history have, above everything else, shown that success has come only as the destiny of the screen has been served, and that a few swift years have always broken those who broke the faith. Here you can see for yourself, from the inside.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor.
THE HUMMING BIRD—Paramount

The finest piece of acting Gloria Swanson ever has done. Her work, and the almost faultless direction of Sidney Olcott, make this one of the best pictures in months. It has an appeal that cannot be denied. It is the story of a French girl—an associate of the Apaches and the cleverest thief in Paris. In the pursuit of her profession, she wears boy's clothes, and her elusiveness is so great that she is known as The Humming Bird. The war is brought in, and an American newspaper man is the other half of the love story. But almost all else fades into insignificance when compared with Miss Swanson's performance as Toinette. When "Zaza" appeared, it was hailed as her best work. But in this picture she is so infinitely better that there is no comparison. The entire production is worthy of high praise.

THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro

Here is a tragedy, told simply, faithfully and effectively. One of the striking features is the direction by Fred Niblo, who has not allowed himself to overplay his hand at any time. The result is a picture that, even in its lighter moments, holds the hint of drama, of tragedy. It is a story of the love of two men for one woman. Her husband cannot keep her from the other man, so kills her. But around this theme has been placed some wonderful mountain scenery, a large amount of excellent acting, and some capital photography. Barbara La Marr is the woman in the triangle, the men being played by Ramon Novarro and William V. Mong. Mr. Novarro is getting better all the time, and Miss La Marr has a rôle that suits her eminently. Mr. Mong can always be depended upon.

MARRIED life is made up of secrets—of moments that are hidden away in the silent places of the heart. The poignant secrets of one marriage have been revealed in this picture—with Norma Talmadge as the wife and Eugene O'Brien as the husband. The story is reflected back, across the years, from the pages of a diary—held in the withered hand of a woman who is waiting to hear of her husband's death.

The romance of youth, the elopement. The struggle, as pioneers in a new land. The death of the first baby—during a battle for the lives of all of them! Wealth, at last, and success—bringing, however, the question of the "other woman." Through all of these tense situations we follow and if, at times, the tears are close, we are not ashamed to admit it!

Miss Talmadge does as fine work, in this picture, as she did in "Smilin' Through." In the hoop-skirted costume of girlhood she is a delight to the eye, but it is as the pioneer mother, and as the woman of thirty-nine, that she really scores. She rises—upon several occasions—to superb heights. And, though Eugene O'Brien is both good and convincing, he is left behind!

The photography, particularly in the first part of the picture, is touched with real loveliness. And the scenario, by Frances Marion, is alwayssearchingly human. But it is the personality, and the ability, of Norma Talmadge that makes this a thing worth seeing. This is a story that should mean much to all married people. And to all people who expect to be married. It teaches a lesson in devotion and tolerance.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

SECRETS
THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE  THE HUMMING BIRD
THY NAME IS WOMAN
THREE WEEKS  THE STRANGER

The Six Best Performances of the Month

GLORIA SWANSON in "The Humming Bird"
NORMA TALMADGE in "Secrets"
TULLY MARSHALL in "The Stranger"
GEORGE FAWCETT in "Pied Piper Malone"
MARIE PREVOST in "The Marriage Circle"
JOHN SAIPNOLIS in "Three Weeks"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 127

THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE—Warner Brothers

It is becoming more generally recognized by producers that a story can be told on the screen with pictures, plus intelligence, and does not have to have a title every thirty or forty feet. Also it can be told clearly, concisely and straightforwardly, without "flashbacks" or other nuisances. Mr. Chaplin did it with "A Woman of Paris," and Ernst Lubitsch has done it again with "The Marriage Circle." What stands out in this picture is its simplicity. Here is a story with a number of human characters in it. The picture starts, the characters themselves reveal the story, which runs smoothly along to its logical ending. There is no straining for effects, no effort to be spectacular. It's all very simple, very human, and immensely entertaining.

The story deals with the complications which beset a young wife who tries to steal the husband of her best friend. The plot is extremely thin and has no distinction whatever. It has certain farcical angles which are most amusing, but it is the treatment which makes the picture.

Mr. Lubitsch has been notably economical even in his use of incident. The scenes are laid in Vienna, but there is no attempt at scenic effects. It is just everyday life and surroundings. The cast is uniformly good. There are two wives, admirably played by Marie Prevost and Florence Vidor, and two husbands, played by Monte Blue and that delightfully sophisticated actor, Adolphe Menjou. Creighton Hale also contributes an excellent performance. It would be hard to award first place to any one of these five. The women probably will give it to Miss Prevost, but there is something positively enchanting in the work of Mr. Menjou. He's such a "wise egg"

THREE WEEKS—Goldwyn

The celluloid edition of a book that shocked us, a generation ago, makes an entertaining picture. True, in this frank age, the story has lost much of its daring, but it is well told, and well directed and interesting. Some of the settings are exquisite, and the lighting effects are good. And the whole cast is excellent. It is Aileen Pringle, as the unhappy Queen, however, who stands out cameo-like from the rest of the picture. She sets a new style in enchantresses—she never loses the wise charm that will win the sympathy of any audience. The story of a queen who, bitterly disappointed in her marriage, allows herself one fling at romance and joy. Not quite a month—but every day crowded! And then, again, a life of repression that ends in the greatest sacrifice. Not for the children, of course!

THE STRANGER—Paramount

A girl of the London slums and a dissolute younger son are thrown together by fate. They fall in love and plan to go straight—with marriage as a starting point. And then they become involved in a murder which complicates the whole scheme of things. Because it is easy to let the blame rest upon another, they forget their newly found ideals almost. But, in the end, they prove that they are made of the right stuff and manage a happy ending.

Betty Compson is lovely as the girl—and Richard Dix, as the boy, is lovable. But Tully Marshall, as the man accused of the crime—a broken old chap whose heart is filled with love, though his mind is half dazed—walks away with the picture. The first part of this picture drags. But it comes to a strong finish.
SPORTING YOUTH—Universal

Built along the lines of the Wallie Reid racing pictures, and almost as good. Reginald Denny, who plays the part of Jimmy Wood, comes nearer to filling the vacant place than any other leading man. A story of a chauffeur who, through mistaken identity, is hailed as a speed king—and proves that he is one. The racing shots are some of the best ever filmed. A family picture.

THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount

A typical Zane Grey story of the troubles between the honest settlers of the West and the bandits. The settings and photography are admirable, and the acting is good, but at times, the picture seems jerky. There are four featured players—Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes—but, as usual, Mr. Torrence's performance is the outstanding one.

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox

Marian Nixon, one of the newly named "baby stars," gets a chance in this swiftly moving crook drama, opposite John Gilbert. The story of an international band of thieves, a millionaire in disguise and an innocent little girl who never seems to know what it's all about. A lot of excitement, and no let down until the final close-up. Program stuff—but of the best sort.

A FOOL'S AWAKENING—Metro

That enduring happiness can not be built on a lie is the underlying principle of this adaptation of William J. Locke's "The Tale of Triona." A man steals another man's history, and pays a heavy price before he decides to start fresh. Enid Bennett is one reason for seeing the film, and Harrison Ford is another. If you like your pictures with a dash of something a little better you'll feel repaid with this.
**PAINTED PEOPLE—First National**

Colleen Moore, single handed, lifts this picture from mediocrity. The story of a girl from the wrong side of town who—through sheer hard work and grit—becomes a real somebody upon the stage. As a child she is delicious—as a flapper she is even more so. Except for an artistic bit, done in silhouette against a pair of lighted windows, Colleen is the whole picture.

**NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL—Goldwyn**

This picture is done in the only way possible, in the form of a play. You view it, not as the audience, but *with* the audience. In this way the incongruities seem delightful, even whimsical. The story—of a child heiress stolen by her father's double, and later nearly murdered by her cousin—is too impossible to be treated seriously. Done with deft humor, it contains a series of punches.

**FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount**

A COMEDY of small town life and an inventor who has a fire truck on his hands—and nothing to do with it. Until a note of tragedy sweeps in, with a forest fire, and gives the truck a chance. The cast is practically all star and Jacqueline Logan, as the inventor's daughter Jerry, is prettier than ever. George Melford handles the fire skillfully—it never seems too spectacular.

**TWO WAGONS—BOTH COVERED—Pathe**

A BURLESQUE on the "greatest motion picture of America" by the inimitable Will Rogers, who plays the double role of the Scout and Bill Bunion. He gives a good caricature of the part that Ernest Torrence made famous, and in the J. Warren Kerrigan role he is superb. Not screamingly funny. But individual touches make it a joy—especially if you have seen "The Covered Wagon."

**THE YANKEE CONSUL—Associated Exhibitors**

Douglas Maclean is beginning to be, to the screen, what George Cohan is to the stage. He might be called an all-American comedian. This picture, adapted from the musical comedy of the same name, tells the story of a practical joke, involving a girl and a treasure chest, which is practiced upon a young Yankee in a strange land. He takes it all quite seriously, with uproarious results.

**DADDIES—Warner Brothers**

A BACHELORS' club—made up of four hardy woman haters—plans to do its duty by society by the adoption of war orphans. The complications that arise are never unexpected, but they give everybody a good time. The oldest of the orphans is Mae Marsh—she and Harry Myers make a charming couple. The oldest bachelor is Claude Gillingwater. Of course the club disbands. [CONT'D ON PAGE 102]
Have You a Dressing-Table?

ONCE upon a time, a dressing table was considered in the light of a luxury. It was the symbol of the sheltered woman—the loved, protected flower woman. But now the dressing table occupies a new place. It has become the necessity of the average woman's daily life.

The motion picture has been, in part, responsible for this change. It has popularized the dressing table—in fact, the boudoir! It has shown to women the convenience, the joy, of owning this article of furniture. It has pointed out the fact that a dressing table may be the key to a woman's personality—as well as to her beauty.

Especially have the pictures featuring Gloria Swanson been responsible for bringing the dressing table into favor. In fact, it was in one of her pictures that the covered telephone, to be used upon a dressing table, first saw the light of day. In this way was a national fashion set—a fashion that has become a whole country's fad!

It was with the use of a mirror, in a boudoir, that we have to deal here. And with the use of the dressing table that accompanies that mirror. Of what avail is a dainty bed, or charming furniture, if the room lacks a focal point of interest?

In the decoration of a bedroom there are a certain number of definite points to keep in mind. These points are simple, but we repeat them here simply to refresh our memory. First, because the bed is usually the

Milady of the screen counts this piece of furniture one of her chief assets in her work and at home

By William J. Moll
This will help You Make One

This is the fifth of a series of articles for Photoplay readers on

Home Furnishing & Decoration

It requires money to build a great many of the film settings that you see, but we are taking their basic elements and translating them, in an economical way, to your needs and adoption. This month's article shows you how to build charming dressing tables in your own home.

The following articles, on home decoration, have been published in Photoplay Magazine: "What Can Be Done With Cretonne" appeared in the December, 1923, issue; "The Firelight's Soft, Warm Radiance" was published in January, 1924; "A Modern Living Room in the Italian Spirit," in February; "A Modern Colonial Room" in March.

If you have missed these interesting articles, we will be glad to mail you, at 10c each, copies of them.

Address your request to Home Furnishing Editor, Photoplay, 730 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

large piece of furniture, it occupies the largest wall space. The dresser or chifforobe comes next. The dresser and the vanity are placed with reference to light and service to the user. Such details as the boudoir desk, the comfortable slipper chair, etc., all depend upon the size of the room.

It is not our intention to go closely into the decoration of a bedroom in this article. We are planning this for some later issue. But we want to talk about that most important unit of service and decoration in any bedroom, be it large or small, the dressing table.

No matter what your color scheme, no matter what shape or size the table is, no matter how beautiful and charming the rest of your room,—the central beauty should be in the dressing table. Not only should it be

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]
“Lincoln? Why, his life can’t be told in pictures!”

Thus declared the magnates when two kid producers in Hollywood announced their conviction that a great picture could be made on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

And it has been made. A picture which is “great,” in its simplicity, its drama, its tender romance, its love-interest, which transcends the elaborate sex-appeal of the conventional movie-masterpiece and encompasses all humanity.

And those same kid producers made it—Al and Ray Rockett, after a fight and a labor for their idea which lasted three years, fraught with meanness, jealousy and the embittering despair of deliberate handicaps. But the idea won, the Rockett Brothers won, and the picture on which they had staked everything has emerged an inspired film-drama, a monument worthy of the man it celebrates.

The story of Abraham Lincoln they have told with a wealth of relevant detail and color. But the Rockett Brothers are more reticent about their own. These young men are not erratic artists, tilting at the windmills. They are not impatient with the movies. They are not sanguine of “revolutionizing” them. What they wanted to do was put themselves on the production map. They wanted a great picture, a sincere picture, one good enough to make the public as well as the industry pay attention to them. They knew what the public wants and the successful picture demands. And there was their story at hand—“The dramatic life of Abraham Lincoln.”

Hollywood refused to be convinced. The consensus of expert opinion was against it.

They set to work. They wanted to hire Frances Marion to write the story, but they couldn’t afford her usual fee. But when they told her of their ambition and plan, she not only wrote the continuity, but put $30,000 of her own money into the picture.

The Rocketts spent months in research work at the Congressional Library. They made journeys into the backwoods to revive the fading memories of old men and women who had known the President. They located a living crony, and learned of mannerisms, intimate little characteristics. Then, they “found” George Billings, a man who never had appeared upon the stage or before the camera, who had neither the experience nor the technique to “act the rôle” of Lincoln, but had the imagination to live it.

[Continued on page 114]
Mimi Palmeri was a model and a mannequin—until her beauty won her a place upon the silver sheet. Her rise was sudden. She was leading lady to Alfred Lunt in "The Ragged Edge"—her first picture. A French mother, Italian father
Betty Compson—whose latest success was as a vivid French dancer, in "Woman to Woman"—is evidently learning something from the parrot. Her attitude of attention would make a dumb beast eloquent, and surely plays havoc with a talking bird!
THIS portrait of Alma Rubens is quite after the famous manner of Gainsborough—with its powdered curls and sweeping plumes. One only wishes that her wide dark eyes were smiling into the camera. She was a featured player in "Under the Red Robe"
JULANNE JOHNSTON fills a coveted niche in this year's hall of film fame. She is the one who plays opposite Doug Fairbanks in his eagerly-awaited "Thief of Bagdad." Her oriental beauty stands out against the exotic setting in startling fashion.
Gossip—
East & West

By Cal York

The monthly Hollywood sensation is Charlie Chaplin’s victorious fistic encounter.

Much to his own amazement and chagrin, Charlie was one of the principals of a sensational fistic duel, fought in a well-known Hollywood cafe, in the presence of his former wife, Mildred Harris, and his own guest of the evening, Mary Miles Minter.

The gentleman on the other end of Charlie’s mighty right—and the other end was the floor, believe me—was C. C. Julian, a well known oil operator in Los Angeles.

It happened like this:
Charlie and Miss Minter and another couple were dining at the new and very fashionable Cafe Petrouchka, on Hollywood Boulevard. This new eating place is the latest favorite with the film colony—being run by a Russian princess and cooked for by the chef of the late Czar Nicholas—and there was a large crowd present on this Sunday evening.

Another party, a large one, which included Mildred Harris and Peggy Browne, a friend of hers, came in and took the next table to Chaplin and his party. According to all reports the ladies had nothing to do with the ensuing encounter.

Julian, it is stated by all witnesses to the affair, even the ladies of his own party, was extremely boisterous, knocked over a lamp and did various other damage, before, on one of his trips about the room, he knocked against the chair occupied by Mr. Chaplin. The famous comedian asked him to be careful, whereupon Julian assaulted him, striking him in the face.

Whereupon Mr. Chaplin arose and with a neat left-right sent Mr. Julian to the floor. Spectators declare it was a very nifty and forceful piece of work.

Charlie, who is always a most gentlemanly and well-conducted person, was much upset by the fight forced upon him and especially by the fact that anyone might believe either Miss Harris or Miss Minter was involved in the matter.

On the following Tuesday night Charlie attended the fights at the Vernon arena, and was received with wild cheers by the enormous crowd. From the ringside to the gallery, they greeted him with approbation and congratulations and he found himself the hero of the evening.

There has been some speculation as to whether or not Rudolph Valentino’s long absence from the screen would affect his drawing power on his return. Well, here’s what happened recently in Williamsburg, a section of Brooklyn.

Rudie was sued by the Roman Bronze Company for $165 for a bronze statue, used by an Italian newspaper in a contest. He was called to a magistrate’s court in Williamsburg to answer to the suit and the news spread through Brooklyn.

The result was that when Valentino arrived he had to have police assistance to force his way through the crowd of women that stormed the courtroom just to see him. Hundreds of women thronged the sidewalks, refusing to obey the orders of the police to move on. They were on hand when Rudie arrived and there were more of them when he left, after paying half the bill of $165. It was fully ten minutes after he came out of the courtroom before the police could make a way for his automobile through the crowd.

When Marguerite Snow Cruze, who is known to all her many friends in Hollywood as Peggy, recently returned from a visit to her mother in Georgia, she found that her divorced husband, James Cruze, the famous
This is entitled "Burying the Hatchet." You can't see the hatchet because it is buried, but you can see Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and Rudolph Valentino with all their differences settled.

director had built her a lovely house in her absence. Peggy and Jimmy have remained friends in spite of their divorce, and it's a very beautiful house which Jimmy built for Peggy and their daughter Julie.

In overseeing the interior decoration, therefore, Mrs. Cruze paid her ex-husband the delicate compliment of having a small covered wagon delicately traced on stone and inserted in the arch over the fireplace.

"After all," says Peggy Cruze, "it was 'The Covered Wagon' that made the house possible.

Mrs. Cruze's engagement to Neely Edwards, the comedian, is much rumored just now, following her former husband's announcement that he was to wed Betty Compson as soon as the divorce decree was final.

The story of that, there's a little story that might not be amusing. Peggy and Jimmy had met to discuss something concerning their daughter Julie, who lives with her mother. Jimmy told his ex-wife of his engaging marriage to Miss Compson and said: "She's a fine girl, Peggy. You'd like her. I hope you'll meet her some time, but if you do, don't tell her anything bad about me, will you?"

To which the lady who was once his better half said sweetly: "Oh, no, Jimmy, I'll just tell her I was eccentric."

Priscilla Dean gave the prize "cat party" the other night, and that's going some. On the dinner table she had a large black cat with green eyes, a red ribbon around its neck, and at every place was a small black cat also glaring greenly. The hostess informed her guests that they might conduct their conversation accordingly, so everybody had a good time. Among the guests were Annette Kellerman, Barbara La Marr, Florence Vidor, Enid Bennett, Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and Mrs. Bennett.

By the way, Mrs. Bennett—Enid Bennett's mother and therefore Fred Niblo's mother-in-law—is an idol with her daughter's girl friends.

They never think of having a party of any kind or description without "Michael" or "Mummy" as they call her, and she is usually the life of the party and the last one who wants to go home. She's a dignified lady with very snow white hair and it's easy to see where her daughter got her beauty. Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge is just that way with her three daughters and their "gang," and it's a great example to other mothers, believe me.

GREAT news, indeed.

There is to be an heir in the Harold Lloyd family.

Harold was married a year ago to his pretty blonde leading lady, Mildred Davis.

Which reminds me of an amusing little domestic incident that happened in the Lloyd family the other day. Mildred, who is just a baby herself, takes housekeeping very seriously and is running the beautiful home Harold bought for her with all the ardor and efficiency possible. She oversees the menu, devotes a lot of time to conferring with her housekeeper, and so on.

One day she and Harold dined hurrily at a little restaurant by the roadside, while on a motor trip, and Harold ordered stew.

Mildred said: "Oh, Harold, do you like stew?"

"Better than anything," said the world's most popular comedian.

Mildred heaved a great sigh of relief. "So do I," she confessed, "but I've been afraid to have it for fear you'd think I wasn't a good housekeeper."

The next night the Lloyds had stew, with dumplings.

The Wampas ball, held in San Francisco, certainly did make history. Never was an event staged in the Bay City, and more people turned out to see the parade of film stars when they got off the Lark in the morning than have ever lined San Francisco's streets except for the funeral of President Harding.

The Western Motion Picture Advertisers— to give the Wampas their official name—after paying for special trains and hotel accommodations for the stars, cleared twenty thousand dollars on the ball.

Everybody was there. When the forty auto-
THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails. For this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon below with 12c for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. Q-4, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

Cutex Liquid Polish

When the nails are groomed and brilliant your hands are free from embarrassment.

It keeps its even brilliance for days and days

THE fastidious grooming of the nails demands that they be always gleaming with a lovely brilliance. So Cutex has prepared a wonderful liquid polish that meets every requirement of the most particular woman.

With it your nails look for days and days as if they had just come from the daintiest manicure. Its glistening lustre brings out the full beauty of the soft smooth cuticle and the carefully shaped nail long after most polishes have begun to dim or look spotty.

Cutex Liquid Polish spreads over the nail smoothly and evenly. It is never gummy, so it flows easily and cannot leave brush marks and little thick places. It is easy to put on, too, because the little brush holds just enough polish for one nail. And it dries instantly. Almost before a second nail is done, the first is so dry you cannot mar the surface. It is tinted the fashionable new rose color that brings out all the pink of the skin under the nail.

This careful perfection of detail gives a polish that is unsurpassed. A smooth, firm brilliance, a rosy glisten that is bewitching. And until you are ready for a fresh manicure Cutex Liquid Polish keeps its lustre. Water will not dim it—it never cracks or peels or comes off at the edges.

Needs no separate polish remover

The final convenience of this marvelous polish is that it does not need to be removed by a separate polish remover that often roughens the skin and makes the nails brittle. To remove the old polish all you have to do is to put a little fresh polish on the nail and wipe it off while it is wet. Every trace of the old comes off, leaving the nail smooth and clean.

Cutex Liquid Polish comes in a smart little bottle with the soft brush attached to the cork. It is 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Or ask for the complete Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>114 West 17th Street, New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Name ___________________________

Street ___________________________

City ___________________________ State ___________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
It has been a long time since D. W. Griffith sat for his photograph, but as "America" is almost completed, he found time—with this result

mobes started from the station to the Palace Hotel, headed by Pola Negri, Bill Hart and Jackie Coogan, the crowd simply went wild.

On the evening of the ball, held in the Municipal Auditorium, thirty thousand people packed the place to the doors. And they cheered every star who appeared, the biggest hands of the evening going to Pola and Kathryn Williams. Miss Negri appeared in her full DuBarry costume, worn in "Passion," the picture that first made her famous in America.

Bill Hart had both guns working. Ben Turpin boxed two rounds with Benny Leonard, world's champion, and Bebe Daniels sang a group of Spanish songs. Barbara La Marr was received with loud acclaim, and the appearance of Strongheart, the wonder dog star, accompanied by his leading lady, Lillian Rich, brought down the house. Fred Niblo acted as master of ceremonies with his usual tremendous success.

Other stars who were present were: Priscilla Dean, Enid Bennett, Constance Talmadge, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason—who did their famed imitation of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino—May Allison, Lew Cody, Hoot Gibson, Will Rogers, and—oh—it's impossible to give the whole list.

Suffice it to say that it was a wonderful turn-out for the picture industry and a wonderful reception was given them by the San Francisco people.

BOTH New York and Hollywood film circles have been greatly interested in the report cabled from Florence, Italy, that Lillian Gish has been introducing Charles H. Duell to friends there as his fiancée. This report came on the heels of denials from both Miss Gish and Mr. Duell that they were to be married. Miss Gish is understood to have said that the wedding would be before Summer.

When the former Mrs. Duell returned from Europe recently and admitted that she had divorced her husband, the rumor of a Duchy marriage started. Miss Gish with her sister, Dorothy, has been in Italy for some time, making "Romola," and Mr. Duell recently joined them.

EVERYBODY is watching the Pola Negri set these days with a great deal of ardent curiosity. Miss Negri has just started her new picture under the direction of the famous Russian, Dimitre Buchowetzki, and there have been rumors that there might be fireworks. Mr. Buchowetzki has a reputation for temperamental with his actresses almost equal to that of Miss Negri with her directors. However, so far everything is peaceful and diplomatic, except the language. They talk to each other in four or five foreign tongues, which makes it difficult for a casual bystander to know exactly what it's all about.

ONE of the most charming studio parties ever given was the tea dance at the Famous Players Long Island City studio recently, with Gloria Swanson as hostess. The occasion was a house-warming for Miss Swanson's new bungalow dressing-room—her "Little Grey Home in the East." This bungalow, the gift of the studio, is perhaps the most elaborate ever built for a star. It is on wheels, so that it can be moved to any part of the studio, and is as complete as a cabin de luxe on an ocean liner.

For the tea dance, a part of the studio as large as a city lot was partitioned off and made into a walled garden, with a lattice-arched entrance and a flag walk leading up to the house. On either side of the wall was a large grass plot, on which were set small tables and chairs, and several lawn swings. At one end was a large dancing space, presided over by a colored orchestra. At the other end was a long table on which were displayed the refreshments, including sandwiches, cakes, ices and—tea.

Miss Swanson was a most graceful and gracious hostess, even though she did break an engagement to dance with a famous book reviewer, thereby causing him to leave the party in a huff. Her hundred or more guests included many of the leaders of the literati and motion picture world, among them being Rebecca West, the English novelist; Edward Knoblock, Frank Crowninshield, Rose Ponselle, of the Metropolitan Opera; Gari Melchers, the famous artist; George Putnam, the publisher; William Benet, Stephen Benet, Charles Hanson Town, Owen Johnson, Fannie Hurst and John Farrar.

Lois Wilson and Richard Dix, who were working in William de Mille's "Icebound" at the studio, also attended. Mr. Dix's afternoon costume consisted of a heavy gray sweater, khaki trousers and lumberjack's boots.

Nita Naldi is wearing hoop skirts—oh, the largest hoop skirts ever seen—in her new production, "The Breaking Point." The other day she agreed to go up to the Grauman theater at noon for a luncheon with Mr. Grauman and some other celebrities. She didn't have time to change her costume, so they had to call for a truck. Naldi rode through the streets of Hollywood in state, seated on the floor of the truck, with her hoops filling the rest of the space, and she caused quite a sensation.

Lovely Florence Vidor, in spite of her stately demeanor and her intense respectability, simply can't prevent the men from falling in love with her since her separation from her husband, King Vidor.

The latest victim is a very distinguished one, none other than Jascha Heifetz, world famed violinist. Heifetz recently gave two concerts in Los Angeles, but they seemed merely incidental to his devotion to the beautiful Florence. He managed to procure invitations to every affair she attended and was always to be seen at her side.

Heifetz has been a matinee idol of music-loving women for several years, but apparently Mrs. Vidor managed to reduce him to the state of a very young college boy.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]
What one of Society's twelve most beautiful women says about the care of the skin

"The woman who achieves loveliness must be exquisite at all times. Her skin should be so perfectly cared for that every situation finds it the same—smooth and transparently clear—unlined by fatigue, showing no trace of exposure. And this I believe any woman can accomplish with the careful use of Pond's Two Creams. The skin responds instantly to their delicious texture and fragrance."

Of course if one did nothing but recline upon a chaise longue in a foam of Venise lace and chiffon, such terms as fatigue and exposure would be unknown.

But the woman who is active in society leads a life that is as active and vigorous and often more wearing than that of the housewife or professional woman. Moreover she is invariably an enthusiastic sportswoman and a strenuous day of skating, riding, or golf is often followed by a night of dancing.

But sports and late hours combine in an insidious attack upon woman's dearest possession—her complexion.

For wind and sun are bound to dry and coarsen the skin and post-midnight dancing will show next morning in faint lines of fatigue.

But—"exquisite at all times" is the society woman's code, as Mrs. Biddle Duke says. And exquisite at all times she is. For long ago she discovered a sure and simple method of skin care that keeps her skin as clear and fresh and delicate as society has always demanded.

Exquisite women use this Method

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing—is a deliciously soft pure cream that not only cleanses the skin thoroughly, but restores its natural satin suppleness. Dip your fingers into its fragrant softness and rub an ample amount on your face and neck. The fine oil in it sinks deep into the pores to dislodge all of the dirt, excess natural oil, and powder that invisibly clog those tiny cells. Now wipe it off with a soft cloth and don't be ashamed if the cloth is black. Do this twice. How clean your skin is, how soft and velvety and above all how fine! That is because the tiny pores now have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is now smoothed on. This light delicate cream is used after every skin cleansing, leaving a new fresh loveliness that prepares your skin perfectly for the necessary finish of powder. Smooth on only a little.

There's a pearly glow to your whole face—and how extraordinarily young you're looking! The powder will go on more smoothly than ever and will last almost indefinitely.

Remember, that transparent clearness for which the fashionable woman is distinguished is the result of daily care. Begin this method at once, the method that the younger women in society depend on, and you will see the same loveliness reflected in your own mirror. Pond's Two Creams may be had at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10c today

As Miss Cordelia Biddle of Philadelphia, young Mrs. Duke began her social life against the brilliant background of one of America's most exclusive families. She is one of the most prominent and most admired of the younger women of society. Her captivating personality is coupled with a beauty that made Neysa McMein choose her as one of the twelve most beautiful women in America.
Rudolph Valentino makes a gorgeous and picturesque figure in the laces and satins of Beaucaire, the ducal hero of Booth Tarkington's romantic story.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

as

“Monsieur Beaucaire”

and Bebe Daniels
who is beautiful as a Watteau painting in the brocades of her costume as the French Princess
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

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

"Let's Both
Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beauty of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this budding beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that the exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlhood days.

That this proper care is based on mildest, gentlest cleansing she has learned from her own experience. For most young mothers of today were brought up on Palmolive.

**Protects natural beauty**

Palmolive plays the part of protector when used as baby's soap. It soothes while it cleanses, through the gentle action of its mild, lotion-like ingredients.

Baby's delicate, roseleaf skin is kept smooth and perfect, protected from all injurious irritation.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather develops this beauty year by year, until it bursts into the bloom of a radiant schoolgirl complexion.

**Rare oils the secret**

The emollient qualities of the Palmolive lather is the secret of its beautifying action.

It is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils—the same rare oils that Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt.

These cosmetic oils, so lotion-like in their action, make Palmolive the mildest of all toilet soaps.

Thus, while it is a favorite "beauty" soap, it's the best of all baby soaps, too. For certainly your own finest, mildest complexion soap is most suitable for baby, for the same reasons.

Copyright 1924—The Palmolive Company 2290
YOU have felt the gladness of the morning sun, when little winds make merry with white puffs of cloud in bluest sky. You have seen apple blossoms quiver at sunset while the breezes are whispering. You have watched waves dancing in the path of the moon, and in the far-off silver stars you have heard how Beauty brings happiness.

As surely as night follows day, you recognize in your own life the intense desire to reflect the Beauty that you see about you. Armand is in business to make the world happier. Back of every Armand product are the highest standards, behind them principles, and beyond those—ideals.

Armand Cold Cream Powder was created to bring increasing loveliness to every woman who wants her complexion to express her best self. The magic touch of cold cream; the alluring fragrance of rare perfumes; subtly combined; the exquisite quality—result in a powder of enchanting charm. You will find it softer, finer, smoother, much more adherent, in every way more satisfactory and effective than any face powder you have ever used. Because of the cold cream, it stays on till you wash it off, doing away with the need for continual powdering. Because of its delicate texture, it blends with flesh tones, with the happy naturalness that shows good taste. In White, Pink, Creme, Brunslette, Tint Natural and the new Gipsy Flame. Price, $1.00 a box everywhere.

You may have the Week-end Package for 25c.

It includes the famous Cold Cream Powder and three other powders, generous purse box size. There is also a purse box package of Cold Cream Rouge, a tube of Cold Cream, a tube of Vanishing Cream and a little cake of Cold Cream Soap. You will find these aids in quantity sufficient for several days. There is also your copy of the "Creed of Beauty," a little book of happiness secrets. Clip this coupon and mail it to-day. Address ARMAND—Des Moines, Armand Ltd.—St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

No matter where purchased—If any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

In Peru, Florian or Armand
In London, Florian and Armand, Ltd.
Here are two pictures showing how interiors of cars or automobiles are photographed. They are from "Happiness." The upper one shows King Vidor directing a scene in a subway train. Laurette Taylor, the star, is at the extreme right.

King Vidor
Shooting
"Happiness"

In this picture the scene is the interior of a limousine. Only the body is being used and that seems somewhat dilapidated. Miss Taylor sits in the center, between Edith Yorke and Hedda Hopper, while Mr. Vidor gives a few final instructions.
How Thousands of Women Have Made Their Hair Beautiful

Why You, Too, Can Have Beautiful Hair, Soft, Silky, Wavy—Full of Life and Lustre

You see beautiful hair everywhere today. Hair that is softer, silkiest, brighter, more charming and more attractive. Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands clung together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconaut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly, evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine, silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

B. W., NEW YORK, N. Y.—You’re a straight-forward seeker of information. “Questions unadorned” is right. The leading men who have played opposite Pola Negri since her arrival in this country are such well-known charmers as Conrad Nagel, Conway Tearle, Jack Holt, Charles De Roché and Antonio Moreno. Lucky Pola!

E. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—John Bowers’ latest picture is “Flattery.” At present Mr. Bowers is a martyr to the conviction that no one else ought to perform his difficult scenes for him. In other words, he is suffering from a broken leg acquired while he was annoying a bull in a risky scene.

C. J. M., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Do you think I am coming right out and tell you that I think Claire Windsor is the prettiest girl on the screen? Don’t try to trap me with such questions. If I made any such admission, 50 other blonde beauties would retire with broken hearts. Write Viola Dana at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Your favorite actor, Richard Dix, was born July 18, 1894. His hair is brown and his eyes are too. He’s six feet tall. And yet he isn’t married. Write him at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.

H. S. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—You want to know all about Forrest Stanley. He was born in Brooklyn twenty-nine years ago. He has blonde hair, blue eyes and is about five feet seven inches tall. He married Marion Hutchins. They have no children. Mr. Stanley’s hobby is painting and those who have seen him at work in his home in Beverly Hills tell me he wields a wicked brush. He likes to paint street scenes and landscapes.

DIXIE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You have “discovered what Richard Dix looks like.” Just to embarrass you, I shall come right out and tell what you said. “His profile is very classic and resembles that which we see of Liberty on the old quarter dollars. If you hide the hair you will see that the line formed by the nose, mouth and chin are exactly like Dick’s.” It’s all very well to look like Liberty on a quarter but I’d rather look like old Ben Harrison on the five dollar bills, whiskers and all. Betty Blythe is a half inch taller than Nita Naldi. I don’t know whether the measurements were taken in her stocking feet or not, but Betty was too shy to tell me. You were right. Jack Kerrigan is thirty-four years.

JUANITA, GEORGETOWN, S. C.—The only way to decide the fatal question as to whether or not you can act is to go to the nearest studio and ask the casting director to give you a chance. Usually an aspirant is tried out among the extras. Ramon Novarro is unmarried and twenty-four. Write him care of Metro Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN J., ALBANY, N. Y.—Are you kiddin’ me or do you really want to know? Ben Turpin is married.

L. S. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Warner Oland played Charlie Yong in the film version of “East is West.” Remember his fine villains in the Pearl White serials? Warner is a Scandinavian; that’s why he plays Chinese parts.

A. C. FROM JAVA.—All your favorite heroes are married. It’s always that way. Thomas Meighan has been married twenty years to Frances Ring, sister of Blanche. His address is the Famous Players-Lasky studio, Long Island City, N. Y. Mahlon Hamilton, of the same address, is married too, and so is Reginald Denny. Mrs. Denny formerly was Irene Haisman, an actress. Mr. Denny may be reached by addressing Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

EARL C. B., BLACK DOVER FALLS, WISCONSIN.—Lawrence Wheat is, as you say, “not such a bad looking cuss.” That’s complimentary coming from a man. I’d hate to tell you how a girl would put it. Wheat is a blond. He and Thomas Ross and the late Harry Woodruff were once called “The Three Blond Gods of Broadway.” He’s Tommy Meighan’s closest pal.

CORNELIUS, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—So I am a “lovable fellow of forty.” Am I? Did you ever know a lovable fellow of forty? However, it is known far and wide that I am the best dressed man on Broadway. Pola Negri is twenty-six and may be addressed at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Betty Compson is about twenty-four. Write her care of Edward Small, 1403 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Estelle Taylor is twenty-three and letters reach her via Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.


BABY CHICK, NASHVILLE, TENN.—You are “of the town that has been the home of two great men, Andrew Jackson and Cullen Landis.” And you are bursting with pride about it. The young man whom you consider “admirable,” who plays opposite Mabel Normand in “Suzanna” is Walter McGrail. His eyes are blue, his hair is black, he is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds.
As it appeared during a recent visit to New York, and just prior to Mr. Roberts' serious illness in Pittsburgh. Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Roberts and the two pets—the wire-haired terrier and the Corona-Corona. T. R. has discarded his cigar for a set of white whiskers, which he wears as Moses in "The Ten Commandments."
Fits the Finest Homes or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupé. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Superior Roadster</td>
<td>$490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior Touring</td>
<td>$495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior Utility Coupe</td>
<td>$640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior 4-Passenger Coupe</td>
<td>$725</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior Sedan</td>
<td>$795</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior Commercial Chassis</td>
<td>$395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superior Light Deliveries</td>
<td>$495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utility Express Truck Chassis</td>
<td>$550</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Superior Utility Coupé

$640
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Shoe Must Fit the Foot and the Costume

Not the least of the many worries of the motion picture star is the problem of shoes. The lower picture of Bebe Daniels was caught by Photographer Ball as she was sitting in her suite at the Biltmore. Bebe had to go to a party and she changed her costume and shoes three times before she was satisfied. Bebe has sixty pairs of shoes, so no wonder she was perplexed. She went out shopping the other day to buy a dress but came back with six pairs of shoes instead.

"There is one thing I've noticed about New York women," she said, "and that is that they are always well shod. I've never seen a really well dressed woman who didn't use the same taste in her shoes as in her costume, hat and gloves. Nothing can strike a more inharmonious note than shoes that are not in keeping."
Choosing your own kind of beauty

By Mme. Jeannette

It is one of the fascinating miracles of today that pretty women become beautiful—and quite plain ones become really attractive—through the simple arts of the dressing-table. But much depends upon the kinds of powder and rouge that you choose, and upon the skill with which they are applied. Too many women make the mistake of using miscellaneous cosmetics. It is far better to stick to one maker's products throughout, for when a chemist develops a new rouge, he naturally "tries it out" with his own powder, and vice versa.

Thus, one maker's powders, rouges, and lip sticks will always harmonize better and blend more closely with one another than with other kinds. Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in a sufficient variety of shades to meet every complexion tint; also, to provide for those whose skins require powders of different tints under daylight and under artificial light.

These powders have been developed for naturalness of effect and for adhesiveness. A powder that stays on means a face always properly powdered, rather than one that is alternately powdered, unpowdered, and repowdered.

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge especially prepared for use with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It can be had in the new Orange Tint or the regular shades. It combines two advantages rarely found in the one rouge—it will not break or crumble, yet it comes off easily and readily on the puff.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream, and disappears under your finger-tips as you smooth it over the surfaces to be powdered. It is a protection to your skin, and forms a proper surface for the even application and blending of your powder and rouge.

Not only do powder and rouge "go on" better over this foundation cream—they adhere much better, staying on for hours with their original clear loveliness.

"Don't Ewry Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM (vanishing) 60c per jar
BEAUTY POWDER 60c per box
BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box
LIP STICK 25c each
FRAGRANCE (a base) 25c each per can
NIGHT CREAM (cold cream) 60c per jar

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents
The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SKIN NOW!

If you would have a flower-blossom skin all summer, you must be a good caretaker in the spring!

Your skin needs constant care, especially in trying weather. It needs feeding—and refining—and careful cleansing to keep it free of dirt.

A Cream that Performs a Triple Service
The "feeding," and "refining," and "cleaning" of your skin comprise three distinct actions, and Pompeian Night Cream offers this trio of benefits.

This cream is exceptionally well qualified to feed and refine and cleanse the skin.

Its fine oils free the dirt secreted in the infinitesimal folds and pores of the skin, making for exquisite cleanliness.

The softening effect of certain of these oil-attributes refines the skin, making it soft and delicate.

To obtain the greatest benefit from this cream, you must use it regularly—this means at least once every day. The best time, if you use it but once a day, is at night just before retiring.

Begin a gentle massage. Start at the point of your chin, using firm, light-finger-tips. Move your fingers in little circles, gradually working upward and outward. After a few minutes of this treatment, pat your face and neck with smart little blows till some, or all, of the cream has become absorbed. Wipe off all remaining traces. And finish this treatment with a brisk dashing of cold water.

Pat in the moisture, and you should find your skin firm, smooth and soft to the touch; or, if your skin still feels dry, rub in just enough cream to relieve it of the drawn feeling.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beaux

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2133 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name__________________________
Address_________________________
City_____________________________
State____________________________

What shade of face powder wanted?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
MRS. WALLACE REID has a projection room in her own home where she runs the current films, and the other evening she had sent to her "Black Oxen." To her bewilderment, her six year old son, Bill Reid, in-ted upon staying up to see the film. Mrs. Reid, after much persuasion from Bill, agreed to run it early, and the boy sat through the reels with the most intent gaze. When it was over he said emphatically and disgustedly: "They oughtn't to be allowed to do that way. There wasn't any black oxen in that anywhere, and here I sat and watched all that silly stuff, and never saw a single animal."

Barbara Castleton, who has been known in pictures for some time, is said to have deserted the screen for all time. She was married recently to Everly Davis, a wealthy New Yorker, and is living in Mr. Davis' beautiful home at Ridgewood.

Speaking of close calls, there isn't a cat in the film colony of Hollywood that would have been able to go through the automobile accident Owen Moore experienced and come out with its heart still functioning.

Mr. Moore was returning to the Ambassador Hotel from a country club in Beverly Hills when his car plunged into a six foot water-main excavation. A lighted red lantern to warn autists of the jeopardy had become dimmed with soot and Moore did not see it until it was too late.

The sedan toppled over on him and pinned him down. Other motorists obtained small trees which they used as levers and lifted the car. He was rushed to the Ambassador Hotel where he was treated for bruises.

For once in the history of automobilizing, cautious driving was the cause of an accident. Moore was driving slowly when he hit the hole.

The excavation was not over three feet wide, so if he had been traveling faster the machine would have "shot-gunned" the drop.

Out in Hollywood the police have become familiar with picture stars of various magnitudes that arresting or summoning one of them means little in the daily grind. Even Jack Horde, one of our most heroic screen cowboys, is not exempt. Jack got two tickets in one day. No, not for speeding up any old, but just for parking himself and his horse in the way of traffic.

Jack was on his way to make a personal appearance at a theater where his picture, "The Red Warning," was showing. So he loaded Scout, his horse, on a truck and started.

Just why Scout had to ride in a truck isn't stated. But, anyway, he couldn't find a place near the theater to park himself and the truck, so he stopped outside the line of parked cars. Whereupon, up stepped a policeman and handed him a ticket. Jack, deeply hurt but always law-abiding, moved on. Then he found a hole along-side the curb and slid himself and his outfit into it. And along came another minis of the law and handed him ticket No. 2 for parking directly in front of the entrance to the theater.

And then Jack expressed his opinion of personal appearances and the police, and took his horse and truck home. If he had only picked Fifth Avenue in New York, the police probably would have held up traffic to let him park, but Hollywood is kind of used to screen-stars these days.

When you see "The Humming Bird" take particular notice of the Apache dance that Gloria Swanson as Tosintc does in the Paris dive. But, if you ever meet Miss Swanson, don't speak of it, because it is a tender subject—physically tender.
Don't fumble - use your flashlight!

BOYS are easy losers and hard finders—keep a flashlight handy. Hang it up by a tape on the youngsters' closet door. Keep another on the door of your clothes closet. Don't fumble—keep a flashlight at the head of the cellar stairs, another by the back door for outdoor trips. Instant light for sudden needs! Keep a flashlight on your bedside table.

You can make your flashlights the most convenient lights in the house. A source of protection and comfort. Resurrect your old flashlights—put them into use.

If you haven't an Eveready, buy one. Buy one for every dark place in your house. Be sure the name EVEREADY is stamped on the end. It means the highest standard of flashlight quality.

To get the best light and most light from any flashlight, keep it loaded with Eveready Unit Cells; long-lived cartridges of brilliant light. They give more light longer. Buy them from electrical and hardware dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

Prices from 65c to $4.50 complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Factory and Offices: Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
—they last longer

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Aurelio Coccia, originator of the Apache dance on the American stage, was engaged to put on this dance with Miss Swanson. He has danced with his wife, Minnie Amato, for a good many years. His Apache dance is decidedly acrobatic, but his dancing partner, being always in training and knowing every move, was able to go through with it without inconvenience.

When Director Sidney Olcott ordered the first rehearsal of the dance, Coccia grabbed Miss Swanson and started in as if dancing with a professional partner. He swung her about, bent her backwards and forwards, choked her, threw her to the floor and dragged her back, and did all the things that he was used to doing. Miss Swanson was game. She never whimpered, but after the brief rehearsal she dropped into a chair, gasping. Her maid helped her to her dressing room and thence to her car. She managed to limp to her apartment, where she dropped. And for three days she stayed there, lame and sore in every muscle and utterly unable to go back to the studio.

The enthusiasm of Coccia was toned down at subsequent rehearsals, with the result that the dance was finally done for the camera without serious accident, or loss of life or limb. But, as the picture shows, it was still plenty strenuous.

MRS. MIGNON LEBRUN LANDIS has brought suit for separate maintenance against her husband, Cullen Landis, charging cruelty and alleging that she and her two children are being supported by the charity of friends. She asks $1,700 a month allowance in the suit, which was brought in California.

It's a mean trick to pick on a little kid just because he's got money, but that seems to be the fate of Jackie Coogan. It is a part of the training of Jackie by his parents to instill principles of thrift, so that when he grows up he will be able to worry along on the few millions he will have. In pursuance of this idea, Pa Coogan recently gave Jackie a trained white duck. What it was trained for is not revealed.

The next development of the plot was that Uncle George Coogan offered Jackie a whole dollar for the duck. Jackie's spending money being low, he accepted and the sale was made.

A day or two later, when he was going to work, Uncle George showed Jackie the duck in a little pond on the Metro lot.

"What's he doing there?" asked Jackie.

"I'm making money with him," replied Uncle George. "I've rented him to the Metro for $2 a day."

And a chapter of woe descended on Jackie's brow and lasted several days. But the experience—phony though it was—added to his business experience.

BARBARA LA MARR is playing The Lady That's Known as Lou in "Dangerous Dan McGrew," made from the Service poem, and in the scenes in the Red Dog saloon she wears costumes that are—well, scanty. A friend of hers visited the set recently and saw one of these scenes being shot. Being a great admirer of Miss La Marr's, she realized how the wearing of such costumes must offend the actress. So she tried to express her regret and her condolences that Barbara should be obliged to appear in the somewhat immodest gird. "Oh, Miss La Marr," she said, "I think it's just terrible that you have to dress that way. Don't you feel badly about having to wear such thin costumes?"

"I'll say I do," replied the beautiful star, emphatically. "It's so doggone cold."

NELL SHIPMAN and her husband, Bert Van Tuyle, are slowly recovering from a terrible experience they had while working on location in Northern Idaho. Mr. Van Tuyle was so badly frozen that it was necessary to amputate his right foot, and he undoubtedly would have died had it not been for the heroism of his wife, who dragged him on a sled twenty miles to a place where they could get medical help.

They had a camp out in the woods and, on their way back to Coolin, Idaho, the stage line terminal, lost the others who were with them. Van Tuyle had injured his foot and it had become infected. He was delirious and insisted upon leaving the sled and walking. Alone, Miss Shipman handled the heavy sled and dragged it across the ice on Priest Lake, falling in the water through airholes two or three times. Her feet were frostbitten, but she kept on.

Exquisite morsels of Vanilla Chocolate, wrapped in pure tin foil. Delicious as sun-ripened fruit. A delightful food-confection for the entire family. Tempting to the last piece.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c for a pound box.

WILBUR BVDS
The only Chocolate Buds
Makers of Wilbur's Coconut

Jackie Coogan ought to be happy making "A Boy of Flanders." He wears comfortable clothes, has Teddy and a lot of other dogs to play with, and plenty of children for his off-set ball games.
To please all manner of people the way the new Overland does, a car has to be just about right in every detail.

Mechanics find Overland to be right mechanically. Professional men like Overland because it is faithful and dependable. Farmers appreciate the greater Overland value. Women enjoy the ease with which Overland handles. Salesmen know by experience that Overland can stand no end of the hardest kind of driving.

There is extra satisfaction in the bigger power of the bigger new Overland engine. And in such exclusive advantages as the Overland all-steel body, with baked-enamel finish—Triplex Springs (Patented), which pull instead of push the wheels over bumps—and the stalwart axles liberally equipped with Timken and New Departure bearings.

The new Overland is the greatest Overland ever built—everywhere called the most automobile in the world for the money!

Overland Models: Chassis $395; Roadster $495; Red Bird $695; Champion $695; Coupe $750; Sedan $795; Spad Commercial Car $523; all prices f. o. b. Toledo.

We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada
dragging Van Tuyle when he would consent to sit on the sled, and holding his arm when he insisted on walking. She was compelled to leave the lake and plunge through the deep snow. At last they reached a ranch on the shore of the lake, after they had traveled nearly twenty miles, and were taken to Coolin in a motor boat. Van Tuyle was hurried to a hospital in Spokane, where it was found that his foot was in such bad shape that amputation was necessary.

HELEN FERGUSON, one of the best known of the younger screen actresses in Hollywood, is wearing a new and beautiful diamond ring on her engagement finger. But—Helen only smiles when asked if she is engaged and she absolutely refuses to discuss the name of any man who might have given her the ring.

THE joke is on King Vidor. But nobody's laughing, because the joke turned out so happily. It was while the casting was in progress for "Wild Oranges." Minnie Stupe, the girl-woman heroine, was not an easy character to draw upon the screen. Timid, fear-ridden, as lovely and as old fashioned as mignonette—that was Minnie. But the girls that Mr. Vidor had in mind for the role proved, upon close inspection, to be new-fashioned. Why? Because they, one and all, had bobbed hair!

"I want a girl with long hair for the part," Mr. Vidor mourned. "No! A wig won't do. Why in thunder does every girl with pretty hair go and cut it off?"—"That's what I want to know!"

And so the possible heroines passed in review—able actresses, each one of them, and pretty girls. And at last Virginia Valli was sent for. And Mr. Vidor, seeing her, smiled for the first time in weeks.

"Thank the Lord," he told her, "that you have sense. You haven’t cut off your hair. You’ll do!"

And, as Minnie Stupe, Virginia Valli scored a real triumph. But the joke is on King Vidor. For, after a serious illness, Miss Valli was compelled to shave her head, and her hair, which had been beginning to grow in adorable little ringlets—much shorter, though, than the most shingled of bobs! She wore a wig all through the picture, and King Vidor didn’t guess it—until she told him!

THE male sex—or that portion of it which patronizes motion pictures—is seriously considering putting on mourning. Why? Because Corinne Griffith, about whom—according to Adela St. Johns—every man goes crazy, has married a raucous, anti-Bolshevik, of a certain size, of a Missouri, son of Olaf Morriso, the theatrical producer, and they were married at Tia Juana, running away from all their friends in Hollywood.

Miss Griffith recently divorced Webster Campbell, the director, and has been reported engaged to several others since that time. She is credited to being one of the most beautiful women of the screen. Her most recent pictures were "Black Oxen" and "Lilies of the Field."

HOLLYWOOD was greatly exercised recently because it heard that an offer has been made to the Prince of Wales to become a picture star. The offer was sent to the Prince by Fred Niblo, who called: "Would your royal highness consider appearing in an historical play of a picture and dignity? Time, place and financial arrangements at your convenience."

Well, you can’t blame a young fellow for trying, no matter what the result. And, of course, no one would accuse Mr. Niblo of wanting publicity.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., after his brief experience in pictures, is going on the speaking stage. J. W. Elliott is to produce "Merton of the Movies" on the Pacific Coast, with young Fairbanks in the Glenn Hunter role.

- the restful "Way"

EQUIP your bed with a Way Sagless Spring and your sleep will be more restful and refreshing. Guaranteed for 25 Years not to sag, stretch or break. Only in the genuine Way Sagless Spring can you get the patented features which make it permanently comfortable and restful. Look for the red stripes on the frame.

Write for the "RESTFUL WAY"

Way Sagless Spring Co.
Soul & Home Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Branch factories in Chicago and Cleveland. Distributing warehouses at Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit, Seattle.
Made and sold in North Atlantic States by Burton-Dixie Company, New York.
In Canada by PARKHILL BEDDING, LTD., Winnipeg. THE DODION DIEDHEAD CO., LTD., Montreal and Toronto.

Way Sagless Daybeds

The last word in space-saving furniture. Opens easily as size bed. Beautiful designs—write for portfolio.

Way Sagless Springs

"No sag in any way!"
You wouldn't discuss your personal affairs before servants

_of course not!_ Such a thing is never done. No self-respecting girl would be guilty of so glaring an exhibition of bad taste.

But, though you would never do such a thing, are you sure you are as careful in everything?

Does your writing paper, for instance, indicate your familiarity with good breeding, style and correct social usage?

Your letters are you. They are a part of your social life. If your stationery is poor, trashy or out-of-style, no excuse will offset the judgment of your friends—the belief that you do not know any better.

There is no surer way of showing your knowledge of what is "the thing" than in your choice of letter paper. You cannot go wrong if you use Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen. Crane's Writing Papers are the highest quality papers made and include every tint, finish and size sanctioned by good usage. Eaton's Highland Linen is lower in price but absolutely correct in style. Both are obtainable wherever good stationery is sold.

If you are not sure of some point in regard to social correspondence, write me. Or, if you wish, I'll send you my book on social correspondence with usable samples of Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen, for 50 cents.

Caroline De Lanney

Address me in care of

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

"Now don't you ever breathe a word of this, but just listen . . ."
The result was the arrest of the mysterious major for impersonating a U. S. officer. The "major" put up bail and is still among those missing. Miss Remick says he is her husband, but the final words from the "major," before he dropped from sight, were to the contrary.

HEDDA HOPPER, one of the most charming women of the stage and screen, has recently divorced De Wolf Hopper, the famous comedian. She was his fifth wife. Mrs. Hopper was awarded the custody of a son, Billy, who is seven years old, and also was given 30 per cent of her husband's salary as alimony, the amount paid to be never less than $30 a week.

De Wolf Hopper is 64 years old. His wives, in the order of succession, have been Ella Gardiner, his second cousin; Ida Mosher, a light opera actress; Edna Wallace Hopper, the actress and singer; Nella Bergen, also an actress; and Elda, known as Hedda Hopper.

BARBARA LA MARR is one of those shining exceptions to the "beautiful and dumb" rule.

For some reason they're keeping it much under cover at the Metro studio, but I happen to know that Barbara is responsible for most of the excellent continuity of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," her present starring vehicle. "Hobby" took a hand when several continuity writers fell down and sat up several nights and made one of her own, which is largely the one being filmed.

She used to be a writer, you know, before the camera got one look at her.

CONSTANCE TALMIDGE has been laid up for weeks with a bad attack of kleig eyes. For several days she lay in a darkened room, with bandages about her eyes, but now she is up and about again and fortunately no damage has been done to the fascinating and sparkling eyes of the youngest Talmadge.

GEORGE HACKATHORNE, who usually manages to appear wisful and a little sad in his pictures, has a well-defined sense of humor nevertheless. He is out in Hollywood now, playing at Culver City, and he has bought a new car. One of the streets over which he has to drive on his way to the studio is unpaved and deep with mud. As a result George's nice, shiny car is usually a mess. So he has given this street a name of his own. He calls it "Mineralva-way."

"PDGIE" BEERY, the small son of Noah Beery, was explaining to some of his young friends that in the picture business the highest salaries are not always drawn by those actors who play the noblest roles.

"Look at my father," said the proud young Beery. "Look at all the money he gets for being a bad actor."

At the time of his death a few years ago, Harold Lockwood was one of the most widely known figures on the screen. Yesteryear the other day a director in Hollywood, casting an appraising eye over the five or six hundred extra people that an agency had sent to him, noticed among them a woman whose face seemed familiar.

"Have I seen you somewhere?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "You and my husband used to work together on the Metro lot. My husband was Harold Lockwood."

Standing by was a young actress who has been in pictures less than a year but whose name is now almost as well-known to picture fans as was once the name of the man whose widow is now an extra at $5; so a day.

"And," queried this young actress, "who was Harold Lockwood?"

"Such is fame!"

WHEN Ed Wynn, who is not only a successful stage comedian but also the successful son-in-law of Frank Keenan, played Los Angeles recently in "The Perfect Fool," Pola Negri, Herbert Breslin, Kathlyn Williams, and Charles F. Eyton sat in a stage box. Wynn's entertainment included a mind-reading stunt during which he answered questions which were submitted to him by members of the audience.

Brenon wrote, "When did you see me last?" Back came the answer from the stage: "Fifteen years ago when you and I were in vaudeville together." Which was true.

Something else that is true is that Harold Lloyd, himself a mind-reader of no mean ability, spent a lot of his time, while Wynn was in town, doing some of Wynn's stuff for the edification of his associates at the Hollywood studios. Lloyd's loyal employees contend that he is the best magician in the picture business.

"OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings." Even motion picture directors may learn something at times. Bonnie Barrett, aged three, was working with Lloyd Hamilton in a Pullman car scene in "Going East." recently.
How soft foods ruin the health of your teeth and gums

Researches prove that we, as a nation, give more attention to our teeth than any other people in the world.

And yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that our dental profession is acknowledged to be far and away the superior of any other, the advance of oral hygiene is discouragingly slow.

General tooth health is not increasing. Troubles of the gingiva (gum structure) seem to be on the rise.

And the fact of the matter is, not that our care is wasted or the efforts of our dentists useless (quite the contrary), but rather that, under the conditions of modern life, keeping the teeth and gums healthy is a harder job than it has ever been before.

Undoubtedly the lack of hard physical work and the nervous tension of modern life are partly to blame, but the greatest foe to the health of your teeth and your gums is the food that you eat. For it does not stimulate the gums.

How Ipana protects the health of your gums

This modern food of ours may be delicious, but it's soft. It does not give the brisk exercise that rough, coarse food once gave. It does not stir your gums to health.

Probably you eat it hastily. That, too, cheats the gums of exercise, of stimulation.

Gums become soft and pampered. The toothbrush begins to "show pink." And then follows that train of tooth troubles showing such an alarming rate of increase today—those troubles whose source is a weakened gum structure, and whose course, if unchecked, leads straight from gingivitis to pyorrhea.

Recognizing the great need for fighting soft and bleeding gums, thou-
sands of dentists now use and prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many practitioners have written us that in especially stubborn cases of bleeding gums, they prescribe a thorough daily massage of the gums with Ipana after the regular brushing with Ipana.

How Ipana helps to build sound gum tissue

For in strengthening soft gums and healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Throughout the country ziratol is used by dentists, after extraction, to aly the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and congested gums their normal tonicity.

Indeed, Ipana, in the relatively short time that it has been before the profession, has proved itself to be the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush.

Send for a trial tube free

From the sample you can judge, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine, free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable power to clean safely and thoroughly, but you can judge too, its delightful flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

IPANA TOOTHPASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 1-4
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTHPASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name

Address

City State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Millions of lovely women find coiffure charm in this well-known, attractive package

and was expected to crawl into a berth beside Hamilton and go to sleep. Ordinarily the child is very quick to "get a scene, but this time she gritted and couldn't seem to settle down to slumber.

Director Fred Hibbard tried everything he knew to get her to "play sleep," but it was no use. Finally Bonnie's mother was sent for. Bonnie flew into her mother's arms, almost in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" asked the mother, anxiously.

And came the answer in a whisper: "Murver, they didn't tell me to say my prayers."

SOMETIMES a bit of trouble comes, and threatens life and happiness. And then, the trouble brings some unexpected result. And one is forced to quote, with Dally, "that there may be a good reason for everything!"

So it was in the case of Mabel Normand. Twice the victim of most unpleasant publicity, she—that is to say, her pictures,—have been barred by certain state censors and city officials. And the storm of protest brought about by this action has shown definitely just how well loved she is—just how much her pictures are enjoyed and needed.

From the press and the pulpit have come expressions of friendship for the whimsical little comedienne. Women's clubs, boards of trade, arbiters of education have risen in her defense. Although she may be barred from certain towns and cities, she cannot be barred from the hearts of her friends. And they are legion!

TOMMIE MEIGHAN is so quiet about his charities that no one would ever suspect him of the great amount of good that he really does.

For instance the leading hotel in Jackson- ville, Florida, gave a benefit ball the other day. The proceeds—which, incidentally, amounted to about two thousand dollars—went to the crippled children of Jacksonville.

None of the guests knew that the expenses of the affair, which were not small, had been taken care of by T. M.—who was in that city, filming exteriors for his newest picture, "The Con- fidence Man."

ENID BENNETT played a mean trick on Hobart Bosworth recently while she was in charge of a booth at a bazaar in Hollywood. Mr. Bosworth passed the booth and she stopped him.

"Won't you buy a cigarette holder, Mr. Bosworth?" she asked.

"No thanks, I don't smoke," grinned Bosworth.

"Then buy one of those nice pensipers." "I never write," More grins.

"Well, here's a nice box of chocolates." "I don't eat candy.

Miss Bennett is a quick thinker.

"All right, Mr. Bosworth, but how about buying this cake of soap?"

"I don't—" began Bosworth, and then pur- chased.

BABY PEGGY is thinking seriously of being psycho-analyzed in an effort to determine just what the lins is that seems to be following her. Certainly the little star has had more than her share of hard luck in her recent picture, "Captain January."

Peggy herself started the run. Hardly had Director Cline given the order to "shoot!" than Peggy caught a severe cold and the start of the picture was delayed a week, which Peggy spent in bed. A few days later Hobart Bosworth was struck by a great wave while working in a scene and was laid up three or four days. The next thing was when Director Cline fell off a cliff, breaking three ribs.

Then Lincoln Stedman, not wishing to be outdone, refused the services of a double for a hazardous jump, made it himself and broke his foot. There were other minor mishaps, but finally the last day of production arrived. Coming back to town that night after dark, three members of the company were held up and robbed of their watches, jewelry and all their money.

TALKING efficiency! Just listen to what Paul Powell, the director, did when he lost his dog Tex, said dog being an affectionate but far from pulchritudinous Airedale which strayed from the Powell preside in Pasadena.

1. He placed an advertisement in each of the fifteen newspapers published in and around Los Angeles.

2. He visited every police station not only in Los Angeles but in eight surrounding cities and towns.

3. He hung circulars bearing a full description of his livestock in the carriers' rooms in eight post-offices.

4. He addressed meetings of the Boy Scouts to whom he offered handsome largesse for the return of his pet.

5. He placed advertisements in two Japanese newspapers.
Unlock
the hidden beauty in your skin

Lurking beneath your skin—yes, however imperfect it may be—is a hidden perfection only waiting to be released.

Below those unsightly blemishes, deep down where patchwork remedies fail even to reach, natural forces in your skin are fighting day and night to counteract the harsh conditions of daily life.

Unaided, these forces fight a losing battle, and imperfections appear. A little help on your part, and the balance swings toward that clear, clean complexion you have perhaps always envied in others.

This is a scientific fact. Skin specialists will tell you the same story. It means that any woman can have that radiant complexion she may have always sought in vain.

Used for years by thousands of women, this easy method of daily care is based simply on the idea of keeping the skin functioning normally.

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to gently restore the pulsing of the tiny capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands of women have learned to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the daily care of their skin.

Often in a few days, blackheads, blemishes, and even infections that appear to be more or less serious, will yield to this gentle treatment. Cleansing, soothing, mildly stimulating, Resinol sinks deep into the pores and starts the skin again acting normally.

Start today this simple treatment
If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your druggist. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. In the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too
In thousands of homes where Resinol Soap was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby’s tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send today for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.
Address Dept. 5 - E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Now—we can tell you

The secret is out. At last the originator of Parfum Mary Garden has disclosed the real reason why this fragrance has enjoyed so many years of popularity.

"The reason is a simple one," said the aged creator of Rigaud odors. "In formulating Parfum Mary Garden, we deliberately set for ourselves the task of achieving an odor that would be so seductive, so fascinating, so bewitching that it would be utterly irresistible to men.

"To create this kind of a perfume we distilled nearly 100 new odors and secured dozens of women to give them actual tests in their social contacts with men.

"At last after eighteen months we reduced our researches and conclusions to just one odor which we then perfected. And this became Rigaud’s Parfum Mary Garden—a perfume with so distinct, so individual and so seductive a lure that men simply could not resist it!"

That is the secret of why it has survived so long—that is the reason it will live on for many years to come. Geo. Burgfeldt & Co., 10th & Irving Place, N.Y.—Sole Distributors, U. S. A. and Canada.

Parfumerie Rigaud
16 RUE DE LA PAIX
PARIS, FRANCE

A miniature Venus at the bath—or was it Psysche? The lady’s name is Miss Peggy Fry; she’s five years old and recently returned from Europe, where she’s been making pictures. Miss Peggy—take it from her picture—has poise, a sense of humor, and no false modesty.
**A Close Up of True Style!**

**STYLE** is the presence of that subtle sense of absolute correctness which is possessed by the well-groomed woman.

Style gives the American woman the poise and calm confidence in her appearance that is at once the despair and admiration of her European cousin.

True style is the sum total of the care and discrimination with which every item of one's wardrobe is selected, since details, insignificant in themselves, may make or mar the perfect harmony of one's costume.

Fashionable women everywhere insist that their footwear be stylishly finished with visible eyelets.

**Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!**

**UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY**

Manufacturers of

**DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS**

---

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
betrayed
Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.

A distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But the table and the floor of the room were so clean that you could see your reflection in them. She was a woman who was not used to being in a situation where she had to clean herself up before she could be seen.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person’s teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
Large Tube—25 cents

WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES
A brush expert says they’re the best Hair Brushes made. They are penetrating. They go all through the hair to the roots and stimulate growth. They make a beautiful healthy shine of hair. A story of woman is made more glorious with Whitening-Adams Hair Brushes.

Sell Me Your Spare Time for Cash!

Do you know how to lose your husband?
Mary Alden, who has played the role of deserted wife times without number, has become an authority on disentangling one’s self from an undesirable marriage. She has evolved a system of never-miss fire rules and will tell all about it in the

MAY ISSUE OF PHOTOPLAY

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Poudres de Luxe

LT. PIVER

Paris, France

(Fondée En 1774)

These are the Poudres that French Women Use—
And You know what that means!

More French women buy PIVER'S Poudres de Luxe than any other kind. They prefer them to all else that Paris offers because they are so exquisitely soft and clinging. You'll understand if you have felt them just once on your face. And they come in such sweet shades! Of course, this perfection in Poudres is possible because PIVER has made them for a century and a half.

Perhaps it is also for the exquisite parfums that French women love PIVER Poudres best. Do you know the haunting blend of rose and jasmin that is AZUREA? And now it's Spring, don't you want the Flowers of May that French women adore? FLORAMYE—a veritable bouquet of Spring herself—heliotrope, jasmin, violet, and rose; LE TREFLE INCARNAT—expressing the freshness of sweet clover and carnation; POMPEIA—an exotic symphony, subtly seductive.

You can have them, as well as the many other alluring PIVER fragrances, in the charming Poudres de Luxe at almost the trifling cost that the discriminating French women or your friends in Paris pay. Get one of them today at your favorite shop.

LT. PIVER, INC.

118 East 16th Street, New York City

Chas. Baez, Selling Agent for U.S.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ALIMONY—Film Booking Offices

THE screen, this month, is taking up the question of divorce in its every phase. This is a picture built to illustrate what happens to good little husbands when the great god jazz gets to 'em. There's a large and churlishly governed group of female near-stars, with Jackie 'Savon' giving a glimpse of her old flair for comedy. Nothing outstanding in either direction or plot.

THE MAN FROM WYOMING—Universal

A ROARING western, with the eternal feud between sheep and cattle men as a background for the blustering personality of Jack Hoxie. The usual plot of a girl ranch owner and a hero who has been wrongly accused of a nefarious deed. Needless to say Jack comes out on top—and gives up sheep herding in favor of something with more of a future. Splendid scenic effects—but little else.

THE NEXT CORNER—Paramount

THIS adaptation of Kate Jordan's novel and play makes for its success the picture, that's all. The locale changes from the Pyrenees to Paris and to South America, where the good little wife with a shadow in her past manages to get into the situation. Dorothy Mackaill does well in the leading role, supported by Ricardo Cortez, Conway Tearle and Lon Chaney, who have little to do.

MY MAN—Vitagraph

THE story of a political boss who follows the slogan of the tank corp., "Treat 'em Rough," in both his business and his love affairs. Being the type of man he adores doing this. He succeeds in carrying the lady of his heart away from the very altar steps and she reacts, as they always do in pictures, by falling for it. Just passable entertainment.

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National

HAVE you a jealous husband in your home? If so, lead him straight to the nearest theater and let him see what happens to poor Jane Neavak when her husband (Earle Williams) in a jealous rage decides his child belongs to another and presents it to a burglar. The right letter in the wrong place is what starts all the trouble, and the crooks end it.

NORTH OF HUDSON BAY—Fox

THIS story of the frozen north, featuring Tom Mix, is excellently done and contains many thrilling scenes. With the little star fights a pack of wolves bare-handed. We have the great open spaces, a man wrongly accused of murder, a wily factor, an evil half breed, and the arrival of the valiant Tom, brother of the murdered man, his perils, his discovery of the true culprit. Not such an unusual story, but it gives the star several opportunities for his daring feats, and is very good entertainment of its sort.

LADIES TO BOARD—Fox

HERE we have another Tom Mix with the welcome addition of Tony, his wonder horse. Mix is at his best in feats of horsemanship, and there are some of them here but not enough to show the value of his inheritance and it keeps him pretty busy, but he finds time to indulge in his customary fistfights, to register kwan and to do some mean twits of a wicked lariat, and there are a couple of scenes that our audience who isn't going to like him.

THE FAST EXPRESS—Universal

A SERIAL of railroad life—with every sort of complication thrown in to make it interesting. This, with chapter endings that bring out the perspiration. Wrecks, robberies, falls from mountains and high buildings, and some really excellent riding. Not up to Universal's semi-historical style of all that Edith Johnson and William Duncan co-star.

WINGS OF THE TURF—Fidelity

It goes without saying that this is a racing melodrama. In rather serious financial straits, the fiancé of a turman's daughter puts his last penny on his sweetheart horse—and you know the rest. It's an English importation and vastly better than our pictures of a similar type and grade. The scenes are some of the less exciting for having been done again and again.

NO MORE WOMEN—Allied Producers

MATT MOORE is off women for life because an early romance went wrong. His determination to give his undivided attention to the study of geology works well until Madge Bellamy decides with equal determination to love him that more attention should be paid to her by him than to the subject as they're painted. The picture belongs to the group of "easy pieces for little minds."

JACK O' CLUBS—Universal

THE story of a genial patrolman who loves a cafe singer who is, in turn, loved by a bold, bad gangster. With these ingredients there's sure to be trouble—and there is! It culminates in a riot in a cafe, and then the lady in the case gets slapped in the head with a black jack intended for the officer of the law. She lives, however—and true love triumphs!

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers

ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy at home according to this piece. For Monte Blue, as the captain of a tug, life is a struggle between his duty to his wife and to his work. Because of her dread of his being lost at sea, Monte is obliged to tell his spouse (Evelyn Brent) little lies—loving lies—as to his whereabouts. The picture is not likely to add to the toll of that municipal department whose duty it is to see that overflow audiences do not stand in the aisles.

THE TRAIL OF THE LAW—Buitmore

WHEN you have seen this piece you will understand why altruistic persons advertise "Beware of Imitations." Part 1. A country girl is wooed and won by a city chap (Wilfred Lytell). He is of some rather unquestionable characters in the vicinity the girl masquerades as a boy during the day. Part 3. For fifteen years Papa has been on the trail of a bad man. Part 4. He gets him. If this strikes you as interesting—the pleasure is yours.

THE NET—Fox

BARBARA CASTLETON picks a lemon in the garden of love and takes it to live in a mansion resembling the Congressional Library. Her husband proves to be a cad, a drunkard, a murderer. Barbara tries to shield him—for the sake of their child—but Fate finds a better solution, and, incidentally, a better husband. Improbable and conventional, but will interest people who enjoy Bertha M. Clay.

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick

UTILIZING eight thousand feet of perfectly good film to prove that a good wife is preferable to a bad one is like building a steam hammer to cut a pop. Domestic squabbles are interesting only to the people they concern, and the group in this picture never gets you to the point of caring very much whether they pitch things up or not.

Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
TWO crooks are taken in hand by a kindly detective, and sentenced to life in a small town (not Ossining) for a year. They take an interest, a legitimate one, in a run-down department store and, in the year's time, put it on a paying basis. Then—enter the aforementioned breathless moment. With the notes due and all sorts of suspicion resting everywhere. A commonplace story for the whole family.

WEEK END HUSBANDS—
Film Booking Offices
NOT only the husbands are of the week end variety. The picture is weak at both ends, and it sings in the middle. It is the worst by far, of the marriage and divorce pictures that seem to have taken possession of the screen. Alma Rubens plays the part of a young wife who is extravagant and indelicate. Her foolishness brings her husband perilously near jail and causes her to attempt suicide.

THE DARING YEARS—Equity
So many lovely things have been written in putting forward the "beautiful golden plea" of youth that not much original has remained for Daniel Carson Goodman. The re-issue of the great is handled in a way to make a good picture. The story is of a lad's infatuation for a chorus girl. It is interesting enough in celluloid though it wouldn't win much acclaim in limp leather.

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—
Vitagraph
PROBABLY one of the worst pictures that was ever put together—even though it does bring Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen back to the screen. Poor direction, over-acting and an inexcusably bad story. Marriages and divorces follow each other in rapid succession, and even double deaths do not disconcert the continuity writer. When this comes to your local theater spend the evening at home with the radio and the kiddies.

The Love Dodger
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]
upon her chariot wheel. Besides, the time had come when Leda O'Neill needed to seek love. Passion had served its day, It was wearing fitfully thin. Was sinking deeper in the mire. Love might possess no more immortality, but it was new, untried.

And she had a feeling that this was love, this new, sweet thing that Cleveland Brown brought her, and it refreshed and cleansed her. It washed away some of the disgust that had become too common in her heart.

No man for years—not since she was sixteen—had given her just this thing that she saw in Cleveland Brown's eyes. She knew that he could not eat, could not sleep, that his life stood still at her slightest command. It was incense of which she could stand a great deal, especially when it came from a man whose name echoed around the globe.

And Cleveland Brown gave it freely.

There was no question about the thing that had happened to Cleveland Brown. It was plain enough, even to himself.

He was madly, almost insanely in love with Leda O'Neill. She enslaved him, absorbed him, engulfed every thought and feeling he possessed.

His awakening to this force that had swayed thrones and loosed armies, came late. But when it came it was like a cyclone. There was more of the artist in Cleveland Brown than anyone had realized.

He wanted to be with her every minute. The picture of her, in a thousand different moods and poses, was always with him. He wanted to talk about her to anyone who would listen, to shout her name from the housetops.

But he did not. For he almost hated this love that had come to him. Even when he

THE HOSTESS' full measure of success comes not only from dainty methods of service but from what is served.

For instance, there is nothing more acceptable for a light dessert than Nabisco, the aristocrat of dessert wafers, with its two zephyr-like wafers enclosing a delicious creamy filling.

Then there is Harlequin with its triple layers of golden wafers enclosing delectable creamy fillers; and Festino, the sugar wafer which looks and tastes like an almond.

made by the
Bakers of

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
“Uneeda Bakers"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.
Freckles
GROW WORSE
The longer you wait, the more you will regret. Nothing ruins one's appearance like freckles.

Start using Stillman's Freckle Cream now, and remove them! Double as not — only are your freckles dissolved away, but your skin is whitened, refined and beautiful. Freckles need to remove freckles, or your money back. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and $1 at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, makeup hints, etc. If you buy $2 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924, we will present you with beautiful large size bottle perfume, free! Send for booklet now.

Stillman's Freckle cream
double action. Removes Freckles Whitens the Skin

Write for
"Beauty Parlor Secrets"

The Stillman Co.,
32 Rosamond Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Please send me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and details of your per-
fume offer.

Name
Address

How To Have A Clear Complexion
For the skin that soap irritates, or that cold cream makes too oily. Never use soap. At all department and drug stores.

Almomeal is the ideal cleanser and skin food for daily use. It refreshes, cleans and cleans and keeps skin smooth and beautiful. Never use soap. At all department and drug stores.

DR. PALMER'S ALMOMEAL COMPOUND
SUBSCRIBE for PHOTOPLAY
Subscription rates are listed on page five, below Contents.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A GREAT comedian need never hear those fatal words, "too old," that sounded like a death knell in the ears of some beauty whose mental and emotional life were just blossoming.

The age limit was more stringent with a screen beauty than with a ball player, or a prize fighter. She was old at thirty—before. And the public was the most fickle of lovers where mere beauty was concerned.

Cleveland Brown was rich. He would grow richer. She liked the sound of it. And she did love him. In her way, Leda O'Neil did love him.

Cleveland Brown watched her as she opened and closed her eyes sleepily.

She looked so sweet and gentle, in the little white frock with the pale blue ribbons at the girdle and a locket of pale blue enamel on a slender chain about her neck. Almost like a Madonna, with her heavy black hair combed back smoothly and heavily from her white forehead.

Suddenly, hope sang high in him.

Why not? This was the real Leda O'Neil. The woman of the heavy silken draperies and the scented grey and black room up-tairs was only what her life had made her.

He felt uplifted, purged of all evil fears by the sight of her as she lay there. They could be happy.

Even this thing that had haunted him for the past week could be brushed aside now. The inopportune divorce suit that had shocked him so, the last disillusionment shattering the one picture of married life that held beautiful memories for him.

He brooded over it now, for an instant. Harlan and Gertie Morrison after all these years. Too bad. It had a particular significance to Cleveland Brown because he had seen at their wedding, ten years ago. Just after he came to Hollywood.

Harlan was the property man, then, at the old Photoplay and Gertie—little Gertie—was the telephone girl. Harlan was such a fine, clean, upstanding youngster. Though he had not dreamed Harlan was some day to be a great motion picture idol, he had always remembered how he looked as he stood there in the little church, in his much-cleaned grey suit, with Gertie beside him.

The look on their faces as they turned to each other after the minister had pronounced his benediction was one of the things that had remained with Cleveland Brown. Sometimes, when it came to him, he had almost believed that there was such a thing as a real, faithful, eternal love between a man and woman.

He hadn't seen much of Harlan and Gertie in the last five years. Too busy.

 Forever enshrined in the heart of a bride are memories of her betrothal and marriage. How fitting that the Orange Blossom ring should symbolize, in permanent fashion, those dreams. Only the genuine Orange Blossom ring is worthy of gracing the finger of a bride. The Traub trade mark identifies it.

Sold by better class jewelers as low as $12.00

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH.
New York, 576 Fifth Ave. Windsor, Ont. San Francisco, 204 Market St.

Every bride-to-be will be interested in our brochure entitled "Wedding Ring Sentiment." This traces the story of the wedding ring from the earliest time to the present day. You may have this book for the asking.
Photoplay, your away ii
Cleveland not lp

SEND address:
satisfied
The following Words iit five-lo-one

When "yes

As

What

Convenient — I

Useful — compact)

Bids.

I

Stick

Whttim

Whilinlj

A

In

or

Add

Cuticura

Arrived.

Con

Met

Limited

Ppote.

Cut

Bag?

It

or

small

article

alt.

Powder,

ll

Plainville.

U.S.

Jusk

Hanger

Photoplay

Moore

Head.

Glass

Points

Steel Points

"The Hanger with the Twist"

To Hang Heavy Things

10c pts. Sold everywhere.

In Canada 10c.


Skin Tortured Babies Sleep
Mothers Rest
After Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, &c., everywhere. For samples

SEND NO MONEY
PAY NO C.O.D.

Yes — Girls, it finally arrived. The most beautiful and con-
venient article in the cosmetic family. A dainty gold-plated
five-piece compact, that actually has a little drawer that you
open and shut.

When you open the drawer, here you have it all, Powder, Powder
Puff, Mirror, Lip Stick and Rouge. You can easily tuck it away
in your hand bag or small pocket. It is convenient to carry.

Words cannot describe this wonderful article as we are making the
following after — We will send one of these compacts to you
absolutely free of charge. After you have received it and are
satisfied send us 12.00 — it cost return to us and we'll send you
that far enough? Ask limited supply, no order at once.

Universal Specialty Co.

And, besides, things had changed since the days when Harlan and Gertie had a little three
room bungalow, in the rear. A handbox of a bungalow where Gertie with her bright and
shining hair pinned well on top of her head and her pretty, plump little figure enveloped in a
large blue apron, used to cook wonderful Sunday morning breakfasts of waffles and sausages
and scrambled eggs for a lot of hungry, homeless waifs.

Then, Cleveland Brown had almost envied Harlan.

But — it didn't last.

The big, stately, over-decorated house in
Beverly Hills wasn't at all the same and it
had much less to offer. Cleveland had gone
there to dinner a few times. He didn't like to
go. As Harlan had changed so, too he partly
frank about it, Harlan had the walked head so
badly he was obvious.

And Cleveland Brown had felt an uncom-
fortable wave of pity for Gertie Morrison.
Once or twice he would have liked very much
to punch Harlan's fat head for him. Not that
Gertie said anything. She petted and pam-
pired Harlan, and laughed off the things he did
and the things he said, and kept a gay front to
the world. So gay that sometimes Cleveland
thought he had imagined the haunted look in
the big eyes and the tightly drawn lips.

All those servants and the limousines and the
dine house, couldn't bring the happiness to
Gertie's face that used to shine there when
Harlan kissed her before them all and said:
"Isn't she wonderful?"

She loved him. That was why she didn't
wince, why she slaved to please and to attract
him. And Cleveland wondered sometimes if
love must always die, or only live to make you
miserable.

When the news came that Gertie Morrison
had been granted a divorce in Reno, Cleveland
felt as though someone very near to him had
died.

Harlan — going his way, making seventeen
kinds of an idiot of himself, so that any decent
man was ashamed of him. And Gertie — he
wondered what she was doing with a life that
had been wholly Harlan's, that for ten years had
held no thought, no work, no joy, except the
reflection of his. A fine ending. Still, perhaps
the good years had been worth it.

He broke into Leda's reverie with the little
story.

"It hurt me awfully to see them split," he
said. "They were my friends in the old days."

His nice brown eyes, as they met hers, were
filled with a real sorrow. He had rumpled his
hair, too, so that it stood on end and gave him
a bewildered appearance, like a small boy who
had lost his mother in the crowd.

Leda O'Neill, half Italian and half Irish,
responded swiftly to that emotion. She could
not bear that look. She hated to see things
hurt or worried. Instantly, she put out her
arms to him.

"Never mind, dear," she said, "we'll show
them. We'll get married ourselves and show
them how this thing should be done."

They looked deeply into each other's eyes. They were sparkling with sudden
animation.

As a matter of fact, she was thinking that it
might be rather fun to run away and be mar-
rried. Leda O'Neill loved the sensational. The
elopement of Cleveland Brown and Leda
O'Neill would give the world something to talk
about.

Then, you'll marry me, really and truly?"

"Really and truly?"

Cleveland Brown was so happy that he
whistled.

The days weren't long enough to hold his joy.

They had told nobody of their plans yet. It
was something they wanted to hold secretly
and sacredly a little while. If people and press
were speculating a good deal about Cleveland
Brown and his love tangles in these days, they
would have to speculate a while longer. They'd
know soon enough.

He was in that rapturous state when he
could think of nothing and nobody for long;
Nothing existed in the world but Leda and herself.

Once or twice he thought of Ray Connolly.

Well, he had served his purpose there. Better to let the thing drift into oblivion. She was a good little kid. He was glad he'd been able to help her.

If he thought of Janice at all, it was with a deep and grateful sense that she would be glad he was happy. He saw her at the studio, of course.

And once, when Leda had gone on a little trip to Catalina with another girl—to rest, she said—he took Janice to lunch and to a ball game. Janice liked baseball almost as well as he did. In the glow of his new happiness, his friendship for Janice expanded. He was awfully fond of Janice.

That uplifted state when everything in the world seemed perfect surrounded him. He loved everybody.

He was affectionate to his mother. He revelled in a thousand plans. A wonderful house. A honeymoon. Gifts of all kinds for everybody. For the first time in his life, he delighted in his money.

After all, giving, being able to give, was the very greatest joy in life. Nothing else could compare with it.

Cleveland Brown went about during those short glorious days with his head in the air.

He had started his new picture at last. It didn't interest him and he grudged every moment that it took him away from Leda. Twice she had gone away for little trips, when he could not leave his production, and the time seemed interminable. He protested, but she only laughed at him.

"I'm not going to be tied to your apron strings, darling angel," she said good-naturedly.

And then he had to go on location himself.

Only up to the snow above Big Bear. But it seemed to him the end of the world. The grind of the cameras was like the pace of a snail.

Every hour stretched into eternity. The whole troop kidded him ruthlessly, except Janice, and he could only grin sheepishly.

Janice did her best for him, in her quiet boyish way. She tried to fill the time, to help keep him occupied, to give him companionship.

But it was no good. At last he could stand it no longer.

He broke off work in the middle of the afternoon. It was a good seven-hour drive, a tricky, nervous drive, and he had to be back by nine o'clock the next morning to start shooting. But he felt he couldn't live another hour without sight of her.

He sent a wire, though he knew the connections were terrible, hoping it would catch her, to tell her of his coming. He could only pray she'd be there.

He had never been a speed maniac, but he and the chauffeur did things on the terrible mountain road from Big Bear that were too reckless for belief. And when they hit the paved boulevard from San Bernardino, it was lucky they met no cops or they must have spent the night behind bars.

He never even glanced at the surprised servant who opened the door of her house for him. He grasped the bare fact that she was there—she was there.

And he bounded up the stairs to the black and grey room where he nearly always found her with a song in his heart and a smile on his lips.

When he flung open the door, his eyes were already happy with the yearned-for vision he knew awaited him.

The vision of Leda, in white, half-curlcd up amidst the cushions on the black velvet couch.

Long, long afterwards when the tale of his years was almost told, Cleveland Brown used to wake in the night with the cold sweat streaming from every pore at the mere dream-memory of what he saw.

Leda was there.

But she was not alone.

Too plainly, she had not received his telegram.

[END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT]
AND then comes the question—"Which color is the most becoming to my type of beauty?" And—"Will I look my best in light tints, or should I go in for the darker, more intense shades?" And—"With dark eyes—or blue eyes—or grey eyes or green eyes—should I wear such and such a color?"

It is hard to tell, by mail, just which colors will be most becoming to the individual. I am always glad to give what information I can—but rules may only be general, and every rule has its exception. The average brunette can better wear the vivid shades, the warm, throb-bing colors, than a blonde. And yet there are blondes who are charming in reds and oranges and pinks. In the same way—a blonde usually looks her best in the pastel tints, or in black. And yet I have seen many a brunette who was dazzling in Orchid, or flesh or pale yellow.

Some auburn-haired women can wear many colors. I have seen the right shade of red hair gleam beautifully against certain shades of pink and mauve and even a deep glowing crim-son. But there are some red-haired women who cannot even wear blue. There are women with auburn hair who must needs stay close to three decidedly safe colors for every woman with auburn hair—green, dark brown and black.

Then, too, though this may sound far fetched, weight should be taken into consider-ation. A woman or girl, who is inclined to be plump, should wear the darker colors. Dark colors have a tendency to make one seem slimmer. Just as striped fabrics make the lines of the body seem more slender. And, on the other hand, when a girl is thin, then it is that she should wear white, and the tints that color the frail flowers of spring. They will tend to fill out the hollows, to lighten the shadow.

It is a good plan, before buying the material for a frock, to take a sample of the material home. Hold this sample close to your face as you stand before your mirror. Notice by day-light, and by artificial light, too, whether the color brings out the best shades in your eyes, your hair—whether it lends a bloom to your skin. Then, if you are satisfied with the effect, then you are not satisfied. If you are not satisfied, then you will have saved yourself the cost of an un-becoming frock.

And, while speaking of color—never buy the material for an evening frock by daylight. Never try to match two colors for a party dress unless you do it under the brilliance of electricity. For, if you do, you are apt to make a surprising error. And you are quite likely to be dissatisfied with the finished product.

Color is important. It is the most important item in any woman's clothes problem. But the woman must use a certain amount of her own judgment and good taste—and must not rely, entirely, upon set rules!

L. C. C. WESTFIELD, N. J.

I do not doubt that you need a tonic for oily hair. There are several splendid tonics for this purpose on the market. Perhaps an occasional dry shampoo, given, if possible, by an expert hairdresser, would help. Orris root is fine for such a shampoo, and so is corn meal.

Shyness—when you are past the days of young girlhood—is indeed trying and em-barrassing. There are courses of study that may be taken to overcome this very thing—did you know that? It often helps to talk, or read, to yourself in front of a mirror. That lessens self-consciousness.

HONOR, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

You are tall, and so you must not expect to be too light in weight. I should say that your correct weight should be between one hundred and forty-five and one hundred and fifty pounds.

With hazel eyes, a dark complexion and reddish brown hair, you will look charming in some colors—and not at all well in others. I should not like you in orange-yellow, olive, or red and pinks. But in shades of green, brown, orchid, dark blue, heather mixtures, periwinkle, grey and black, you will be lovely. If you have little color wear a touch of rouge brunette.

A. C. G., ST. LOUIS, MO.

You can wear nearly every color, you fortunate little lady! The very light hair gives you the perquisites of a blonde, and your brown eyes make brunette shades become the very best for you. You will look your best in orchid, in dark brown and in black.

Yes, you should weigh about ten pounds more, at the very least. One hundred and fifty pounds is a very small weight for a girl who is five feet, three inches tall.

MARY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is, of course, very hard to face a separa-tion from the man that you love. Especially
when the parting will be for two years. But if his demands that he go abroad for
that time, and if responsibilities at home make
him impossible for you to go with him, there
seems nothing to do but make the best of an
unfortunate situation. If you are willing
to spend your life with him, you can certainly
trust him for two years. If the affection that
you bear toward each other is real, if it is firm
even to build marriage upon, two years
will strengthen it, rather than anything else.
Of course it is not a pleasant matter to face—
but look upon the bright side. Home affairs
may work out, in some way, so that you will
be able to join your fiance in a year, or less
than a year. And think of the joys of a honey-
moon in a foreign land!

Anxious Daughter, Chicago, Ill.
And so you are worried because your mother
is young-looking—because she tends upon
using powder and rouge and because she tints
hair. My dear, you should be glad that your mother wants to seem young,
and to look lovely! You should be glad that
she takes such an interest in her appearance.
I wish that all mothers did their utmost to seem
well-dressed and attractive and youthful.
Don't be a little prig, like the daughter in
"Only 38." Accept your mother as a com-
rade rather than as a lavender-scented relic
of a faded yesterday.

BARS, HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
You should certainly reduce strenuously—
you are pounds overweight. You are right in
your methods of exercise, but how about diet?
The amount of food isn't so important as the
kind of food. If you will do without starches, fats and sugars—in all forms—you will notice
a real difference very quickly.
If possible, wear your bobbed hair straight.
If your forehead is fairly high you will look
well with a bang. If your forehead is low,
however, a bang will make your face seem
more plump. You should wear straight line
frocks, with slightly long waist-lines, and long
skirts. Short skirts will make you seem
stouter. With medium brown hair, brown
eyes, and an olive skin you can wear all shades of
brown and blue, and the least yellowish
of the greens. You will look well in flesh-
orange, rose and cinnamon, in grey (never tupe,
however) and in black. Do not wear white—
it will make your weight seem more. In fact,
the darker colors will make you appear much
more slender.

"Brown Eyes," Syracuse, N. Y.
So your eyes, though a pretty shade of
brown, have neither sparkle nor expression? Well, my dear, you may be able to make them
brighter by accentuating the lashes by the careful use of a cosmetic. And bathing them,
twice daily, with borax, will also help.
But expression must come from somewhere
in back of the eyes—from the soul or the mind
that is the important part of expression!
Perhaps if you cultivate kindness and toler-
ance—if you brighten your mind by reading also
a knowledge of current events, you may find
that expression will creep into your eyes.

C., Waterloo, Iowa.
You will look your best in the warmer
shades. Browns, reds, rose color, old gold,
tangerine, yellow and rust. You will also
be able to wear any of the pastel tints and, if
you have good color, the new greens will be
becoming. Brown hair and brown eyes is such a charming color scheme—and it's
so easy to plan an attractive color scheme, with
brunette shades as a background. Your hair
will look prettier, I am sure, if you will use a
tonic for oily hair.
The troublesome skin will be prettier, far, if
you will use upon it a complexion clay.
Woodbury's facial soap is also splendid. Probably
the trouble will clear up, as you grow older.
The large hips may be reduced by exercise,
and by the wearing of a rubber hip confeiner.
With your skin in a bad condition be careful to use
only the best powder and rouge. And never
apply it without first using a vanishing cream.

RIDE Skyland Trails in Glacier NATIONAL PARK
Open June 15 to September 15
Go out to Glacier National Park this summer
and know the joy of playing atop the Rockies.
This is a land of fun in the open—keen, healthful
enjoyment every minute. Do as you please when you
please. If you do not care to ride horseback, tour over
splendid "skyways" in comfortable motor busses—
or hike. Modern hotels and rustic chalet camps in
sure restful comfort and good meals.
All expense tours of one to seven days or longer if desired.
Visit Pacific Northwest
Through trains from Chicago and Kansas City via Burlington
Route—Great Northern Railway (Main line) to Glacier Park,
Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. En route to the Pacific
Northwest, Alaska or California, visit Lake Chelan, Rainier and
Crater Lake National Parks.
For free information or booklets apply any ticket or
tourist agent or office Great Northern Railway
108 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Langworthy Bldg., New York, N. Y.
728 Empire Building
516 Railway Exchange
Portland, Ore.
Kansas City, Mo.
A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager
St. Paul, Minn.
Low Fares via
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
Route of the Oriental Limited

See America FIRST

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
What Kind of Men Attract Women Most?

Most women, being good and virtuous and decent, by instinct or necessity, don’t have enough of love. Their love life is confined to the period of girlhood—and only a small part of its imagery, at that, any nonsense who measure up to their ideals—and to the one love that is supposed to last forever, married life.

This doesn’t begin to satisfy the inner, secret yearning for romance, the craving for the flattery of love. So a woman chooses idols of the screen or stage, or even the heroes in books, the ones whoiness fit her dreams, and the most fortunate land of her imagination. They are her partners not only in the screen romances, where she constantly visualizes herself as the heroine. She identifies herself in her dreams, and into them as well, as part of the dreams, which are part of every woman’s life.

It is difficult for the average man, or for the woman who has had enough of romance and love in her life. They have much to live for and have new love affairs, with men who have existed without having lived, who have no romance, of passion, of their lives have been. There is nothing evil in the tendency of woman to dream—and it is easier to dream romances with a real hero. So she picks the movie star.

The majority of women will swear that they prefer respect to love. If they do, why do they choose Rudolph Valentino’s in love affairs?

The first essential element of love being flattery, a woman’s vanity is most vitally touched by a man’s desire for her. The stronger the desire, the more flattery, unless she becomes sufficed. The wilder the passion, the more uncontrollable, the more glowing a tribute it becomes to her own personal charm.

Further than that, women have been bound for generations by the code of repression. They dared not show the streak of common sense that all men admit to. Men may have allowances for women, but not for common, earthy creatures, swept by the fires of passion, mad infatuation, but women must be above all that. Abandon was the privilege only of the lowest form of feminine life.

As it happens, woman is just as much a human being as a man. Deny it she will, submerge and repel it too often she must, but it’s there. The poetry of the senses has its call for her, too, even within the sacred bonds of matrimony she will refuse to hear it. When she sees a man whose love-making is fired with just that bit of a haze to be in love with, with that touch of madness that is called passion, he attracts her more than any other man in the world. When he is able to portray to her that he is defending her good taste or frightening her, that man becomes the hero of her secret thoughts.

The lure of Valentino is wholly, entirely, obviously the lure of the flesh. Sex appeal is the one quality that raises him above dozens of other men exactly as clever dramatically and much better looking. He is passion, exquisitely personified.

The men of America have resented Rudolph’s popularity. I, for one, have never received the same answer, from men of fair judgment and unbiased opinion. They resent it because they believe it appeals to passion; but certainly claim is the same attraction for women that a vampire has for men.

And on the screen, Rudolph represents always and at all times the man inflamed by love for women. Strangely enough, off the screen this is entirely lacking. He is an ordinary young man, with an ordinary man’s defects, whose attributes render him devoid of physical charm. Women who saw him on his recent tour of the country undoubtedly saw him through the glamour of his screen personality. No one who has worked with him, all the women who knew him well in a professional way and the women who knew him before he became famous, feel about him exactly as they do. They are amazed and a little amused by the power.
and pull of his sex attraction on the screen. They like him, find him a pleasant enough, though not overly-brilliant young person, but as far as I can discover, not one of them has ever fallen in love with him. Yet every one of them will admit he stirs them on the screen.

A GIRL who played opposite him in a big production told me that she got much more of a thrill out of seeing their love scenes on the screen than she did out of playing them.

Women love romance in men. Romance is the well-spring of every woman's heart. Poetry fills them with inexpressible rapture, especially the poetry of love. Thus they swing from the most earth-bound of all sensations—the greatest possessive, almost physical strength, to the highest flight of the mortal soul, in the lyric quality of springtime romance.

Ramon Novarro is a most perfect example of this, but it is Richard Barthelmess' chief charm, too. Every woman loves to visualize herself as the heroine of a great romance, as _Juliet_, as _Cleopatra_, as Mary of Scotland, as Dorothy Vernon. The man who can play opposite her, the man of delicacy and romance, is always successful with women. Antonio Moreno has all the appeal of the wooer beneath milady's balmy, strumming upon his guitar ancient sonnets to her eyebrows.

Then, women love experience in men. Women are the slaves of surroundings, of meetings, of suggestion, of atmosphere, of well-handled events, of perfumes and shaded lights, of distant music. A woman is educated in life by the man she loves. She feels her own inexperience. She has nothing but her instinct, her emotion, to give the greatest pleasure to find man an adept in the art of love. She doesn't care to trust herself in the hands of an amateur—she fears she will lose half the sensations of intercourse—with few exceptions—is the last thing in the world women desire to find in men.

All sorts of commonplace things can be made delightful if only one understands the art of concealing them, surrounding them with dangers and death and disaster. Women love danger. They like to walk upon the edge of the precipice. They mix with whom they never feel quite safe—men who will protect them from everything but themselves.

Every woman loves the cold man—if the ice hides fire. There is no gamble so great as trilling with a hidden volcano. A woman is fascinated by the silent, strong man who presents a surface of granite, but who is consumed within by passions of fire. There is no moment in a woman's life more delicious or more satisfying than when such a man suddenly loses his head and takes her in his arms, as he says: "Come, let me tell you, but I'm only human, and I love you."

Bill Hart has had as much adoration from women as almost any man on the screen, and that is the answer. Also, when women love a homely man, they positively worship him.

Women love strength and they love weakness. The strong man, the man of great physicality and of physical strength, always has and always will attract women. Especially if he doesn't talk too much. Just as pretty women, beautiful women, will always attract men, just as men will always be willing to flirt with pretty women, so fine-looking men of a certain type will always make a woman's heart beat faster. Reginald Denny is the perfect type.

And we haven't gotten away from the fine, upstanding, typical American, with his courtesy and his chivalry for women, and his bravery and daring, and his adoration of womankind. He is the ideal lover to many women still. Thomas Meighan and Richard Dix uphold their honor still upon the screen.

Women love men for their deeds. Men who can do things exceptionally well—whether it is kick a football or play the piano—are always thrilling to women. Athletic heroes will always have their place in the sun of woman's favor. Douglas Fairbanks is a favorite with women not so much because his personality is the type that stirs them, but because they

---

The Great Foe of all teeth is that film

Here is something all should know and that children should be taught.

Tooth troubles are constantly increasing. Very few escaped. So dental science sought for film combatants. After long research, two were found. One, a color, is a film which films at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere advise this method. New millions of careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day.

Also acidity effects Certain people, it was found, are notably immune to tooth troubles. The reason was traced to the eating of much acid fruit. So Pepsodent embodies this principle of mild acidity.

Every use multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize sour acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

These combined results are bringing millions a new dental era.

This test will tell Pepsodent proves itself, and quickly. Send the coupon for a ten-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will know in a week why everyone should use this method daily. Then tell the facts to those you teach. Cut out coupon now.

---

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent dentifrice integrates the film, then re-applies it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combustant which contains harsh grit.

---

Pepsodent REG. U. S. The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

---

10-DAY TUBE FREE THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 804, 1104 W. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

---

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

When you write to advertisers please mention photoplay magazine.
adore the things he does, his strength, his being better than other men, his daring, his achievement. They love the man who wins.

Wallace Reid combined every quality that I have mentioned, in the highest degree. He had sweetness, romance, passion, charm, a hint of wickedness and strength, with a knowledge. He could do anything and do it well. And he had the greatest measure of good looks ever accorded to any man who has appeared upon the screen.

But all the men who are successful with the motion picture women fans have certain essential qualities. Every one of them possesses the things in some degree, and he stands out in the others. And those qualities are: passion, romance, either physical beauty or physical strength, and the element of danger, either fully controlled or running rampant.

Have You a Dressing Table?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65)

there because of the utilitarian purposes to which it is set, but because from it can come the inspiration that builds pleasure and charm into your toilette.

Beauty reflects beauty. Perhaps that is why so many screen celebrities pay particular attention to their dressing tables. Very often the dressing tables they use in their settings are but duplications of the tables they have in their own homes. They know only too well the charm and feel of this probability worked out unit of the decorative scheme.

It is not money, necessarily, that will create the beautiful thing you want. If you study your personality closely and carefully select the scheme of your dressing table, you can have one just as charming as those of Mr. Negri, or Miss Murray, or Miss Swanson.

In the following paragraphs we are giving, as suggestions, a series of dressing tables that can be worked out easily in your own home. The materials, in fabric or design, may be varied to meet the needs of your present decorative scheme.

The first drawing shows the most elaborate and expensive dressing table in this article. If a plain pine table is used for the foundation, a curve must be cut in the middle, and it would be best to have a glass top made to fit the top, although a padded silk top would do. The material used for this table is taffeta, with two lines of cording half way between the top and bottom. A straight length of taffeta is required. Allow twice the amount of cloth for fullness. An effective combination is found here by using rose taffeta shot with silver, and decorating the cords with narrow edges of orchid, silver and deep rose. The silver candles should have corresponding rose taffeta shades, with an overlay of silver georgette trimmed with flower buds. The mirror frame is a silver finish, and hung with silver silk cords. Toilet articles should be crystal and silver.

We find in the second sketch a clever arrangement to make an unused door part of your room, and turn an everyday into a thing of usefulness and beauty. The door is fitted with a mirror, and treated like a window, with side drapery and a valance hung on the customary window rods. Two tables, with drawers, furnish a good deal of room for toilet articles, gloves, handkerchiefs, and accessories. Columbia cretonne, in the Crotou pattern, has been used for the side drapery. The cornice is made of a straight length of corresponding blue rep, or monk's cloth. Squares of this cloth, finished on the edge with a narrow gallon, would make suitable table edges. Venetian glass in yellow and wine color are correct color notes for the accessories for this table.

In the third illustration the space between two windows is utilized for the placement of a modest dressing table. And treated with the same material as the window hangings, it be-

W. L. DOUGLAS name and the retail price are stamped on the soles of every pair at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against unreasonable prices.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are demanded by more people than any other shoes in this country. They are put into all of our 116 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to know that when you buy shoes at our stores You Pay Only One Profit.

NEVER have you had the opportunity to buy such wonderful shoe values as you will find in W. L. Douglas shoes in our retail stores in the principal cities and in good shoe stores everywhere. If you do not live near one of our stores, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, write for catalog showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Each Serves Its Community

In Frazer, Colorado, a log cabin of three rooms shelters a telephone exchange that connects with the mountain homes of cowmen, miners, homesteaders and tie-cutters. In the heart of New York City a new building of twenty-nine stories is to become the home of several metropolitan central offices serving some 120,000 telephones. This building will contain, as well, offices for executives and for engineering, commercial, plant and accounting forces, providing space for over 7000 telephone workers.

Each of these buildings helps to render adequate and economical telephone service in its own community. They stand at the extremes in size, equipment and personnel. Yet they both indicate the nation-wide need for adequate housing of the activities of the Bell System; and they illustrate the varied ways in which that need is being met. One of the largest single items of plant investment of the Bell System is real estate, comprising nearly 1700 buildings acquired, with their sites, at a cost of $180,000,000.

It is continuously the aim of the Bell System to construct and so to situate each new building—whether executive office, central office, storehouse or garage—so that it shall serve its community with the utmost efficiency and economy, and remain a sound investment throughout its period of life.

Realistic Was Right
By J. R. Hornaday

YEARS ago, when the "Nickel Show" was in its infancy and the producers were depending not upon elaborated sets and first-magnitude stars, but rather upon such stirring scenes as the flight of an express train, or the hurried dash of a fire department, Herbert Graham was operating a little picture house in Chattanooga, Tenn., where was produced one of the most "realistic" scenes presented either prior to or since that time — this in spite of the marvelous advances that have been made. It happened in this wise: Graham, finding that the playhouse became quite warm on summer evenings, and being of an inventive turn of mind, devised a cooling system. It consisted of a series of pipes, led through a long box, said box being filled with ice. The air was forced through the pipes by means of an electric fan, the only trouble being that when the plant was idle the moisture would precipitate and collect in the pipes. In order to prevent this moisture being blown indiscriminately over the theater, it was the custom to place a crosset sack over the vent and operate the fan until the water was eliminated, before turning the stream of cool air upon the audience. Graham had a colored boy working about the place whose duty it was to attend to this primitive cooling plant, but he was not as diligent as he might have been and one day he forgot to put up the sack before starting the fan.

The chief attraction being offered on this occasion was a marine view, featured by the wild dashing of huge waves against a rocky New England coast. When the show started and the fan was turned on, the absence of the sack permitted the water to be blown straight out upon the audience, which created considerable consternation, taken in connection with those lofty waves. One of the male patrons, who occupied a front seat and thus got the full benefit of the spray, dashed for the exit, where Graham was standing watching the box office.

"What's the matter?" cried Graham, as the excited patron dashed by.

"Nothing particular," replied the gentleman, speaking over his shoulder, "but I want to say that that scene is the most realistic I ever saw. Why, air, those damned waves splashed all over me!" with which he continued on his way, still brushing the spray from his coat.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Fibre Silk Knit Tie, with Sterling Silver Searl Pin, Set with Genuine Inedeltructible Pearl

MAH JONG SET $1 Complete with Instructions, rules and illustrations, 164 characters, 152 counters, racks, dice and score cards. Postpaid, in attractive box, on receipt of $1.00. (Canada 25c extra.)

All for 85c

At all Haberdashers and Dry Goods Stores; or send us check, money-order or stamps. Mention color desired. We pay postage. If you are not satisfied, money will be refunded. Write us for attractive canvassers proposition. Bank reference, Liberty Bank.

The Knitted Products Mills, Inc.
Dept. P 109 E. Genesee St., Buffalo, N.Y.
The Autobiography of Pola Negri

[continued from page 39]

more criticism. I was thought haughty and snobbish.

But there is something my critics never knew—that I cried day after day and night after night looking into a mirror. When I went out my head was high. It will always be high. I never bow to my enemies. They could never humble me. Although I am very sensitive, criticism cannot make me turn aside. I am not discouraged.

The avalanche of publicity that fell upon me when I was reported engaged to Charlie Chaplin caused some people to say that both Mr. Chaplin and I were seeking publicity. I can hardly blame anyone for this assumption; the importance of the affair was so magnified that the reports must have become tedious to the public as to us. By this time, however, I had learned that everything connected with a celebrity is news in America, and I did not resent the publicity, although I tried to evade it. I have tremendous ambition, first to accomplish all that is possible on the screen and then on the stage. My first enthusiasm is for the motion picture because it is a new art form in development. As a medium of expression, it is limited only by the dexterity of artists.

Shut off from the rest of the world during the war, I have not seen all the best pictures. Of those I have seen, the first was the first to create a deep impression upon me. However, I think "The Birth of a Nation" the greatest. And I love "Way Down East" for its human treatment and sincere characterization. Lillian Gish I think the greatest actress on the screen in America. She is sincere in everything she does. Not versatile, but supreme in her genre. Of the actors, I admire most John Barrymore.

I already have said that I think Ernst Lubitsch the finest directorial genius in the world. We are at my favorite role, that of Carmen in "Gypsy Blood," and "Du Barry in "Passion," also under his direction, is second in my preference.

Two other directors whose work interests me very much are Eric Von Stroheim and D. W. Griffith.

The chief handicap of screen progress in America as I see it is arbitrary restriction. Rules of censorship, policies of companies and of exhibitors, all combine to limit and standardize expression. Nevertheless, we shall have novelty and variety. An artist can carry himself even with the most rigorous restrictions because he is capable of subtlety.

I am happy now because I have the opportunity of doing the kinds of work I did in Europe. I understand the motion picture situation more clearly, and I feel that I am better understood, both as an artist and as a woman. "Madame Bovary" was secured at my request, and I feel that sincere effort is being made to present serious dramatic work. I am the severest critic of my own pictures. In the past when I objected to certain things at all I was told that they were, nevertheless, big box office attractions. But the argument that a picture becomes a box office attraction through flaws in artistry is ridiculous. I believe in the work of art and also a commercial success. If I thought that I could not make pictures of as high an order in America as I did in Europe, I would return to Europe—instantly.

This year I plan to visit my mother in Bromberg in Poland. I will take her to the home I have purchased on the Riviera in France, where the climate is delightful. Then I shall probably go to America. Here is the great opportunity for the artist of today. While I naturally love Europe, particularly France, I am fascinated by the spirit of energy in America. I feel a new nerve that it generates and inspires the creative mind.

Although I feel New York is the place for me, I have come to like many things about California. Next to music and books, flowers are my hobby. My home is always filled with them, and in California I have them all about me.

The dream of every European child is America. My dream has been realized. In spite of great unhappiness and many disillusionments, I have found satisfaction. If I can earn favor with my work and continually progress, I am close to as much happiness as there is in the world.
There have been no important changes in the employment of the human mind for the last few thousand years, but there is not a really significant event in the last one hundred years without the motion picture industry being vitally involved. The history of the screen as an institution is, and has always been, greater than any of all of the men and minds engaged in the industry. The motion picture has swept on, successively outgrowing its apparent masters.

The Story of Zukor

So, because of the movement which was soon to find a considerable part of its expression through him, Zukor and his story are worth considering for a moment, as he sits there waiting on the threshold of the Motion Picture Patents Company.

Twelve years ago, an under-sized, self-effacing wispy man with a voice just above a whisper, sitting on a waiting room bench, hoped for a chance to ask for a favor! The human mind can look backward for five thousand years, but it can not see five seconds ahead. Fancy stands fde in the face of fact. The dice of destiny were loaded for a long roll that day in 1912. The man waiting outside was as insignificant as Thomas Edison the telegraph operator or a certain little corporal from Corsica.

Great endeavors and great industries have a way of putting a name at the top, a personified symbol of things. Morgan means money. Gary means steel. Lever means soap. Rockefeller means oil. Ford means motor cars and Zukor means motion pictures. Twelve years old that man on the bench.

Twenty-two years before Zukor, a lone immigrant boy from a tiny hamlet in Hungary landed at Castle Garden and found a job up-town sweeping a fur shop. The year 1903 found him leaving a prospering little fur business of his own in Chicago to come back to New York in an effort to salvage a loan of $5,000 a relative had sunk in a penny arcade of peep show pictures and slot machine phonographs. Out of this Zukor had evolved into a tidy success in the amusement business. He had established a line of contracts and connections with various showmen, William A. Brady, who operated Hale's Tours, Marcus Loew and his Automatic Vaudeville Company on 125th Street, New York, and Lee Shubert in the Grand street theater. Zukor had arrived at last in the post of treasurer of the Marcus Loew Enterprises, which had absorbed most of his amusement interests.

Zukor Gets a Big Idea

This might have been enough, if there had not been a certain inward drive behind Zukor. After all he was just a part of the Marcus Loew Enterprises, and what he really wanted was Adolph Zukor Enterprises. Zukor was in his thirty-ninth year. That is not a retiring age.

An idea and what might grow into an opportunity had come his way and he was ready to see how far he and the idea might travel together. The idea was rather hazy then. It is the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation today, risen from a thought to the most powerful institution of the motion picture industry. Unravelling the tangled skein of events in that evolution we can trace back to what appears to have been the genesis of that idea, a series of commonplace facts and happenings — entirely commonplace save for the magic pattern that they made.

At just about the same time when Adolph Zukor began to find himself in New York with less to do than was comfortable, the production of a certain motion picture began in Paris. The picture was in no way especially remarkable as seen from the view point of today. It was a four reel story entitled "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt in the title role, directed.
This Free Book shows how

Give this year's look to last year's hat with

Colorite
STRAW HAT FINISH

SIXTEEN BEAUTIFUL COLORS
At Drug and Department Stores

Write today for free copy of Millinery Secrets. It tells you how to give the season's newest style to the hat you have.

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
DEPT. H.
BOSTON, MASS.

Try "COLORITE" Fabric Dyes

$500.00
IN ONE MONTH DRAWING

Careful, consecutive training by members of our faculty enables our students to earn up to $500 in one month. The present splendid opportunities in the illustrative field have never been exceeded. Illustrators' remuneration organizations everywhere are in a period of expansion, and it is now a definite fact that the artist who can produce clear and effective drawings and give legible lettering will let up income and make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice but does nothing worthwhile.

The Federal Course Is a Proven Result Getter

The Federal Authors include such nationally known artists as Harvey MacMillan, Benjamin S. Rehfeld, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Justice, Frederick Preiss, Gordon Smith, and others. Exclusive, student-illustrated material included in the Federal Home Course, prepared by these famous artists in every branch of illustration and help, originally is encouraged and every aid is offered for the achievement of final success.

Free, illustrated color on request. Shows work of students and instructors. No obligation, of course, and you are under no obligation to write us once. Write, your name, address in the margin and send it on.

Federal School of Illustrating

481 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Free to Scenario Writers

Send for FREE copy of THE POPULAR SCENARIO WRITER which contains more than 1000 ideas for writers of any other magazine. Published right on the ground in Hollywood. Address

THE POPULAR SCENARIO WRITER
292 Secundy Bldg., 55th Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California

This advertisement in PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Birth of "Famous Players"

Hence it came that the Engadine had been hardly more than christened when a new company was formed as Famous Players Film Company.1 The Sarah Bernhardt picture had evolved into a policy of famous players in famous plays.

The company to surround itself with more men. Adolph Zukor's attorney was Elek J. Ludvig, who al-0 handled legal affairs for the Marcus Loew Enterprises. Ludvig had connections in London, France, and Ger-

German. Daniel Frohman came into the Famous Players, bringing with him the authority of the greatest name in the dramatic stage.

Charles Frohman could not have been less interested or more annoyed if his elder brother had announced that he was going to open a hot dog stand at Coney Island. From his the August position in the drama Charles Frohman saw the motion picture as a trivial passing madness of the day. But Daniel Frohman had the sense to realize that the next few years many a great play and great name which helped to build up the institution of the motion picture, and that this was one of Charles' passions was enlisted, too. It is a bit of irony, but a kindly irony, that the institution of Charles Frohman, Inc., which today continues the production work of the Charles Frohman tradition alive on Broadway, has become the property of the once scorned Famous Players. The humble motion picture business, humbler in name but better, was. Daniel Frohman presents was the big line over the announcement of Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" when the picture went on the Lyceum Theatre for a promotional showing July 12, 1912. "Queen Elizabeth" on Broadway

This showing was the beginning of a long line of promotional presentations, efforts to endow the motion picture with the coloration of triumph by rubbing it against the glamour of authoritative Broadway.

How to get "Queen Elizabeth" to the market was now the problem. It was decided to road show the picture, meaning that its owners would engage in retailing it itself. The business was a success in the experiences involved. Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman from their two branches of the amusement field thought of the business in the form of an immediate audience of box office patrons. Edwin S. Porter's thought was in terms of production rather than sales. The man in the grower, by then more familiar with the evolution of the rapidly evolving motion picture market was Joe Engel. He conservatively chose to remain by the certainties of his post with United. Other than go to the new and speculative Famous Players. The road showing of "Queen Elizabeth" was not proving a success. The new idea was to sell it had to be successfully delivered to the consumer. Here then was a situation which called for a man.

This brings in another of those individual histories which make the motion picture a romance. The advertisements announcing "Queen Elizabeth" with the imposing name of Frohman at the top and bearing the magic word "theatrical" evoked the fancy of a certain ambitious young man engaged in the selling of those earlier pictures, "Dante's Inferno" and the others, the wares of the Merchants四大杰鸿兴ned by P. A. Powers and P. A. Powers. That young man was Al Lichtman.

Lichtman had covered a curious path to the motion picture. He began in the amusement field as a water boy, carrying the trays of
Al Lichtman Appears

On the wall of the lobby in the tumbledown old Riviera House on North Clark Street the adventurer's eye sighted a blackboard of bulletins for the wandering Thespians. This blackboard announced that there was a job open for a bright young man in a motion picture service concern. Lichtman's capital was down to five dollars. He headed for the job. It seemed that a Chicago exchange manager had as a side line engaged in the supplying of ready-made signs and lobby announcements and lobby frames for the nickelodeon theatres. The peanut vendors and banana hucksters who were operating the film theaters of the country were glad to get everything readily made and in a capsule ready to take. The service was prospering but vast difficulties were being encountered in the collection of the synopses, photographs, release dates and other editorial matter required. A man was to be sent to New York to collect it directly from the studios. All of which was most interesting—but the job had been filled.

Lichtman was considerably disappointed. He strolled out into Grant Park and visited an encampment of U.S. soldiers, and began to think about the easy security of the army. Now Grant Park is adjacent to the skyscraper cliffs of Michigan Avenue. One or both of two things always happen to the visitor there, he gets a cinder in his eye or his hat blows off. Lichtman was lucky. His hat blew off and into Lake Michigan. When last seen it was drifting before the gate toward Benton Harbor with a heavy list to listward.

This was the last straw. Lichtman could not afford a new hat and he was depressed and angry. Now something had to be done. He went back after that job.

"Say, if that fellow you sent to New York doesn't make good, can I have the chance?"

For answer to his persistence Lichtman got a job offering the lobby service in Chicago at two dollars per contract. That afternoon he sold ten and collected twenty dollars for his work. Those were undoubtedly the largest dollars he ever made in the motion picture business.

Lichtman Calls on Zukor

Shortly Lichtman was sent to New York to take the place of the man who had not made good. Between collecting picture information and selling the service he came to know the film industry rather thoroughly. The last step was selling film for Powers' Picture Plays and then the Monoptole's features.

When Lichtman read the Famous Players' announcement he pulled himself up to his desk and wrote an elaborately long letter addressed to Adolph Zukor, whom he did not know, setting forth his enthusiasm and qualifications. He wanted to sell those famous players in famous plays. Then he read the letter and tore it up, put on his hat and went down to the Famous Players' office in the Times building to call on Zukor.

The "Queen Elizabeth" road show came in and Lichtman went out to sell the picture to the state's rights buyers. The picture sold for a total of approximately $50,000, which made it handsomely profitable.

Meanwhile Famous Players began the production of pictures on its own account. Daniel Frohman lured James O'Neill from the stage into the production of "The Count of Monte

WITH Wildroot Hair Tonic will help prevent baldness. It seems strange that intelligent men do not realize these simple facts. A woman realizes them because she studies them. And she knows that much of her charm either as a wife or as a wife-to-be depends upon the attractiveness of her coiffure.

You probably have Wildroot Hair Tonic in your boudoir. If you haven't it, your druggist will gladly supply you. You will want to use it regularly to keep your hair lovely, and you will want your husband to use it to help him avoid bald-headedness.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Beginning of Better Pictures

The better, bigger picture was ready now, awaiting its development for the evolution and growth of a system of distribution. It will presently be seen how the product exerted a force which brought into evidence a new machinery for putting the picture into the theatres. The state's rights buyers who started with "Queen Elizabeth" and "The Prisoners of Zenda" were almost automatically selected to become factors in a new confederation of interests, rising in power until it dominated the industry.

Some of the comment on this development of the idea of big pictures was an exposing illumination of some timid minds. Many of the wise ones were sure that eye strain from four or five reels, uninterrupted by song slides, would drive audiences from the theaters. Others were sure that it would be impossible to hold the interest of any considerable proportion of the public through a subject which occupied an hour of screen time.

From the established camps of the orthodox motion picture producers, licensed and unlicensed alike, arose condemnatory pronouncements against the big picture idea. For the next ensuing three years the "feature craze" was the stereotyped phrase in the mouths of the old-line film makers and distributors. They were unconditionally opposed to the idea. These long pictures promised to cost money. They cost something even more serious—creative thought.

Zukor's Innovations Cause Alarm

Here the film business was just beginning to get well off on the quality production program idea and along comes this fellow Zukor, trying to knock things into a cocked hat with his stage stars and his high sounding words and those everlasting long pictures! Pictures were good enough. Why couldn't they have peace and settle down and just make pictures?

Of course, Adolph Zukor was not the first to hold the idea of the feature picture involving famous names and famous stories. The progress of the feature picture can not be marked off neatly in individual steps like that. There was no one inventor of the motion picture and no one originator of anything important about it. The history of cinema cannot place his finger neatly on the calendar and say that before this date there were no features and that at a given hour and place the idea was born.

The constructive idea embodied in the feature picture had been growing out on the advancing fringe of picture progress from the earliest attempts at screen narrative. "The Fall of Troy," "Homer's Odyssey," and George Melies' three-reel "Fairyland," all made in Europe, were early attempts in the same direction. The Life of Buffalo Bill, a five-reel effort of 1910 which resulted in three reel of screen savagery, was a pioneer teaching toward the bigger thing.

Close to the beginning of Zukor's project, a famous player in a famous play appeared in the independent field in the person of Nat Goodwin in "Oliver Twist." This picture was made at the Crystal Studios.
"Rip Van Winkle" in 50 Feet

If one is to seek the first famous player in a famous play for the screen, turn back to 1897 and the American Mutoscope & Biograph's little fifty-foot presentations of Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." They were trivial indeed, but all endeavor, look at them, if they were the dinosaur eggs of screen evolution. And the ten-year patent that followed was the glacial interruption.

In this history we have seen the motion picture begin with the little episodic fragments of action and grow lengthwise from subjects of forty feet to subjects of many thousands of feet. It took the motion picture sixteen years to make that growth.

The picture continued highly limited in scope and length for years because the motion pictures offered an articulate language and medium. Mechanically the motion picture was capable of the equivalent of "The Birth of a Nation" or "The Covered Wagon" in 1897. But the machinery had to spend a decade and a half finding motion in mind. Step by step, the long motion picture drama with the scope of a play or novel approached down the years. Competition for profits, battles for foothold in the new industry simultaneously forced and impeded progress in the screen art. Pictures became better only when they had to be better to get the money.

The Motion Picture Patents Company and the established independents were already getting the money in 1912 and they held that the pictures were good enough. Adolph Zukor, among others, saw a prospect that better pictures might open a way into a share of the profits and possibly increase the said profits. Out of such situations every inch of motion picture progress has come.

An Early "Vanity Fair"

Closely contemporary with the formation of Famous Players, another ambitious and pretentious feature venture blossomed forth in the Helen Gardner Pictures Corporation, destined to a short and uneventful life. Miss Gardner was a teacher of pantomime when she went to Vitagraph early in 1911. She played minor parts for a time and first came to real attention in the role of Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair," one of Vitagraph's successes of the day. Inspired by the urge toward bigger pictures, Charles Gaskill, a scenario writer, and Miss Gardner formed their independent company and established a studio at Tappan-on-Hudson.

Mullin, then a member of the Vitagraph scenario staff, went along as a member of the organization. Mullin was then well near a veteran in the young art of the scenario, with three whole years of experience behind him. He was a youngster of a ticket agent in an office on the Long Island railroad in 1899 when he became inspired of a notion that Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" should be done in motion pictures, and forthwith sent a scenario to Vitagraph. Vitagraph accepted the idea and sent for the right for Mr. Mullin, "The Lady of the Lake" was made with Edith Storey in the role of Ellen. It ran to the amazing length of four reels, released one at a time on the General program.

The Helen Gardner Corporation stepped boldly forth with a six-reel version of "Cleopatra." But, having stepped forth, nothing...
important happened. Important developments in the business of exhibiting motion pictures and the conduct of the theaters had to come before there could be a really prosperous market for pictures built on the bigger idea.

Many similar enterprises had to rise and fall before the new place of the motion picture was really established. The process of growth required time for reactions and changes in the studios, the exchanges, the theaters and down through the whole public of the motion picture. But in the meantime everywhere else, the public was ahead of the industry. Turn where you may, the market, which means the public, often seems to be a step in advance of the service. It was the public and not the manufacturers who put headlights and drifter aprons and self-starters on automobiles. It was the public which took the telephone off the wall and put it on the desk. The great business majority always says let well enough alone. Progress comes from discontent and the outside.

Wallie Reid's Double Role

This transitional period also brought to the screen a number of the names that were to figure conspicuously in the new and dawning era just ahead. It was in 1911, just before the feature movement got under way, that Wallace Reid made his first screen appearance in one of Vitagraph's "Leather Stocking Tales," directed by Larry Trimble. When not otherwise engaged Wallie played the violin for studio atmosphere. Wallace Reid, who came into nation-wide fame in a few years, was the son of Hal Reid, a writer and producer of melodrama, then attached to the Vitagraph staff. In 1913, when Young and his wife, Clara Kimball Young, came from a Salt Lake City stock company to appear in Vitagraph pictures, Clara Kimball Young's first part was in the role of Lily Borden in a Hal Reid story, entitled "Cardinal Wolsey." This was a one-reel picture, also directed by Larry Trimble.

In this same year Essanay in Chicago acquired Frank X. Bushman, erstwhile sculptor's model, actor and handson man in general, the winner of a contest conducted in "The Lady's World" with his screen career as a prize. Then Beverly Bayne, a Minneapolis girl on a visit to a Chicago friend, was seeing the sights of Chicago, including the Essanay studio in Argyle Street, when the reigning eye of Harry McRae Webster, a director, picked her out of a crowd of spectators and started her on the road to stardom.

In the career of Paul J. Rainey African hunt pictures, which went to the screen in 1912-13, one of the primary steps of the new era of long pictures can be traced. The Roosevelt African hunt pictures of the prior period paved the way for the more pretentious Rainey project. Roosevelt's African expedition made Africa fashionable for the millionaire sportsmen, and Rainey put the same kind of a long succession of African animal pictures, which continues today, with occasional outstanding successes.

The Paul Rainey "African Hunt"

The Paul Rainey pictures were distributed to the trade as an independent product by the Paul J. Rainey Company, with Carl Laemke, Robert Cochrane and P. A. Powers among those interested. The production was nine reels long and had to be handled through a special organization, since it could not be passed through the commercial machinery of Universal's program organization, devoted to short pictures for the standard motion picture theatre. The project was considered highly experimental that the picture did not contain a dramatic story. It was not clearly realized that the public only wants to be interested. The Rainey pictures, because of their atmospheric and scientific importance, attracted the attention of many people who were above the reach of the

Own Your Own Hohner
Wake up, fellers! Here's a lad with a whole pocket orchestra! Who said this was going to be a pepless party?

GET-TOGETHER HARMONY

It's always fair weather when there's a Hohner in the house. Get yourself one and be popular. You can put it in an hour—any tune you can whistle. Beautiful music, too—all thing from jazz to grand opera. Get a Hohner today and delight your friends. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York" for one. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.
Polishing
the Silver Spoon

SOME people are all for beauty unadorned. They forget that even silver spoons you’re born with need polishing. Styles in beauty have changed, you see. There’s more emphasis on good grooming nowadays. And so, across the dressing table, questions arise. About the choice of powder, the use of rouge. About different lightings, different costumes.

All this has been covered delightfully in the little book What Every Woman Does Not Know, written by one of America’s sanest beauty authorities. This book is free to every purchaser of Bourjois MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder. You can’t fail to find it a handy addition to your dressing table.

Most druggists sell MANON LESCAUT. When you buy it, ask for a copy of What Every Woman Does Not Know. If your druggist does not have MANON LESCAUT, ask him to order it. If you are not within range of a dealer’s services, mail the coupon to us with $1.50 in check or money order. We will send you a full-size package of MANON LESCAUT and a copy of What Every Woman Does Not Know.

Bourjois
MANON LESCAUT
Face Powder

A. BOURJOIS & CO., INC.
PARIS 41 West 34th Street NEW YORK

With this coupon is enclosed $1.50 in Money Orders for stamps and check for which send me at once one full-size box of MANON LESCAUT White. Rose or Sachet. Also a free copy of What Every Woman Does Not Know.

Name:
Address:
City:

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.
picture theaters of the day. The picture played twenty-two weeks on Broadway at top admission price of one dollar. It opened May 23 at McVicker's in Chicago and, in due course, covered the length and breadth of the country playing legitimate houses with a success that disturbed the stage world and made the motion picture makers dizzy. The profits were tremendous, and many munificent advances at the gross figures. Probably none of them are correct, Mr. Klein is an informative source of historical fact about the motion picture on every point save one—the profit on "Quo Vadis." He has made a specialty of saying nothing about that. He admits it made $10,000 the first week in Cleveland. Ohio.

"Quo Vadis" became a very direct instrument on production, both in the United States and abroad. Its ancient setting, its coloration of religious interest, and its spectacular phases were to be imitated and approximated in many subsequent efforts of the picture makers.

The magnates of the stage began to look about for a way into this new bonanza, the motion picture. Rumors began to leak up and down Broadway that Klaw & Erlanger were planning something. The Shuberts were mentioned. Legal & General, a company began to get chummy with Vitagraph.

Out in California, D. W. Griffith got the urge toward bigger pictures. Until the "Quo Vadis" invasion, Griffith had rather held his hand palm and all the laurel of the screen in the minds of the industry in the United States. It was time to be up and doing.

Griffith's First Big Feature
Griffith set forth his plan to make a big feature and suggested to the business management of the Biograph that it would cost about $18,000. "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet in the title role, went into production, and Griffith was started on a new phase of his career.

"Judith of Bethulia" was the Griffith response to the feature movement. It was a most pretentious work and may be yet considered one of his most significant works. The theme and treatment definitely keynoted the Griffith idea. For a variety of reasons the picture was not destined to attain any consequent success, and probably to a majority of the followers of Griffith today it is entirely unknown. In 1917 it was reissued on the stage and made a parodist of the abominable title of "Her Condemned Sin."

With this picture and his season's work on the coast completed, Griffith returned to New York and the Biograph studios in One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street. There he found a number of things not entirely to his liking.

Klaw & Erlanger Break into Pictures
The low murmurings of rumors of a Klaw & Erlanger invasion of the motion picture business on a grand scale and with bold, pretentious plans were now verified by fact. The Protective Amusement Company had been formed and an arrangement had been made for the Biograph to entrust its pictures. From the selected successes of the K. & E. stage productions. These pictures were to be imposing five-cent shows and presentation in sumptuous theaters and at legitimate theaters and all theaters of the motion picture theaters as might be induced to pay for this mighty and de luxe film service. Biograph, who had broken into the motion picture business, under the manufacturing wing of Biograph, ablest of the producers and, politically, the strongest concern of the industry, had the skin that K. & E. were to make the great production of the day and do it in Biograph's plant. This naturally did not appeal intensely to the ambitious Mr. Griffith.

The time approached for the renewal of Griffith's annual contract with Biograph. He called on J. J. Kennedy and suggested that he
Marvelous New Nestle Invention

Famous Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit Safely Transforms Straightest Hair Into Lovely Permanent Waves and Curls

Wives Astonish Husbands with New Charming Curliness
Over 7,000 Unsolicited Testimonials in One Year

The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use. The picture below shows two friends waving each other's hair in their home.

Perfectly Straight Before

“I could do nothing with my straight, dry and fly hair, until I curled it with your wonderful outfit.”—Mrs. J. A. Ross, Salina, Kansas.

Our Fully Illustrated Explanatory Booklet Sent Free on Request

Outfit Gave Theatrical Star These Natural Curls
Miss Grace Moore, 125th Ave., San Francisco, Cal., writes: “Ijustwavedhairovermyfingertips...Ihaverealnaturalcurls.”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Griffith Offered $20,000 Salary

There was amazement, horror and fear in the office of the Famous Players when Zukor announced that he had offered Griffith a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year to direct for the company.

Daniel Frohman was now certain that his associate had lost his reason. The Famous Players concern did not have fifty thousand dollars in sight. The company was not worth that much.

To the amazement and relief of Zukor’s associates, this Griffith person had the colossal nerve to reject the offer, saying, “I think I could rather make my own productions.”

Presumably, it was Griffith’s and L. E. Atten of Mutual met. Mutual needed two things very badly: first, pictures to sell to the theater, second—something to advertise in support of its promotions.

October 1, 1913, Griffith left Biograph at last. He had, by the end of five of the most significant years of motion picture evolution.

Every motion picture pattern of a decade ago will remember the famous slogan “Mutual Movies Make Time Fly” and the winged clock trademark. As a trademark it had some merit and the great demand of offering, the motion picture as a mere time-killer. It was the honest.

When Griffith left, David Miles was taken back into Biograph fold as a director and Mrs. W. W. W. Klaw returned to Biograph pictures.

Meanwhile, the Klaw & Erlanger productions went ahead. Among the notable introduced to the motion picture by Pat Casey, the manager of the Erlanger Company, was Bert Williams, the negro comedian. In a remotely early chapter of the history of the discovery of Bert Williams in California by Colonel Selig’s minstrel show, we read the days before the motion picture. Williams was now an international celebrity. He made two comedies under the K. & E. Biograph auspices. One of these required a grave yard location. Williams discovered a satisfactory graveyard on Staten Island, where a Mr. Flannery, manager of the gates and held off a funeral while the scene was reenacted and photographed.

Another Williams comedy, “Darlington Jubilee,” started out to be a profound hit, when a wave of rage against the stage magnates of Broadway. Also there was a feeling in the office of Klaw & Erlanger that any theatrical ought to be willing to pay a minimum fifty dollars a day for a K. & E. picture play.
This was in a period when the better theaters were just beginning to dare to charge ten cents admission. Fifty dollar a day film rentals were few and scattered.

Eventually the five reel K. & E. plays were cut from five reels to three and offered along with the little two and three reel "features" sold to the General Film Company, sold for what they might bring in at the run of the trade. This was the first attempt of the stage to take domination of the motion picture. Many others have followed down through the years and each has faded off into an equally obscure conclusion. The stage discovered the motion picture too late. The shadow company in the little tin can had already begun to take the place of the road show and the stock company. Only a few years ahead, the show in the tin can was to claim a share in the lights of Broadway and overshadow the golden days of the stage on its own Great White Way.

Griffith, with Mutual, plunged into a campaign of production with amazing speed and energy. He was in charge of all the operations of the new amalgamated Reliance-Majestic studios. Griffith's contract called for a large salary, a stock participation, and the privilege of making all two independent pictures of his own each year. He promptly discovered that if there was going to be any salary, he would have to make it quickly. "The Battle of the Sexes" went into production over night and was ready for delivery in seven days. When the situation calls for pot boilers, Griffith is a fast cook.

The advertisements had announced that D. W. Griffith, the great Biograph director, was to supervise all Mutual productions. The type was large and clear.

Mack Sennett Declares His Independence

A few weeks elapsed and this campaign penetrated as far as Los Angeles. Then another advertisement appeared announcing that, despite that Mutual's Griffith proclamation, "he has nothing to do with Keystone comedies." The advertisement was Mack Sennett's signed declaration of independence. Quite distinct and apart from the Mutual advertising of Griffith, a volley of page broadsides appeared in the trade journals, which were perhaps intended to lay the groundwork for the financing of those independent picture enterprises which had been stipulated in the Griffith contract. This campaign can be regarded at its effulgent and succinct best on page 36 of the Dramatic Mirror of December 31, 1913, which reads in part:

D. W. GRIFFITH

Producer of all great Biograph successes, revolutionizing motion picture drama and founding the modern technique of the art. Included in the innovations which he introduced and which are now generally followed by most advanced producers are: The large or close-up figures, distant views as presented first in Ramona, the "switchback," sustained sound, and cut and restraint in expression, raising motion picture acting to the higher plane which has won for it recognition as a genuine art.

A list of productions which took in practically every picture Griffith had made from "The Adventures of Dolly" in 1909 to "Judith of Bethulia" in 1911. The advertisement was signed by Mack Sennett, "Deputy U. S. Counselor at law and personal representative."

A Battery of Limelights for Griffith

Griffith was getting relief after some years of anonymous labors at Biograph. No longer would he hide his light under a bushel. There was certainly nothing stingy about the credits which Mr. Banzhaf showered upon his client.

Doubtless these claims were made by and for Mr. Griffith in the utmost sincerity. But it is no mere technical quibble to point out that the

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
DRAW YOUR WAY TO FAME AND FORTUNE

THE modern successful Commercial Artist dresses well, lives in a fine home, drives his own car and enjoys the luxuries of life. He is well paid for his drawings and is independent. Modern business firms spend millions of dollars annually for drawings and advertising illustrations. Present-day advertising literally could not exist without commercial art—it is a necessity.

Your Opportunity If you can draw, you have a talent which only a few possess. Then why compete with the crowd in ordinary occupations? Train your drawing ability for practical work, and take the surest road to success.

The Federal School Will Train You
by the most modern methods. This fascinating and easily understood home study course contains exclusive lessons and drawings prepared by many nationally known artists, Charles E. Chambers, Franklin Booth, Nevis McMein, Edw. V. Brewer, Charles Livingston Bull and many others among them. An individual criticism given on every lesson of the course.

We don't claim any trick methods. Any artist of standing will tell you there are none. We do, however, teach you correct principles and direct your training along lines that bring proficiency most quickly. The Federal School management is the same as that of the Bureau of Engraving, a large Commercial Art establishment which has for a quarter of a century successfully served modern advertisers. That's why the Federal School has become America's Foremost School of Commercial Art. Hundred of our students and graduates are making good. Why don't you get into the game? Through the Federal Course you can prepare yourself in a fraction of the time it would otherwise take.

Send today for "Your Future"
This handsome book explains all about Commercial Art as a profession and how to secure a training in that line. It shows examples of students' work—after all the only real proof of the worth of any school's method. Send 6c in stamps for "Your Future" now—while you have it in mind. Just write your name and address plainly in the coupon below, giving your age and occupation.

COUPON

Federal School of Commercial Designing
In Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me "Your Future" for which I enclose 6c in stamps.

Name: ____________________________

Age: ____________________________

Occupation: ______________________

(Finalize your address plainly in the margin)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Close-Ups and Longshots

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56)

was sound asleep by the time he arrived on the
bottom step. But I was not really aware until
I visited the Louvre and caught him snoring in
front of Mona Lisa.

I'm so firmly convinced Ramon is a genius
that I've revised my idea of genius. Genius is
the infinite capacity for taking naps.

WHEN Metro decided to star Ramon
Samaniegos, now known as Ramon Novarro, one of the officials shook his
head dubiously, "That's an awful name, Sam-
aniegos."

"Ya," replied another, "so is Apocalyptic,
but look what it made for us."

I've often secretly yearned to be a star solely
to receive those letters from thousands of
admirers the world over, but after observing
Alice Terry in the anguish of reading her Yule-
tide mail I can testify that I'm completely
cured. Most of the admirers wanted to know
if she had any old fur coats or diamonds she
was going to throw away, if so would she mind
bundling them up and mailing them to the
undersigned. One read, "Honored Madam, I
am taking this liberty to ask you if you would
help a poor widow with a family to tide over
this season of the year having seen much better
times than am now seeing and may God's
blessing rest on you and your husband and all
your other dear ones."

After a week of secretarial assistance to Miss
Terry I no longer have any desire for thousands
of admirers the world over. And as for touch-
ing fan letters, I'd rather write than read 'em.

NEX INGRAM, although a mere director,
has his share of admiration. I found him
terified the other morning with the following
letter trembling in his hand:

Mr. Rex Ingram,
Dear Sir:
I notice you have dramatised Napoleon
Bonaparte in the French revolution. May
I know if the Bonapartes have been given con-
ensation or any given permission for it. I
do not believe a movie concern has a right
to do that without consulting the descendants
of Napoleon Bonaparte. And I believe legal
action can be taken against producing
Napoleon without Authorization. A movie
name is Napoleon Bonaparte I cant help being
vitally interested. Kindly let me hear from
you in regard to the above as soon as possible.
Napoleon Bonaparte
Gen Delivery
Mamie, Kan.

The above recalls a remark Lewis Stone
once made concerning a pompous actor who
was always thrusting himself grandiloquently
into the foreground.

"He once played Napoleon," said Lew.
"And once, they've played Napoleon they
never get over it."

INGRAM with typical Gallic enthusiasm de-
clares he wants to live the rest of his life
in Tunisia. To this end he took Alice Terry
an old Moorish house situated on a lovely
eminence overlooking the sea. The rooms
were bare and bleak with iron beds that looked
as though they were done in the Palace hotel
of Mami, Kan.

"What do you think of the house and
grounds?" exclaimed Rex rapturously.

"Grounds?" asked Mimi, looking at the dead
palm in the sand. "Grounds for divorce!"

Rex will be back in America in April.

REX: Did you go to the opera last night,
Alice?
Alice: No
Rex: How was it?
Alice: Fine!

As a mouthwash, gargle and
to prevent infection

That never-empty place in medicine
cabinets belongs to Absorbine, Jr.
As a mouthwash it is germ destroy-
ing, cleansing and refreshing.
As a gargle it soothes and relieves an
irritated or swollen sore throat.

With a dentifrice it gets at crevice-
hidden germs; keeps brush clean.

With a shampoo it removes dandruff
and stimulates the scalp.

It is delightful after shaving and a
first aid for cuts and scratches.

At all drug stores, 12c. or postpaid,
Bargain Bottles, Inc., Portland.

W. P. YOUNG, Inc.
316 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

Send 2c.

20c.

Absorbine Jr.

For those who

wish Absorbine, Jr. with

water. Use full strength as a

balmint.

Seven brilliant blue white, perfect-
cut diamonds are set in platinum,
Tahitian Pearls, an Ideal.

Fully guaranteed to stand any test.

TWO BLUE SAPPHIRES
Are set in the shanks of this 18kt.
Gold Plated frame, set with gold
crusted and pierced ring to add
beauty and style.

Just send $2.00 deposit to show your good faith (or pay postpaid $2.00 on deposit) and we will send the handsomest diamond ring. The balance you can pay in ten easy monthly payments, 75c. each — total price, $20.00. Former price, $100.00. Give finger size.

ALL DEALINGS CONFIDENTIAL
We know you are looking for an unadulterated result
system unless you tell them yourself. A written guar-
antee accompanies each ring. You can return the
ring within ten days if not satisfied. Send order today.

Write for Bargain Catalog
We bring you ring after ring that is not available
in stores. It tells the exact weights and quality so you

Piano Jazz

By Natie or Ear. With or without music. Short Course Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. 5th Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Laura Delgado: Thomas: M. E. Kellner: Spectacles: Oskar Winter: Lidiya
words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School

124 Southbend Avenue

Los Angeles, Calif.

Undecided?

Are you undecided about your future? Are you Trying to? Here is what you ought to do. Would you like to know for just that kind of work you are best fitted? Would you like to

EARN MORE MONEY IMMEDIATELY?

We believe in the future, and you can show you how to get ahead quickly—how you can make most of your abilities and how you can be a big money maker. You will be under no obligations if you will drop a line for full information.

DIREC TOR PERSONAL ANALYSIS

Dept. 311: Drexel Ave. and 80th St. Chicago,

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
“NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL”—Goldwyn.—From the story by Owen Davis. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: Claire Windsor; Nellie (at five years old), Betty Ann Hille; Jack Carroll, Edmund Lowe; Polly Joy, Mae Busch; Shorty Barchell, Raymond Hatton; Red; Helen, Mary Forbes; Will; Edith, Walter Pock; Andy; Emily, C. Aubrey Smith; Bill; Will Rogers, Warren Oland; Ganger, Arthur Houseman; Ganger, David Kirby.

“FLAMING BARRIERS”—Paramount.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Adapted by Harvey Thaw. Directed by George Melies. The cast: Jerry Malone, Jacqueline Logan; Sam Bartou, Antonio Moreno; Van Sickie, Walter Hiser; Patrick Malone, Charles Ogle; Jack Pickens, Robert McKim; Bill O’Halloran, Luke Cosgrove; Mayor Steers, Warren Rogers.

“TWO WAGONS—BOTH COVERED”—Pathé.—Scenario by Will Rogers. Directed by Rob Wagner. The cast: Joe Jackson, Bill Binion, Will Rogers; Molly Wingate, Maria Mosquini; Jesse Wingate, Charles Lloyd; Mrs. Wingate, Lillian Lawrence.

“ALMONY” — Film Booking Office.—From a story by A. T. Locke. Adapted by Wyndham Gittens and E. M. Inleton. Directed by Jack W. Hardie. The cast: Marion Mason, Grace Darmond; Jimmy Mason, Warner Baxter; Gloria DeRosa, Ruby Miller; Philip Coburn, Wm. A. Carroll; Betty Coburn, Jackie Saunders; Georville, Clyde Clyde; Blake, Marshal Mayall; Gray, Alton Brown.

“The Man From Wyoming” — Universal.—From the novel by William McLeod Raine. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. The cast: Nat Bannister, Jack Horse; Helen Bannister, Lillian Rich; David Bannister, William Welsh; Jack Hallcove, Claude Payton; Red; Bert Corbett; Jim McWilliams, Wm. L. Poff; Sing Weel, George Kuwa; Governor of Wyoming, Jose Corrigan.

 заяцаи—First National.—From the story by Fred Kennedy Myton. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: Ramon Martinette, Earle Williams; Alice Martinette, Jane Novak; Spud, Ben Alexander; Siler, Don Marion; “Red” Lynch, George Bingham; Anna, Emily Fitzroy; “Portland Kid,” Ball Montana; “Sniffer Charlie,” J. Gunnis Davis.

“LADIES TO BOARD” — Fox.—From the story by William Dudley Pelley. Scenario by Don W. Lee. Directed by Jack Rylestone. The cast: Tom Faison, Tom Mix; Edith Oliver; Gertrude Olmstead; Cammell, McCullough; Bink McGinnis, Pee Wee Holmes; Mrs. Carmichael, Gertrude Claire; The Model, Dolores Rouse.


“Lovely Lies” — Allied Producers.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Elton Craig, Elmer Clifton; Betty Craig, Lydia Pendergast; William Cook, W. G. Anderson; Blue; Mudge Barlow; Jean Lowell; Tom Hudson; Charles Gerrard; Jack Ellis; Ralph Faulkner; Penny Wise, Ethel Wales; Bill Keenan, Andrew Malcom; Captain Lindstrom, Tom Kennedy.

“Particularly for the Delicate Skin.”

Falling Hair

Dandruff

I grow hair, I stop falling hair. I heal itching scalp. I get rid of dandruff—forever. I have been suffering successfully for fifteen years in New York and Paris. I know the handwriting of letters from clients of mine who have saved from baldness. For falling hair and dandruff sooner or later cause baldness. I have no “method” — nothing but a wonderful French preparation compounded of rare and costly ingredients. Carpine, as my liquid is called, not only stops falling hair, heals itching scalps and makes dandruff disappear for good, but actually grows new hair provided the follicles and hair roots are not dead. The claim is sustained in 3 variations, for no one liquid or tonic will help all scalp conditions. A tonic may be good for one scalp, yet harmful to a dry one. When you order Carpine be sure to state whether scalp is dry or oily. If your case is particularly bad write me full details. I will compound a special preparation for you at no extra charge. Order Carpine today. Falling hair, itching scalp and dandruff are dangerous conditions. They eventually mean baldness. Carpine will stop it all. You can’t lose—write to

MONSIEUR L. PIERRE VALLIGNY
34 West 60 Street, Dept. E, New York City

WRINKLES
Oriental Creme Damascus
wrinks and puncus. Apply Oriental Creme Damascus in Wrinkles, Crow’s Feet, Rough Skin, Enlarged Pores, and improvement of Skin Surfaces. Used by prominent society, the artistic and musical people throughout the country.

MADAME MARIE SHIELDS
106 W. 69th St., N. Y. C.
The Camera Never Lies  

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]  

pencil in the Owl Drug Store, ate a hurried supper at the Busy Bee, arrived at the Alazar an hour before the performance, and walked up and down the lobby nervously, looking at his watch. At seven o'clock, he entered and waited impatiently for "Help Wanted" to begin. When Jennie came on, Dan temporarily forgot why he was there, gazed in transcendent ecstasy, recalled himself with an effort, dropped his pencil under the seat, retrieved it, and copied down the address of his future bride.

The show was over. Dan paused in the lobby and carefully re-wrote the address on a clean bit of paper—422 East 86th Street, New York—before he left her. "Hello, Dan," a voice greeted him. "What you doin' in Cypress this time o' night?"

"Hello," Dan replied. "I had a little business. I'm going away tomorrow.

"Goin' away? Where to?"

"New York City, Dan said loftily.

"No-o!"

"Yeah," said Dan. "Got something must be attended to. Good night, Joe."

He rode out to the ranch dreamily, smiling to himself. "What a girl," he muttered. "Gosh, what a girl, Jennie! There's a name for you. Gosh, when she walked up those steps!" He sucked in his breath, with a clicking sound. He would need some socks and shirts, and certainly a necktie. These blue flannel shirts were all right in Oregon, but probably in New York—

On the noon local, out of Cypress, Mr. Daniel Claypool departed, as the town paper later announced, on a short business trip to New York City.

"This is Dan's first trip east," the paper added humorously. "Look out, Dan. Don't take any wooden money, and beware of those beautiful city gals."

Yes, you say cynically, but what kind of trick these boors would go looking for a girl, simply because he read her address on a film? Wouldn't he have brains enough to know that addresses in film stories are just faked up—any old number at all, as long as it is a number?

Patience, wise folk. Dan Claypool raised cattle for a living in the remote places, in a community of simple people. He knew less about the movies than the movies knew about hoof-and-mouth disease. He had seen Jennie Malone enter her own home, and he had seen her write down the address. If he had been a sophisticated drug clerk in Hoboken, or a chauffeur in Pasadena, he might have discerned the authenticity of the act, but he had always lived among the Oregon hills, and he had never even seen a movie magazine.

Twenty-four hours later, he boarded the overland flyer, with a thorough ticket in his wallet, and New York began to climb over the horizon. In the city for which he was bound, there were several factors, some of which, in a way, bore upon his project. Of these, two were main factors. One of them was May Sosey, and the other was Fritzi Beane, both under twenty-one, and friends from the days when they sported pig-tails in the play-yard of Public School No. One, Oil City, Pa.

May and Fritzi had grown up in Oil City, and, like a great many partnerships, this one was uneven. They always had shared, but they never unequally. Fritzi Beane seemed, even as a child, to have the prettier clothes, and when they sought candidates one way or the other, Fritzi always got the most and the best. Her beauty, later, wore smarter clothes than May's and seemed to have more money for roller-coasters. May, whose people had got her first job when she was sixteen, stuck to it hopefully and saved her money.

Both girls dreamed and talked of New York, the wonder city of rare adventure, and May reached the goal first, having saved industriously, while Fritzi lived amiably at home with

How do you carry your Beauty-Aids?

To carry one's powder, rouge and lipstick separately is really a clumsy habit—not a bit fashionable or dainty.

TRE-JUR—the triple combination compact—supplies all three in one convenient case that is as beautiful as it is practical.

Powder of caressing fineness is scented with an enchanting new odor, Rouge and lipstick nestled in an ingenious sliding drawer. The case opens without a struggle and carries without a spill. Infinitely more valuable, the complete compact costs but $1.25 anywhere.

$1.25 at any toilet goods counter, in your own shade of powder and rouge. Refills, 75c. By mail from us if not had nearby.

The House of Tre-Jur: United Toilet Goods Co. 19 West 15th Street New York City

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE 
BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THE DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity. If you expect to make the most out of life, you should try to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will mar your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the future or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My newest greatly improved Nose-Shaper, "Thomas Monroe," 25, U.S. Patent, corrects all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Discount cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shaper and surpasses all my previous Patents and other Nose-Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure registers, made of high polished metal, firm and firm in every nose comfortably. The inside is embossed with a fine combination of patterns and patterns and patterns in every Nose comfortably. The inside is embossed with a fine combination of patterns and patterns and patterns in every Nose comfortably. The inside is embossed with a fine combination of patterns and patterns and patterns in every Nose comfortably. The inside is embossed with a fine combination of patterns and patterns and patterns in every Nose comfortably. The inside is embossed with a fine combination of patterns and patterns and patterns in every Nose comfortably. The inside is embossed with a fine combination of patterns and patterns and patterns in every Nose comfortably. The inside is embossed with a fine combination of patterns and patterns and patterns in every Nose.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct ill-shaped Nose without cost or not satisfactory.

M. Trilety, Face Specialist, 1967 Ackerman Building, Binghamton, N.Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Cream Base of this
Rouge Protects the Skin

PERT Rouge has a light fluffy cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

And Pert lasts! Its becoming, natural rosiness remains until you remove it yourself with cold cream or soap and water. Wind, warmth or even constant powdering do not affect it.

At last—a Pert waterproof Lipstick to match your Pert Rouge. Made with wholesome oil of sweet almonds.
Rouge and Lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail. 75c each.

Send a dime-to-day for a generous sample of Pert Rouge. For another dime, you will receive a sample of Wins, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
232 West 18th Street
New York

SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 50,000 people who have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace Overcomes Weakness and Organic Ailments of Women and Men. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Free to make you more pleasant and gay. For sale at all druggists.

Keep Yourself Fit

WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK, MEASUREMENT BLANK, ETC., AND READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

HOWARD C. RASH

For Boys and Girls Also

Every advertisement in Photooplay Magazine—Advertising Section is guaranteed.
Gray Hair Banished
SAFELY—INSTANTANEOUSLY—FOREVER

RAYDANT, youthful hair can be yours forever.

Why put up with the handicap of gray, streaky, or faded hair? Now there is no need to hesitate.

A new Scientific Discovery. First and Only one approved by 200 leading teaching Medical Colleges and Universities, and by New York City Board of Health.

Ingredients Packed on Package.

Tausig's
IMPROVED
Instantaneous Hair Color Restorer

Recovers and gives a soft, silky luster. Defies detection. So quick, so harmless and easy to apply that in your own room in 20 minutes you can restore your hair to its natural brilliancy or to any desired shade.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: A complete $3.00 outfit for only $1.00 enough for 2 complete treatments. Send $1.00 now, stating color desired, or enclose lock of hair. Write for booklet on preservation of hair.

EMPRESS CO., Dept. U, 818 8th Ave., N. Y.

Like magic—these gloves whiten hands
Rough, reddened, work-worn hands made soft and white again naturally.

Results Legally Guaranteed in Writing.

JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves.

No matter how red or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—or no matter how rough or course or worn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young looking.

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. After four or five nights you have a new pair of hands. The medicated fabric does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelously potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and amenable at last, and white quickly, it is actually disarming.

Dr. Egan's Magic Glove outfit consists of: One pair freshly medicated gloves; one jar, Dr. Egan's Post-Lax; one envelope Magic Medicator; and, Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands"; all in one convenient container. The Post-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The Glove Medicator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear. Gloves may be worn at night while you sleep or during the day while your sweeping and dusting.

Try the Gloves FREE
SEND NO MONEY.—Just the Coupon

Try these gloves five nights FREE. Note the amazing transformation. Mark how Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves really love your hands, how white and smooth. If in five days you are not completely pleased, return for full refund. If fingers become darkened with the results immediately re-impregnated in full. Written guarantee to this effect. Mail out and mail the coupon now. On delivery of the outfit pay the postman, $1.45 postpaid. Hand to be out when postman calls. Send now:

Dr. Egan, Dept. 122, 220 S. State street, Chicago, Illinois.

FREE BOOK
Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled pianist. It is signed by 11 world famous pianists. It shows what can be done with an indifferent music mind, and how you can change that mind. It shows all of the many important points in learning the piano. It makes plain the secret of getting the most out of your music mind. Learn the piano easily. Write today for free copy:

Piano Conservatory, 100 Conservatory Ave., Chicago, Ill., New York, Mass.

BOSTON—Plate 3

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gray Hair Handicaps—Don’t Have It

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color

"Why let gray hair spoil your chances?" is a question I so often ask. It is such an unnecessary handicap when restoration is so simple and easy. And— it costs nothing to begin now. I admire everyone with gray hair and send your cards to who manufacture a trial bottle of my favorite hair color restorer. All directed-rooms for yourself that you don’t have gray hair at any age.

Absorbent free trial—mail coupon

Remember the trial offer is absolutely free—no strings attached. Simply mail this coupon to me and I will mail you special patented free trial outfit with full directions.

When you mail me what Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer is and try it. If you like it, you may order direct from me. Fill our coupon carefully stating exactly natural color of your hair. If possible, enclose a lock or two of your hair. When this lock comes, make the famous "happiness test. You will be overjoyed with results.

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

MARY T. GOLDMAN
178-D Goldline Blvd., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me a F.R.T.B. trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:

Black... brown... auburn... dark brown... light brown... black hair... light hair... blond... etc.

Name...

Address...

FREE

BUESCHER TRUMPET AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS

Is a gorgeous instrument—the only one with a perfect bell, a perfect tongue, a perfect mouthpiece. It brings tears to your eyes. It is the instrument of the future. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future. It is the instrument of the future. It is the mouthpiece of the future. It is the bell of the future. It is the perfect bell. It is the perfect tongue. It is the perfect mouthpiece. It is the tool of the future.
DANCE TO SUCCESS!

Dancing is the most important single qualification for quick recognition and personal approval. The discovery of the stage is the star in the silent drama. The finest, most thorough training in the art of stage dancing is imparted by the

NED W Auburn Studios

"The Man Who Stages the Folies" — creator of the magical W Auburn is the leading directing and staging forces of the stage and screen. His productions are seen in the leading productions on Broadway.

SPECIAL CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

Ned W Auburn Studios of State St., Inc., New York City

Open daily 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., except Saturday afternoon and holiday. For full information, write for Ait Booklet — IT'S FREE.

SAGE TEA TURNS

GRAY HAIR DARK

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes the age and tints of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. Make or mars the face. When it fades turn gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea will enhance your hair, a hundred times. Any

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe for Sage Tea and serve from your drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the oil of sage improved by an additional ingredient. Thousand's of folks recommend this recipe, and believe in it. Sage Tea preparation, because it darkens the air beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and softly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, and at last turning your head. Your gray morning the gray hair disappears; after another application of two or three, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear 10 years younger.

BANISH YOUR MOLES

WITH DESIGNED—

A SAFE, SIMPLE, PAINLESS,
GUARANTEED HOME TREATMENT

Write for Booklet of Information with Free 10c Sample.

VSS, 454 Broadway, New York.

~ KANSAS CITY, MO. ~

GET OF YOUR FAT FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Send us your review. Ask for Free "pop-whens reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of pounds in a single bound, without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. F. C. FLOWER

Certified Physic, Sanitarium, New York, 205 Fifth Ave., New York, Desk M-35.

STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer, learn your profession and become a public servant. Greater power, better pay. The American Law school. Free view cards. 10c.


Send 10c for card and free book, "How to make a story," by M. S. Jefreys, lawyer, etc. Free Law courses. 10c will get you what you need and get you on your way. 10c will get you what you need and get you on your way.

Liberal education, 200 law schools. Examinations for bar, etc.

Law School Extension University, 430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

"I Weighed 170 Seven Weeks Ago!"

Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs. in about three months! That's curious! What Mrs. Carpenter did—why, it's a method anyone can use!

"I watched just 120 today—by the same rule in my bath room that less than two years ago posted it 170!" This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote to us about her experience with reducing records. Then what can a body do that supposed fresh fall is an unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 lbs. with Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time for my weight on facts. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment that is desirable for my health. But I came to the conclusion that something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, my body became sensitized; the free demonstration seemed fair, so I started.

After two months I lost 4 lbs., more. The following week 10 lbs., but in seven weeks I had returned to 120—not bad for my 5 ft. 3 inches!"

What You Can Lose By the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records. Today there is a new method of reducing—Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the figure of your height and see in the table below, and you'll know how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are guaranteed.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and can lose:

Height    Age    Weight
20 to 29 yrs. 30 to 40 yrs. 40 to 50 yrs. and Over

Inches 150 135 120 105

118 116 112 125
167 165 155 145
119 118 116 130
120 118 115 135
154 145 140 150
137 133 130 150
134 130 125 155
133 129 125 155
143 139 135 155
138 135 130 160
127 125 120 165
132 130 125 165
120 118 115 165

Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women, men, too have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own photographs, for themselves reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't fail—nor they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal and helpful way of removing the cause of any amount of overweight. And proof is free.

Just fill out the coupon—you've seen it before—but this time make it out and mail it. You'll receive the whole first week's lesson complete, record and all, for a full and free trial. Let the results decide whether you want it.

WALLACE

260 S. Dearborn Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free that the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name:

Address:

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

Your complexion may be one of the nicest, but it may be distinguished by genuine blemishes, such as red spots, enlarged pores, or wrinkles if other Blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies, yet your complexion is not as perfect as it might be. Here is a way to give you a complexion, soft, smooth and beautiful, without your dreaming. And I do it in a few days.

I have one for you, now, what your wonderful treatment will do.

No Method Like Mine

Scientific—Different

My method is absolutely different. I go away from all known methods of cosmetics, lotions, soaps, ointments, plasters, burnings, salves, vapoors, minerals, tinctures, or other elixirs. There is nothing to take, nothing to put on your face, nothing to apply. My method is absolutely different, and if your skin feels the most delicate skin. It is, in fact, the only solution. Only a few minutes a day. Results are immediate. A few days and you will have the complexion of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have no unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain.

DOROTHY RAY


Are Your Fingers Dainty, Slinky, Tapering?

Or Unfashionably Blunt and Stubby?

Graceful, slender, tapering fingers are a great breeding. No woman, even a famous character so quickly defines her station in life. Blunt, thick, square-edged fingers are usually the result of hard work. They lack refinement—suggest mental handicap. If you have any need of proper care.

Beauty Your Fingers Now!

It's a simple! Marvelous new Taperite Finger Tapers aid the condition of beautiful tapering points while your hands. Delightful to use.

Immediate Results


Send No Money

Just your name and address. When pouring, deliver courses of 10 Tapers or only $1.00 and slight delivery charge. Send order now.

Taperite Co., Dept. 10, 5225 Calumet Ave., Chicago

TOGETHER, they bundled Dan Claypool into the "front room," which in Manhattan lodging houses of the old type, fronts upon the street, overlooking the aids. Military signal was given. The car started away at midnight, with a most alarming pain in his skull and a total forgetfulness. He steadied himself, sat on the edge of the bed, looked about him dreamily, examined his features in a cracked mirror, turned on all the lights and took stock.

"Say," he muttered, fingers feeling the bump, "This is a grand way to start!" He then lay down, eyes closed and without watch and money, and the mystery was clearer.

"I'm a rube, all right," he said to his reflection, "Land in town for supper, and get stashed before midnight. Where am I, anyway?"

His examination of the man led him from corner to corner. It was a large rectangle,
With an acolyte at the rear, a comfortable bed, a washstand and several rugs, with a worn carpet beneath. Had he known, it suited for seven dollars a week. Presently, he washed his face in cold water and felt better. His cap lay on the floor, and he bent over to pick it up. It was a smeared glass and at first thought nothing of it. He snifflcd and walked slowly about the room, observing that the glass seemed to come from the back. A moment later, he dropped to his knees and gulped. A flood of gas-laden air swept under the double doors and struck him in the face.

There might be somebody sleeping in there, he reflected suddenly. He pounced upon the locked doors, but there was no response, and he ran into the hall, turned to the rear and attacked the door of the gas-stove. His hands, but not his shoulder, and, as he burst it open, the gas stopped him for an instant. May Soley lay still upon her bed, and Dan whisked her into his arms and ran out.

"SAY," Dan was saying, an hour later—a humorous to the thought of and used all the first-aid's he remembered—"what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

May lay upon the front room bed, her head propped up with Mrs. Lafferty's best pillows. She had not replied, but she did so now, saved in wonderment at the big fellow facing her. She was evidently concerned about her, a pleasing thing in itself. Dan had gone back to the small room, shut off the gas and noticed the absorbent cotton.

"You got to watch these city gas jets. They're tricky. It's a good thing I busted in when I did. About ten minutes more, and you'd be talking things over with St. Peter."

"I was trying to die," May said slowly.

"You didn't do me any favor. "Trying to die?" That's no way to do—not a young girl like you."

He looked at the thin white face and felt sorry for the girl. He had seen the same look before on other girls in the same fix.

"How do you feel?" he asked after a pause.

"Pretty bad," she said. "It's no fun, trying to die, and being stopped by strangers."

Van had been raised, soaked with cold water. He touched her forehead with it awkwardly.

"Me. I'm no stranger. I'm the best friend you've ever had, and you didn't. It isn't often I break into rooms and save people. What's your name?"

"May Soley," she said.

"I live in Dan Claypool, Wheeler County, Oregon. Just got into New York tonight. Came all the way from Oregon to see May Soley. Got knocked on the head myself. I'd been here six hours. Can you feel that lump?"

He picked up her thin hand and lifted it to his skull.

"Knocked completely out," he said cheerfully. "Burglars, or something. I don't remember being brought here, and I don't know where I am, but I sure got somewhere just in time. Have you seen the doctor?"

He brought her a glass of water and she sipped it, and Dan thought he detected a bit of color coming into the white cheeks.

"I'd like to sit up," May said, after a while, and Dan helped her, zipping her up about with a quilt. She walked unsteadily, with her head resting against his shoulder, and his arm about her. The gas sickness slowly wore off, but he kept an eye on the room, and watched the room spin, while her husky rescuer studied her, thinking of several things. There were black shadows under her eyes and her cheeks with thin white hair growing upon it."

"Say," he said at length, "how long since you had anything to eat?"

"What day is it?" May returned.

"Friday, I think."

"I ate something the early part of the week—Tuesday or Monday."

"I know it," Dan almost shouted. "This is sure a grand town, to let a girl starve."
50th Anniversary
MALVINA
PREPARATIONS
CREAM—LOTION 
ITCHTHYOL SOAP

The boudoirs of thousands of beautiful women are graced with Malvina Cream, Lotion and Ichtthyl Soap. Each serves that purpose for which it was intended—to justify and keep mildly beautiful.

Originated in 1874
Always popular with beautiful women
Malvina preparations were originated in the laboratory of Prof. Hubert in 1874. The best of their kind on the market. Amazing results are expressed in unsolicited testimonials from women who have used them. You too, can have as beautiful and clear a skin as the "Girl in the Diamond." Buy wherever toilet articles are sold.

FREE BOOKLET!
Write today for booklet, "How She Won a Husband," which includes some valuable beauty hints.

PROF. I. HUBERT, Dept. 844, Toledo, Ohio
May's Cinematography

May leaned over, took Dan's face between her palms and kissed him. An hour later, they were married. Another hour, and they stood in the marvelous rooms, gracing down upon Baltimore, which had begun to flourish for the evening.

"This isn't true," said May. "It just looks true."

The honeymoon—two weeks of regular bliss. Day by day, Dan found new and unopened doors in May's gentle, shy personality and daily he swore that when the gods of luck turn their attention to the poorest of the poor, the poorest of the poor will always be May and Dan. "This thing has been wonderful," he said repeatedly. "It's a kind of miracle."

"Don't you think I know it," his bride returned. "I'm still waiting to wake up."

"How about Oregon? Are you going to like it?"

"Anywhere you are, Dan. I'd live with you in—well, I'd go back to 422 with you."

He laughed and kissed her.

He bought the tickets—a drawing room, clear to Oregon. May Sooey that was, Mrs. Dan Claypool, bought him fresh beauty. He purchased flowers, diamonds, raincoat, a wonderful necklace and whatever he could think of, until she protested in despair. Always he repeated, "I never had a chance to speak my mind right before. Leave me go, because this is real fun."

Their last dinner was in a famous restaurant, in an even more famous hotel. Oregon waited for them, and the Western Express left at eight in the evening. At seven, Dan and May emerged from the dining room, arm in arm, and sauntered through the crowd of genius and the men in evening clothes. Not one of them could compare with her, she felt. He wore an ordinary blue suit, but he towered above the dimwitted New Yorkers, who grew shorter and thinner with each generation. May, herself, was a striking figure in grey, and experts knew at a glance that the clothes she wore could cost plenty of money.

Near the cloakroom, they parted; a young voice greeted them, and out of the throng suddenly came Fritz Beane, the extra lady. She purchased dinner with Mr. George Harding, and her eyes fell upon May in wide amazement.

"May Sooey!" she gasped. "Of all things, to see you here. My God, what's happened to you?"

May cast a startled glance and then smiled. A pace behind her, Dan stared at the tinted chiffon and scarlet lips of Fritz—stupid hard, and saw before him. Jennie Malone—Jennie, who had brought him to New York.

Fritz patted May on the arm affectionately, surveyed her costume, and said, "Nothing in the world." She began.

"This is my husband, Mr. Claypool," May said. "Miss Beane."

He came forward, rather humbly. He bowed.

"Fritz Beane, May added. "She's in the movies."

"Oh," said Dan, "that's where I saw you. Sure. So, you're in the movies?"

"I guess I am," said Fritz, loftily.

"Didn't you play in a thing called 'Help Wanted'?"

"I had a trilling part in it," replied Fritz. "Nothing to talk about. In fact, very unimportant."

"A little as unimportant as you think," smiled Dan. "I'm glad I met you. I certainly am. You're pretty good in the movies, Miss Beane. You keep right on, and you'll get there. Well, May, Malone's short. We'd better be moving along."

"Oh," said Fritz. "Leaving us? Where are you going?"

"Just out to Oregon," replied May gently. "Where my husband has a ranch."

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Using a good dancer has made me popular and saved me from spite and discredit. You know, with more dance lessons, no letter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. I love it all to Arthur Murray."

"I was astounded to see how quickly one learns all of the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings, and, believe me, I never did give the folk around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray technique to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly, and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps."

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course! I bought you from and I wouldn't do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after the same method of teaching dance at home without music or partner."

Learn Any Dance in a Few Hours

Whether you want to learn the Foxtrot, one Step. Waltz or any of the new dances, you won't have a thing to worry about in doing it through the Arthur Murray new method. More than 20,000 people have learned to dance by mail, and you can learn as easily. Arthur Murray is the world's foremost authority on social dancing. Through his new improved method of teaching, anyone, no matter what his or her case, can learn his class instruction in your own home that he would give you if you were his personal student and mail in his studio and paid his regular fee of $10 per lesson.

Five Dancing Lessons Free

Sure is to Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his absolutely simple methods of teaching the art of dancing, that Arthur Murray is offering FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who send and return the coupon.

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your prospects in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting, and you will receive the information in the form of a card. For postage, please send 12c. This information is sent to you securely and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to enclose 12c. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the

ASTA STUDIO, 305 Fifth Ave., Dept. PH, New York
Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128]


"NO MORE WOMEN"—ALLIED PRODUCERS—Story by Elmer Harris. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. The cast: Peter Maddox, Fred Moore; Peggy Van Dyke, Madge Beall; Daisy Crenshaw, Kathleen Clifford; "Beef" Hogan, Clarence Burton; Tom, George Cooper; Howard Van Dyke, Il. Reeves-Smith; Randolph Parker, Stanhope Wheatcroft.

"JACK O' CLUBS"—UNIVERSAL—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: John Francis Foley, Herbert Rawlinson; Tillie Miller, Ruth Dywer; Spike Kennedy, Eddie Gribbon; Ossie Hitch, Edith Kalson; Capt. Denis Malloy, Joseph Girard; Mrs. Miller, Florence D. Lee; Toa, Johnny Fox, Jr.; Otto, Noel Stewart.

"TRIAL OF THE LAW"—BUTLER—Scenario by Marion Brooks. Directed by Oscar Apfel. The cast: Fraser Burt, Willred Lytell; "Jerry" Varden, Norma Shearer; A. John Murney, John Mason; Tom Frost alias Stern; Merril, Richard Neil; Colby Willis, Charles Beyer; Bobby Willis, Herbert Holcombe; Matthew, Varden's Servant, George Stevens; "Jerry" Varden at four years, Baby Florence Rognan.

"CAUSE FOR DIVORCE"—SILENCE—Scenario by Thelma Lanier. Directed by Hugh Doolittle. The cast: Laura Wettm, Fritz Brunette; Tom Parker, David Butler; Martin Sheldon, Charles Caryl; Ruth Metalfe, Helen Lynch; Howard Metalfe, Pat O'Malley; "Count" Lunn, Peter Burke; "Squire" Slade, Cleve Moore; Professor Williams, James O. Barrows; George Anger, Harmon MacGregor; Tommie Parker, Junior Coughlan.

"THE NET"—FOX—Story by Maravene Thompson. Directed by J. Gordon Edwards. The cast: Allayne Norman, Barbara Castleton; Bruce Norman, Raymond Bloomer; The Man, Arthur H. Roche, Attie A. Gordon; Mr. Royer, William H. Tooker; Nurse, Helen Tracy; The Boy, Elijah Nadel; Inspector, Alexander Gaden; Foster, Guy Combs; The Doctor, Byron Douglas.

"LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER"—VITAGRAPH—From the novel by Basil King. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: Petrie Funnel, Pauline Frederick; Dick Lymere, Lou Tellegen; Harry Vassall, Leslie Austen; Felicite de Proncy, Helen D'Aley; Lady Emmy de Bohun, Pauline Neff; Polly de Bohun, Violet de Barros; Sir Humphrey de Bohun, Maurice Costello; Mrs. Vassall, Martha Petelle; Gentle Tyrell, Gladys Frazin; Major Bertie, Clifton Webb; Chabriel, Homer Lynn.

Easy to Learn Cartooning at Home

Earn $60 to $200 a Week in This Fascinating Profession

Sport, humorous, serious and animated cartoons—never have there been such big demand for cartoons. Successful cartoonists now earn $1,400 to over $10,000 a year. You can learn to draw these cartoons by MAIL! Many successful cartoonists taught by this method.

Easy Home-Study Method

Prepared by one of America's foremost cartoonists, this method teaches you to draw cartoons. You learn at home in spare time, yet all your work receives through the mail. Hundreds of highly animated and popular cartoons. Many successful cartoonists taught by this method.

Send for Free Book

Learn more about this method and the amazing opportunities open to you in this attractive fast-growing field. Write for free illustrated book containing full information about this work, and explaining fully this easy home-study method. Mail post card or letter for it TODAY.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 54, 1113-15th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

Postpone Your Funeral! FAT DANGEROUS

Causes Many Serious Ailments

SAFE WAY TO GET RID OF IT

Doctors and health authorities have now definitely proven that FAT is the cause of many serious ailments, such as liver and kidney troubles, high blood pressure, diabetes, etc., which often prove fatal. Insurance Companies consider fat bodily risks and only reject applicants under the rules that FAT is a disease, and cannot be permitted membership. So fat and healthy people find out how to get rid of it. If you have made no real earnest effort before now to reduce it, it is very evident that you should take steps at once to do so to protect yourself against life's daily demands. Keys of quickly and safely there is nothing better than the method of improved weight reduction now offered in NARCI REDUCING CREAM.

This wonderful discovery has none of the harmful effects of old-time methods and one of its great merits lies in the fact that it can be applied as a skin lotion, and thus where without the aid of a diet suit is possible. To try NARCI REDUCING CREAM, send two dollars (2 dollars. 00) for a tube of 4 oz. with no risk as the return of the money is guaranteed. NARCI REDUCING CREAM will be posted to you in four days and you will be a healthier person in eight days—and you will feel 100% better! Every tube of NARCI carries with it a guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Write for NARCI REDUCING CREAM now and we will send you in plain wrapper one tube for 4 dollars 25 cents or two tubes for 7 dollars 50 cents.

NARCI REDUCING CREAM

Transforms the body to a beautiful figure in a very few weeks. The only scientifically approved weight reducing cream. A genuine plus for the health and beauty of men and women.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"WEST END HUSBANDS"—Equity.—
Written and produced by Daniel Carson. The cast: Barbara Belden, Alma Rubens, William Kendall, H. E. Hertz, Thora Henningsen, Margaret Love, John Keane, Maurice Costello; Mrs. Dow, Sally Crute; Robert Storer, Charles Byers, Mons. La Rue, Paul Panzer; Mrs. Sarah Belden, Margaret Dale.

"THE DARING YEARS"—Equity.—
From the story by Daniel Carson Goodman. Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: The Mother, Mary Carr; The Boy, Charles Emmett Mack; The Girl, Clara Bow; The Cabaret Girl, Mildred Harris; Her Father, Tyrone Power; Her Lover, Joe King.

"MY MAN"—Vitagraph.—Based on the story by George Randolph Chester. Directed by David Smith. The cast: Eddie, Dustin Farnum; Mary, Patsy Ruth Miller; Dicky Reynolds, Niles Welch; Fern Burbank, Margaret Landis; Bert Gilder, George Webb; Henry Peters, William Norris; Mrs. Peters, Edith Varke; Jessica Peters, Violet Palmer.

"THE YANKEE CONSUL"—Associated Exhibitors.—From the Musical Comedy by Henry Blossom & Alfred G. Kobyn. Scenario by Raymond Cannon. Directed by William A. Horne. The cast: Ruth Atkins, Mac Marsh; Robert Arndt, Harry Meyers; James Crockett; Claude Gillingwater; William Rivers; Cradford Kent; Romi; Ron; Claire Adams; Henry Allen; William Louis; Nicholas Walters, Boyce Combe; Mrs. Arndt, Georgia Woodthorpe, Parker, Otto Hoffman, Lorrie, Muriel Frances Dana; "The Triplets": Delphine Twin and Kings & Evers; Katie, Milly Davenport.

"THE NEXT CORNER"—Paramount.—
From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Scenario by Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Robert Manly, Conway Teale; Joan Sheen, Lon Chaney; Esie Manly, Dorothy Mackaill; Don Antonio, Ricardo Cortez; Nina Rose, Louise Dresser; Courtesse Langford, Rema Radzina, Paula Vail, Dorothy Cumming; Julie, Mrs. Bertha Feducka; "The Stranger", Bernard Seiger.

"NORTH OF HUDSON BAY"—Fox.—
Story and scenario by Jules Furthman. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Michael Dane, Tom Mix; Estelle McDonald, Kathleen Key; Cameron McDonald, Frank Capra; Peter Dane, Eugene Pallette; Angus McKenzie, Will Walling; Jeffrey Conly, Frank Leitch; Armand LeMoir, Fred Kohler.
CONTINUED

whatever she gives of interest or affection may be treasured as the genuine article. It would be difficult to imagine Pearl White doing a deliberately mean thing. Her personality is exactly what one would expect who has seen her work, cool, fatalistic, although she is devout.

"Don't ask me about my having gone into a convent," she said. "It makes me furious. It took me six months to get over it. I was sincere. What I wanted was to get away from questions, and I've had nothing but questions ever since." Pearl referred bitterly to her sensational "rest" in a convent not long since.

"I will tell you that this 'Terror' is the last picture in which I am going to work. I want to direct, but I was talked into playing it. I wrote the story, but I was being of the business of being the whole show is a bad idea. You lose your perspective. After this I'm going to direct stories other people have written. 'Terror' isn't fast. The first picture to be made in the American style by an American company in Paris. I guess it's the first picture ever made right in the traffic there, and it is really the first time the famous senators of Paris ever have been photographed. We took lights down there and got some great stuff."

Pearl went on about the sewers which are an underworld city in themselves, and about her contrast in using with them one of France's most beautiful Chateaux.

"American films are losing their ground over there," she said. "The French are making some pretty good ones. They're vastly different from ours, of course. More character studies. Some are desperately sad. Not the conventional happy-ending—loving-you-laid-to-death kind over here."

Artlessly Pearl told me (in confidence) that a certain athletic stunt comedian was the French favorite among our American stars. But she wasn't exactly truthful. The opinion of Vicente Blasco Ibanez I have heard confirmed by everyone who recently has come home from the studio. Michael Curtiz, who has made Pearl White the continent's most popular movie star, and that she is truly "the darling of Paris."

In the films she has abandoned, Pearl White's character has been unmatched. Week after week this dauntless heroine packed the theaters, with impossible stories, crude photography, by the sheer thrill of her daring and resilience. Pearl White was the Girlie. That Hour when the movies were really movies, before they made pretentious claims to Artines and lofty essays at psychologizing, when a villain was a villain and not a way to kill.

"Oh, I'm not so very brave," said Pearl White, shyly. "You see, 'Terror' is positively my last film."

But she admits she was talked into making that. And her native and foreign fans can live in the hope that her friends will go right on talking. Pearl White belongs to the movies for life.

Gossip—East and West

"Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallace Reid's anti-narcotic picture, and has been Constance Talmadge's scenario writer for some time. He did the continuity on her last picture, "The Goldfish."

THERE is something really inspirational about the atmosphere of Hollywood and its hills. In view of the many things that find their way into the news columns, everybody is apt to forget the beauty of Hollywood, the cradle of a great new industry.
Eyes that Sparkle Like April Dew

WHAT man has not felt the fascination of such eyes? How they thrill him in his waking hours, how haunting they are in his dreams!

Every girl can have attractive eyes if she will beautify her lashes. By darkening the lashes with WINX she will increase the expressiveness of her eyes one hundredfold.

WINX is applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. It makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly.

Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the theatre.

WINX (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless Cream Lashlux at slight. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of WINX. For another dime, you will receive a sample of PERT, the range that stays on until you remove it.

ROSS COMPANY
232 West 18th Street
New York

DIAMONDS
Here at 60% of Market Price
This smasher is perfectly cut and
molded 7/8 to 3/4 ct. at 12.50 above
bargain-basement list. Many other big
values in our lots. Buy HERE. Lean
valued the price base, not market
valuos. This 75 year old diamond
assuming form has thousands untold
loans and other bargains must sell NOW.

Send for Latest List

Send for Free Selections of Exquisite Fine jewelry

Why Pay Full Prices
Any diamond that cannot guarantee free examination is
not worth paying for.

Your Home Selection
Send for Free Selections of Exquisite Fine jewelry

LEAVE A MESSAGE AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A FREE EXAMINATION

WILLARD FRANCES BEAUTY PARLORS
6 North Michigan Ave., Dept. 9, Chicago, Ill.

You Should Know the Truth!

What are your chances in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success — under which zodiac sign were you born?

ASTROLOGY, the most ancient science of history, indicates all.

SOLAR will tell you FREE whether you were born under a lucky star and will give you the most accurate astrological interpretation of your zodiac sign. Send immediately your name and birth date in your own handwriting, and to cover the cost of this notice and postage ENCLOSE TEN CENTS (50c cented) also exact name and address. There will then be sent you securely sealed and postpaid your astrological interpretation, plainly written and understood. A great surprise awaits you! Do not fail to send birth date and ten cents. Print name and address to avoid delay. WRITE TO-DAY, DON'T DELAY.

SOLAR STUDIO, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, Dept. 230

PROPHETIC MAGAZINE.—ADVERTISING SECTION

REPORT OF INSPIRATIONAL QUALITY is found in a little book of poems, recently published, entitled "Poems of Glass," and written by Cleo Johnson, an officer of the Los Angeles Police Department, who has been stationed in Hollywood for some years past.

Of these poems, Mrs. Goldrath says in a letter to the author, "My dear Officer Johnson: Permit me to congratulate you upon the merits of your little book, "Poems of Glass," I have read these verses with a real thrill of pleasure and a strong feeling of admiration. It seems to me that all of your poems are good and some of them—to my way of thinking—are more than good; they are splendidly fine."

All the motion picture stars know "Cleo," well, because of his fine work as a police officer, and they are all congratulating him upon his artistic effort.

MAX REINHARDT, the famous German producer and director, recently signed one contract and another at almost the same time. The one he signed was with Cosmopolitan Productions to direct Marion Davies in pictures for five years. The other was really ended, not by Reinhardt himself, but by his wife, who was Elisie Heins, one of the most noted actresses of the Berlin stage. The courts granted her a divorce from the producer without giving her alimony and the custody of their children.
Results from the Adaptation of the “Power Within” to the Stress of Environment

IT IS a question of relativity.

Disease is the result of supernormal stress or of subnormal resistance.

When the nerve, over which the “power within” sends its adaptative impulses to the cells, is impinged by a subluxated vertebra, the “power within” cannot adapt the organism to the stress of environment and we become sick.

To regain health it is necessary to turn on the power of adaptation—resistance.

To turn on the power, the impingement must be removed from the nerve, in order that it may again function normally.

To remove the impingement the misaligned vertebra must be adjusted, and this adjustment of the vertebra is the work of the chiropractor.

By giving Chiropractic a fair trial millions have recovered their health.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

UNIVERSAL CHIROPRACTORS’ ASSOCIATION
Davenport, Iowa,
U.S.A.
Select Your CONN NOW
Free Trial — Easy Payments

PLAY the saxophone the big stars use—a Conn. It gives you most pleasure; quickest opportunity for profit. For the Conn is recognized by the foremost players as supreme in every respect:

- Easy to Play
- Perfect in Scale
- Handsome Design and Finish
- Beautiful in Tone
- Reliable in Action
- Correct Weight

Exclusive Features Include:

- Improved Key Mechanism—Patented Tuning Device—Drawn Tone Hole Sockets—Rolled Edges—Hydraulic Expansion of Tubing—Non-warpable, “fool-proof” pads, and many others.

Conn Saxophone Book Free

Tells of development of modern saxophone to its present perfection in the great Conn laboratories; instrumentation for trios, quartets, sextets, etc. Illustrates all models and gives much more valuable information to prospective saxophone player.

Three Lessons Free With Every Conn Saxophone

Send coupon for Free Book, or information concerning free trial plan, on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra—cornets, trombones, saxophones, flutes, clarinets, etc.

C. G. CONN, Ltd., 428 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Some Famous STARS
Who Use Conns

Isaham Jones
Isaham Jones Orchestra
Ted Lewis
Ted Lewis' Frolics
Benne Henron
Virtuosos, Philadelphia
Paul Biese
Paul Biese's Orchestra
Leslie Canfield
Fincher's Orchestra
Howard Granthum
Seloin, Chicago
Al Knecht
Soloist, Philadelphia
Jack Richards
Westphal Orchestra
Jean Moermans
Virtuoso Saxophone

Gene Paul
Saxophone Virtuoso
Billy Markwith
Saxophone Comedian
Jack Kerns
Ex-Sousa soloist
Gene Dubney
Orchestra, N. Y.
L. E. Weir
Ex-Sousa soloist
Ruth Glanville
Lady saxophonist
B. Vereeken
Saxophone Virtuoso
M. T. Thatcher
Benson Orchestra
Al Miller
The Miller Trio

Send for this Book

C. G. CONN, Ltd. 428 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Please send Free Book and information concerning:

Instrument:

Name:

St. or Rural Route:

City:

State:

County:

(List pencil, please)
At last, Madame,

a truly perfect aid
to your beauty

At last a really perfect vanity box—the
Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact! It
contains Djer-Kiss Rouge and Face
Powder in compact form—and two mir-
rors. With this new aid to beauty, Ma-
demoiselle may see her Rouge, her Face
Powder and herself—all at the same
time.

Yes, two mirrors! The unique and ex-
clusive Djer-Kiss Reducing Mirror which
reflects the entire face at a glance. A
Detail Mirror, too, which reflects any
part of the face.

So convenient in its use, so exquisite in its
outward appearance, assuredly Madame will
treasure the new Two-Fold Compact.

At her favorite shop she will find it—and
there, too, will she find Djer-Kiss Re-fills in
both Rouge and Face Powder—so pure, so fine,
so delicately fragranced with Parfum Djer-Kiss.
In their charming shades, each is packed with
a dainty new puff.

Djer-Kiss TWO-FOLD COMPACT
How to Lose Your Husband

Beauty is Cheap—What Else Have You?

Valentino’s New Chateau
Our Freckle Ointment positively removes freckles—often the only detriment to a perfect complexion. With its application the disfiguring freckles begin to fade and soon disappear completely. Two sizes—$1.25 and 65c.

Kremola—a face bleach of snowy whiteness—insures a perfect complexion. It invigorates the tired skin and brings back the priceless glow of youth. All blemishes vanish quickly with its application. Price $1.25

Kremola MAKES THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL

Our Skin and Complexion Soap performs the essential function of completely cleansing the skin. None but a perfectly healthy skin can form the foundation for beautiful Complexions. Price 25c—three cakes 65c.

FOR THE PERFECTION OF YOUR COMPLEXION

For more than forty years the Dr. Berry toilet preparations featured on this page have given to thousands of women beautiful complexions. These preparations cleanse and rejuvenate the most difficult skins, bringing back the glow of youth and health which marks the perfect complexion. Voluntary testimonials from thousands of women in all parts of the world testify to the excellent results secured. For sale at leading drug and department stores everywhere or sent direct postpaid. Send for our interesting and helpful free booklet—"Hints on How to Be Beautiful."

The Dr. C. H. Berry Co.
2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Vol. XXV No. 6

Contents

May, 1924

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Tempest Inman

Ramon Novarro

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference

Brickbats and Bouquets
Frank Letters from Readers

Rotogravure: PHOTOPLAY's New Pictures:
Estelle Taylor, Theda Bara, Helene Chadwick, Lucille Ricksen, Virginia Valli, Florence Vidor, Mary Astor

Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)
James R. Quirk

How to Lose Your Husband
Mary Alden

You May Have Tried Other Methods, but These Can't Fail

Beauty Is Cheap!
L. M. Goodstadt

So Take Some Other Commodity to the Screen Market

The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

Some Revelations of the Man Whose Fame Has Obscured His Personality

Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco (Photograph)

A Picture from the Gallery of Newly Weds

Contents continued on next page

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City


EDWIN M. COLVIN, Pres. JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice-Pres. R. M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Business Mgr.

Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; $3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. Caution—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1924, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.
The Love Dodger (Fiction) Adela Rogers St. Johns 36
The Third Instalment of This Fascinating Story of Life Behind the Doors of Hollywood Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Studio News and Gossip Cal York 40
What the Film Folks Are Doing

The Greatest Box Office Attractions James R. Quirk 44
Five Thousand Exhibitors Decide Which Stars and Directors Have the Greatest Pulling Power

The Reformation of Mamma’s Boy (Story) Gene Markey 46
His Case Was Hopeless Until He Met “Queenie” Illustrated by R. Van Buren

Queen Lois (Photograph) Miss Wilson as the First Lady of France

A Prediction Herbert Howe 51
It Looks as Though Ramon Novarro Will Go a Long Way

Glyn and Glynne Ivan St. Johns 53
Madame Elinor Picked Derek for the Role of Paul in “Three Weeks” Only to Have Her Choice Vetoed

The Shadow Stage 54
The Department of Practical Screen Criticism

Close-Ups and Long Shots Herbert Howe 58
Witty Comment on Screen Personalities Drawing by Ralph Barton

Rotogravure:
Mary Pickford in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall”; How Doug Made “The Thief of Bagdad”; Ernest Torrence, Lewis Stone, Robert Edeson, Holbrook Blinn, Micky Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Lon Chaney, Joseph Schildkraut, Creighton Hale, Jackie Coogan; Photoplay Readers Choose the Eight Most Beautiful Stars of the Screen: Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Madge Bellamy, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Alice Terry.

That Saving Sense of Humor Bland Johanson 67
That’s One of Richard Dix’s Great Gifts

Beautiful Beds—In the Pictures and in Your Own Home William J. Moll 68
The Secret of Charm in the Sleeping Chamber

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture Terry Ramsaye 70
Some Early Chronicles of the Great Ones of the Screen

Alice, Where Have You Been? E. V. Durling 72
The Return of Alice Joyce

A Man of Pittsburg Mary Winship 74
The Man With Three Faces

Rod La Rocque Is Just That 76

The Lady Star Who Smokes a Pipe Her Name Is Snooky 78

Mothers’ Girls (Photographs) Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, and Mary Astor

Questions and Answers The Answer Man 85

She Wants To Be the Wickedest Woman on the Screen Dagmar Godowsky 86
That’s the Ambition of the Vamp of “Virtuous Liars”

Meet the Adolescent Industry B. P. Schulberg 98

The Chaplin-Harris Divorce 100
Some Hitherto Untold Details of that Famous Episode

Friendly Advice Carolyn Van Wyck 114
The Department of Practical Service

Casts of Current Photoplays 120

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 16

Would you sacrifice your husband for your son?

One woman confronted with the problem of choosing between the two persons she loved most in the world, unhesitatingly made her great decision. For the sake of her son’s welfare she parted from her second husband. This woman is Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks, the first wife of Douglas and mother of the young hero of “Stephen Steps Out.” When one finds the business of being a wife interferes with the other business of being a mother, the partnership must be dissolved, was Mrs. Fairbanks’ decision.

And so she left her second husband, James Evans—wealthy, young, good-looking.

Adela Rogers St. Johns in an interview relates the causes and circumstances that led to this separation from her second husband. It is a frank and sincere story of a mother’s love and of a mother’s true devotion that should stay the smile of the cynically inclined. In the June issue of Photoplay Magazine.

Their Pet Aversions

Some people don’t like soup and then again others have a strong distaste for some other well-nigh universal thing or custom. And the motion picture stars being, after all, just folks, have their strong antipathies, too, like the rest of us. These pet aversions—the psycho-analyist would call them “complexes”—cover a wide range.

One star has a perfect obsession when it comes to a certain color for clothes; another says “thumbs down” on personal appearances, while a third—a famous character player—is so unadventurous as to taboo red-haired women. All of which—such as the same sort—is set forth with delicious good nature in the June issue of Photoplay Magazine.

Be sure to get the June Photoplay

Out May 15
They Said
It Couldn’t Be Done!

—BUT THESE SCREEN AUTHORS DID IT!

ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author
“JUDGMENT of the STORM”

HAROLD M. SHUMATE
Author
“THE WHITE SIN”
(formerly announced as “Unguarded Gates.”)

WILL LAMBERT
Author
“HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE”
(formerly announced as “LOST”)

THE three authors whose photographs appear in this announcement have demonstrated that “It Can Be Done.”

Friends and relatives said, “You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers will succeed. You aren’t a professional writer and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time.”

But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the co-operation of Palmer Institute of Authorship, that knowledge was obtained.

The result was another defeat for the sceptics who say “It can’t be done.”

Today the stories written above are accepted photodramas. Their plays produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theatres throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what sceptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned how to harness imagination and to teach it to express itself in dramatic terms.

And they have learned in spare time study in their own homes. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body upon which the motion picture industry, as a whole, is leaning more and more.

Screen Plays by Palmer Authors


Anouncing
The Palmer New Method Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of $500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Fifty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance. Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

Russell Doughtman
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)
Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

Frederick Palmer
(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)
Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Almost without exception every person ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unaided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of someone who knew.

Such guidance and encouragement Palmer Institute of Authorship offers. Palmer Course and Service teaches photoplay, writing, short story writing, and dramatic criticism. Instruction is individual, confidential. The student studies at home.

Each receives the personal guidance and supervision of a member of the Advisory Bureau, a brilliant staff selected for studio and magazine experience and teaching ability. When the student’s creations become good enough for sale the Services of the Sales Department are placed at his command for marketing both screen plays and short stories.

New Literature

Palmer Institute of Authorship recognizes the arrival of a new day in American letters. The screen has created a public taste for dramatic action and strength of plot. This has reacted upon the magazines. There has come into being a new technique of writing. New times demand new methods and Palmer training is worlds away from out-worn methods of instruction. It is abreast of the current and growing demands of the screen and magazines for stories written in the modern dramatic technique.

As photodramatists find new Palmer co-operation helps them to recognition and success on the screen, so does Palmer training aid writers to success in the magazines. More than three hundred authors of recognized standing have been or are now enrolled. Letters from many attribute their first success in the magazine field to Palmer training. Their success carries conviction.

Imagination is king. World thinkers like Wells voice the growing realization that imagination and not will-power is the basic moving force of life. Palmer Institute of Authorship bases its training on that fact. It develops imagination just as certain forms of training develop the muscles of the athlete. It teaches the imaginative how to harness their imagination and put it to work—profitably.

It inculcates that facility of expression which one must possess before he may hope to play an important part in social or business life. It inculcates the habit of time creation by an ability that carries men and women to the most crucial positions in the world’s affairs.

It energizes and revitalizes the mind and generates the power that leads to greater success in all lines of human activity.

For those who lack confidence in their own abilities and wish to ascertain whether they possess natural talent for writing, Palmer Institute offers the Palmer questionnaire, a test for determining the presence or absence of creative imagination. It will be sent free on request.

Free—“The New Road to Authorship”

But for those who believe in themselves and who want to know more of the revolutionary Palmer methods, a fascinating book has been prepared entitled “The New Road to Authorship.” Success stories of many men and women who have won recognition on the screen and in the magazines through Palmer co-operation are contained in it. A bulletin, likewise, has been prepared containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers. Mailing of the coupon below will bring “The New Road to Authorship” and the Scholarship bulletin free.

Palmer Institute of Authorship, Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation—Corporation of the State of California

City
County
State

All correspondence strictly confidential

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

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockett-Lincoln.—One of the most impressive and sincere productions of the year. (Jan.)

ACQUITTALE, THE.—Universal.—One of the best mystery photoplays of the year. (Jan.)

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

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

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

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. (November)

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

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

BAD MAN, THE.—First National.—Holbrook Potter as he appears in the picture as in the stage version. (December)

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

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

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

BILL—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris pushcart peddler, done by Maurice Feraudy. Very much worth while. (November)

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

BLINKY—Universal.—The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. Lots of fun. (November)

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

BOY OF THE WIND—First National.—A Tarkington classic of childhood, extremely well done and with some splendid work by little Ben Alexander. (March)

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

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

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE.—Paramount.—A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE.—Pathé.—A dog star, Buck, acts in a way that should shame a lot of human. Fine for the family. (December)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. (December)

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

CHAPTER IN HER LIFE, A.—Universal.—A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine. (Jan.)

CHEAT, THE.—Paramount.—Pola Negri in a tragic story of a girl who gains in interest. Just missing be a big picture. (November)

CLEAN-UP, THE.—Universal.—What Acton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." (November)

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

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

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

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE.—Universal.—A sentimental, but delightful center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (January)

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

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

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.—An amusing picture which pokes good fun at the stenographer. Somewhat preachy. (November)

DEFYING DESTINY—Selznick.—Full of incidents, not just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March)

DESIRE.—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE.—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE.—Independent.—Absurd and artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. Unimportant. (December)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vamp who grabs all the valuables in sight. It won't do for the children. (November)

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

DRIFTING—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Precious Dean playing a vibrant madam. (November)

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

DULCY.—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the faculty of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE.—Metro.—An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mannmog.—Conventional story of a. waif, tiresomely told. (November)

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

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE.—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Rene Atreule featured and justly so. Excellent. (November)

ETERNAL THREE, THE.—Goldwyn.—Not a big picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December)

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

FAIR CHEAT, THE.—F. B. O.—Rather hackneyed story, with chorus girl as heroine. So-so. (November)

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

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

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

FIGHTING BLADE, THE.—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December)

[Continued on page 10]
Dick Barthelmess Again

CENTURIES old, the cottage nestled in an English countryside. A garden in front, latticed windows, and a cheery fireplace inside. The neighbors called it "honeymoon cottage." Ghosts of long gone lovers, in ruffles and lace, in beaver hat and hoop skirt, seemed to haunt it. And now these new honeymooners—what a contrast! He a depressed wreck of a man; she one of the vast army of "plain" women.

They had married for companionship—but the old enchanted cottage would give nothing less than love. And how love came to them and how in this place of beauty they found each other beautiful is the story of "The Enchanted Cottage," one of the sweetest romances ever filmed. Richard Barthelmess is the star and with him May McAvoy.

You will find the picture listed among the coming attractions of your theatre. "The Enchanted Cottage" means for you an enchanting evening. You will, we think, enjoy it more than "Tol'able David."

"The Enchanted Cottage"

Richard Barthelmess with May McAvoy appears in this tender story of a love so supreme that the shackles ofross reality fall away.

"The Goldfish"

NOW comes our friend Connie Talmadge, more irrepressible and more charming than ever, in a delightful comedy bearing the cryptic title "The Goldfish." And, let us warn you, there is something mysterious about these goldfish. Handing your husband a bowl of them—means—but it's all in the picture and Connie can tell it much better than I can. The leading man—he who kneads closest to Connie in the picture below—is Jack Mulhall, who will be remembered by those who saw Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy."

"My greatest acting picture," says Dick Barthelmess of "The Enchanted Cottage." It is a John S. Robertson production adapted from the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

Picking the Winners


"Lilies of the Field." Have you seen it? Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle appear in this heart-gripping society drama. It opened a few weeks ago in a hundred big cities and the newspaper critics told you how good it was.

"Why Men Leave Home." The echoes of laughter still rumble. This is a delightful satirical study of a married life, with Lewis Stone and Helene Chadwick as Mr. and Mrs. It's a John M. Stahl production.

"Flowing Gold." The oil boom of Texas brought to the screen without the loss of a thrill. This is a screen version of the Rex Beach novel.

"Torment." A Maurice Tourneur melodrama with an earthquake for a climax. One of the biggest thrills the screen has ever held. Bessie Love and Owen Moore are among the earthquake.

"Galloping Fish." The combined noise of the laughs in this comedy would make a Big Bertha sound like a cat's meow. Sidney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin are responsible. Thomas H. Ince made it.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued From Page 5]

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Steiner. BADLY written, acted, photographed, a dull melodrama, and bad of comedy. Family picture. (March.)

HOOK AND LADDER—Universal.—Host Gib- son gets a chance to go out on a limb in this interesting and funny comedy. Family picture. (March.)

HUMMING BIRD, THE—Paramount.—The best thing Gloria Swanson ever has done. One of the best things of the month. (March.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Uni- versal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (March.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and exciting moments. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

IF YOU NEVER COMES—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brilliant. It follows the Hitchcock novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Dolores is the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

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

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a little rich girl wants to see life and becomes an actress in Preliminary pictures. (March.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction not good. (February.)

IS CONanye DoygEriT?—Pathé.—A pic- torial exposition of some of the tricks of the trade. One of the most interesting and instructive films ever made. (April.)

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

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

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. O. T.—The Palmer School's picture photograph, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox.—A swiftly mov- ing crook-dram, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, A—Johnnie Walker.—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. (November.)

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

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal.—A charm- ing picture, made up of comedy skeletons by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)


LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. O. T.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a good cast, but lacking suspense. (March.)

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

LOVER RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and his horse, leave a lot more adventure, delaying a great deal of death. (November.)

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

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

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Moldedramas filled with complications, detectives and dictated phrases. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (Dec.)

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers.— Mediocre, in spite of some moments of interest. (April.)

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

LULLABY, THE—F. O. T.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAILMAN, THE—F. O. T.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. Interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

Every adverisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
What $2.50 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers 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.

Send a money order or check for $2.50 addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. 7-E, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

and receive the June, 1924, issue and eleven issues thereafter.

Photoplay Magazine, Dept. 7-E, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

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 June, 1924, issue.

Send to: ..................................................

Street Address ..................................................

City ..................................................

State .................................................

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE.
The Line of Common Decency

New Britain, Conn.

I notice from time to time you bewail the fact of censorship. What produced it? Why do we have to have it? Simply because the producers of pictures overstepped the line of common decency.

Picture producers are not the only ones who err. The same is true of the theatrical producers. Only recently the police of New York had to step in to keep some clothes on the women in the "Revues." Next is the press. Some magazines have read print stories that should not be allowed to go through the mails. They, theater and press, overstep the line and sooner or later they, too, will "enjoy" censorship.

STEPHEN M. WALSH.

Mae's Latest

New York City.

Evidently M. L. Jacobs, of Dartmouth, whose letter appeared in March PHOTOLAY, did not see Mae Murray in her latest picture, because he says, "she can't act." I declare she can, and I have hopes that she will give us more portrayals similar to the immortal sister in "Fashion Row."

F. A. W.

A Great Actress

New York City.

I was greatly surprised to read in the daily press about Edna Purviance's pictures being barred. I saw her in "A Woman of Paris," and I think she is a great actress. Now that her big chance has come, I think she deserves better treatment.

ANNA WAGNER.

A Suggestion

San Francisco, Calif.

Romeo and Juliet: Richard Dix and Mary Philbin! Can you find two personalities more suited to play the immortal lovers? Richard the lovable, Mary the shy, the budding flower, so sweet yet with a depth unsounded.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Another Griffith

Parkersburg, W. Va.

I would like to compliment Ray Griffith on his keen and excellent acting. As a crime defector, or, in "Red Lights," he did well. I do believe his innocent eyes and playful ways would deceive any highwayman or criminal and, if possible, he would make good as a detective. But, tell Raymond not to try it. Also, he plays a good thief. I say he plays one.

HAROLD F. YOUNG.

A Round of Congratulations

Visalia, Calif.

I want to congratulate PHOTOLAY on having such fine writers—Herbert Howe and Adela Rogers St. Johns are the best contributors to any movie magazine to my notion. Herbert Howe's "Close-Ups and Long Shots" are always entertaining, while Miss St. Johns' interviews are excellent. The articles by Cal York and Bland Johnson are very good, too.

I think Lois Wilson has improved a great deal this last year—as has Richard Dix—and they make a very good screen pair. Here's hoping they will continue playing together!

I was fortunate enough to see "The Ten Commandments" at the Hollywood Egyptian Theater, and I can truthfully say that it is every bit as good as PHOTOLAY said. The much-criticized modern part I enjoyed very much—and thought the acting of Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, and Rod La Rocque very fine.

In closing I would like to say that the fans are glad Valentino is coming back and we are all awaiting his first pictures.

B. M.

Likes "The Shadow Stage"

Washington, D. C.

I take off my hat to PHOTOLAY and the critics for their "The Shadow Stage." The particular occasion for this salute is the review of Booth Tarkington's "Boy of Mine," in the March number. I shall know better where to look for discriminating judgments on photoplays.

Very few pictures have appealed to me as this one did. It struck me as being exceptionally true to life.

THOS. H. Kearsney.

"Backward, Turn Backward, Oh, Time——"

Louisville, Ky.

I have never before expressed a complaint or compliment, as I was never interested, but I feel that it is my duty to express the opinion of myself and friends through the PHOTOLAY Magazine.

Please, Mary, heed the appeal of loving admirers, and give us more "little girl" pictures. Don't grow up!

R. A. R.

Ibanez Was Right

Elvins, Mo.

I think that Ibanez was right when he said, "The plaudits of the world are as fickle as a woman's whim."

Why are the fans so inconsistent? Why can't they be more sincere?

They praise and flatter an actor, write poetry and songs about him, and claim him King of the screen. Then another actor appears and they forget all about the first one. They forget the wonderful hours of entertainment that he has given them. They do not seem to think that he has been striving to please them, to give them a few hours' pleasure, to play his roles with a realism, so that they might see the beauty of life and love, and the tragedy of death.


Let us not forget Julia, Don Gallardo, Lord Brondonale and Ahmed Ben Hassan, for the acting in these roles was perfect.

S. W.

Mary Queen Of All

Brooklyn, New York.

I wish to pour out my whole-hearted admiration to Mary Pickford, for all of her masterpieces. In "Rosita" she has proved to the world that she is the queen of them all. Her acting is flawless. I congratulate PHOTOLAY for saying what it did about "Rosita" and Our Mary's unexcelled characterization.

CHARLES TRESSANTE.

Hearty Praise

Los Angeles, Calif.

May I sit here and heartily endorse every statement you have made in your February issue concerning Cecil De-Mille's production, "The Ten Commandments."

I would even go you one farther and say it is marvelous. If there is any man, woman or child in this world who can sit through that picture and then say that we don't need the Hallelujah Macpherson and Cecil De-Mille a debt of gratitude, they positively need their heads read! I don't care whether they are censors, reformers or just plain atheists. I challenge them to prove that the movies can't do some good.

"A SINCERE MOVIE FAN."

Winter Revivals

N. Y. C.

Exhibitors have been reviving movies in the summer, but they never seem to do it during the winter. A great many people, such as myself, would greatly enjoy seeing these revivals, but because of absence from the large cities are unable to do so. Why can't the exhibitors revive such favorites as "Dixie," "The Right of Way" and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" just for a short time, or even a day, during the winter season?

(Miss) EVA DOUGLAS WISE.

Too Many Pictures

Brooklyn, New York.

The only fault that I find with PHOTOLAY is that you do not have enough reading matter and have too many pictures. About one-half of the magazine is flooded with these photos and about an eighth is made up of advertisements that leaves very little room for the most desired feature, written matter. Most likely there are many of your readers who would rather have more pictures than reading matter, but the way I figure it, I can see the pictures of any of the stars or players any day in the week by just going to a "movie."

"TALK MAIN."

Rudy Forever

Hastings, Minn.

I cannot see how anyone with an ounce of common sense or good taste, can say that Rudolph Valentino is a "perfect mess," and as for being a "common actor," well, I would like to see any other, on stage or screen, with the acting ability of Rudy! There never was, and never again will be, another one-half so good.

M. J. SEGAL.
LAST call! This is positively your final chance to secure through these pages the complete, original $3.50 edition of the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette at the special bargain price of only $1.98.

Half a million men and women have paid the full publishing price of $3.50 for these two helpful volumes. Almost as many have taken advantage of the $1.98 bargain price. Now we are offering you for the last time—the original, complete $3.50 edition of the famous Book of Etiquette for only $1.98 during the life of this announcement. You must act NOW.

You have always wanted to own the famous Book of Etiquette. You have always wanted to have in your home the two remarkable books that solve every social problem, that protect from embarrassment, that prevent impulsive blunders. Here is your opportunity—your last opportunity—to secure the original $3.50 edition for practically half. Are you going to let the chance slip by?

The Silent Secretary in Your Home

The Book of Etiquette is being used daily by hundreds of thousands of men and women. It is a silent social secretary that tells the precise thing to do, say, write and wear on every possible occasion. It omits nothing. It forgets nothing. It eliminates all chance for blundering, protects from all embarrassment and humiliation in social contact, gives you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

Why wonder when you can know? Why hesitate when you can be certain? Why be embarrassed and uncomfortable when you can be thoroughly at ease? Let the Book of Etiquette be your silent advisor. Let it tell you when to entertain and how. Let it tell you what to do, what to say, on every occasion of social uncertainty. Let it give you poise, correctness, dignity.

And remember—this is positively your last chance to secure this famous edition for only $1.98.

An Armor Against Embarrassment

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from little unexpected embarrassments. A spoon incorrectly used. Olives taken with the fork. An introduction wrongly acknowledged. A dance or party at which one feels "alone," out of place. A tea at which one is "tongue-tied"—unable to converse pleasantly, unable to do or say with ease the things that are correct.

These are the things that invariably cause us great embarrassment. And they can be avoided! You can know just what to do and say on every occasion. Etiquette will protect you from making impulsive blunders, will be an armor that guards you from embarrassment and humiliation. Etiquette will make you a better "mixer," a better conversationalist; it will make you sure of yourself, confident of your own social powers.

Why attempt to conceal embarrassment when you can have the lifelong comfort of ease? Why wait longer when you are being offered the last opportunity to secure through these pages the original $3.50 edition of the Book of Etiquette for only $1.98?

Here's the coupon—clip and mail it TODAY. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 775, Garden City, New York

SEND NO MONEY

Thousands of people will take advantage of this last great opportunity—and you are urged to act promptly. When the present edition is exhausted, it will not be reprinted. You must act at once, NOW.

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the special coupon. But be sure to mail it at once, while you are thinking of it. Remember—this edition will never be offered in these pages at $1.98 again. This is the very last time!
GOVT.'T HELP NEEDED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions, $11.75-$30.00, stationary, at or near home, or traveling. Write, Mr. Ousset, 333, St. Louis, Mo. immediately.

In brief Reviews of Current Pictures

POLKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilm. A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening with the family. (February.)

POTASH AND PERMUTTER—First National. As funny on the screen as on the stage. Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. (Nov.)

POWER DIVIDE, THE—Independent. Another Kentucky feud picture that there’s little there’s hope of. (November.)

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

PRINCE OF A KING, A—Selznick. Little Dinky Dauz in the story, and children and most grown-ups will like it. (March.)

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

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hokinson. A screen version of the famous novel, and fanciful. A charming production. (November.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal. Another Hoot Gibson Abode, with so amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn. A corking good mystery picture. Excitement and thrills. (November.)

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


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

RESTLESS WIVES—Commonwealth. Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventional things. (February.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors. Wallace Beery is a two-fisted, meat-eating King Richard, and will live it. (February.)


ROSTA—United Artists. The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro. Charming Viola Dana as a good little girl. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. (November.)

ROULETTE—Selznick. A good cast wasted in an improbable story. (March.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount. A highly amusing story of a Western “cow town” and a Hollywood Paris. (March.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational. A comedy film built around Johnnie Holsopple. Hated rivals on opposing teams. (November.)

SALOMY JANE—Paramount. Bret Harte’s famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worthwhile. (November.)

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

SCARAMOUCHE—Metro. One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Dorothy Gish is excellent. (November.)


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

SECRETs OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures. The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laden bare by a new photographic process. Very interesting. (April.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford. A melodrama, with Margaret Lindsay.(October.)

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

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson. Desert stuff, cayus against the sky and such things. (December.)


SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount. An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is overdone. (November.)

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

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn. Lovely Corinne Griffith is a unique and agreeable Miss who lives up to the success and is a remarkably good cast. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal. A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back. (November.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn. Balsac’s “The Magic Skin” in celluloid. Rather vague, but Jesse and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro. “A find the plot, but a melodrama, and acid butterfly and not so good as usual. (November.)

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

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

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount. Pola Negri’s best American-made film to date. Miss Negri shines in “Bella Donna” and “The Chest” were not here. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno. (March.)

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

STEADFAST HEART—Goldwyn. Ali- mative story, but story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worthwhile. (March.)

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount. The first and only attempt to tell in pictures the story of an engineer. (February.)

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

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro. A fine story of a man who leaves his wife and makes it worthwhile. As “Captain Applejack” on the stage. (November.)

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

TAILOR, THE—Fox. An Al St. John comedy with the usual slapstick stuff, but also with some of the clever mechanical comedies. (March.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Associated Exhibitors. The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he’s pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox. A mixture of a love and office drawing cards. Jazz, seamy chocolate and a weak love story. (January.)

Ten Commandments, THE—Paramount. One of the most tremendous and unusual of the wonderful entertainment and a marvelous sermon. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February.)

This Freedom—Fox. An English company, heaving the Pay As You Go system, makes the Hutchinson story fairly entertaining. (February.)

Three Ages—Metro. Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots. (November.)

Three Miles Out—Kenna. Madge Kennedy and a lot of ram pirates provide plenty of laughs. General formula. (November.)

Three Weeks—Goldwyn. A lurid picturization of Elton Glyn’s novel with some lovely settings. (April.)

Thrill Chaser, THE—Universal. Hoot Gibson goes to Hollywood and finds it a place of excitements. (March.)

Through the Dark—Cosmopolitan. A Bolla-noticeable creation of a remarkable decription of a man through a woman’s faith. (February.)

Thundrahead—First National. Conventional story with scenes in China, Owen Moore good. (December.)

Thundering Dawn—Universal. A story of Jesse Lee and the setting of a picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16
No Money Down No C.O.D.
Nothing to Pay for Davenport on Arrival!

Not one cent now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid Kroehler Bed Davenport, and with it, absolutely FREE, the handsome 7-Piece Glass Water Set (pictured below). Nothing to pay for goods on arrival. No C. O. D. Use them 30 days on Free Trial, and if not satisfied, send everything back and we will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for the Davenport—a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay. Not a penny to pay for the Water Set either now or later. It is absolutely FREE—a gift from Hartman.

Kroehler BED DAVENTON
Golden Oak, Fumed Oak or Mahogany Finish

Everybody knows the famous Kroehler "Kodav" which are used in the most handsomely furnished homes in America. Really two splendid pieces of furniture in one—a beautiful davenport by day; a luxurious bed at night. Note the elegant design and the massive frame which is solid oak in golden oak, fumed oak finish or selected birch in brown mahogany finish. Please state finish wanted when ordering. Dimensions are: Height, 34 in.; height of back from seat, 18 in.; depth of seat, 21 in.; length over all, 59% in. length between arms, 67% in. When opened as a bed it measures 72% x 80 in. Arms are 9% in. wide and front posts, 9% in. The upholstery is extra heavy, imitation Spanish brown leather, very beautiful and durable. Made with a soft spring edge with 24 springs in seat. You simply can't realize what comfort and satisfaction this wonderful "Kodav" gives until you actually have it in your home.

Nearly a Year to Pay

Hartman cheerfully sends both the "Kodav" and free 7-piece Water Set on 30 days' Free Trial. Keep them only if delighted with your bargain and then take nearly a year to pay—for the Kodav only—in small monthly amounts. Send coupon today—while offer holds good. Davenport shipped direct to you from nearest Kroehler factory.

Order by No. 143FMA62. Bargain Price of Bed Davenport, $49.85. No Money Down, $4.50 Monthly. 7-Piece Water Set is FREE.

FREE 7-Piece Cut Glass Water Set
Yes—this beautiful Glass Water Set sent absolutely free with the "Kodav." Included are half gallon jug shape pitchers and six 9-oz. tumblers ornamented with cut band and drop designs. Pay nothing for this fine set at any time. It is FREE.

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co. Dept. 6475 Chicago, Ill.
The Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

This No-Money-Down Offer Is Special to Readers of Photoplay—This Issue Only

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

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

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

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

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox. —Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Convivial and enjoyable. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Play,gmg.—Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks, missing necklace and the rest of it. (December.)

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

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. (November.)

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

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

TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED—Pathé.—One of Bill Rogers' barquegas and a clever one. Great, if you've seen "The Covered Wagon." (April.)

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

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan.—A costume picture of the Louis XIII period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but a bit dragged. (January.)

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

UNSEEN EYES—Cosmopolitan.—A splendid picture—if you like suspense. (February.)

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladyce Walton as a victim of a dual personality. Rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

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

WAY MEN LOVE THE—Grand-Ashur. —This picture starts well, but gradually dwindles. The title is tricky. (January.)

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

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Paramount.—An exceptionally interesting picture in spite of the cutting and changing of the story, made necessary by censorship. (March.)

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—First National.—A Harold Lloyd picture very well made. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES—Capital.—A dud of "The Covered Wagon." Trite story of old plain man and abandoned baby. (December.)

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

WHERE IS THIS WEST?—Colcord.—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. (November.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. Is R's a picture that two-legged players can't be as consistent. (November.)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram.—Based on the pony stage. Tells brutal truths but is unmistakable. (February.)

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

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another triumph for Lilian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. As a whole, excellent. (November.)

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

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

WHY WORRY?—Pathé.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant. Mr. Lloyd quotients a Central American revolution. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, A—Metro.—Clara Kimbell Young as a loves-lusty wife in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

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

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

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal.—Gladyce Walton as a young newspaper woman who cuts through with a liberal axe, full sentences and a lot of things. (December.)

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

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists.—Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another proof of the genius of Charles Clingen, who produced and directed it. Not for children. (Dec.)

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

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

YANKEE CONSUL, THE—Associated Exhibitors, a remarkably fine comedy, with Douglas Fairbanks as star. One you should by no means miss. (January.)

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Applio.—Conventional triangle story very well told. (February.)

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

ZAZA—Paramount.—A very interesting picture which gives Greta Garbo a chance to prove that she is one of the leading screen actresses. (Dec.)

The Great Screen Lovers

As seen by those they've made love to.

Who are the greatest lovers in pictures? We have that question to the leading actresses of the screen—Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith, Barbara La Marr, Alice Terry and many others—and their opinions make a startling symposium in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY, together with a great layout of the greatest love moments the screen has presented. Interesting and intimate side-lights on the love technique of our leading romantic actors.

In the June Issue of PHOTOPLAY
Waist and Hips Reduced With New Girdle Worn Instead of Stiff Corsets

Makes you look inches thinner the moment you put it on and actually removes fat all the while you wear it. Dieting, Exercise, Pills and Self-Denials unnecessary.

No matter how large your waist or how bulging your hips—no matter how many other methods have failed to reduce your excess flesh—here at last is a remarkable new flexible girdle that is guaranteed to improve your appearance at once and to reduce your waist and hips "almost while you wait!"

No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who want to look youthfully slender again. For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful. The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

Actually Reduces Fat Quickly—Pleasingly

Think of it—no more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets! The Madame X Reducing Girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on you look inches thinner! And best of all, it actually makes fat vanish with marvelous rapidity—while you walk, play, work or sleep—and yet does it so gently you hardly know you are wearing it.

Can Be Worn as a Corset All Day Long

Don't confuse the Madame X Reducing Girdle with ordinary belts or stiff corsets. It's radically different! It doesn't merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slender—it actually takes off flesh—gently, pleasantly, surely. Can be worn all day instead of a stiff corset and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight boyish lines! At last you can wear all the stylish clothes you want without worrying about your figure.

Produces Same Results as an Expert Masseur

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. Made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarments. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Makes You Look and Feel Years Younger

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports. Many say it is fine for constipation, which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price special trial offer. The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. G-185, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WARNING

Patents have been applied for covering the essential features of the Madame X Reducing girdle and all infringers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc.

Dept. G-185, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name

Address

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Twenty is gone before you know it—and then you are twenty-five! And next, with hardly a breathing-space, a woman is in her thirties.

Once, the number of her birthdays used definitely to fix a woman’s status. Today, physicians say that the number of years has little to do with age—it is almost entirely a matter of physical condition.

Keep your skin young by keeping it in good condition. The world will not say of you that you are beginning to look old, so long as you can keep a fresh, clear, beautiful skin.

Perhaps the only trouble with your complexion is just—lack of will-power

ALMOST anyone can make a great effort of will—once.

But it takes an unusual person to repeat even a small effort of will day after day, week in, week out.

That is why so many women fail to keep a lovely skin after they have passed their twenties.

A beautiful skin means—daily care!

Not hurried, perfunctory attention—but the whole of one’s thought and will, for a few minutes out of every busy day, centered on keeping one’s skin in the best possible condition.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place.

Begin, now, to give this new skin the special care it needs—and see how soft and smooth you can make it—how quickly the faults that have worried you will disappear.

Perhaps, almost imperceptibly, the pores of your nose have become enlarged, so that they are a noticeable fault in your complexion. You can overcome this defect. Use, every night, the following special treatment:

WRING a cloth from hot water, lather it with Woodbury’s Facial Soap, then hold it to your face.

When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury’s. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet “A Skin You Love to Touch,” which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different skin need are given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap today, and begin, tonight, the right treatment for your skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury’s also comes in convenient 3-cakeboxes.

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

Copyright, 1924, by The Andrew Jergens Co.
FROM Miriam, the Israelite maiden in "The Ten Commandments," to the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," is quite a jump. But Estelle Taylor took it. There is something regal as well as wistful in this portrait of her
THEDA BARA might be called "the lady of the rumors," so often has her return to the screen been announced. The latest report tells that she will star soon in a society drama, called "Restless Wives." We hope that it's true for she has been away over long
THINK of being picked as leading woman for Rudolph Valentino! Some girls have all the luck. That's what happened to Helene Chadwick, who is the *Lady Mary Carlisle* in "Monsieur Beaucaire," which signalizes Rudie's return to the screen after his long absence.
To be a leading woman at sixteen is something of which to be proud. Yet Lucille Ricksen, who has attained that eminence, hasn’t been heard to brag. She has a fascinating wink, has Lucille, and she also has the honor of being a Wampus "baby star" for this year.
AFTER a tremendous personal success in "The Lady of Quality," Virginia Valli appeared as the only woman character in "Wild Oranges." And, with her beauty and her wistfully appealing personality, gave one of the best performances of the screen year.
ONE of the loveliest women on the screen, Florence Vidor also has the distinction of being one of the most popular in Hollywood. And as a third claim to fame, her talent as an actress is strikingly demonstrated in "The Marriage Circle"
First of all, Mary Astor won a beauty contest. And then, opposite Glenn Hunter, she appeared charmingly in the photoplays of The Film Guild. Now she's with Paramount, playing ingenue leads. Her big chance will be with John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel"
**WHY THE NEW MODE REQUIRES NEW METHODS**

WOMEN with soft, dainty hands who once would never have dreamed of washing even a handkerchief, except in an emergency, now launder their own precious stockings and blouses and underwear, their own treasured sweaters and scarves, in gentle Ivory Suds which is as harmless to hands as to the dainty garments themselves.

There are two good reasons for this change:

1. Fine things of this sort cannot be trusted to unskilled hands, rough treatment, and harsh soap.

2. Delicate silks must be washed as soon as they become soiled, else the acids of perspiration will rot the fabrics and fade the colors. To leave such garments for several days in a damp, dark clothes hamper or bag is to cut months from their life. (If there is no time for ironing immediately after washing, the garments should be laid away clean, for ironing day.)

For one's modern things, delicate enough to draw through a finger-ring, only a gentle squeezing in pure Ivory Suds will do. Ivory Suds — so mild, so gentle, yet so thoroughly cleansing — may be quickly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap. Since millions of women use Ivory to protect their complexion, its safety for silks and woolens is obvious.

Probably, after seeing how beautifully Ivory Suds washes your dainty personal things, you will want your laundress to use Ivory even for your family wash, as is done in thousands of households every week.

**PROCTER & GAMBLE**

---

**BLANKETS**

How to wash them safely

The chief causes of matted, harsh or shrunken blankets are strong soap, excessive rubbing and extremely hot or cold water.

*Keep blankets fluffy this way:*

For 1 double or 2 single blankets, dissolve 1 teacupful of Ivory Flakes in hot water; pour into washbowl 3/4 full of lukewarm water, and beat up a thick suds. (If water is hard, use a little Sopade or powdered borax.)

Shake the dry blanket well to remove dust; plunge into suds, working up and down with the hands, squeezing suds through it. To remove spots, soap with Ivory Soap and rub lightly between hands.

Press water from the blanket and repeat operation in fresh suds of same temperature.

Put clean blanket through loose wringer and rinse in three-clear lukewarm waters. In the last rinse dissolve enough Ivory Flakes to make water milky.

Wring loosely. Hang in open air — in sun if possible. When partly dry, shake well from corners. When dry, press binding and air in warm room.

© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati
Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

FREQUENTLY I am asked from what viewpoint pictures are reviewed in "The Shadow Stage" department of Photoplay.

Last week alone over a hundred letters came from readers expressing their appreciation of the general accuracy of our judgment and the saving of time and money as a result of its guidance.

The aim of this magazine is to "report" pictures to our readers from the viewpoint of the average intelligent patron of motion picture theaters. The first thing the average man or woman wants to know about a picture is whether or not it is worth seeing. Is it a good entertainment? Is it a good story? Is it well told (well cast, produced and directed)? Is it clean? Is it a picture the children should not see?

That's what Photoplay tries to tell you.

No effort is spared to insure the accuracy of these reports. It is not the easiest thing in the world for a writer who sees pictures day after day in dark and silent projection rooms to retain his enthusiasm about them. It is so easy to become satiated, to wax cynical, to become a chronic knocker. But no one can review pictures for this magazine who dislikes them, who has lost the average person's viewpoint. Personally I have never lost my fondness of them, and when I do I shall put another name on the editor's door.

When some producers, through poor judgment or unfortunate circumstances, spend hundreds of thousands on a mediocre picture they try to bolster it by heavy exploitation, dress it up, call it a "Super-special" or some such spurious, barnumesque adjective, and try to charge double or more the usual prices. When that happens it is the duty of "THE SHADOW STAGE" to acquaint you with its actual worth, and where the attempt at deception is flagrant to denounce it.

ERNST LUBITSCH has been engaged to direct the lovely Negri. Three Polish cheers.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is going to pay Morris Gest, the picturesque producer of "The Miracle," and other beautiful and artistic stage spectacles, $10,000 a week for assistance in exploiting "The Thief of Bagdad." Another indication that Doug is a good business man. Maybe Mr. Gest will now be able to buy a new hat. He's had the headpiece he is now wearing so long that the fuzz has turned into a beard.

UNIVERSAL paid Ethel Smith Dorrance $25,000 for the rights to her book, "Damn'd," but Will Hays says it must not be produced.

The book was well named as far as its picture salvation is concerned.

I AM thoroughly familiar with scores of the unethical tricks that have besmirched the motion picture business, but it remained for a Boston church to permit itself to be used to show the industry what real deception and bad taste is. Last month, in this column I referred to a picture called "After Six Days," which is boldly advertised as "FEATURING MOSES AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS." The picture is a foreign made failure which has been unsuccessfully peddled around the film business for a long time. Nobody wanted it.

Was it a coincidence that the same day that DeMille's "Ten Commandments" opened at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, "After Six Days, etc." opened at Tremont Temple, which is conducted as a church and controlled by a board of governors who permit some motion pictures to be exhibited there when the temple is not being used for religious purposes?

This is encouragement indeed for good pictures.

SOMEBODY on the set asked Estelle Taylor about a report, recently published in a coast newspaper, to the effect that she is engaged to Charles Spencer Chaplin.

"Listen," was her fervent reply. "I know I can't act as well as Pola Negri or Edna Purviance or some of the other girls, but you can bet I know something that some of them don't know. I know that Charlie Chaplin's idea of an engagement is an eight column headline on the front page. Not that I'm averse to publicity myself, but I've quit taking comedians seriously."

WHILE Director Edwin Carewe and his company were in Paris, returning from the Sahara, some one suggested going to a dramatic play.

"Do they speak French?" asked Claire Windsor.

"Yes, you beautiful creature," replied her escort, "they've learned to speak French over here."

I don't blame Claire. It's just as surprising to find anyone in Paris who speaks French as it is to find anyone in California who was born there.
How to Lose Your Husband

ALL these years I've been harboring a gold mine unawares. Here I've been content with merely being an actress when I might have commercialized my great special knowledge to the world.

For instance, every time a producer sends for me he says, "Mary, I want you to play the deserted wife in my next production. You know so well how to lose a husband."

And I do. I've been losing my husband to the other woman for about four screen years. I've been twenty different women in forty different settings, but the result is always the same.

My method seems practically failure proof. Right now I am again losing my husband to a woman who looks like a doll. With all due respect to the author, I don't consider that very original. Most wives do lose their husbands to a woman who looks like a doll.

But it never occurred to me until this moment how welcome a knowledge of this technique of mine would be to the mass of smart women in these United States. Without a doubt most of them are clamoring for this wisdom I possess.

Of course, a good many of them seem to have gone along with some home-made information of their own. Certain it is that one out of every six marriages in this country ends in divorce, and the man always says it's the little woman who wanted it. So, obviously, the girls are managing somehow. But for the benefit of my sisters-in-arms who don't know just how to step out and get their divorces, I will outline the necessary steps leading up to this event.

The chief thing to remember is that the first divorce is the hardest. It's like the first wave that hits you when bathing, or the first bobbing of your hair, or your first falter from orthodoxy. But you know how that is. The moment you get accustomed to it, you love it.

Remember, you mustn't leave your husband. Let him do the work. Your job is merely to lose him. This will help on the alimony and leave you with that noble feeling.

So, in order to lose him quickly and effectively memorize these eight steps:

First. Begin by making your home attractive to yourself. Put lots of fussy needle work on the tables. See that the chairs in the living room are period affairs, too decorative for words and too uncomfortable. Since you love green, he is certain to favor blue.

By Mary Alden

Mary Alden in person. Would any sane husband desire to make her a deserted wife?
Remind him gently that smoking is an extravagant and silly habit and that he can just as well get over it if he only wants to do so.

 Invite your friends in and spend an educational evening with reading from the works of Elvira Hopkings, the local poetess.

Do the house in green. This is sure to make your complexion look terrible.

Second. Start immediately to forget about dressing. Spend most of the day in a bungalow apron or a kimono. Decide to remake your old clothes yourself, and if you want to make the thing positive, wear your hair on curlers under what you call a boudoir cap.

Third. Get absolutely absorbed in the children. Teach them to cry at midnight and to leave their toys about so that daddy will always fall over them when he comes home from a long day in the office.

Fourth. Lose the cook. This will permit of your forgetting to order dinner and of serving cold ham and potato salad three nights in succession and of burning the coffee every morning.

Fifth. Start saving. Save on everything. If your husband is still archaic enough to want to take you to places, suggest that you and he just stay home and have a darling little game of dominoes and put the money you might have spent in the bank toward the children's education.

Don't buy new clothes but purchase him one of those things for re-sharpening razor blades. Again, remind him gently that you must save on the electric lights and that smoking is a very extravagant and silly habit that he can just as well get over if he wants to.

Sixth. Invite your mother to spend a month with you. Mother, having buried one husband, will get your husband ready for his grave in about a week. Along about this time he will suggest that he work nights at the office and you should encourage this thriftiness on his part. It is an encouraging sign.

Seventh. He will start having dinner dates with important clients almost every evening. He will soon begin to look quite exhausted under the strain of this extra work. So, any evening that he does stay home, instead of letting him sleep, as he will appear to desire, invite some company in to amuse him. Don't invite any of his rough friends who might like to play poker or something of that sort. Have your friends in and plan an educational evening with readings from the works of Elvira Hopkings, the local poetess. Also be sure to make him wear his dress clothes.

Eighth. After two or three evenings like this, your husband will be so uplifted that he will get more work to do which will keep him downtown all the while.

Shortly after this you will meet him, accidentally, one afternoon. He will be coming out of a jeweler's shop and on his arm will be hanging a blonde young person. You will give them both a dirty look and pass on hurriedly.

Go to the nearest telephone booth and call up your lawyer. To your surprise you will find that your husband has already talked to him and that he is therefore prepared to discuss the terms of the alimony. You will laugh loudly at his first terms and, after some extensive maneuvering, come to an agreement whereby you have all but fifty cents of your husband's earnings for the remainder of his life.

You should then go home, breathe a sigh of accomplishment and cultivate a mournful expression. You have won your first spurs in this great American pastime.

Mary Alden in her oft-repeated role of the deserted wife, in "Snow Blindness"
Says Mr. Goodstadt: ‘My advice to those who are about to approach a casting director for the first time is—BE BUSINESS-LIKE. Forget personalities. Remember that to the Casting Director you are just so much merchandise and be prepared to convince him in definite, specific terms that you are the particular merchandise he needs at the time.’

‘Where are you going, my pretty maid?’

‘To act in the movies, sir,’ she said.

‘What are your talents, my pretty maid?’

‘I once won a beauty prize, sir,’ she said.

AND that, in the opinion of thousands of girls who wish to become screen actresses, is all that is necessary. But they are all wrong—dead wrong. For seven years I was casting director for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and I want to tell all aspirants just this:

Beauty is the commonest and least valuable of all those things that a casting director is called upon to buy.

It is no easy position to hold, that of casting director. I have given “fat” contracts to people I personally disliked. I have broken the hearts of very near and dear friends. I have had many uncomfortable moments divorcing the personal element from the most impersonal profession in the world. And that’s why I’m writing this article. I want to let people know that there can be no such thing as favoritism or preferment on social grounds when a casting director assumes the job of picking players for a motion picture.

Perhaps I can keep foolish thousands from trying to “impress” the casting director. And perhaps I can’t. But, any way, here is the truth of the business.
Is Cheap!

When I start to cast a production, say for a man like Cecil B. De Mille, I become a buyer of specific merchandise. I am given a story fabric, the warp and woof of which are certain strictly defined personalities. I am in the market for a certain poise of the head, a specific gesture, a special ability to portray a particular and definite emotion. And nothing "just as good" will do. I must have just what the story calls for. It is a link in a chain, a fragment of a mosaic. If it is not perfectly in accord with the specifications, it will cause the ruin of the whole framework.

I once made a very beautiful young lady very angry because I interrupted an interview with her to jump up and go out to my outer office to catch a man with the St. Vitus dance I had just seen pass the window. But you see I had a story which needed the man with St. Vitus—and the beautiful girl had nothing to offer but beauty.

If you're going to try to break into motion pictures, lay aside any plans of trying to "impress" the casting director. Think of yourself as just so much merchandise, so many pounds of potatoes or cases of eggs if you like. Analyze what you can't do and what you can do. Catalogue both your experience and your background. Be prepared to "sell" yourself purely on a basis of merchandise. If you have some decided eccentricity of face, figure or action, the way will be much easier for you, in all probability, for the unusual is always a marketable commodity.

I've known of cases where I have suspected that the person I was interviewing— and I talked to over 250,000 would-be actors and actresses in seven years—had spent nearly the last available cent to put on a good "front."

Don't try to "dress up" when you come to see the casting director. People are never themselves when they "doll" beyond their usual habit. Wear things of which you are not conscious so that your real personality can show through. If your clothes are terribly shabby, come anyway, because a casting director has even more calls for people who look unkempt and disheveled than he does for the sort who, by training and temperament, are literal "clothes horses."

I am now a business manager for Cecil B. De Mille. As I write this article I am buying materials for his next picture, "Triumph." I am buying raw film, silks, satins, lumbert, nails, chemicals, etc. I meet scores of salesmen daily. They are trained in their business. They tell me their story quickly and then leave. It doesn't matter either to me or them whether we like each other. They have something to sell and I am standing ready to buy. That's the only relation that counts.

I am doing precisely the same thing now as I did when I was a casting director—with an expenditure of just about one-fifth the nervous force and one-tenth [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]
The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

The life story of a "plain, freckled, ornery American kid," as he calls himself, who has won immense wealth and world-wide fame, is one of the absorbing romances of the motion picture

At eighteen months, he posed for his father in the latter's photograph gallery in Humboldt, Nebraska

Families of our class in that location. It was a hard country, and we were never very prosperous, but we were never really poor.

My father had what is sometimes called an itching foot. He was always wanting to go somewhere and every time he changed towns, he changed business. At various stages, he owned a shoe store, a photograph gallery, a hardware store, a sewing machine agency and a restaurant.

He liked to go to new towns and start a new business, but I think his real ambition was to see as much of the country as possible. Generally he was described as "one of our successful merchants."

My mother's name was Elizabeth Fraser and she came from Toulon, a little town seventy miles south of Chicago. You know what every fellow thinks of his mother. I don't remember that I thought much about her, when I was a kid. I was pretty busy. But she was an omnipresent fact, like the air I breathed. No boy ever had a better mother and father, and I surely led them an awful life when I was young. I wasn't vicious, but I sure was ornery.

I had one brother, Gaylord, five years older than I, and he was my idol. He says I was a terrible nuisance as a baby. Sometimes he had to wheel me around in my perambulator, which interfered greatly with his own schemes. Besides, he considered me anything but beautiful and thought that, for the honor of the family, I should be kept as much under cover as possible. Once he parked me at the railing in front of the general store and left me, and my career all but ended there under the dancing hoofs of a farmer's bay mare.

We left Burchard when I was six months old, so my recollections aren't
The great screen laugh manufacturer was born in this little house in Burkhart, Nebraska. (A hitherto unpublished photograph)

THIS is the first instalment of the autobiography of Harold Lloyd, whose fame and whose popularity are world-wide. There probably is no country in which motion pictures are shown that has not seen him, none in which he is not admired. In his pictures he speaks a universal language—that of a laugh-creator. Whether in the Occident or the Orient, he has a following such as always accrues to a man who can make others happy.

Strangely enough, for a man whose counterfeit presentment is familiar to millions, little has been known about the man himself. He always has shrunk from personal publicity, believing that his life off the screen belonged to himself. But so many and so insistently have been the demands that something of his personality and his background be told, that Photoplay finally persuaded him to write this autobiography. Those who love his pictures and who read this will realize that in his writing he is expressing his personality graphically and as truly as he does on the screen.

JAMES R. QUIRK

very authentic about it. We went first, I believe, to Humboldt, another small town, and still later to Pawnee City. Then we went to Denver for a little while, from there to Beatrice, stopping somewhere on the way and once spending a short time in Fort Collins, Colorado. From Beatrice we went to Omaha.

Nebraska is a cold state and, twenty or twenty-five years ago, life there wasn't any too easy, especially in the small towns and on the farms. My early recollections are of great space, immensity, ruggedness, barrenness. There was a thrill about it all, though, and it seems to me we had more fun than kids do nowadays, and we worked harder and it was good for us. The winters were hard but wonderful. There was snow everywhere, miles of it, great mountains of it, shutting in the little frame houses, with drifts up above the windows and folds down over the eaves. As far as you could see for months at a time, there was nothing but ice and snow. But it was a great time for sport for the kids.

When I was five, I got both my feet frozen and was nearly ruined for life. Only five or ten minutes stood between me and not having any feet. My brother Gaylord belonged to a gang of older boys and the ambition of my life was to follow them in their hazardous career. They were going up the river skating, on a bitterly cold afternoon, and I wanted to go. You know how kids brothers are, always tagging along. I was the town's prize tagger about then. I howled and yowled and clung to mother's skirts, pleading to go, and finally she said I might. She told Gaylord to build a fire for me on the bank, so I could keep warm and to watch me carefully.

Gee, I was popular with those big kids, and especially with Gaylord. But I trudged along, blissfully happy. The boys built a fire and I settled down, warm and comfortable. But after a while the fire went out. It grew colder and colder. I tried to build it up and couldn't. I cried and cried, but the boys had disappeared around the bend and couldn't hear me. I can still remember my terror, as dark came on. When the boys came back, I was nearly frozen. I remember I couldn't feel my feet as I walked home, nor anything under them. The sensation intrigued me, but I was pretty cold and scared.

When we got home, my mother nearly collapsed. My feet were frozen black. She didn't know which to do first, take
Harold’s mother and father, from photographs never before published. His mother was Elizabeth Fraser, of Toulon, Illinois, the leading amateur actress of the town.

He had his feet frozen when he was four years old, but he doesn’t seem worried in this picture, taken about that time.

care of me or deal with Gaylord. Finally, she and father split the difference and mother began applying snow and other remedies to my poor little feet, while Dad took Gaylord into the proverbial woodshed. After much agonizing prickling, during which I howled valiantly, my feet were saved. In fact, I think I could walk before Gaylord could sit down.

But he evened things up, because the next Summer he saved me from drowning. I was always crazy about swimming, and I wanted to do like the big boys, so I jumped off the bank into the deep part of the swimming pool. I’d come up the second time and was on my way to eternity with the third down, when he grabbed me by the hair and towed me to the bank.

I was always a marked man in any town where we lived because of my freckles. Naturally, I was proud of them, though, as I look back, they were probably the most terrifying freckles I have ever known. Wesley Barry might have served as a cold cream ad for a perfect skin beside me. I was not only freckled in an amazing, unbelievable profusion, but my freckles were the reddest, most glaring ones that ever were. I was always described as “the Lloyd boy with the freckles.”

As I grew a little older, I was usually engaged in a death-struggle for supremacy in my gang. There aren’t many things in my childhood to which I personally can point with much pride, so perhaps I may be allowed to state that I was pretty often leader of my gang. I could think up more things to do than anybody else. I used to get licked in fights a good deal, and I couldn’t have maintained my generalship by force, but I usually won my place back by thinking up some new game which I alone knew how to engineer. I remember the fellows used to refer to me as a “slicker.”

But my life wasn’t all sunshine. I had an aunt who lived near us, and while she was and is a dear, [continued on page 110]
CORINNE GRIFFITH and Walter Morosco did the conventional thing by slipping across the Mexican border to Tia Juana to be married. Corinne's new husband is the son of Oliver Morosco, the theatrical producer. The bridegroom has done some work in motion pictures, and for months was supposed to have been engaged to Betty Compson.
The Love Dodger

A story from behind the curtained windows of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Part Three

CLEVELAND BROWN was back on location and ready to shoot at nine o'clock the next morning. It was evident that he had not slept. Strain, that might have been the result of the long hard drive in the dark, was written upon his face. But he was unusually bright and smiling and eager to work. Only Janice, after one swift look into his eyes, recognized that the smile was not what it should be.

She did not guess what had happened. There was nothing in her knowledge of life nor in her consciousness to give her the faintest clue to the actual occurrence. She only knew Cleveland had gone to Hollywood and after a few short nights, he had come back, wearing a smile that was only a mask.

No one else noticed anything different. To them, it seemed the same smile that Cleveland Brown always wore in the morning. Even Mrs. Reed, who always went on location with her daughter, said bitterly: "Well, he seems to have had a good time. The idiot."

Janice laughed. "You're a bit hard on us poor mortals, mother," she said.

"Janice," said Mrs. Reed, "I don't know where you get some of the stuff you talk lately, but the sooner you get over it the better off you'll be."

Without answering, Janice tucked her long skis under her arm and tramped across the snowy open place in front of her cabin to where Cleveland and Scoop Wilson and the director were standing.

In her trim, high-laced boots, below tight-fitting knickers, her clinging red sweater and little fur cap pulled well down over her curls, she looked like a boy woodsman. She had a delightful walk, anyway, as swift and graceful as an Indian's.

The cold had brought a deep color to her checks. Altogether, she made a lovely picture, against the gleaming snow banks and the tall, black-green pine trees. But the men hardly glanced at her. She was just part of the troop, when work time struck.

They were doping out a gag and she slipped her arm through Cleveland's and stood listening. Her eyes, quite expressionless and calm, rested on him a moment without apparent intention. And with that glance, she knew for the first time in her life what real hatred meant.

Few violent emotions had come to her. She had always had a strange conviction that she was capable of them to the last degree. Now, she could have taken Leda O'Neil's long, white throat between her own brown hands and choked the life out of her. Leda O'Neil, who had put that look in Cleveland Brown's eyes!

"It's this way," Cleveland was saying intently and seriously. "I can see a lot of funny gags on the ice, when this fresh clerk from the city begins to show off in front of the rubes. He's been putting over some pretty grand stuff. No one's ever done any funny stuff on ice. Now I was doggone near born on skates. I can pull anything, just when I want to. Now, Janice, I'll go up that hill and come down on her skis. I'll be waiting on the ice for her, feeling pretty good, and anxious to show this backwoods Jane what a real guy is like. I've just put on my skates, see, and we can have a title there that I've once been roller skating champion of western Texas and I think I'm good on skates. Well, when this girl, that has pretty near cut her teeth on icicles and learned to ski before she could walk, comes along—I begin pulling my city-masher stuff. First thing I do, I try to make her a grand bow, and I keep right on going over and over, and come up right in front of her and try to pretend I intended to do it just that way—you get it? You think it'll be funny?"

Janice shut her eyes. Somehow, she just couldn't bear it that he must go on being funny with that look in his eyes.

Oh, that was the way with this business. Heart-break, Death, Bankruptcy, Divorce, Shattered air-castles. Anything and everything, and still you carried on. Just as Cleveland was carrying on with gags to make the world laugh, while his heart ached with all the tears a man may not shed.

"Janice," he said, "can you ski down that hill? It'll look awfully pretty, coming right into the camera."

She nodded. "It may take me a couple of trys," she said.

"If I don't make it the first time, I'll try again."

"You can have a dozen trys," said Cleveland, patting her shoulder. "You're not afraid, honey?"
She smiled at him and all that she longed to say was in that smile. "No, Cleve, I'm not afraid."

He patted her again, absentmindedly. And she knew he had neither seen nor heard.

She strapped on the skis and started off toward the lake. She couldn't help showing off a little about it. Three weeks ago she had never even seen a ski. And in three weeks she was up there practicing, she could make a very fair showing.

"Watch me," she called gaily to Cleveland. "I'm good."

She started off across the small, frozen lake, skimming along like a bright-plumaged bird. Once, in sheer, young bragadocio, she leaned far over, her arms hanging like a racer, and fairly flew along.

"That's the gamest kid I ever saw in my life," said Scoop Wilson with reluctant violence. "Honestly, you've got to hand it to her that way. I've never seen her balk at anything yet, and no matter how many tumbles she gets, he never whimpers."

Cleveland Brown looked after the brave, swift, little figure. Of course. He'd always known that. It was one of the facts of the universe, like the rising of the sun. No one needed to call his attention to Janice's good qualities. He knew about Janice, at least.

They piled into the two big touring cars with the cameras and drove the quarter of a mile to the edge of the lake.

One of the prop boys strapped on his skates for him. He took a last look at the placing of the cameras and went out on the ice. In spite of himself, he felt a little thrill as the ice yielded beneath his feet and he couldn't resist one or two fancy twirls.

But then the world began to drop beneath him. The sinking of his heart almost overcame him. Exactly as you felt in an airplane when you hit a airhole and dropped through space into endless nothingness.

There was nothing left in all the world. Nothing. Those moments of blazing wrath, of sharp anguish, the hours of mad, wild ride, the dominating habit of long years to work in spite of hell, had carried him along like a nightmare. Now he was awakening. Awakening to realize not only the thing that had happened, but what it meant. The wreck of his dreams. The blotting out of his future. He looked around and wondered if this could be the same world that he had looked upon the morning before.

Janice had reached the top of the hill. She must time her arrival. He didn't feel much like being funny. He hoped he would be.

The little figure in its boyish clothes started down the long slope. How well she did it! There wasn't anybody for hard work, like Janice. Bless her. She had grit.

Grit. That was what he needed. Janice would take a knock like this with her small chin up—up. Well, he could do it, too. He could even clown—he could clown.

He faced the hill. Janice had hit the ice, straightened up a vivid, dominant little figure flying a triumphant smile, and sailing with grace and dip of a yacht.

And then, before anyone could move, there was a splintering and a crash. Cleveland had one glimpse of her face as it set and the bright picture was wiped out. There was only a dark, jagged hole in the ice, yawning and grinning up at them.

Nobody screamed. They were used to acting in emergencies, that crew of Cleveland Brown's.

Cleveland himself yelled as he started, "Quick, help me out of this stuff. Get some rails and branches. Ropes."

A prop boy was tearing off Cleveland's sweaters and another was kneeling at his feet. Everyone was moving, acting, silently and with incredible speed.

"She can swim like a fish, but those damn skis will weigh her down," Cleveland muttered, "and that water's cold. Oh, God, help me! Don't let anything happen to Janice. Good little Janice. I'll bet she's not afraid, even now."

The director came up, his arms full of rope and tools. "You oughtn't to go yourself, Cleveland," he gasped. "My God, if anything should happen to you—"

"Of course I'm going, you damn fool," yelled Cleveland Brown, "no one else can do it."

One of the prop boys stood there, stripped as well. "I'm coming too, Mr. Brown," he said, "I can swim fine."
It was all quicker than thought. Only a moment, it seemed, after the bright little figure had disappeared, Cleveland Brown in his bare feet and trousers, hit the ice of that dark, dank water.

The cameramen were tearing away the rotten ice and the hole yawned larger and larger.

It was so cold that he could hardly move. But he went down, with the instinct of a diver, his hands in front of him, feeling—feeling.

He remembered, in a queer flash, as a dying man remembers, the day he had taught Janice to dive. Her brown, strong young body, so full of life.

Where was she? Where was she?

He began to pray incoherently as he searched. God must help him to find Janice. There was so much that was horrible and rotten in the world and Janice was a bright and shining star. She mustn't go out.

He came up, despairing, for one breath. He bracketed this brief second for that one gulp of air. Down again, his hands touched something. It was only a clump of weeds.

No—something else.

He felt cloth. His hands closed on it like a vise and he began to pull upwards, with twice his ordinary strength. The water was deep. He must get out. Someone was helping him. Together they dragged and pulled and fought, until—just as darkness was about to close forever and Cleveland Brown was sure that his lungs had burst open his head came above water.

Janice didn't fight.

She must be out. Maybe—worse.

Frailly the ice along the edge of the hole held.

Ropes and heavy branches reached down to them. An automobile tire tube that one of the crew had stripped from the back of a car made a rest for the body they could no longer hold, because of her great weariness.

And at last they had her on the bank, where Scoop Wilson had managed to build a big fire. Cleveland Brown, the swampy, soggy and cold, lifeless.

Cleveland Brown bent over her. "I guess she's—gone," he said.

But the other men pushed him away and started to work on her.

There was everything in the car and someone knew something about first aid. In a motion picture crew, someone always knows something about everything. That is what motion picture crews are for.

Cleveland Brown huddling himself in blankets, huddled close to the fire beside the prop boy, as they worked over her. They did it so lovingly, those men, that he felt no profanation as their rough hands tore at her clothes and banged her small body about. He could not think much. His soul and his mind and his spirit were as numb as his body.

Only one cellHampered at him. Leda was in another man's arms. And now his little pal was going to be taken away from him.

The first thing that Janice said when she opened her eyes tiredly was, "I'll do it again now," and at that Cleveland and the prop boy and all the men around the fire began to laugh and cry and to give a very excellent invitation of a dozen men in violent hysterics.

You see, Janice Reed was a sort of idol to the men who worked with her.

"That gag," said Cleveland Brown between his chattering teeth, "is out. We'll finish this picture on the Mojave desert." Janice smiled at him weakly. She looked very sick, but she could speak. "All right," she said, "but let's go somewhere now where they've got nice hot soup."

Cleveland Brown put an affectionate arm around the shoulders of the prop boy.

"Maybe there was a God."

When they were back in Hollywood, the old routine began again.

The publicity that Scoop had given to his rescue of Janice Reed soon died away. Janice herself was going about none the worse for those few hideous moments.

Everything reverted to normal. The soggy, dull, ugly lull after a storm.

Outwardly, Cleveland Brown seemed unchanged. The brief thrill and reaction of Janice's danger and rescue had vanished. He began a vain striving to take up his life as it had been before the coming of Leda O'Neil.

He returned to his habit of taking Ray Connable out to dance now and then. That was all right, because Leda had never liked to dance. It was too much trouble. He occasionally dined with Janice.

And he sung himself as much as might be in hard work. Harder work than Cleveland Brown had ever done, even in the old hard days. He drove himself and his people, relentlessly and quietly, to exhaustion.

But he was a little quieter, a little kinder, a little more considerate of others. But there was no bitterness, no whimpering, and no outward sign.

The funny part of it was that he didn't blame Leda. He decided there must be some unmanly weakness in his soul, something lacking, for he had felt no impulse to murder or destroy either Leda or the blond young fool in whose arms he had found her.

Why, because he had been a fool, of course. Because he had expected more than Leda could give, should he blame her? He had forced her into a position that did not fit her, did not belong to her. He had idealized her. The aftermass was harder to bear, was filled with more vain regrets and more anguish thoughts, because he had gone into the thing without a second's warning.

There were people in Hollywood, of course, who could have prepared Cleveland Brown.

Two or three men who knew what it was to have Cleveland Brown's friendship, had walked the floor at night many times during those weeks, wondering why he ought to do about it, wondering if they should warn the boy of impending disaster that seemed inevitable and yet dreading the miserable business of telling a man the last thing in the world he wants to hear.

They wanted him to know, but they couldn't tell him. It loomed such a difficult task. Probably he wouldn't have believed them. Probably it wouldn't have done a bit of good. Certainly he would have hated them and could never forgive them, knowing that they knew his shame.

It was a terrible position for his friends. He came to see that. Scoop Wilson had actually tried. But he had come up against the wall of Cleveland Brown's loyalty and retreated.

Not even a whisper had reached him. The opinion of the world did not concern him. He had never encouraged nor mingled with gossips and wise-crackers. He was singularly indifferent to that stuff.

Of course, most men would have known, or at least suspected, a thousand times. But Cleveland Brown was neither wise nor suspicious. He was only very loving and very loyal and very honest himself. Deceit was an untraveled morass.

That Which Has Gone Before

CLEVELAND BROWN, the famous comedian, was the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood. But he was also shy, ill at ease, with women. The only girl that he knew intimately was Janice Reed, his leading lady.

And Cleve thought of her in the light of a kid sister. His life was smooth, serene, until Ray Connable, an ex-Follies girl and a perfect stranger to him, announced their engagement. Indignantly he started to deny the announcement, and discovered that Ray had been seeking publicity—that she needed it, greatly, because she was jobless, discouraged and in search of a contract. So Cleve Brown played the game—being a modern knight-errant.

He really liked Ray Connable, and the engagement might have become real, had not Leda O'Neil stepped into the picture. Leda was a vamp—in her private life as well as on the screen. She met Cleve in a most unconventional way; for, in an intoxicated condition, she commandeered his car and compelled him to take her home. Although Cleve knew her reputation, he told himself that real love would make everything come right.

He was meeting passion for the first time, and it blinded him. Before long they were engaged, and the marriage date was set. If fate had not sent Cleve away, to location—and sent him back again, unexpectedly—Leda O'Neil would have become Mrs. Brown.

It was his unexpected return, his unannounced entrance to Leda's home, that proved to him, in a blinding, sickening way, her unworthiness.

38
"I'm a little lonely," said  
Mrs. Morrison. "I— I  
think you know what it was  
to be lonely— once!"

If their engagement had been announced, it might have been  
different. The need to tell would have been more imperative  
then. Probably they would not have let him take Leda O'Neil  
to be his wife without telling him some of the things she had  
done as his fiancée.

Afterwards, as he put the pieces of the puzzle together, slowly  
and painfully, he marvelled at himself and understood many  
things that had been done and said. What a fool he was!  
Why, a man that was such an idiot deserved all he got.

He said it to himself with a rueful smile. But then he would  
remember the day in the patio and Leda in her simple white  
frock, with the blue ribbons, and her eyes deep and dark as she  
promised to marry him, and the smile would vanish.

It was not that he could not forgive her. He did forgive her.  
Only, something was gone. He couldn't compass that forgive-  
ness which the Christ had demonstrated, which wiped out for-  
ever the sin, and healed it. Perhaps he had a vision of such  
giveness, but it was beyond him now.

His love for Leda O'Neil was over. It had left behind it a  
new and heart-torturing grave, and Cleveland Brown mourned  
over that grave, though he knew the soul of the thing he loved  
had fled.

That and a longing, a terrific longing, was what was left of  
the love which Cleveland Brown had felt for Leda O'Neil. He  
missed her. Oh, God, how he missed her. There were times  
when his flesh cried out for her and he hid his brown head in the  
refuge to choke back the sobs he must not utter.

He wanted at least to be a man about it. He must be a man.  

The thought of her had power to torture him. Power to call  
him. Sometimes when he remembered the dear, intimate mo-  
ments and her sweetness in them, he could almost have cast  
honor and decent pride and ideals away and gone to her and  
said, "Never mind what you are, I want you so much I'll take  
you at any price and on any terms."

But he couldn't do that. Never.

In the long, quiet evenings when he sat at his window with  
his pipe and looked out over his garden that was beginning to  
die in the autumn frosts, he knew that his misery with her  
would be ten times the misery he knew now. That pleasure  
bought at such a price would be crucifixion to him. And that  
strange caution and fear that was part of him awoke again and  
controlled him.

He didn't judge her. But he had come to see Leda O'Neil  
with the remorseless eyes of a man who has loved greatly and  
been betrayed. She would always be the same. He could never  
trust her. That was Leda.

He could talk with no one, except sometimes, in a roundabout  
way, with his Dad. And he said to him, a little bitterly, " So  
I'm dodging love again, Dad, or it's dodging me."

For Leda did not make it easy for him. Now that she had  
lost him he seemed to her a million times more desirable. No  
man had ever left her before. It did not please her. All the  
arguments that she had used to herself, when she promised to  
marry him, returned augmented [continued on page 110]
Gloria Swanson was hired and quit the same day when she took a job in a department store in New York recently. Here's how it happened.

Gloria is to play a shop girl in her next picture. She is a hard worker and does not spare herself any effort when she goes into a part. So she decided to work in a department store for a few days to observe the life and atmosphere. Arrangements were made with the head of Macy's store, and he was the only person in the entire establishment who knew about it. Even the head of the basement department, where she worked on the notions counter, does not know it, and probably will not until he reads this item, or hears of it.

Wearing a blonde wig, and without a vestige of powder or rouge she reported at eight o'clock for work, and was assigned to the notions counter. Seers were her particular specialty. She kept to herself and devoted herself to selling her wares with the result that the other girls called her for showing them. She got off to a bad start.

In the dressing room during lunch period one of the girls turned to her and said: "You're just a fool to work so hard—it won't get you any place."

Another little blonde asked her to button up her waist, and the beautiful star of the screen, whose salary is $7,000 a week, did it.

Towards the end of the day she overheard them discussing her.

"Something phoney 'bout that new dame," said one old timer who had been in the same department five years.

"Looks to me like she's wearing a wig," said another. "Let's kid her and see why she wears it."

"Yeh," said the old timer. "She tries to speak too nice. Putting it on, I think. Thinks she looks like Gloria Swanson, I guess. Makes me sick."

That was getting too close to be comfortable, so Gloria quit, having earned a grand total of $2.50.

No, the title of the next picture will not be "Gloria, the Beautiful Shop Girl."

Where do these weird rumors start? We have been receiving inquiries from all over the country asking if Gloria Swanson was really dead.

Aside from the fact that Gloria was sick in the hospital for a few weeks, a few months ago, there seems to be no possible foundation for it.

Another strange thing is that the inquiries came from all parts of the country, almost simultaneously. One reader wrote in to ask if it was true that Paramount had found a girl who looked just like Miss Swanson and that she had taken Miss Swanson's place.

Another "sister act" has been added to the Hollywood colony—Nita Naldi and her sister Mary. It is rather peculiar, however, that some months ago Nita denied that she had a sister. And one of the teachers in a school in New York, which was attended by both these young women, says that they met there for the first time, that Mary's name is really Rinaldi, and that when her friend adopted the stage and screen as a career, she took the last two syllables of Mary's name as her stage name. So that's that and you can take your choice in the matter.

Nita's sister is dyeing. No, that is the proper spelling. The young lady is in the best of health, but Nita has decided that she doesn't like Mary's complexion. As a matter of fact, Mary wants to go into pictures, but she doesn't screen well. So Nita had a brilliant idea, which may work out all right, but which has caused a lot of trouble in a Los Angeles hotel.

It seems that Nita figured one must be different to be successful on the screen, so she determined to accentuate the Italian darkness of Mary's skin. She discovered some preparation that made the skin a lasting brown, and she commandeered Mary to bathe in it. Mary did so, with—it is said—remarkable results.

The brown dye not only does not wear off of Mary, but it also refuses to wear off of the bathtub. The hotel employees tried everything to restore the tub to its pristine whiteness, but the dye resisted all efforts.

And now Nita is said to be pricing bathtubs of brown marble or something that won't show the stain.

Did you ever have a nightmare and think "you were walking down the boulevard in broad daylight clad only in your pajamas?"

If you did then you know just how Erich von Stroheim, the noted Goldwyn director, would feel if forced to appear in public without his gold and enamel bracelet, his white gloves, wrist watch and walking stick. He would as soon appear in public in his shirt-sleeves as without them.

Nor is it affectation with this picturesque figure of the Hollywood film colony. Before coming to this country in 1920 von Stroheim was an officer in the Austrian dragoons and the white gloves were a compulsory part of his uniform.

The bracelet, which is a gold bit-chain, held his identification tag.

Nita Naldi and her "sister." Miss Naldi denied she had a sister up to recently. Some folks say the younger girl's name is really Rinaldi, and that Nita adopted the last part of it as her stage name.

A close up of Van Stroheim, the clever director's gold and enamel bracelet, white gloves, wrist watch and walking stick. He wouldn't appear in public without them.

Studio News
By Cal York

Written from the inside of the Hollywood and New York studios. If you read it here you can believe it.

Gloria Swanson was hired and quit the same day when she took a job in a department store in New York recently. Here's how it happened.

Gloria is to play a shop girl in her next picture. She is a hard worker and does not spare herself any effort when she goes into a part. So she decided to work in a department store for a few days to observe the life and atmosphere. Arrangements were made with the head of Macy's store, and he was the only person in the entire establishment who knew about it. Even the head of the basement department, where she worked on the notions counter, does not know it, and probably will not until he reads this item, or hears of it.

Wearing a blonde wig, and without a vestige of powder or rouge she reported at eight o'clock for work, and was assigned to the notions counter. Seers were her particular specialty. She kept to herself and devoted herself to selling her wares with the result that the other girls called her for showing them. She got off to a bad start.

In the dressing room during lunch period one of the girls turned to her and said: "You're just a fool to work so hard—it won't get you any place."

Another little blonde asked her to button up her waist, and the beautiful star of the screen, whose salary is $7,000 a week, did it.

Towards the end of the day she overheard them discussing her.

"Something phoney 'bout that new dame," said one old timer who had been in the same department five years.

"Looks to me like she's wearing a wig," said another. "Let's kid her and see why she wears it."

"Yeh," said the old timer. "She tries to speak too nice. Putting it on, I think. Thinks she looks like Gloria Swanson, I guess. Makes me sick."

That was getting too close to be comfortable, so Gloria quit, having earned a grand total of $2.50.

No, the title of the next picture will not be "Gloria, the Beautiful Shop Girl."

Where do these weird rumors start? We have been receiving inquiries from all over the country asking if Gloria Swanson was really dead.

Aside from the fact that Gloria was sick in the hospital for a few weeks, a few months ago, there seems to be no possible foundation for it.

Another strange thing is that the inquiries came from all parts of the country, almost simultaneously. One reader wrote in to ask if it was true that Paramount had found a girl who looked just like Miss Swanson and that she had taken Miss Swanson's place.

Another "sister act" has been added to the Hollywood colony—Nita Naldi and her sister Mary. It is rather peculiar, however, that some months ago Nita denied that she had a sister. And one of the teachers in a school in New York, which was attended by both these young women, says that they met there for the first time, that Mary's name is really Rinaldi, and that when her friend adopted the stage and screen as a career, she took the last two syllables of Mary's name as her stage name. So that's that and you can take your choice in the matter.

Nita's sister is dyeing. No, that is the proper spelling. The young lady is in the best of health, but Nita has decided that she doesn't like Mary's complexion. As a matter of fact, Mary wants to go into pictures, but she doesn't screen well. So Nita had a brilliant idea, which may work out all right, but which has caused a lot of trouble in a Los Angeles hotel.

It seems that Nita figured one must be different to be successful on the screen, so she determined to accentuate the Italian darkness of Mary's skin. She discovered some preparation that made the skin a lasting brown, and she commandeered Mary to bathe in it. Mary did so, with—it is said—remarkable results.

The brown dye not only does not wear off of Mary, but it also refuses to wear off of the bathtub. The hotel employees tried everything to restore the tub to its pristine whiteness, but the dye resisted all efforts.

And now Nita is said to be pricing bathtubs of brown marble or something that won't show the stain.

Did you ever have a nightmare and think "you were walking down the boulevard in broad daylight clad only in your pajamas?"

If you did then you know just how Erich von Stroheim, the noted Goldwyn director, would feel if forced to appear in public without his gold and enamel bracelet, his white gloves, wrist watch and walking stick. He would as soon appear in public in his shirt-sleeves as without them.

Nor is it affectation with this picturesque figure of the Hollywood film colony. Before coming to this country in 1920 von Stroheim was an officer in the Austrian dragoons and the white gloves were a compulsory part of his uniform.

The bracelet, which is a gold bit-chain, held his identification tag.
HERE'S one way that a husband who objects to bobbed hair can get back at his wife who bobs hers. J. P. McGowan, the director and actor whose wife is Helen Holmes, the serial queen, hearing that his wife intended to amputate her tresses, went and got his head shaved. Helen Holmes still wears her hair long.

WHEN Chaliapin, the famous Russian baritone, visited Los Angeles on a concert tour recently, he went out to Charlie Chaplin's studio. They say every famous person who comes to town shows up sooner or later at the Chaplin studio, and Charlie immediately stops work because he is so horribly self-conscious he can't work in front of them. In a week, if you work at Chaplin's, you are apt to meet Chaliapin, Hugh Walpole, Benny Leonard, William Jennings Bryan, and Professor Com.

Anyway, Chaliapin had never seen some of the favorite old Chaplin pictures, like "Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Kid." So Charlie agreed to run them for him. They sat together in the little dark projection room, and so pleased was the great Russian, that he burst into song, and sang with gusto and delight all the way through the many reels—sang anything and everything that came to his mind.

When it was over, he thanked Mr. Chaplin for the entertainment. "You had been so kind for to show me this pictures," he said. "And you've been very kind to give me such a wonderful concert," said Charlie, and they parted with mutual smiles of admiration.

ALTHOUGH both interested parties deny it—they always do in Hollywood—the engagement of Agnes Ayres to Ricardo Cortez is being generally accepted as an established fact by the motion picture colony. Agnes and young Cortez, who is one of the newest aspirants to sheik honors, have been seen constantly together for some months and, though they insist it's just platonic friendship, nobody believes them.

Cortez seems to have caused considerable stir among feminine hearts in Hollywood and
Agnes isn't the first star who has favored him with some attention. Even the fair and inaccessible Gloria is said to have smiled upon him before she deserted the west for New York. On the screen his sheikings don't seem to progress so well, although Mr. Lasky is giving him every chance.

Agnes Ayres divorced Captain Frank Shucker in 1921. It was a “war marriage” that didn't take.

No wedding date has been mentioned, but friends of the young couple think the early fall will probably hear wedding bells in their honor.

EBERT DANIELS had a narrow escape from death recently. She was saved from a serious situation by the presence of mind of her director, Sidney Olcott.

It happened at the Famous Players studio, where they were filming “Monseur Beauchaire.” There is a mob scene in a long narrow hallway, in which many of the supers carry lighted torches. One of the extras slipped and fell, his torch sliding under the filmy, voluminous court dress of Miss Daniels. In a second it would have burst into flames, and beleibe might have met the same fate that was the portion of beautiful Martha Mansfield—who died of burns received in much the same manner. Olcott, however, saw the danger and made the old fashioned flying tackle that has been barred from the football field of recent years. He brought the star down with a crash and, incidentally, put out the flames.

THERE are Valentino fans in the motion picture business as well as outside of it. A prophet is sometimes recognized in his own country. This is proved by the fact that Helene Chadwick, who plays the part of Lady Mary Carlyle in “Monseur Beauchaire,” gave up stardom in order to appear opposite Valentino.

“I feel,” she said, “that he is the greatest of the younger dramatic actors—and that playing opposite him, in his best picture, will be the big chance of my screen career. Of course I wanted to be a star—but the chance for that will come again. And this chance was unique!”

TOMMY MEIGHAN has a sweetheart. The most faithful husband of the movies—the man whose married happiness is almost a legend—has fallen for a blonde. It's getting to be a scandal, out Hollywood way, for Tommy has insisted, of late, that the young lady appear in most of his pictures. And when you carry a romance into your business, there's trouble in the offing.

The young lady, when questioned by reviewers, denied nothing. In fact, she was almost brazen in her frankness. “Tom is my big beef,” she said, with a radiant smile. “I love him.”

The lady, by the way, goes by the name of “Peaches” Jackson. She has big eyes, and pink cheeks and dimples. And, on her last birthday, she was nine years old!

ANNETTE KELLERMAN, who has been entering in Los Angeles and writing a lot of beauty articles, is a great favorite with the movie stars. She introduced a new form of entertainment recently—a tennis tea. Everybody came at two o'clock ready for a session on the courts and played until exhausted. When tea was served on the charming lawns of the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

Among the guests and players were Florence Vidor, Priscilla Dean, Enid Bennett, May Sutton Bundy and Mary Browne.

By the way, Miss Kellerman doesn't approve of these tricks, such as lamb chops and pineapple, and barked potatoes and milk that are going the rounds just now. There isn't any greater authority on body care and building than the famous swimmer. And she says: “These diets are not only wrong but dangerous. Reduction should be by a combination of properly directed exercise and a reasonable and sensible diet. All reducing must be accompanied by exercise. Women who go in for that sort of thing are undermining their constitutions.”

MARY NEWCOMB, stage actress, has just obtained a divorce from Robert Edeison, Miss Newcomb says that “Bob”—whose...
latest success is as the grafting inspector in the "Ten Commandments"—spent too much money on somebody else and not enough on her.

A good many people may remember the sensation it caused some years ago when Robert Edeson, star of such great stage successes as "Classmates" and "Strongheart," was divorced by his first wife, to whom he had been married for many years, and immediately married a pretty little school teacher in her teens, Mary Newcomb. Today, Miss Newcomb is hailed as one of the coming Broadway stage stars, is under contract to A. H. Woods, who is trying to find a proper play in which to present her to New York, and much of her success is undoubtedly due to the training she received when she and Mr. Edeson played together.

Now—they're divorced.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has stopped work entirely during the visit of Madame Eleanor Duse to Los Angeles. In fact, Charlie has not only stopped work, he has practically gone into retreat, to enjoy Madame Duse's great art. He has attended all of the four performances given by the Italian actress, and considers it, he says, the greatest artistic experience of his career. According to Chaplin, who has been hailed everywhere as one of the greatest artists who ever lived, Madame Duse is not only the greatest actress in the world, she is the greatest artist of any kind.

The whole film colony has turned out to do honor to Duse, and her opening night was attended by a glittering crowd of film celebrities who hailed her work with really touching enthusiasm.

IF YOU ever tried changing directors in the middle of a picture you ain't done nothing yet.

Douglas MacLean, who is rapidly being nominated by the motion picture fans as the third member of a comedian triumvirate—the other two of course being Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin—has just gone through that interesting experience.

Douglas hired a well known comedy director to wield the megaphone over his newest comedy, Wallace Collier's stage success "Never Say Die." Douglas is a comedian who likes lots of room to work in, and who believes that spontaneity is the spice of the picture, as it were. Said director believed in quieter and more stereotyped methods.

"He actually had me," said Douglas, "where I couldn't get my feet off the ground, I'd stood still so long." Fortunately Douglas practically directs himself, and after a few days of shooting he decided to call in another director to make over what was necessary and to finish the rest of the work.

WALLACE MACDONALD and Doris May are quite hurt because they were left out of the happy married couples Photoplay ran last month.

"Because we're the happiest married couple in Hollywood or anywhere else," they both declare.

So we apologize and add them forthwith to those amazing people who know how to be happy though married in Hollywood.

NORMA TALMADGE, accompanied by her husband, Joe Schenck, arrived home safely from New York. There were tears of joy on Norma's cheeks when she got off the train in Los Angeles and she says she never wants to leave Hollywood and California again. She will begin work at once on her new home in Beverly Hills, where she owns several acres on the hillside.

The first thing she did was to visit her new nephew, the second son of her sister, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, and Buster Keaton.

The first thing Mr. Schenck did was to cancel all plans for the Constance Talmadge picture, which was to start the following day, [continued on page 88]
The Greatest Box Office Attractions

Stars and Directors Whose

The Vote on Stars

Thomas Meighan  Mary Pickford
Norma Talmadge  Douglas Fairbanks
Harold Lloyd  Gloria Swanson
Tom Mix  Pola Negri

By James R. Quirk

The verdicts presented on these pages are the result of a ballot of five thousand exhibitors, owners of all classes of motion picture houses, from the great, full-orCHEstraed picture palaces of New York, to the ten-cent houses of the back streets of large cities and the smallest hamlets.

Each was asked to name "the six most consistent box-office attractions" among stars and among directors, those whose names when presented to their patrons in connection with productions meant good business and good profit.

It was not, in any sense, a popularity contest, but a straightforward question to business men who can actually determine the value to themselves of the names of stars and directors.

At first glance there are many surprises. Where, for instance, is Valentino? Where is Chaplin? Why should Tom Mix come ahead of Pickford and Fairbanks? Why is C. B. De Mille chosen ahead of D. W. Griffith? Why is James Cruze, who has made four outstanding box office successes in one year placed behind Allan Dwan, Marshall Neilan, and William C. de Mille? Why should a comparatively new star from abroad, Pola Negri, come ahead of the juvenile wonder of the screen, Jackie Coogan, who was ninth? Why should Richard Dix and Ramon Novarro and Reginald Denny, featured strongly only within the past year, precede Bartholomew? Where are the Gishes? What of Charlie Ray and Bill Hart? What of Corinne Griffith and Barbara La Marr, two stars whose names today mean "standing room only"? What's happened to Constance Talmadge?

I have tried to prepare a list of the basic elements of [continued on page 109]
By Vote of Moving Picture Exhibitors

Names Bring in the Public

The Vote on Directors

Cecil B. De Mille
David Wark Griffith
Rex Ingram
Allan Dwan

Marshall Neilan
William C. de Mille
James Cruze
George Fitzmaurice

$25.00
For the Best Letter

A PRIZE of $25.00 will be given for the best letter of 300 words or less explaining the reasons for the choices of the exhibitors in this interesting ballot. Prizes of $10.00 and $5.00 will be given for the second and third best, and all the letters will be published. No letter of over three hundred words will be considered, and no attempt will be made to read any letters written in illegible handwriting.
"What you need," she said, "is a little less Beethoven and a little more sunshine."
The Reformation of Mamma's Boy

By Gene Markey

His aunties called him a model youth, but a regular girl rebuilt him on up-to-the-minute lines

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

Well-bred people, of course, do not snort; but the sound that Miss Minerva uttered was appallingly similar.

"She is not," pronounced Miss Minerva, "anyone we would care to know."

"'Hi,'"

"Come—it's ten o'clock. Sneeze will be waiting for you upstairs."

Smeed was the music teacher who travelled in the Timmons' entourage. They had brought him to Nantucket for the summer, just as they had brought Francis' grand piano.

"But I don't—feel like practising this morning." The young gentleman rose and yawned.

"Now, now!" His aunt frowned. Seldom was Francis recalcitrant. "Go up, like a good boy. I want to hear that Chopin prelude after you've worked on it."

His mind, however, dwelt not on the Chopin prelude. In his blue eyes was a far-away look.

"You say she disappeared—after she dragged me out of the water?"

"What? Who?" asked Miss Minerva.

"That girl!"

"I'm not quite sure," she remarked impatiently, "your idea in bringing up that subject again. I've told you no one knew the girl, she is not staying here at the hotel—and she disappeared immediately."

"I should think she might," mused Francis. "She must have been atrociously wet."

"It's time for your lesson."

"All the same," he observed, as he sauntered away, "I should like to see her again." He had no intention whatever of going up to his music lesson. He felt in no mood for it, and entering the hotel by one door, he quitted it at once by another.

Life was too short to argue with Aunt Minerva. Out he walked into the Nantucket sunshine, and for the nonce a certain Chopin prelude was forgotten.

Under a shady tree by the roadside stood the Timmons' long, green Pierce-Arrow, with Vincent the chauffeur peacefully asleep behind the wheel. Quietly Francis woke him, and climbed in.

"We are starting," said he, "on a short tour of the island. I am looking for something, Vincent, and we'll drive first toward Wauwinet."

"O. K.", assented the agreeable, if informal, Vincent. And with an expensive purr the shiny, green car moved off.

It was a perfect July morning, and as they followed the Polpis Road, winding narrowly among moors that were strewn with Scotch broom and wild-rose bushes and blackberry vines, Francis breathed deeply of the cool salt air, and smiled to himself.

"The quest of the girl with violet eyes—and a police dog," he murmured.

"Wha'ya say, sir?"

"Nothing," said Francis, still smiling.

* * * *

By love! Stop the car, Vincent."

They had reached the Wauwinet end of the island, and ahead of them in the road a fair-haired girl in white sports clothes was striding along, halting at intervals to hurl a stick for a handsome police dog.

"That's she—I'm sure of it!" Francis scrambled excitedly from the car, caught up with her and whisked off his straw sailor.

"I—I beg your pardon—"

The girl turned, and her lovely eyes regarded him coolly.

"I—I'm Mr. Timmons," he murmured, fearfully abashed, "and I—I wanted to thank you for—uh—saving my life yesterday."

"Oh?" A shadow of a smile played across the corners of her...
mouth. "So you're the bird I hauled outa the briny deep!"

There was a slightly harshest quality to her voice that fascinated him. And no one had ever called him a "bird" before.

"I—" he was blushing now "—if you won't think it impertinent of me, I should like to—uh—I mean, I'm ever so grateful to you."

She was looking at him curiously. "Forget it," she advised.

"But I—"

The police dog had come up and was sniffing at his shoes. To cover his confusion, Francis stooped swiftly and patted its head.

"Baron!" She spoke warningly. But the dog made no hostile move, indeed, seemed rather to enjoy the caress.

"That's funny," said she, "Baron's never let a stranger touch him before."

"Good old Baron," chuckled Francis, vastly pleased. Then he straightened up and faced her shyly. "Would you—uh—would you mind telling me your name?"

"Why—I wouldn't mind," she answered gravely, "but I don't see any particular point in it."

"Oh," this rather hurt him. Still, he had never seen anyone so beautiful. "Well, then," he persevered, "won't you—uh—let me drive you home?"

"Thanks, but my cottage is just beyond that clump of scrub oaks."

"Oh," he was stooping again, and stroking the dog's fur. "You're kind of a mamma's boy, aren't you?" she remarked abruptly; and watched the scarlet blush that crept around his neck.

He uttered a strange sound, and without raising his head, answered, "I—my mother died when I was six."

"Honest to Gawd," said she quickly, "I'm sorry!"

"It's all right." He looked up with a hurt little smile. "I—

I guess I'll be going along, now..."

He lingered wistfully.

"Wait." She laid a hand on his sleeve, and the expression in her violet eyes was gentle. "I guess you can't be such a bad canary if Baron likes you. He's pretty particular."

Francis wriggled with embarrassment. But she was not apparently, making fun of him.

"If you'd like to, we can walk over to the cottage and sit on the porch a while..."

"I'd love it!" he exclaimed, and turned joyously to his chauffeur. "Pull over in the shade, Vincent—and wait for me, please." The obliging Vincent grinned appreciatively.

"Guess I might as well tell you my name," she was saying as they turned down a charming little lane. "It's Queenie Fairfield."

"Queenie-Fairfield," he murmured. (Queenie. What an amazing name!) "Mine is Francis Timmons."

"Frances? Why, that's a girl's name."

Again he blushed. "Well—uh—that's F-r-a-n-c-i-s. Mine is F-r-a-n-c-I-s, you see."

"Another thing," objected the girl. (And Francis frowned. She seemed determined not to like him.) "Another thing—you oughtn't be ashamed—not knowing how to swim."

"Well, I—" he coughed uncomfortably, "—I've never learned, that's all."

The police dog was trotting along contentedly by his side. It was evident that he, at least, had accepted the young man who could not swim.

"Funny," she mused, "how Baron's taken such a fancy to you."

They had emerged from the lane now, and before them stood a tiny, green-shingle cottage, with yellow rambler roses trellised over the door, and a hammock and rustic chairs on the shady porch.
"This," announced Miss Queenie Fairfield, gesturing gracefully, "is my castle in Spain. Only, the roof doesn't leak."

Francis smiled, and glanced about him. Below stretched a sandy beach, from which a rickety dock ran out into the blue, sunlit waters of the harbor. There were no other cottages in sight.

"What a delightful place! You live here with—"

"My maid. Only she's gone up to New York for a week, so Baron and I are keeping house. Aren't we, old kid?" The dog looked up at her adoringly. "Whereabouts are you staying?"

"At the Sea Spray."

"Oh, the sanitarium!"

"Sanitarium?"

"Yeah—with all the incurables. I never saw such a sad-looking flock of cartoons!"

"Well," laughed Francis, "it's not exactly a gay hotel." Her conception of the Sea Spray's guests as cartoons amused him. Then, when they were settled in porch chairs:

"Where, may I ask, is your home?"

"Home," she repeated. "Don't make me laugh. This is the only home I've got—and I just rent it for a little while every summer to get away from things. I live in a hotel in Hollywood."

"W-where!" demanded Francis.

"Hollywood. I'm in pictures, you know. Didn't you ever see me on the screen—Queenie Fairfield?"

"Why, I—"

"It's all right. If you haven't, don't apologize. Incidentally, what d'you do for a living?"

"Well," he answered, "nothing—really."

"Pretty tough," pronounced the fair film star. "I like rich, eh?"

"No, indeed, I mean, I'm going to do something. I—I'm studying piano. Preparing for concert work, you know."

"No kidding—you are?" She leaned toward him, a sudden light of interest in her eyes. "I'd give a lot to play on the piano. Professionally, I mean; I do pound out the jazz. The movies are all right, of course. I've got some fun out of 'em and a lot of fame—but to be a pianist—!"

He rose. "I say," he exclaimed, all aglow with her wistful enthusiasm. "I wonder if you'd grant me a favor? Have you a piano here?"

"What's left of one."

"Would you—would you play for me? You'll probably laugh, but I—I've never been allowed to hear any jazz music."

"Allowed to hear any? You mean you've never heard any jazz?"

"My aunt," he explained, "is quite violently opposed to it."

"Well, I'll be—say, you can't laugh that off! She got up swiftly. "Come on, I'll knock out a tune for you. If—" she paused, smiling, her hand on the screen door— "if you'll play some highbrow stuff for me."

"It's a bargain!"

They went inside. The cottage was furnished like an Adiron- dacks camp; raftered, rough walled, with a wide stone fireplace at one end of the living room, and a battered upright piano at the other. Queenie Fairfield seated herself at the piano.

"Here we go!" she announced. "This is a classic entitled 'The Gypsy Blues.'"

As her swift fingers flashed over the keyboard, a flood of syncopated melody tinkled and jangled crazily from the old piano, and Francis Timmons stood looking on in amazement. He had never heard anything like it. It quite fascinated him. "I say," he murmured, as she pounded out the last crashing harmonies, and turned around, smiling. "I say—it's amazingly modernistic, isn't it? So that is jazz..."

He appeared captivated, indeed.

"Now," said she, rising, "it's your turn."

"But I—I'd rather hear more—jazz!" Francis insisted.

"You promised—"

"Oh, very well."

He seated himself quietly at the piano. Somehow he sensed that the sacerdotal airs and flourishes of a concert pianist would appear ridiculous in her eyes. (And they were such remarkably lovely eyes. . .)

"I'll play for you," he said, "Liszt's 'Second Hungarian Rhapsody.'"

And play it for her he did. Brillently. She had never heard such melody from a piano, and when he had finished, and swung around smiling to face her, there was an odd wistfulness in her expression.

"Gee, it's—wonderful," she whispered softly, "wonderful! What I'd give if I could play like that. . ."

"But I," he laughed, pleased, "would rather hear you play more jazz!"

That was the beginning of it.

** * * *

SOMETHING before noon next day, as Queenie Fairfield, in a scant little blue swimming-suit, stepped out of her cottage, she beheld Francis approaching from the lane. At sight of her her eyebrows lifted, and he dropped his hat. He had not viewed such a startling bathing-suit since 1912—at Ostend. (Where his aunt had been.) [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
HER Majesty, the Queen of France, gorgeous in her brocades, gold embroideries and jewels. And Lois Wilson has both the beauty and the dignity to sustain the role which she is playing in “Monsieur Beaucaire” with Rudolph Valentino. Her costumes were copied from the originals and many of them were made in Paris. The jewels also are skillfully wrought replicas of the crown gems of Louis XV.
A Prediction

By Herbert Howe

WHEN the Carnegie medals are being passed around let some one remember Novarro. For sheer nerve and daring he's the greatest swashbuckler since D'Artagnan.

The specific act of heroism for which I would cite him occurred six years ago when he was an usher of eighteen, humble, hungry and hopeful, at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles.

Mary Garden had arrived with the Chicago Opera Company, and on the opening night sat in a box to witness the performance of "Othello." As she quit the box at the conclusion of the performance Young Hopeful burst upon her with the violence of a wind machine. "Miss Garden!" he panted, "I want to sing and play and act and dance for you."

Miss Garden reeled and clutched a curtain. "My! My!" she gasped. "What an accomplished young man!"

The annoying part is, he really is. His presumption is no more staggering than his talents.

Nor is Miss Garden the only celebrity Ramon tried to entertain during the starvation period of his career. He gave them all a chance. He sang for Farrar, danced for Pavlova, acted for Mrs. Fiske and touched Edison for a loan of ten thousand.

Now that he's famous there's no one left for him to meet. He met them all when an extra.

His impertinence is irresistible. With one flip of a monocle in "The Prisoner of Zenda" he won the American public.

There's nothing we love like audacity. Doug Fairbanks hurdles to popularity with his brash bravado; now Novarro springs forward with his debonair wit of rapier subtleties.

I SPENT last Christmas eve with the Rex Inglands and Ramon in a cheerless hotel of the African deserts where we were filming "The Arab." We tried to be appropriately sad with thoughts of the dear ones at home. But it was no use. With Ramon at the table we had all the Broadway attractions except the Spearmint sign. He impersonated every favorite
from Mrs. Fiske to Patricola and did Ed Wynn better than Ed does.

Later he sat down at a piano which he must have salvaged from the ruins of Carthage and sang “Serenata Chusco,” a humorous little Mexican ballad. Then “Tes Yeux,” “Chants d’Espagne,” “Princesita,” and some compositions by Tirendelli and Debussy. At the height of the festivities he abruptly departed for midnight mass in the face of our pagan protests. Returning, he sang Gounod’s “Ave Maria” and “Crucifix,” by Faure.

That’s typically Novarro.
He’s an aesthete and ascetic.

As a boy in Mexico he yearned for the priesthood. Three of his sisters whom he adored became nuns. For a time he imposed upon himself the most rigorous of spiritual discipline, going about with eyes cast piously down until his friends took to chanting the “Ave Maria” every time they saw him coming.

“I wanted to die a martyr and be canonized,” he says modestly.

But the aesthetic triumphed over the ascetic, and the movies cheated the monastery.
Yet not utterly.

Novarro sings every Sunday in the choir of the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Los Angeles. He sang there for a year before anyone knew it. That also is characteristic.

Of all the young cinema celebrities Ramon Novarro is the least known—and the most worth knowing.

I say this after traveling with him for three months over three continents. As a trouping companion Ramon is better than Ringlings. He can even play a calliope.

I met him in Hollywood some time ago but I didn’t know him. No one does out there. He keeps as aloof as Pola Negri.

And, like her, he would rather endure the plague than a party. Yet the few fiestas he has attended certainly have given him fuel for caricature.

His chief dissipations are the theater, his music and sleeping. The last is not least. I’ve never known anyone with such a flair for slumber. Like Thomas Edison he is an advocate of relaxation. The only difference between the two geniuses is that Thomas can relax for five minute periods during the day, whereas Ramon can relax for hours without stopping. This may or may not prove him the greater genius.

His persistence is heroic. Neither ridicule nor blasphemy could discourage him in a purpose. Every day at a certain hour whether in America or Africa he must have music. An irascible gent who occupied a room next his at the Majestic hotel in Tunis had no appreciation for opera and registered a wail over Ramon’s vocal exercises. The next evening all was silence in the Novarro quarter. Suspicious at such meek compliance I went to his room and found him at the piano as usual. He had merely tied a handkerchief over his mouth and was silently singing away.

On board boat he used to hammer a set of chimes. If the boat had sunk I know I would have found Ramon drifting around in his life-preserver pounding those darned chimes.

He says that upon the termination of his film contract he intends to go in for a career of music, either concert or opera. If he decides to do it nothing will stop him. Of that I’m positive.

In his very first screen rôle, that of Rupert in “The Prisoner of Zenda,” he scored indelibly; three more pictures and he was exciting more interest than any hero since Rudolph. In “Scaramouche” he proves himself our finest romantic actor.

Think of any great rôle and you’ll think of Novarro: Romeo, Ben Hur, Dorian Grey, Galahad. [continued on page 131]
How Madame Elinor's candidate for Paul in "Three Weeks" got only a bleached head, while Conrad Nagel got the role.

By Ivan St. Johns

T HIS, dearly beloved, is the small tale of the comic-tragedy, or the tragic-comedy, of Derek Glynne and Elinor Glyn.

It is one of those little folk-stories of Hollywood, one that has been told over countless stellar dinner parties and repeated along the Boulevard with gusto by such wits and wisecrackers as Will Rogers, Lew Cody, Rupert Hughes, Adolph Menjou and even Charlie Chaplin himself.

Thus, though the public does not yet know Derek Glynne, the story is worth telling because it is so typically Hollywoodian, and because the public knows Elinor Glyn so well.

One year ago, Derek Glynne was a featured attraction on the English musical comedy stage. We are not taking his word for it. In fact, all during this business, young Derek Glynne has maintained the silence of Madame Glyn’s own pearl and gold Sphinx.

Anyway, he gave the British theatrical circles something new to talk about when he calmly disappeared. When they looked for him for his next performance in “Sally”—he was not.

Derek Glynne, who, at Elinor Glyn’s behest, became a blond to play in her story and then was discarded for Conrad Nagel. At left, Madame Elinor Glyn herself.

When he arrived in Hollywood, unheralded and unsung, nobody noticed him. Hollywood is a very busy place and you have to splash around considerably if you expect any attention.

Derek didn’t splash, so he continued to play extras when he could get them.

But Elinor Glyn did the splashing for him. Quite unknownst to the young actor, the fanfare of trumpets which greeted the great authoress’s return to Hollywood was Fate blowing his cue.

On the merry morning when Madame Glyn arrived, more stately and perfectly groomed and altogether charming than ever, Goldwyn officioldem met her at the station in lobs. One high-hatted executive, more courageous than his brethren, announced to Madame Glyn that Conrad Nagel was to play Paul in her immortal novel, “Three Weeks.”

What followed belongs to the ages.

That afternoon a seventy-mile-an-hour gale drove ships into harbors along the California coast, and rumor has it that the gale started on the Goldwyn lot. Madame Glyn wept at the sight of Conrad Nagel. Nobody else ever had, but then nobody else had ever written Paul in “Three Weeks” and seen Conrad as its screen interpreter.

Here exactly is where Derek Glynne enters the story again. Rumor hath it that Madame Glyn saw the young man walking in the foothills with his dog and instantly commandeered him.

Anyway, they met—she took him by the hand, had him bleach his dark curls to the necessary blondness, and then had him photographed by Goldwyn for Paul.

The young actor bowed, smiled, shook hands, ran down long lanes with his dog, made a little love—all for the Goldwyn test cameras.

[Continued on page 129]
AN absorbingly interesting picture, from the famous play by Clyde Fitch in which Richard Mansfield made such a success. The title rôle is in the hands of John Barrymore and permits him to give one of the finest performances of his screen career. Brummel, disappointed in love, determines to advance himself by sheer insolence, and does so until he loses the friendship of his patron, the Prince of Wales. He is exiled from England and dies in a French hospital. Mr. Barrymore’s performance is masterful always. His expressions, his mannerisms, depict all shades from impertinence to the most studied insolence. The direction is excellent, and some of the photography is wonderful. Second only to the star are the performances given by Willard Louis as the Prince of Wales, and Mary Astor as Lady Margery.

Gloria Swanson never ceases surprising us these days. She showed a phase entirely new in “Zaza,” then she did a remarkable piece of work in “The Humming Bird” as a tough, little Apache, and now she comes back as a maligned society woman who works out her own scheme of vengeance in the screen version of Sutro’s “The Laughing Lady.” She is growing in stature as an actress by leaps and bounds. She has developed a power of facial expression and a breadth of gesture that are strikingly effective. This story, although somewhat altered from the original, offers a wealth of opportunity to an actress who really can act, and Miss Swanson never fails. Rod La Rocque and Ricardo Cortez are especially noteworthy in the supporting cast, and Allan Dwan’s direction is excellent.

Here is magic. Here is beauty. Here is the answer to the cynics who give the motion picture no place in the family of the arts. Here is all the color and fantasy of the greatest work of imaginative literature, Arabian Nights, done so beautifully, so perfectly, that it is an everlasting credit to its producer and an everlasting joy to those who see it. Into the words of this great classic, Douglas Fairbanks has blown the breath of life. He has achieved the much discussed possibilities of the camera. It is a work of rare genius, and the entire industry, as well as the public, owes him a debt of gratitude. If you miss this picture it is your loss.

The production itself is almost flawless. It would be small business, indeed, to use a microscope. Mr. Fairbanks spent almost a year in preparation. At his studio he assembled artists from all parts of the world, as is told in the Roto-gravure section of this magazine. He spent over a million dollars. It is futile to say that it is worth every cent of its cost because the great imaginative quality and beauty of the picture is something that cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Through the delightful fantastic tale of the Orient runs the theme, “Happiness must be earned,” and it is a remarkable tribute to the story that it is so entrancing that you find yourself taking all the marvelous effects for granted.

Go see this picture at the earliest opportunity. Your ticket will be a magic carpet which will carry you with the hero of the Oriental tale to palaces in the clouds, to the abode of the winged horse, and to the citadel of the moon on wondrous adventures, and you will learn that “If you love a princess, you must make yourself a prince.”
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD
A SOCIETY SCANDAL
BEAU BRUMMEL

AMERICA
ICEBOUND
FLOWING GOLD

The Six Best Performances of the Month

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in “The Thief of Bagdad”
JOHN BARRYMORE in “Beau Brummel”
GLORIA SWANSON in “A Society Scandal”
ALICE CHAPLIN in “Icebound”
JOSEPHINE CROWELL in “Flowing Gold”
PATSY RUTH MILLER in “Daughters of To-day”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 120

AMERICA—D. W. Griffith

Mr. Griffith has done it again. Has almost made another “Birth of a Nation”—but not quite. Nevertheless, “America” is an epic film and one of the greatest thrill pictures ever made. If you miss this picture, you miss something worth while—something that will not only give you a greater appreciation of motion pictures, but something that will make you pause and gaze with added reverence the next time you see an American flag.

No period in our history is so rich in romance as the struggle for independence and this is the period chosen by Mr. Griffith, with a story by Robert W. Chambers.

He has caught the spirit of our forefathers as we conceived it, and transferred it to the screen in such a way that you glory in being an American.

The first part of the picture treats of the causes of the Revolution and the events leading up to the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. Nothing has ever been thrown on the screen that surpasses the ride of Paul Revere to arouse the Middlesex villagers and farmers.

In the second part of the picture, Mr. Griffith, realizing that it was impossible to tell the story of the Revolution in any one or any dozen pictures, has selected phases of it that vividly depict the sacrifices of the patriots in the struggle.

Notable figures of the American Revolution are presented, including Washington, Patrick Henry, John Hancock, Samuel Evans and King George III, and into it all he has interwoven a charming love story of the daughter of a Virginian Tory (Carol Dempster) and a young patriotic leader (Neil Hamilton).

Mr. Hamilton is pushed into stardom and Miss Dempster does the best work of her screen career.

ICEBOUND—Paramount

RESTRAINT is the keynote of this picture. The theme might have seemed monotonous had it been handled by a lesser director than William de Mille. He makes life glance through the chill of the story, and gives something vivid to the drab settings.

The rich mother of four children—three grasping and vulture-like, the fourth a ne’er-do-well—leaves her money to the poor relation of the family. She has recognized this poor relation’s love for the waster, and her dying hope is that the love will triumph over selfishness. It does, in a unique way, but only after heartbreak and discouragement.

The cast—made up almost entirely of splendidly chosen types, is more than good. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson do fine work as hero and heroine. An ungarnished slice of life.

FLOWING GOLD—First National

THRILLING from the very start, this Richard Walton Tully version of the Rex Beach opus! The casting, first of all, is fine, and the series of events that go into the building of a girl’s character are told with truth and a pleasant feeling of realism.

The Brisboises—mother, father, son and daughter—discover oil on their squalid Texas farm. It lifts them from grinding poverty to opulence. But they are only saved from foundering in the sea of sudden wealth by the apt appearance of Calvin Grey, gentleman adventurer, who has come to the oil country to settle a score and make a fortune.

The picture works up to a spectacular moment that co-stars a cloudburst and a burning oil well, and brings the action to a close with a tremendous climax.
A SMALL boy trying to navigate in a great suit of armor. A Princess of Burgandy masquerading as a burgher's daughter. A gorgeous spectacle unsuccessfully attempting to be a successor to "When Knighthood was in Flower." The settings are beautiful and praiseworthy, but the story is weak. Marion Davies and Ralph Graves head a noteworthy cast. Not worth high admission charge.

**LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National**

This story drags slightly—taken as it is from a play that depended upon clever lines for applause. But Corinne Griffith is charming and, at times, her acting is superb. A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with a group of obvious and assorted morals. Phyllis Haver does a fine bit as "a girl whose only sense is a sense of humor." For adults only.

**SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount**

This latest picture of Pola Negri's presents her in one of the types which she does so well—an Apache girl, the queen of a notorious café in Paris at the time of the World War. The role is a congenial one for Miss Negri, and, as a result, the picture is much more satisfactory than some of her earlier ones. She is excellent, both as the Apache and as the wife of the Prefect of Police. Well worth seeing.

**FOOLS' HIGHWAY—Universal**

The outstanding features of this interesting picture are the careful drawing of the types and the creation of the Bowery atmosphere. The picture is based on Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose." The characters and scenes of the East Side of New York thirty years ago are capably done. Pat O'Malley, Mary Philbin, Lincoln Plummer and Edwin J. Brady are especially good.

**THE WHITE SIN—Film Booking Offices**

This second Palmer Photoplay story lives up to the high standard set by "Judgment of the Storm." It tells the story of a young girl who breaks away from a restricted home environment to see a bit of life. She marries, and is told that her marriage is not legal. Heartbroken and disillusioned, she hears of her rascally husband's death, and seeks refuge with his parents. And then—the denouement.

**LOVE'S WHIRLPOOL—Hodkinson**

A CROOK story of the better sort, starring Lila Lee and James Kirkwood in their first after-marriage venture. It tells of the redemption of one James Reagan who, after the death of his young brother, swears vengeance upon the man—a banker—whom he holds responsible. It is his plan to strike at said banker through an innocent young daughter, but the plans, luckily, miscarry. Good entertainment.
DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick

Another sermonette against the flapper tendencies of this year of our Lord—with a sky dig at a certain variety of parent who is prone to do a bit of flapping also. The story ends happily, with a lovely moral and all, even though it takes a murder and a persistent detective to make certain people see the light. Fool-proof sentiment of the home and mother variety.

THE UNINVITED GUEST—Metro

This is rather a far-fetched story built about the aquatic wonders so cleverly perpetrated by J. E. Williamson. There is some splendid under-water stuff, and some really marvelous colored photographic views of multicolored fish life. It is an unusual and a worth while picture, laid in the South Seas and, apart from the story, which really does not matter, most enjoyable.

HAPPINESS—Metro

Laurette Taylor is always charming, whether on stage or screen, and it is mainly her personality that makes this picture entertaining. The story is extremely thin, but Miss Taylor, as Jenny, the little dressmaker who finally attains her ambition to have a shop of her own, is delightful. Her smile is worth the price of a seat. Pat O'Malley and Hedda Hopper are the best of the supporting cast.

THE LAW FORBIDS—Universal

In which Baby Peggy holds sway. The film Lilliputs are coming into their own and this little star is given every opportunity to show her talents. The story has been subordinated for the star, but it deals with the divorce problem in which a little child once more leads her faulty parents to the straight and narrow. Baby Peggy scores, and it is not a bad picture by any manner of means.

THE PHANTOM RIDER—Universal

The story of a white-robed highwayman, a two-fisted sheriff, a mortgaged ranch—with a lovely girl owner, of course—and a loan shark. All placed against the background of some of Universal's best western scenery. Jack Hoxie plays the part of the sheriff and makes him lovable, though not too bright. He does some spectacular riding, however, which makes up for his lack of mental agility.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL—Film Booking Offices

A slangy Witwer serial about a little Miss Fix-it who holds forth as a telephone girl in a city hotel. Each chapter tells the tale of a separate adventure. Alberta Vaughn, who plays the title role, does very clever comedy work—she is reminiscent of Louise Fazenda, without in any way being a copyist. This is a novelty, and a relief from the now tiresome prize-fighting serials. [Continued on page 104]
TUNIS, AFRICA—

Travel where you may, you can’t elude the movies. Hollywood dirt flies o’er the Sahara and Jackie Coogan has extended his conquests further than Alexander. In the Souk of Tunis (the shopping district) I saw a composite sign of Arabic, French and English announcing “Charlot avec Jackie Coogan dans The Kid.”

Ramon Novarro and I visited Sion Guez, the perfumer there, in quest of attar of rose and the essence of violet, amber and jasmine. Squatted beneath colored lamps within a golden grille, the uñctuous Arab measured out the precious perfumes drop by drop, blowing on a thin glass tube. He informed us he was perfumer to the Sultan and Jesse Lasky. Two years ago the great Bey of Hollywood purchased twenty-eight barrels of perfume and, his name is now breathed with Allah’s. Ramon and I bought two bits’ worth. “Maybe he’ll mention us with the sultans next year,” said Ramon. “It’s cheap publicity.”

WHEN Elinor Glyn returned to London she made several observations concerning the social usages of Hollywood. “Where else in the world,” she asked, “will you find a colored cook bursting into the drawing room to say: ‘You folks better hustle to dinner if you don’t want all the stuff to get cold?’”

But Hollywood grows sweller every year. One of our newest and most beautiful of siren stars discovered that her servants were getting just as familiar with her guests as she does. Naturally she resented the competition. One evening she heard a maid address a guest as “Bill.” Straightaway she called her servants together and said: “Look here, from now on you call my guests by their second names only.”

This may seem harsh and undemocratic, but it’s the only way to cultivate style. God forbid that I should ever become ritzy, being humbly born, but it’s certainly distracting to have the hired girl chuck you under the chin when you’re doing your best to soft pedal the soup.

REX INGRAM has extended his discoveries to Africa. One of the most fancy of his finds to appear in “The Arab” is Kheba, a Bedouin girl, whom he found by the roadside with her nomad mama. He gave her a film test and found she took direction admirably. She’d do anything but smoke a cigarette, and I predict she’ll do that once she gets to Hollywood. Alexandresco, a Roumanian actress of the company, teted Kheba up to the hotel the other afternoon to do her Arab shimmy. The Bedouin baby arrived, duly chaperoned by her I. W. W. mama—thus adding another movie mama to the fearful battery — and danced from her toes up in front of a mirror. She certainly threw her whole soul into her work. It was the first time she had ever seen herself in motion and she was frankly entranced. As I write this she is still dancing, and I imagine she has won the world’s marathon twice. She’s as willing as a Hollywood girl to do anything to make good. She’s even taken a Turkish bath.

IT behooves Rex to make some new discoveries, for upon the completion of “The Arab” Alice Terry will probably sign a star contract, and Novarro must begin his Metro productions.

Directors make stars, but stars in their turn make directors. Griffith without the Gishes is for me a rather cold dish, and what is Cecil De Mille without Gloria in the bathroom?

NO one earns money as easily as a movie actor. Yet there is nothing so scarce as a good leading man. I can think of few unstarred youths of the least hope. Few stars, for that matter, exert any appreciable lure. I can palaver with the rest of the pundits about the Great Artists of the screen but when I’m compelled to see them, I usually get profane. At the present moment I can think of just six I’d ever ditch a bootlegger to see. The six magnificently imported are Pola Negri, Lilian Gish, Charlie Chaplin, Ramon Novarro, Mabel Normand, and Tony Moreno. And I’d rather see Krazy Kat than any of them, which proves Krazy Kat the greatest artist so far as I’m concerned.

HOW far Novarro will go when he quits Ingram is, of course, problematical. That he has creative force and a sense of humor, I’m convinced after seeing him work before the cameras in “The Arab.” As the rascally dragoman who falls in love with a missionary’s daughter, the boy is giving a great characterization. As he entered the missionary’s house for his Bible lesson in a scene the other day he saw a man give a coin to a beggar. Immediately he took the coin from the beggar’s hand and pocketed it. “That won’t do,” bawled Ingram. “An Arab would never do that.” “Yes, but I’m turning Christian,” retorted Ramon, striding on to the mission. “Fine!” roared Rex.

I REFUSE to say whether or not an actor is great until I’ve seen him work before the camera. I know a celebrated character man who goes through his scenes without knowing in the least what it’s all about. No matter what the situation may be he just looks bewildered. And the reviewers never fail to commend his sterling performance.

ELEANORA DUSE has said that the only hope for the stage lies in having all the actors die of the plague. The same may be said of the screen. Actors become less like human beings.
It is a far cry from Rosita to Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, from the crowded streets of the old Spanish city to the stately groves and no less stately habits of England in the Tudor days, but Mary Pickford has made the leap. And in her flowing gowns and pearl headaddresses, she is as charming as always. She is a positive delight as the lovable heroine in Charles Major's absorbing romance.
The Thief of Bagdad—Doug himself—for a time filling the post of director.

To show the "city hanging from the clouds," the floor of the set was kept polished like a mirror, so that the reflections of the buildings on the floor made them seem to have no foundations. But it was a job to keep up the high polish.

The Thief and the Princess on the Magic Carpet, flying through the air at 1000 miles an hour. By specially built mechanism, this carpet, suspended by piano wire, was whisked over the set at 25 miles an hour. The camera and the projector create the illusion of infinitely greater speed.
DOUG frequently assumed the director's platform and himself took charge of what was undoubtedly the most cosmopolitan company ever assembled. He gathered dancers from Java, China, Japan and other parts of the Orient; chemists from Europe and bookworms from universities for his research work; character actors from all over the world for his "types"; Nubian slaves, Persian magic workers; artists of many countries. And for a year and two months he worked with them, suggesting, instructing, supervising, directing, and playing the star role himself. And he shows the Arabian Nights magic as it never before has been shown on stage or screen.

The Thief of Bagdad find the treasure chest which makes him rich enough to woo the Princess.

ON the end of a ninety-foot boom, operated by a derrick and hoist, was built a director's platform which could be swung over any part of the set. The large letters indicate the different companies of the 4000 extras.
According to Herb Howe, Ernest Torrence has "set a new style in sheiks." From musical comedy to "The Covered Wagon"

Lewis Stone is a regular trooper, and a Rex Ingram standby. Legitimate stage, stock, the army—and a leading part in "Scaramouche"

Lovable, humorous, kindly and a great actor is Robert Edeson. Always portraying his part to perfection—behind footlights or on the screen

As the king in "Rosita" and the bandit in "The Bad Man," Holbrook Blinn has held royal court and stolen hearts. He has charm, finesse—
If the Spark Is There

You can always rely on a fine performance from Creighton Hale. His last and best was in Ernst Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle."

Edmund Lowe has lost none of his charm as a matinee idol in his leap from the speaking stage to the motion picture screen.

You need no name for this one. Jacky Coogan himself. A thorough little artist in whatever type of role he is cast. And—listen—in "A Boy of Flanders" he wears girl's clothes.

Leading man for Norma Talmadge in "The Song of Love," Joseph Schildkraut is repeating for the screen his admirable stage work.
Photoplay Readers Choose The Eight Most Beautiful Stars of The Screen

Norma Talmadge
Lucas-Kananian

Corinne Griffith
Monroe

Madge Bellamy
Witse
THE readers of Photoplay Magazine have spoken. They have told without hesitation which stars are, to them, the most beautiful. And their letters have been so fair, so honest, and, above all, so understandable, that we cannot help applauding the choice that they have made.

First of all, in the contest, came Mary Pickford. By an overwhelming number of votes she was declared the favorite beauty of Photoplay readers. Second in the list was Pola Negri. Proving, by the number of her admirers, that the public taste swings in two widely different directions. For Mary— with her Dresden china loveliness, with her blue eyes and golden hair, is the princess of the fairy tale. While Pola, all fire and passion and mystery, speaks of the perfumed Orient—of smoldering desires and hidden storms.

The third in the line of favorites was Norma Talmadge. She is popular alike with men and women. All sweetness and repose—an ideal of girlhood that has come into wonderful maturity.

Corinne Griffith—beautiful as a hot-house flower. An orchid, robed in cloths of silver and glimmering chiffon. She was fourth. Close after her came the great-eyed Madge Bellamy—a wonderful child-woman whose appeal is not that of sex. Who speaks, with every gesture, of the lyric poetry of springtime.

The sixth in line was Gloria Swanson. The finished, sophisticated, Gloria. Suave, subtle, exquisitely gowned! And the seventh place was held by the slim fingers of Marion Davies. Since her thrilling success in "When Knighthood was in Flower" Marion has steadily come to the fore. Last of the leading eight came Alice Terry—blonde, charming, calm-browed.

Photoplay Magazine takes pleasure in announcing these winners, and wishes that it were possible to give every star—who stood well in the public favor— a word of notice. But there were too many thousands of letters and votes to make this possible.
The Valentinos' Chateau on the Riviera

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino in front of the Chateau Juan-les-Pins, which is on the French Riviera, half an hour's ride from Nice. This chateau was purchased before the war by Mrs. Valentino's mother, was used during the war by the French Government, and has since been renovated by Mrs. Valentino. There are about twenty rooms, with spacious grounds, servants' quarters and formal gardens. At right, the bedroom of the famous star.
The Face of a Hero and the Soul of a Comedian

F Richard Dix had not declared that he had just come from the tailor's, nobody could have suspected it. New clothes are supposed to have a stimulating effect on women. But oh, what they do to a movie actor! And the magnificent Mr. Dix was in his most winning and exuberant mood the late afternoon he breezed into my office to be interviewed. The place was deserted, and he was young and very handsome, but he pulled up a chair with splendid confidence and announced with that exquisite emphasis engendered by persistent histrionism: "I've discovered a solution to the problems of the world!"

He paused for me to register "much impressed."

"It's a hundred thousand foot movie test for all stock-company actors! Look what it did to me!"

I studied him carefully, and then walked around and looked at him from the rear. He is very tall, with brown hair and eyes, as the Answer Man says, and he has the most gorgeous sense of humor. In his playfulness he is deeply sincere. In his seriousness one detects a subtle burlesque on gravity. The gods gave him the face and figure of a hero, and the soul of a comedian.

"A movie test could disillusion even a stock company actor," he resumed, as I concluded my inspection. "It has the 'can this be me?' kick in it. You know what I did when I first saw myself on the screen? I wrote a letter about it. I called me the —— actor in the world." (Mr. Dix took the name of a parasite in vain.) "But don’t put that in the interview. The fans must keep their illusions. That’s what makes the fans of

That Saving Sense of Humor

By Bland Johaneson

Life—illusions. I haven’t any about me. And I’m letting you in on this. I’m not a wonderful actor."

"Would you be so unkind as to destroy a critic’s illusions?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Dix, delightfully.

"Anyway, you know you’re lying. You are a wonderful actor. And if you aren’t careful I’ll write you a mash-letter about it. Do you read mash-letters?"

"Read them? I write them! I wrote one to Norma Talmadge once and signed it ‘an admirer.’ All the secrets of my past are at Photoplay’s disposal."

"You have a past?"

"I used to think I could reform women."

"Reform me."

"Do you think I haven’t learned anything from life or Hollywood?"

"What did they teach you?"

"What every man knows: that you can’t reform a woman."

"What did Hollywood teach you?"

It’s petted child laughed slyly.

"Say," he said impatiently. "I don’t know whether I’d rather play ‘Hamlet’ or be an interviewer. When I was in New York and, to put it tastefully, quite low financially, I used to walk down to Eighth Avenue to look at a saloon where a famous Hamlet had done his drinking. I looked at the place carefully both inside and out. But [continued on page 144]
Beautiful Beds—In the Pictures and

The wonderfully beautiful bed of Leatrice Joy, in "The Ten Commandments." Its silken sumptuousness would cure the worst insomnia.

Below—What strange sound keeps Gloria Swanson from her dainty French couch in "A Society Scandal"?

Above—And here, when she ought to be asleep, sits, tailor-wise, pretty Clara Bow, reading "Black Oxen" in the film of the same name.

Soft painted tones distinguish the furniture of this guest chamber. The dressing of the bed is in keeping with the painted scheme, and color clashes are thus avoided.
in Your Own Home

Easy Ways to Make the Bedroom Charming

True comfort in beds—so prized by those whose sleep must be "tired nature's sweet restorer"—is nearly always the result of beautiful, decorated covers, as well as utilitarian springs and comforters.

By William J. Moll

Our mode of life has a startlingly direct effect upon our mode of living. Our pleasures, our pastimes, our occupations, our interests, all affect the comfort and livability of our homes. If the family is given to "gadding," then the home suffers because there is no real use for a home, except as a place to sleep.

Most of us are creatures of social instincts. Because "the Joneses have been nice to us," we feel that we must "have them in next week." And so our living rooms have come in for a greater part of our decorative effort. And next, perhaps, the dining room. These two rooms are the centers around which the guest takes a cue to our status of living. So out-of-habit has the occasional over-night guest become that we feel "any old thing" in the way of furnishings for the bedroom will do.

Yet we should give pause and be a little more selfish in our own interests. Proverbially, one-third of our time is spent in sleep. And when the long, hard day is over—for the business and professional man, the office worker, the housewife, the student—we should go for our sleep to an attractive bedroom, and to a bed every appointment of which is conducive of sleep, and every decorative effect of which inspires rest.

In most of the film bedrooms we have seen there is perhaps an element of sumptuousness that leads to unrest. Lots of times there is a touch of the gaudy. In a great many the bedrooms are fine—just the kind we would like in our own homes. But there is an outstanding feature to all of them that gives us the key to a good lesson. Seldom do you see a bed that does not carry with it a sense of restfulness, an effect of complete relaxation. Each fabric used, each little furbelow and ribbon, each little conceit of drapery is part and parcel of the scheme that "sells" us the idea of sleep.

Doesn't this bed of Eva Novak's, in "The Man Life Passed By," make you want to pass the rest of your life among the lotus eaters?

This is the sixth of a series of Articles on Home Furnishing & Decoration for Photoplay readers

A bed that can be the decorative unit of your guest room—modern French in type—of either walnut or mahogany. The canopy and valance add a charm of other ages, and are perfectly sanitary and easily constructed.

It's a good cue for us to follow—these little things that dress up our homes, and this use of proper fabric and color to make our beds the providers of "a good night's rest."

And it is a simple thing to do. Just a little thought, a little patience, a touch here and there, a determination to do it thus and so, even though the "Joneses don't do it that way," and we have the key to unusual rooms, and unusual rooms make unusual homes. Night after night [continued on page 107]
Here you will discover that—

Mary Pickford was chosen for "second class" productions by Famous Players in 1913, because the stage was still greater than the screen.

Jesse Lasky is the man who started the cabaret idea in America and paid a fortune for the privilege of pioneering.

Cecil De Mille got into trouble by having too many cameras on his first picture and for a moment disaster looked the Lasky Feature Play Company in the face.

Charlie Chaplin was lucky enough to be on stage the afternoon that Adam Kessel peeked in at "A Night in a London Club" at Hammerstein's in New York, and drew the laugh that gave him world renown.

David Belasco made his first screen appearance in the prologue of Famous Players' production of "A Good Little Devil," with Miss Pickford.
Chapter XXVI

We are at the dawn of the modern feature picture era in the days of 1912. But yet for a while the story of the motion picture is not a chronicle of progress simple and direct. It is still a tale of war, a new war. Consider for a moment a new personality, Gustavus A. Rogers, not a stranger to the world of the motion picture, but now pushing forward as its boldest belligerent. Belligerent is just the word—a person of medium but blocky square-set stature, dark and nervously rapid, with keen black eyes that are always searching, the sort of a man who is always at his best in the thick of turmoil.

This aggressive Gustavus A. Rogers, of Rogers & Rogers, counsel for William Fox, so desperately prosecuted the wars of his client that the Motion Picture Patents Company and its allied interests were too busy to suppress the independent movement which was typified by Adolph Zukor and his Famous Players organization.

Rogers was routed and defeated twice in this war, but ignored the facts and started anew, emerging at last with a victory. The Fox fight was not the only one. It was just the most spectacular and ornate among them. In the continuing litigation with Carl Laemmle and the famous "Imp" cases, the Motion Picture Patents Company was aggressively engaged in trying to enforce its presumed patent rights. In the multiple litigations which arose in the name of William Fox, the Patents Company was concerned with a defense of its acts under the presumed authority of those patents.

There was a distinct difference in these two conflicts.

Laemmle survived and fought for a right to make pictures in competition with the Patents Company's chosen licensees, while Fox, as the sole survivor among the licensed exchanges, fought for the right to buy licensed films and continue in business in competition with the General Film Company, which the Patents Company had organized to monopolize the business of the middlemen or exchanges.

Neither the Fox nor the Laemmle fights would have been so prolonged, nor perhaps so ultimately successful, however, if there had been an entire internal harmony in the Motion Picture Patents Company group. In 1908, when they were poor and law-ridden in the cross fire between Edison and Biograph, the film makers were glad to get in under the cover of the Patents Company and its licenses. Now, by 1912, having prospered exceedingly by that arrangement, they had become arrogant and purse proud. The licensed makers of film in the General Film Company were chafing at the discipline of the Patents Company which had made them rich, and there were smoldering rebellions against the iron-handed rule of the Kennedy-Marvin dictatorship by which they had grown great. The Patents Company no longer presented a united front.

At various times it was suggested that, as a protective move, it would be well to take into the licensed fold some of the more progressive and capable independents. Among those mentioned in this connection were Thanhouser, Laemmle and Zukor.

The story of a tedious three-hour wait in which Adolph Zukor sat on a bench waiting to interview someone in the Patents Company was told in an earlier chapter. A further pursuit of the facts seems to indicate that he did see someone.

There had been murmurs [continued on page 132]
Now we know why Alice Joyce is and always has been our favorite screen wife and mother. Practice makes perfect, they say, and when a charming mother has such a subject on which to practice as little Peggy Regan, no wonder she's perfect.
Alice
where have you
Been?

"I've been getting married,"
says Miss Joyce,
"and, recently, looking for a
. good part to play.
Now I'm back to the screen to stay,
and both my husband and I
are delighted"

By E. V. Durling

AFTER a too-prolonged absence from the
screen, Alice Joyce has delighted the
picture patrons. Not only did she
appear with George Arliss in "The
Green Goddess," but she has signed a contract to
make several pictures. Now she is in Europe,
making the "Passionate Adventurer" for Myron
Selznick. Few actresses had or have the personal
following of Alice Joyce. When she married and
retired from pictures, there were weeping and
wailing.

"She'll never come back," said her admirers.
"They never do. Her husband will object. You
can't mix a career and a home."

And now that she's back she's just as charming
just as talented as ever. She is back to stay, she
says, and she scoffs at the idea that husbands and
careers can't get along together—that is, if the husband and
the career are of the right kind.

For many reasons, both the picture producers and the
patrons should be glad. There are not many actresses like
Alice Joyce. Not only has she remarkable talent, but she is an
exceptionally charming woman and she possesses to a high
degree what Broadway tersely but expressively terms "class."

Alice Joyce is Fifth Avenue personified. She is what
visitors from the provinces expect to see when they have
luncheon at the Ritz or tea at the Plaza. One of New York's
royalty in fact, possessing that indefinable something which
makes hardened headwaiters lose their air of superiority, sales-
women cast aside their cloak of belligerency and haughtiness, hard-
boiled taxi drivers assume an air of servility. Money can't
buy nor finishing schools bring the ease and grace of the
Joycean type. You're either born that way or you are not.

She is very "regular." Sincere, without affectation, modest,
with a good sense of humor, and never voluntarily talks about
herself.

Women who read this probably will ask, "What did she have
on?" As to what the lady wore the first day I talked to her,
I am not positive, except that the prevailing color was black,
properly and unobtrusively decorated, or, should I say?
trimmed with some material of the type Joseph probably used
in his coat of many colors.

At the first night of "The Green Goddess," in which
picture she returned to the screen, she wore a brown evening
gown, I think, and when I saw her not long ago at luncheon her
general scheme of attire was also brown.

In this connection, Miss Joyce said that hereafter she is
going to dress in a more "striking" fashion. All her life, she
says, she has leaned towards simplicity in attire, but in the
future she is going to try to hit the spectators right between
the eyes, as it were.

Not so long ago Miss Joyce married James B. Regan, Jr., son
of the owner of the late and very much lamented Knickerbocker
Hotel. As Mrs. Regan, she enjoys—in addition to what Nature
has so generously given her—social position, wealth and an
altogether wonderful home life. She has two children, both
girls. In the winter the Regents live on Park Avenue, New
York. Their summer home is at Allenhurst, N. J., and they
also have a mountain camp in the Adirondacks. They make
an annual trip to Europe, and also the regular social pilgrim-
ages to Palm Beach and Hot Springs. So it can be readily seen
Alice Joyce has achieved the maximum of what every woman
wants.

"First," she said appealingly, "please correct the impression
that I retired from the screen. I never did, and, what's more,
I never expect to. My ambition is some time to be the grand
old lady of the movies and write a book of reminiscences of
the days when the industry was in its infancy."

"But," I interrupted, "if you haven't retired, where have
you been? Everybody's been asking for you."

"I've been getting married," [continued on page 110]
A Man of Pittsburg

I am so grateful to Adolph Menjou. I am really. Because he has saved me from endless and most unsatisfactory explanations.

For years and years I have been trying to describe to the girls what kind of a man I consider really attractive. You know how it is, when a bunch of girls get together, one of the first things they discuss is the kind of men that make them wish they were irresistibly beautiful.

In the face of square-jawed, square-shouldered and—would it be fair to say square-headed—athletic heroes; in the face of sleek and polished sheiks—I have striven in vain with my limited vocabulary to present an adequate explanation of the kind of man that can send chills up and down my spine.

It was hopeless. They just looked at me and shook their heads pityingly.

Now I merely make a comprehensive gesture and say, "See Adolph Menjou in 'A Woman of Paris' and 'Broadway After Dark.'"

It makes everything so simple and friendly, if you know what I mean.

Naturally having seen him as the suave, amused and delightful young bachelor of Paris, the typical gentleman home-wrecker of the Continent, it was an awful shock to me to find that he adores his wife with a most unreasonable adoration, stews and frets like a young lover if she's fifteen minutes late, raises Seelingham terriers, and would rather spend an afternoon playing handball with his twelve-year-old stepson than to attend all the wild parties ever supposed to be held in Hollywood.

But life is like that.

His chief enthusiasm is Charlie Chaplin, who directed him in the performance in "A Woman of Paris," which put Mr. Menjou on the map, pictorially speaking. By the way, Peggy Joyce suggested Menjou to Chaplin for that role. Peggy and Chaplin were dining in a Hollywood cafe one night when Mr. and Mrs. Menjou came in. Instantly, Peggy pointed him out to Chaplin, and they spent the rest of the evening studying him, to Menjou's intense embarrassment. You may remember that Peggy Joyce was reported engaged at one time to M. Letellier, the famous and wealthy... (continued on page 140)
This new Liquid Polish won't peel off

The most famous manicure house in the world has perfected the ideal liquid polish—as good for a lasting brilliance as Cutex is for soft smooth cuticle.

One that won't peel off!

One that was especially formulated to spread smoothly and quickly and leave no ugly ridges or brush marks.

Try this perfect new liquid polish at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the lovely rose brilliance it gives your nails.

A brilliance that lasts and lasts, even a week’s housework or dishwashing will not make it crack or peel or cause little dull places in the smooth glowing surface.

The dainty brush that comes with each bottle holds just enough polish to make one nail evenly shining. The liquid dries almost instantly. It is tinted just the rose shade everyone wants for her nails nowadays.

No separate polish remover needed

And another special convenience of Cutex Liquid Polish is that it needs no separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail and wipe it off before it dries. This makes the nail smooth and clean, ready for the new application of its week-long lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and all the other Cutex preparations for 35c. And it comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

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

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. Q5, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

CUTEX Liquid Polish
The Man

with

Three Faces

Said Rod La Rocque to Monte Blue,
"Folks tell me that I look like you."
"I'll say you do, Rod. That's no joke."
Said Monte Blue to Rod La Rocque.

Is there any one man who strongly resembles both Rudie Valentino and Monte Blue? Could there be? It doesn't seem possible, but there is proof. And the man is Rod La Rocque.

On the street, Rod is often mistaken for Monte and vice versa. They might well be brothers. But on the screen—that's something else again. The camera can do more stunts with the human physiognomy than Mephisto, Rembrandt, or Dr. Daguerré. And it is the camera which gives Rod La Rocque his striking resemblance to Valentino.

Just as Valentino, because of differences of opinion regarding a contract, is in enforced retirement from the screen, along comes La Rocque. Rod plays Dan McTavish in "The Ten Commandments." And all through the picture there are poses and facial angles which give him a most remarkable resemblance to the dusky-haired, lean-faced, romantic Rudie.

Incidentally, that isn't all that the picture does for Rod. It gives him opportunities—which he takes full advantage—to give a most striking performance, the best of his screen career.

But this is not written to praise his acting, fine though it is. It is written to point out the fact that in this picture, in addition to the striking facial likeness, Rod has the supple grace, the subtle sharpness, the easy gestures so long identified with Rudie.

Perhaps Rod's Latin ancestry may have something to do with it. Oh, yes, Rod is a Latin, too. Partially. As Dr. Jekyll Blue, he may look like a Yankee, but as Mr. Hyde Valentino, the Latin dominates. His father was French, his mother's people were English. That's the secret. And the camera, with uncanny skill, picks out the ancestral traits that best befit the rôle Rod happens to be playing. This may seem to make Mr. La Rocque somewhat like a chameleon, but, at least, he's not limited to one type of rôle.
The Way to Skin Loveliness according to Mrs. Hoyt

"The active woman today is expected to appear always fresh, always youthful, always exquisitely groomed. And the same loveliness of clear, smooth skin may be acquired by any woman through the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. Hoyt's studio with its exotic blue greens and vermillions is an almost perfect setting for her dark beauty.

THE door was opened by an impeccably butler, but another voice—a rather thrilling voice—said, "Come up to the studio, won't you, it's much easier to talk," and there was Mrs. Hoyt—unbelievably lovely.

The studio is a perfect setting for Mrs. Hoyt's startling beauty. Her small head—with its contrasts of dark eyes and hair and creamy magnolia petal skin—fairly shone against the subdued but brilliant color of the exotic room.

I asked her what she thought the most important factor in a woman's beauty.

"Her complexion, by all means," she declared emphatically. "It is the first thing you see. No matter how exquisite a woman's features, they count for nothing if her skin is not radiantly clear and smooth."

"And what," I asked her, "what produces a lovely skin?"

"Cleanliness," was the immediate answer, "is the first essential. Select first a soft pure cream that melts on the face and goes into the pores to clear away all impurities. Then, of equal importance is the proper finish—a preparation that provides a soft, fine surface on which the powder will go evenly and stay."

When Mrs. Hoyt says that rejuvenating cleanliness and an exquisite finish are the foundations of skin love-

all the impurities. Wipe the cream off after a minute with a soft cloth—with it will come the dust and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is satin smooth and supple again.

After every cleansing, before you powder and always before you go out, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for an enchanting finish. Smooth it in very evenly, just enough for your skin to absorb. Notice how smooth and velvety your face feels. And how incredibly young you're looking! The powder, moreover, will cling for hours.

When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, rub in this cream. It will keep your skin fresh and unlined for hours.

Learn from the distinguished women who have—and keep—lovely skin. Begin today to give your skin this exquisite cleansing and protection. The Pond's Extract Company.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10C TODAY

POND'S TWO CREAMS—USED BY WOMEN WHO MUST BE EXQUISITE AT ALL TIMES

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
SHE smokes a pipe—scorning the more modern cigarette, wears overalls in most of her pictures, is partially bald and affects a blonde wig. She uses a knife where a fork would serve just as well and be far safer, and still is most popular with the men and a star in her own right.

But she may change as she grows older, for this actress is but nine years old. She is Snooky, comedy star and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Roufan.

Since Joe Martin, Universal’s orang-outang, became unmanageable—too mean to work in the pictures and was sold to a circus—Snooky now has this field all to herself. Although Snooky has been in the pictures for more than six years it is only recently, in this day of the character actor, that she has come into her own.

To say she loves her work is putting it mildly. For Roufan, her director, trainer and pal, has a hard time dragging her away from the camera when a scene is completed. Also she has her full share of woman’s vanity and adores sitting before her dressing room mirror, dressed in a lacy negligee.

She is always very accommodating, helping her director, John Roufan, with a light for his cigarette from her favorite pipe!

Snooky loves to get herself into her negligee and then sit and admire her reflection in her dressing table mirror.

The Lady Star Who Smokes a Pipe

78
Have you ever tried it this way?

You know, of course, that Listerine has dozens of uses as a safe antiseptic. But do you know of its unusual properties as a safe, non-irritating deodorant?
Whenever you don’t have time for a tub or shower, or when these are not accessible, simply try dousing on Listerine. See how cool, refreshed and clean it leaves you feeling.
And best of all, Listerine used this way as a deodorant cannot irritate or injure the most delicate skin. Rather, it is soothing, healing, evaporates quickly, and cannot stain garments. It is the ideal deodorant.
Try Listerine this way some afternoon when you feel hot and sticky after a game of tennis; or some day when you have just finished a hot afternoon’s shopping; or when you are on a motor trip and it’s miles between tubs; or when you are traveling and you miss the old shower ‘way back home.
You will be delighted with the refreshing, exhilarating effect and you will pass this suggestion along to your friends.
—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.
What the "still" camera man saw shooting from behind the entire studio staff and lights during the filming of a wedding scene in a new Harold Lloyd production, temporarily called "The Girl Expert." In the glare of the spotlights, where the "action" is in progress, are Lloyd (with hands upraised), Carlton Griffith (only villains wear such clothes), and Jobyna Ralston. Ten to one the last scene is a close-up clinch with Harold and Jobyna as the clinchers.
The Woman’s Own Car

All Chevrolet models are popular with women on account of their beauty of line and finish and ease of handling.

The new 4-passenger coupe was designed especially for women. Its stylish, distinguished appearance makes immediate appeal, and closer examination promotes enthusiasm. Best of all—the price is surprisingly low for so high-grade a production, equipped as it is with a Fisher Body, two extra-wide doors that make feasible graceful entrance to and exit from the car. Single, comfortable driver’s seat, ample room for two in the rear seat, and a fourth folding seat for an extra passenger.

Comfortably, tastefully upholstered and artistically trimmed with good-grade hardware.

Plate-glass windows on all four sides. Cord tires on easily demountable rims, with extra rim.

Although designed with special consideration for our women friends, we find this model is also favored by many men for business and family use. Merchandise samples can be carried inside the car instead of in the rear compartment. Evenings and week ends the same car admirably meets the requirements of the small family.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mothers' Girls

Beautiful Agnes Ayres is saying: "Mother, please make some of the pies you used to make." And Mother looks as if she could do it admirably.

Gloria Swanson has figured in many close-ups and ardent embraces, but we venture that this is one of the most satisfactory.

"Cheer up, Mother," says Mary Astor. "I'm leading woman in 'Beau Brummel.'" But Mother doesn't seem so overjoyed.
Always Look for this Gold Seal

The Gold Seal shown above (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard. It is your protection against substitutes and gives you the assurance of our liberal money back guarantee. Don’t fail to look for it when you buy!

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

"I must have a Congoleum Rug for my room, too!"

And when she does get her Congoleum Rug she will fully appreciate the many unusual qualities that have made these rugs so popular with up-to-date women everywhere. Then she will understand why Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are rapidly replacing woven carpets in thousands of homes.

Congoleum Rugs are as easy to clean and as durable as they are attractive. Their seamless, smooth surface is unharmed by dirt. Just a few strokes with a damp mop and spots vanish without leaving a trace. Moreover, they lie flat without any fastening.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6 x 9 feet</td>
<td>$9.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 1/2 x 9 feet</td>
<td>$11.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 x 9 feet</td>
<td>$13.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 x 10 1/2 feet</td>
<td>$15.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 x 12 feet</td>
<td>$18.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The rug illustrated is 1 1/2 x 3 feet $8.00

Sizes only. The smaller sizes only. The smaller rugs are made in patterns

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

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS
Now, women grow young—not old

Certainly, the middle aged woman is disappearing, in this golden age of youth.
To be fading at 30, middle aged at 35, old at 40—no longer does this dreary prospect confront womankind.
The reason?—simply that women have learned that age is judged by appearance, not by years. If you want to
be at your best in maturity, just keep that schoolgirl complexion.

How this is done
Most surely by protecting the beauty nature gave you.
Girlhood’s skin is fresh and smooth. Learn how to keep this smooth freshness.
Simple cleansing is the secret—cleansing which is thorough without harshness. The problem is—which cleanser?
Solve this by using Palmolive.

The emollient soap
Palmolive is blended from palm and olive oils, the lotion-like, cosmetic oils discovered in ancient Egypt.
They impart their soothing, healing qualities to the mild, creamy Palmolive lather. Its action is as gentle, and as mild, as the royal oils themselves.

Use Palmolive freely, and with confidence. It makes washing your face a real beauty treatment. It penetrates the
minute skin pores, removing all accumulations of dirt, excess oil and perspiration. But never does it irritate or
dry the skin.

If your skin is very dry, apply cold cream after washing. This supplies the lack of natural oil.

Then—your favorite powder, and perhaps a touch of rouge. Modern cosmetics are perfectly harmless when
applied to a clean skin.

Cleopatra washed her face this way
Cleansing with palm and olive oils in crude combination was the great queen’s beauty secret. Certainly she kept her
youth for a lifetime. She was at the height of her fame and power when other women were considered old.

But—palm and olive oils keep her skin fresh and smooth throughout maturity. And so will they keep yours. To attain
the beauty, the radiance of girlhood days, through the years of womanhood, you need the help of Palmolive.

Since Palmolive is only 10c a cake, you can afford to use it for every toilet purpose. Remember that complexion
beauty extends to arms and shoulders, and increase yours by bathing with palmolive.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

PETERS, New York, N. Y.—You recall the circumstances of the individual kissing the cow and the loud resultant outcry. "There's no accounting for tastes." That applies in the case you cite. The actor you mention is manly and an artist. There is no reason why he should not be popular with the ladies. Are you sure? How many women do you know? An hundred? How many millions do you suppose see his pictures?

PAT, Fresno, Calif.—If you insist. But I like your full name more. "Once there was a princess," but never mind. Ramon Novarro's forthcoming picture is "The Arab." His age is twenty-five. He professes to be too busy to consider marriage. No man knows whether another is engaged unless he admits it. Ramon doesn't.

MRS. C. Z. S., Evansville, Ind.—I am glad to furnish the information you wish about your favorite, Corinne Griffith. Her eyes are deep blue, as your western sky, her hair the shade of your prairies in autumn. Her height is five feet three inches, her weight one hundred and twenty pounds.

HELEN, Rochester, N. Y.—Indeed, yes, Helen. A letter so daintily written and prettily phrased will receive an answer. Your favorite, Barbara La Marr, would heed your request for her photograph, I am sure, if you write her in care of the Associated First National Pictures. Write Richard Dix at the Paramount Studio.

PAUL JONES, Newport News, Va.—I think Virginia Valli would be gracious and harken to the pleading of a deep water sailor for one of her best pictures to brighten his cabin on a long cruise. Write her, Paul Jones, and tell her as you told me, that she is "the prettiest screen actress you have ever seen." Her address is Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y. Her latest picture is "The Confidence Man" with Thomas Meighan. She is married. The name is one she uses for professional purposes.

BETTY, Bayside, N. Y.—Yes, Betty. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Rudolph Valentino's first picture will be "Monsieur Beaucoup," which was played in the stage version by Richard Mansfield. When Lillian Gish has finished "Romola," which is filmed in Italy, she will begin work on "Romeo and Juliet." Ramon Novarro's picture, made in Africa, is "The Arab."

MRS. H. B. J., Salisbury, N. C.—"My Life Story" by Rudolph Valentino was in three issues of the Photoplay Magazine, the February, March and April numbers. The February and March issues are out of print. For back copies of the April issue write Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send twenty-five cents for each copy.

BARTON B., New York, N. Y.—An actor who has seen "The White Sister" five times! Remember that, all ye who impugn the morals or immoralities of actors. The man who played the villain in "Lights Out" was Ben Deeley.

G. C., Council Bluffs, Ia.—You think that I am "about thirty-eight and no sheik." Thanks, G. C. Or did you not intend that to be a compliment? Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland, an accomplished actress. His age is forty-three years. You would like a photograph of Hoot Gibson's family; write him so, girl of Iowa.

TILLY, West Unity, Ohio.—I trust that you and your future are like your stationery, gilt edged. Played safe in addressing me as "Miss, Mrs. or Mr. Answer Person." Come close and I will tell you a secret intended only for you. One of 'em is right. Cullen Landis will continue to appear upon the screen. He has completed "Magnolias." Some of his recent pictures were: "The Man Life Passed By," "Pioneer Trails" and "The Fog." He is in his twenty-ninth year. He has two children.

A NEW YORKER IN VIRGINIA.—Charles de Roche was born in Versailles, France, thirty-six years ago. He was on the stage for four years. His American debut on the screen was made as leading man for Dorothy Dalton in "The Law of the Lawless." He is six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. He is unmarried. Write him care of the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Kenneth Harlan began his career on the stage. He is a Bostonian by birth but grew up in Brooklyn. He is twenty-nine, has been divorced twice, and gossip now engages him with Marie Prevost. He is a husky lad, six feet in height and one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

KYLE L., Albany, Ala.—Always glad to oblige, Kyle. In proof of which here is the cast of "The Courtship of Mykes Standish": John Alden, Charles Ray; Priscilla Mullens, Edith Bennett; Mykes Standish, Allyn Warren; Elder Breeze, Joseph Dowling; John Carver, Sam De Graze; William Bradford, Norval McGregor; Edward Winslow, Thomas Holding; Dr. Fuller, James McElhen; John Howland, William Sullivan; Richard More, Raymond Haller; Stephen Hopkins, Max Asher; Edward Lister, Hector Dioni; Isaac Allerton, Frank Farington.

R. B. B., Annappolis, Md.—Aha! A cadet of the American navy would increase his knowledge of Marion Davies. She is twenty-five years old. She has bobbed hair and no husband. Why not write her? That is the only way to learn whether she will answer your letter. Her address is the Cosmopolitan Studios, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City, N. Y. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]
She wants to be the Wickedest Woman on the Screen

“If nature made me of the vampire type, why not be the best vampire,” says Dagmar Godowsky

By Dagmar Godowsky

I WANT to be a vampire. I glory in being heartless and wicked. I want people to whisper, when they see me, “the worst woman of all.” I want to steal husbands and see the deserted wives weep and clutch their children to their breaking hearts.

I want to lure millionaires and “drag them down and down until the soul within them dies.” (You can sing that one.) I want the lured millionaires to lose home, fortune, position and friends.

I want their wives to be obliged to take in sewing and washing. I want their children to cry for food and be cold.

I want to see these millionaires reduced to the bread lines through my doings and mine alone.

I want to see people shudder when they look at me.

Because, if I can do all these things successfully, I shall usually be sure of a job in some picture as the “screen’s greatest vampire.”

Normally and personally, I am a kind-hearted, average woman who, with other average women, would squirm at the things that I—professionally—desire to do. But if Nature made me of the vampire type and I want to do in pictures that for which I am best fitted by Nature, why shouldn’t I want to be the best of the type?

As a child I used to admire screen and stage celebrities, especially the ones who played wicked types. And then some-one always took the joy out of life by telling me that the terrible adventures I had seen at the matinée the day before was kind to her aged mother and was educating the children of her poor sister and always sent her first-night flowers to the sick kiddies and was happily married and had two or three children of her own. And if I met anyone who knew this actress, I was always told that she abhorred such roles and yearned to play heroines.

Usually, the other side was true also. The blue-eyed, golden-haired heroines always wanted to be adventuresses and smoke cigarettes and drink cocktails and lure good men to ruin. And this kind of talk still goes on. Many actresses think it good publicity to decry the type of role they play best and to demand that they be given “wider opportunities for the display of their versatility.”

All right. Let ‘em have the opportunities. I don’t want ‘em. Everyone tells me I look like a “vamp,” so I’m contented to be one. More than that, I like to play such roles. It gives me an inward feeling of wickedness that I enjoy—and so does every other woman—and that I never get in my real life.

So I’m perfectly satisfied to be wicked—for the camera. But I don’t want the public to think that the Dagmar Godowsky on the screen is the real one, no matter how much I love my vampire roles. Because, honestly, if I met a woman half as wicked as some I have portrayed, I—well, I wouldn’t even invite her to tea.
Do you know how to use powder effectively?

By Mme. Jeannette

THE foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select just the correct shade of powder for your particular skin—and then you should know how to apply your powder properly.

Many women seem to completely disregard the fact that there is no such thing as an actually white skin. Therefore, if you are seeking for a natural effect a pure white powder should never be used in the daytime.

After determining the shade of powder that best blends with your skin, it is wise to give your powder a proper foundation. Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream of rare delicacy. It is particularly designed to act as a powder-base for normally oily skins. If you have a dry skin, use Pompeian Night Cream instead of the Day Cream.

The only correct way to powder is to use plenty of it. After you have completely covered the surface, take a clean puff or a bit of soft cotton and dust it off lightly and evenly.

After applying your cream-and-powder foundation, you blend over it your Pompeian Bloom, selecting the shade that best harmonizes with your skin—in the rose tones are Light, Medium, and Dark shades, while the warm red-gold of the Orange tint is exactly what is required by the ivory and olive types.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives such a natural color to the lips that it cannot be detected. It also has a slight pomade quality that softens and heals lips that may be dry or rough, and prevents chapping.

"Don't Enter Beauty—Use Pompeian"

| Day Cream (vanishing) | 60c per jar |
| Beauty Powder (Also in new thin-model compact for purse or handbag) | 60c per box |
| Bloom (the rouge) | 60c per box |
| Lip Stick | 25c each |
| Fragrance (a take) | 25c per can |
| Night Cream (gold cream) | 60c per jar |

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 38 x 74 in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

Tear off the coupon now

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

---

IS YOUR SKIN DRY OR OILY?

These are two generally accepted classifications of skin character—the dry skin and the oily skin.

A Dry Skin

The very fine-grained skins are the ones most liable to excessive dryness. The wind, the sun, or applications of drying lotions exaggerate the dry condition.

A dry skin needs quantities of cream to replace and supply the lacking natural oil.

Pompeian Night Cream is the ideal cream for a dry skin. It is excellent as a cleanser, skin-soother and as a powder base.

If the skin seems unusually dry, "pat" small quantities of Pompeian Night Cream into the skin till most of it is absorbed.

Pompeian Night Cream is also an ideal cream as a powder base for the "dry" skin before applying your powder.

An Oily Skin

An oily skin needs two creams. An oily cream for cleansing—a vanishing cream for a powder base.

The natural oil in abnormally oily skins sometimes becomes hardened in the pores and clogs them. The counteracting oil found in Pompeian Night Cream prevents this, and so prevents the real cause of blackheads. Use it generously, rubbing it vigorously about the chin and nostrils where greasiness seems to be acute. Then rub off thoroughly, and finish with a dash of cold water or a quick ice rub.

Pompeian Day Cream should be used on this type of skin before powdering. It is a vanishing cream that disappears as you apply it, leaving the skin smooth and clean, and removing shine. It is the ideal base for powder if your skin is oily, and forms a protection against sun and wind.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

---

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2181 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name
Address
City _______ State _______

What shade of face powder wanted?
A hint that may save your child's hair

When your little girl is in her tender teens, her hair needs even more attention than it will at twenty-five. Her lovely soft hair must be washed with only the purest materials if it is to stay lovely.

Harsh, ill-smelling soaps ruin the fresh lustre and sweetness of the hair, make it brittle, and irritate the delicate, tender scalp.

Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather that is so pure it cannot injure even a baby's soft, silky hair—so soothing that it leaves the scalp fresh and white—so delicately perfumed that it leaves behind only the fragrance of cleanliness.

For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair lovely. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

This advertisement is guaranteed.
In "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"

Henry Hull

matineé idol and star of the silver sheet has won an enviable following among cinema enthusiasts by his lovable characterizations of the buoyant, impulsive and carefree American youth. Mr. Hull is as popular in real life as he is on the screen and enjoys the distinction of being one of the most fastidiously dressed young leading men in the film colony.

Visible Eyelets

are one of the small but important details which Mr. Hull insists are essential for the good quality and correct appearance of his footwear. Every well-groomed man who knows that the secret of good dress is simply the perfection of small items selects shoes that are finished with visible eyelets—their guarantee of good quality and true style!

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

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

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger's Flower Drops
are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.
The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample
20c
Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Rome-

Mrs. and Mrs. James Kirkwood—in private life—But James Kirkwood and Lila Lee—professionally

Owne producer recently tried to secure Lila Lee's consent to appear in a picture with her husband in which he wanted to feature Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood. But Miss Lee, having made her name known as a star in pictures, has no intention of losing her identity and being bracketed under her husband's name, even if she does expect to be a mother in a few months. She is a modified Lucy Stone Leaguer, willing to be Mrs. Kirkwood socially. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle were successful, does not influence her one bit. As Lila Lee she has been known in pictures, and as Lila Lee she intends to continue. So, you can dine with Mrs. Kirkwood in her beautiful home in Hol-

\[...\]

Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood

The screen has sadly missed Ethel Clayton. When she was with Paramount, she was one of the most charming, finished and lovable stars in motion pictures. Her portrayal of certain roles—particularly young wives and mothers—had a breadth and warmth that no other actress has approached, and her sweet womanliness made her stand out among the universal flappers. Her venture with Robertson-Cole was most unfortunate, both as to stories and productions, and hurt her standing and her popularity badly. Whether or not Grand Asher will give her the opportunity to redeem herself, I don't know. But everybody hopes so

COURTLAND S. DINES, leading figure in the Normand-Greer-Dines case, will probably be able to be in court shortly to testify against Horace Greer, Mabel Normand's chauffeur, accused of an assault with a deadly weapon upon Dines during a New Year's Eve party at the latter's home. According to his physician, Dines' condition is fairly satisfactory, but it will still require several weeks before he can appear in court.

HELEN FERGUSON had a party for her new nose the other day. Yes, new noses are quite the fashion in Hollywood, and though we all thought Helen's was quite attractive enough, she decided to have its slight irregularity removed. While she was in the hospital undergoing this operation, her friends all manifested the greatest interest in how she was going to look when she came out, so Helen had the party to show them.

"I thought it would be easier to present them all to my new nose at once and get it over," said Helen, "than to have everyone I met for weeks stare at my nose and ask a thousand questions."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Five Thousand Dollars in Cash for You!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will publish the most thrilling and gripping story of the year in its July, August and September issues. It was written by one of America’s greatest authors and is one of the greatest narratives he has ever penned. The hero of this exciting and absorbing story is a radio enthusiast.

Arrangements have been made by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to show this masterpiece on the screen, giving it the winning title.

To get a title worthy of this enthralling story and picture PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give $5,000 in cash to the person who submits the best title in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest, full announcement of which will appear in a later issue of PHOTOPLAY.

In addition to $5,000 in cash, three radio sets, the finest made, will be given away. With one of these marvelous sets you easily can hear from coast to coast. You not only have an opportunity to win $5,000 in cash but also one of these radio sets.

PHOTOPLAY will supply the story and prizes
Famous Players-Lasky will supply the picture
YOU SUPPLY THE TITLE!

Watch Photoplay for further announcements of this great $5,000 cash opportunity
WHAT delight pearls bring to every woman! Their touch of distinction completes the newest frock. The knowledge of their aid to beauty ... no other gem is so completely woman's, no other can bring such assurance.

And among smartly gowned women Delthah Pearls are much in vogue ... you see them everywhere. Their exceptional fidelity, in reproducing each tiny curve and bubble of the Oriental, has created a sensation.

Leading jewelers are now offering these celebrated gems, imported direct from our Paris and Geneva laboratories. The very latest designs in varying lengths from chokers to three-strand ropes are ready for your selection—clasped in gold, platinum or diamonds. Prices range from the modest, inexpensive strings to elaborate, costly strings.

The Art of Wearing Pearls

A noted style authority and fashion editor has just prepared an interesting little book, "The Charm of Pearls."

This tells of the latest modes in the wearing of pearls ... the lengths appropriate for various occasions ... individual and artistic methods of adorning the neck, wrists and coiffure ... noting especially those used by prominent women of society and the stage.

We shall be glad to mail you this useful little booklet free of charge. Fill out and mail the coupon below.

**Delthah Pearls**

Delthah Pearls are for sale throughout the country by leading jewelers, men who take pride in giving their customers the best. Please inspect these matchless gems. Become acquainted with their absolute supremacy. To know Delthah is to prefer them.

L. Heller & Sons, Inc., Dept. 4, 558 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please Check

☐ Please send me a Delthah Pearl without cost or obligation, also booklet.

☐ Merely send me your free booklet: "The Charm of Pearls."

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

**FREE One Pearl**

To prove to you the matchless beauty of Delthah Pearls, our leading jewelers have decided to give you this pearl as a Christmas gift in good will. We will send you a genuine Delthah, if you will fill in the coupon below. We believe this investment in the diffficult, most convincing way to prove to you the superiority of Delthah Pearls. We invite you to make your own comparison and know you'll prefer Delthah once you become acquainted with their superiority.

---

**The Final Touch of Charm**

The Secret—Pearls

HARMONY OF SOUL if not of sound. Frankie Darro, who appears in "Half-a-Dollar Bill," giving a recital, assisted by Cameo, his pal really exceptional dog, when he stumbled upon Mose's entry in the cracker box, with Mose alongside. He peeped at the dog, gave a second amazed look, and then inquired in amused horror, how the dog got there. "I brung him," said Mose, beginning to be a little suspicious. "What you mean, how he get in here? I brung him, that's how he get in here."

"Well, but my boy, you must take him out. He isn't a show dog, you see."

"What's it? Look here, mister," Mose was openly indignant now, "why ain't he a show dog? What's a matter him, it's what I want to know?"

"Well," said the judge, "he's a very fine dog, of course, for you, but—well, he's all wrong from a show standpoint."

"All wrong? What's all wrong about him, I'd like to know? Seems to me him's finest dog in this show. You just tell me one thing—one particular thing it's the matter with that dog."

"For one thing," said the judge, trying to be kind, "his legs are too short.

"Legs are too short. How come they too short? They touch the ground, don't they?" said Mose.

There are so few stories told at dinner parties nowadays that you can print that we felt Mr. Bowers should have the credit for this one.

PATSY RUTH MILLER, one of the most promising and beautiful of our new leading ladies, whispered this little story on herself and somehow it got around to me. Patsy is working at Lasky's—probably permanently—and at the Lasky Studio the boothblack stand is near the door. It has been operated for years by a grinning black person named Oscar, but Oscar was up at Mr. Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater, appearing as one of Pharaoh's slaves in the prologue to "The Ten Commandments."

One afternoon Patsy dashed up to the stand, and seeing a young Italian standing leisurely in front of it, held out to him a pair of diminutive shoes and gasped, "Oh, please, can you shine these for me right away?"

The young man gave her a glance that should have struck her dead and walked away, and it was only after agitated inquiry that...
Patsy discovered she had thus addressed one of the latest and most prominent of the Lasky sheik discoveries, now being groomed to take Valentine's place.

It is hard to tell, sometimes.

In honor of John McCormack, the Irish singer, who visited Los Angeles recently for a series of concerts, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno entertained with a stunning dinner party at which many film celebrities were present. The magnificent new Moreno home on Silver Lake was a beautiful setting for one of the most brilliant affairs the film colony has ever seen.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers, Constance Talmadge, Florence Vidor, who looked unusually lovely in a dinner frock of white chiffon delicately embroidered over a pale yellow slip, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Ewil Bennett), Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet)—and Blanche was quite breathlessly stunning in straight-line black velvet, its only ornament a conventional knot of old rose ribbon at the throat with straight streamers reaching the hem, which showed off her wealth of gleaming blonde curls to perfection—Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Oakman (Priscilla Dean), who wore scarlet and white very effectively, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert—Mrs. Gilbert is Leatrice Joy, of course, and she wore a black crepe de chine dinner gown, with unusual touches of green about it, and a band of green chiffon in her black hair, and Miss Winifred Kingston. Mrs. Moreno herself wore a gown of cream lace over satin.

After dinner, Mr. McCormack sang for an entranced audience. Among the lovely things he sang was one written for him by Marshall Neilan.

The stork is having a very busy time in Hollywood just now. Following the announcement that the Harold Lloyds are expecting an heir quite soon, the news has leaked out that James Kirkwood and Lila Lee are arranging for a similar interesting event in the late summer, and pretty Doris May and her husband, Wallace McDonald, are to become fond parents about the same time.

Consternation was rampant in the Internal Revenue Bureau of Los Angeles when an income return filed by Charlie Chaplin came to light, for the return reported an average workingman's income, considerably under the $5,000 mark, for the year 1923, and exemptions were claimed which would enable Chaplin to escape tax free.

The chief office deputy seized the return and dashed it into Collector Goodcell's office, waving the return wildly as he strove for fitting words to express his feelings.

"Look at this new comedy stunt Chaplin is trying to put over," he spluttered. Goodcell, somewhat alarmed himself, examined the return. If Charlie Chaplin wasn't going to pay any income tax, then who, in the name of Hollywood, was going to?

"This guy Chaplin makes a million dollars a year, and—and—and—" foamed the chief office clerk.

Then Collector Goodcell got busy and looked up the records. Investigation showed the return was filed from Hollywood but that the Chaplin with the cane and the funny shoes had had not yet "come across" to Uncle Sam.

The return had been filed by Charlie C. Chaplin, a Hollywood laundry driver.

The film colony is united in sending condolences to May Allison upon the death of her mother, who passed away at her home in Hollywood after an illness of several years' duration. By a strange coincidence, Robert Ellis, who is married to Miss Allison, lost his mother only a few weeks before. The young couple are now in New York, where it is expected Miss Allison will make a short tour in vaudeville.

Do You Know the Legend of the Ring Finger?

Wedding rings have come down to us from remote times. The march of centuries has only served to impress more firmly upon every race the sentiment of the treasured little circle.

The Grecians believed in the existence of a direct communication between the heart and the ring finger—that a certain vein of blood passed directly from this finger to the heart.

This and many other quaint and charming stories of the wedding ring are delightfully told in the little brochure "Wedding Ring Sentiment", which can be yours for the asking.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Genuine TRAUB Orange Blossom Wedding and Engagement RINGS

Bear this Mark

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Dainty Shoes
Dainty Prices

Where Fifth Avenue meets 42nd Street, the most fashionable shoes are purchased by New York's elite. You can buy these same models by mail—absolute satisfaction is assured at prices never before the most conservative.

FRANCINE—black satin, fawn suede with tan calf trim, patent leather—$12. Pearl grey kid with hattleship kid trim, field mouse kid with darker brown kid trim—$15.

MAURETA—black suede with patent leather trim, aquitard-grey suede with grey hound trim, fawn suede with tan calf trim—$14.

ARIOTTA—fawn suede, grey suede, patent leather, white kidskin; Field mouse French kid, pearl grey French kid, Bechstein blue French kid—$19.50.

Write for the Peacock Style Book

It brings you the accepted Peacock models for Spring—smart new touches and effects that Fifth Avenue has approved for this season. It enables you to select your Spring footwear with the same assurance of absolute satisfaction that you would enjoy through a personal visit to our New York Salons. Send for your copy of the "Peacock Style Book" today!

William A. Brady, who used to be director-general of the World Films, is to produce pictures again. He plans to use the old Paramount studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey, about which cling many traditions. Many present-day writers have written there. Nell Hamilton, who was an "extra" there, is playing the lead in D. W. Grifith's "America." Another Paragon "extra" was May McAvoy who first appeared in support of June Elvidge. Gaston Glass, now a high-priced juvenile, used to "supe" at Fort Lee for Goldwyn, and Hope Hampton—now Mrs. Jules Brulatour—did "bits" for Maurice Tourneur at the old Solas Studio on the Jersey shore. Fort Lee has been rather deserted of late, although May McAvoy returned to the scenes of her earlyhood when she played there in "The Enchanted Cottage" with Richard Barthelmess.

Richard Dix, Paramount's handsome leading man, is getting all ready for a wedding. No, it isn't his own. Quite the contrary, for he's its kid sister who is to be married.

While Richard was hard at work in New York with William de Mille, his mother and sister decided to take a vacation of their own, and, leaving their beautiful Hollywood home, went to Chicago. On their way back to the coast, they stopped off at their former home, Des Moines, for a short visit and it was there that Richard's sister met her boyhood sweetheart whom she had not seen in years.

Now she is wearing a huge solitaire and the wedding is said to be only a matter of a few weeks.

Dix is remaining in New York for one more picture, "Sinners in Heaven," which Alan Crosland will direct and a part of which will be made in Cuba. Then he will rush west and welcome his new brother.

Blanche Sweet has just completed a dual role and never was she so glad to finish a part as one of these. During the daytime she spent her time at the Ince studios doing the lead in "Those Who Dance" and her nights as nurse to her husband, Mickey Nelhan.

Mickey caught a cold and it took a serious turn. "Bed for you," said the M.D., "and production plans for 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,'" while Mickey fought a slight attack of pneumonia with Blanche at his bedside when she wasn't on the set.

Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn, who has just been signed by Famous Players, have been good friends for a long time, but lately their friendship has cooled appreciably—said cooling process being largely due, according to gossip in the Hollywood colony, to the lady's interest in a good-looking young pupilist who does most of his fighting at the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood, where much of the motion picture world assembles each week.

On a recent Friday night, Miss Dana, sitting close to the ringside, was almost in tears when her young protege, during the first round of what was to have been a four-round bout, was knocked for a row of stadiums by his opponent.

Nor were her spirits raised any when close beside her she heard a deep—but palpably artificial—the sound, and, turning, beheld through tear-dimmed eyes, the broad shoulders and broader grin of Lefty Flynn.

And now the shaded past of another motion picture actor has been dug up and hurled into the glare of the public spotlight.

That past is Pat O'Malley's. Pat, it seems, once toured the British Isles, France, Germany and all points east, with a circus. In those days Pat was hailed as the world's worst wire walker.

After setting up the "big stick" in Sydney, Australia, the circus management discovered a boxing craze among the populace. Therefore, said management duly informed Pat that in addition to his wire walking stunt he would challenge all and sundry in squared ring debates.

The city of Sydney, it seems, boasted of nothing but heavyweights—and they were all at the circus to accept the challenge. The most anemic of the challengers—a delicate little 200-pound coal-heaver, about as docile as a stampeding shorthorn, was selected as Pat's opponent.

Pat landed the first blow—he hit the challenger on the glove with the tip of his jaw.

Fade out on Pat's ring career.

A "Ghost City" of the west is destined to come to life again—at least for a few short hours. And again its name will be dashed over the wires of the nation.

It is Frisco, Utah, once a flourishing mining town, teeming with life and flowing with gold, but now a tiny settlement of false-fronted streets and echoing buildings, where only the feet of chance wanderers have trod since the
gold mine which gave it birth "pincered out" and its builders followed the rush to newer fields.

Frisco, in the gaudy days of the gold rush, was the birthplace of Betty Compson. Her father was a miner and the family moved on when the strike gave out. The house still stands as it was abandoned.

When Jimmy Cruze led his caravan into Utah for the filming of "The Covered Wagon," they passed through this town and he stopped to inspect it. Later, after Miss Compson and Cruze became engaged, he learned it was her birthplace.

And now rumor has it that the star and the director plan to be married in the main street of the desert town of Frisco and the ceremony will be performed by a justice of the peace, a picturesque "old-timer" who knew Betty's father well.

A NOOTHER scandal, which may rock the film colony, has just leaked out, despite "doggled" attempts at suppression.

A well-groomed aristocrat from London tried to get gay with Lady Julie, known on the screen as the Fawn, and her husky husband, Strongheart, raised an awful riot all over Madison Square Garden. The occasion was the forty-eighth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club and many of the bloods of the country locked on in horror—or perhaps gleefully. Strongheart and his consort, Lady Julie, canine screen stars, were shipped from Hollywood by Laurence Trimble, to appear at the show and make personal appearances in connection with their latest picture, "The Love Master." They were the biggest hit of the exhibition.

The pair was being posed for photographs when "Lord Algernon," a dapper English terrier, all dolled up in a woolly overcoat made by a Piccadilly tailor, came snooping around Lady Julie. His manners and familiarity were most unwelcome and a well-bred Britisher approaching a strange lady.

And Strongheart handled the situation in approppriate wild west style. He knew his rough stuff and he pulled it. Grabbing "Lord Algernon" by his well-groomed neck, he shook the intruder to a frazzle, sending him back to his kennel a sadlier but wiser dog.

THE day after W. B. Brush, a producer who has transferred the scene of his activities from Miami to Hollywood, announced that he intended to produce Kingsley's "Water Babies," Lew Cody telephoned him to say that he knew where a complete cast was obtainable. "Where?" asked Brush. "At Nick Sennett's," said Cody. "He has the best water babies in the business."

LEW CODY has leased a furnished house in Hollywood across the street from Noah Beery's and will shortly open his social season with a series of his justly celebrated corned beef and cabbage dinners. He has a Filipino cook to whom he communicates in the sign language, the cook knowing little English and Cody being a bit shy on Spanish. But Lew claims that his cook is the champion corned beef and cabbage expert of the civilized world.

TOM McNAMARA, the cartoonist who created Skinny Shaner, Eaglebeak and their pals and who is now directing comedies in Hollywood, has a brand-new explanation of the fact that some of the streets in Hollywood are in bad shape. "The tire manufacturers won't let the city pave 'em," he says.

DON'T let 'em kid you that there ain't no more sights in Hollywood just because Jack Dempsey has gone and sold his big show place.

For now Bull Montana has gone and got himself a Hollywood menage—and believe me, boys, it's some swell dynamite.

It's got brown stucco smeared all over the outside and the inside makes Buckingham palace look like a "Tess of the Storm Country".

If it isn't marked "Pyralin" it hasn't Pyralin quality

ONLY in genuine Pyralin toiletware will you find such carefully chosen material, such superior brush-bristles, or such cleanly cut bevelling and exquisite finishing. And, as these are the attributes which give toiletware its beauty and its capacity for life-long service, it is essential that you get them. Your insurance is the dainty name-stamp on every Pyralin article whether you buy a complete set or merely a few pieces.

The set you start today can grow thru years to come Added pieces always match.
Bernardo De Pace, World-Famous Mandolinist, Says of the

**Washburn**

"I have found the Washburn Mandolin absolutely the most satisfactory and perfect after 20 years' experience in vaudeville and concert work all over the world. Cannot be better!" Master craftsmen carve the "Washburn" by hand, graduate it with painstaking care to those wonderful proportions that make it truly sing. The result is an instrument so perfect, so thrillingly sweet in tone that it stands as the "Stradivarius" among mandolins.

**Simple to Play** To you the "Washburn." Mandolin offers its rich gifts. You do not have to be born a mandolinist. A little consistent practice quickly puts you on the road to mastery of the instrument. And what results attend that mastery? It opens to you a place in every glee club and stringed orchestra. It brings you a new and greater personal popularity. It opens the way to confidential earnings. It is a never-failing comrade in hours of loneliness.

**Many Delightful Types**

The hand-fashioned Style A "Washburn" is without doubt the most popular Washburn, but in all "Washburn" Mandolins, Mandolas, and Mandocellos, even those most moderately priced, are satisfaction of tone, a sturdy excellence of quality, that are unequalled.

"Washburn" Banjos Equally Supreme

The same wonderful workmanship that has made the "Washburn" Mandolin the world's standard, goes into "Washburn" Banjos to equal supremacy. Their durability, their wonderful tone quality, their resonance, and their appearance, have been rendered even more perfect, by the use of "Cushion Reinforcement," the greatest development in its branch ever achieved.

**6 Days' FREE Trial**

Whether the instrument you desire be mandolin, banjo, or ukulele, "Washburn" means supreme in quality and value alone. The price range is exceptionally wide—$29 to $125 for Mandolins and Guitars; $29 to $450 for Banjos; $1.50 to $4.00 for Ukuleles. WASHBURN is the standard of beauty and durability that is present in all.

Write today for FREE Catalog on instrument you desire. Make your choice from a wonderful selection of the finest hand-crafted instruments. The offer of a FREE trial in your own home, easy monthly payments, if desired, will enable you to own some of the world's finest instruments for a very small payment. The coupon will help you further. Ask for "WONDER VI" WASHBURN.

LYON & HEALY

Inc. (Washburn Stringed Instrument Division) Est. 1864 - CHICAGO

Dealers—Distributors territory now available.

**Washburn Banner**

**LYON & HEALY**

64-93 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me full details of your Easy Pay Plan and handsome 40-page Book on the instrument checked below.

I own:

□ Washburn Mandolin
□ Washburn Banjo
□ Washburn Ukulele
□ Washburn Guitars and Ukuleles

Name,...................................................

Address,...................................................

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

---

A new study of Charles Spencer Chaplin—no longer Charlie but Mr. Chaplin, by virtue of the graying hair, the thoughtful expression, the recently revealed directorial genius. These, with his depper dress, make him distinctly distinguished in appearance.

**A** CLIMBERS CLUB was recently organized by young film actresses of Hollywood at the home of Kathryn McGuire. Thus far the membership list reads: Kathryn McGuire, President; Lucille Lock, Derelys Perdue, Alberta Vaughan, Charlotte Stevens, Marian Harlan and Shannon Day. The question now is, "What are they going to climb?"

**HARRISON FORGE is forced to wear the stripes of a convict in his latest picture, "The Bright Lights of Broadway." Between scenes—they were being made in a town in the suburbs of New York—Mr. Ford sauntered out to get the air, without troubling to change his costume for regular street clothes. He**
was spied by a small girl, who reported the sight to her father. And Harrison was able to escape from a mob of pursuers just in time to get back to the studio and finish the sequence upon which he was working.

"I gave 'em the slip," he says, "in a regular Keystone Comedy chase. They're hunting for the dangerous escaped convict yet."

It looks as if Charles Spencer Chaplin is going to have to divide family honors with his talented brother, Sidney. Since Sid's success (say it fast!) in a series of feature comedies, the offers of stardom have been coming thick and fast. The consensus of opinion is that Sidney will settle the matter by appearing in his own productions, which will be released—as are Charlie's—through United Artists. But the offers are flattering and have even included big opportunities from the two most influential producing companies of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Strongheart attended the recent dog show at Madison Square Garden, New York, and mingled freely with canine society. They did not compete for honors—being professionals, in a way. But they sat on the sidelines, and beamed upon the admiring hundreds who pressed forward to make their acquaintance, and sold autographed photographs for the benefit of the humane society. They did the autographing by pressing blackened paws down upon the margin of each photograph. Many a good dog has been punished for so autographing Oriental rugs and snowy bed spreads.

The Stronghearts traveled all the way from the coast in state. They were attended by a watchful bodyguard, and were heavily insured.

[Continued on page 99]

Your love of cleanliness tells you to own an OWENS

HASN'T it made you almost "shiver" sometimes to see thoughtless fingers rubbing over the bristles in a tooth brush? And then to think that you may put a brush into your mouth that unclean hands have thumbed!

There's no need to take this chance again. The Owens Staple-tied Tooth Brush comes to you protected in a sanitary glass container. It is unnecessary to expose it.

Cleanliness alone will make you prefer it at first. But once you've used the Owens, you'll know that no other tooth brush can clean your teeth so thoroughly. The cut of the trim—shape of the handle—and spacing of bristles all combine to make it ideal for the correct care of the teeth!

And the improved Staple-tied method of manufacture practically eliminates all danger of bristles coming out in your mouth. Each bristle tuft is permanently tied into the handle by a hidden staple.

See the Owens at your druggist's. Improved in every way, yet costing no more than ordinary tooth brushes. 30, 40 and 50 cents, in child's, youth's and adult's sizes.

OWENS

Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Meet the Adolescent Industry

Being an Answer to Some Popular Fallacies

By B. P. Schulberg

TF Messrs. George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, the two bad boys of American criticism, ever take up the movies in the serious way—which, heaven knows, is the only way that a hard-working producer like myself can take it—I want to suggest to them thirteen more items of the famous “American Credo.” Like most of the other things in the Credo these movie beliefs are only two per cent true.

Here, then, are the thirteen movie axioms, ninety-eight per cent bunk, but I believed by most of the “Lookboise,” including Nathan and Mencken:

I. The moving pictures are only in their infancy.

II. The movies are a business only, not an art.

III. All motion picture producers
(a) are recruited from the fur industry.
(b) speak a broken English.
(c) wear derby hats tilted over one ear.

IV. Every good picture makes a hit.

V. No male star ever saw evening clothes until the director put him into a scene of night life in New York.

VI. No male star, after his first appearance in them, ever goes anywhere without evening clothes.

VII. No movie marriage can be successful.

VIII. People never go from the movies to the furrier from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., drink from 6 to 12, sniff a little dope from 12 to 4, have breakfast from 4 to 6, act immortal till 8, take a shower, and report at the studio at 9.

IX. Every male star uses “Stacomb” for his hair.

X. Rudolph Valentino wears corsets.

XI. Any big artist who takes the time to go out to the studio to help them with his ideas on a story he has sold them is prostituting his art.

XII. No author is ever satisfied with the way the movies butcher his story.

XIII. A producer will put on any play for two weeks because he knows he can get $7,000,000,000,000 for the movie rights to it.

* * * * *

LET us now take up these theories in their order.

I. I deny that moving pictures are only in their infancy. They may not be in their old age, but they have dinned the long pants of adolescence. To a large extent, motion pictures even today are ahead of their public. The public, however, is not so far behind as most producers and practically all exhibitors imagine. As the public catches up—and the public, influenced to an amazing degree by the fairly high average of intelligence of the motion picture critic of the dailies and the magazines put into their reviews, will soon catch up—the motion picture will go higher and higher. And what pictures like “Shadows,” “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” and others of the highest type, will be the rule, and not the exception.

II. If the movies were only a business, and not an art; if there weren’t glory and fame and honest craftsmanship in it, Adolph Zukor would never have made “The Blue Bird,” which I still regard as the most beautiful show I have ever seen, surpassing in color even the lovely stage production of Maeterlinck’s play given at the New Theater. If the movies played only safe hits Charlie Chaplin would never have made “The Kid” and Jacki Coogan would be just a little younger than no one had ever heard of; if the movies cared only for money Griffith would today be one of the wealthiest men in the country, instead of wondering after each picture how he is going to get the money to make the next; if the movies were as commercial as the Rotary clubs of the country pretend, Von Stroheim would never have been making “McTeague,” Frank Norris’s gripping trilogy.

If I were interested only in money, if I didn’t get the thrill of doing something worth while, I would never have bought William Daniel Steele’s story, “Ching, Ching, Chinaman.” I knew I was taking a terrific chance when I decided to make it. My one concession to the box-office was that I finally decided, in view of the exhibitor’s attitude, to call the film version “Shadows.”

If the movies were all shekels, Harrison Ford would never have come to me, as he did, and have said, “Mr. Schulberg, I’ll pay you a percentage of the gamble you’re taking in this production, and I’d like to do my bit. I’ll play the part of the minister for nothing as my contribution to the glory of the screen.” I didn’t accept Mr. Ford’s generous offer, but it’s one of the things I shall never forget.

And I want to say a word in behalf of Lon Chaney, who took the role of the Chinese. It took him three hours for him to make up every day. That meant that whereas everybody else started work at 6, Lon was at the studio at 6 and never got a word.

I have just paid $1,000,000 and you can see the contract—for the movie rights for “The First Year,” Frank Craven’s play. Now I wish that, of course, because I had all come back to me at the box-office. I like to think I’m artistic, but I’m no fanatic on the subject. At the same time, “The First Year” will have to be as fine, as great, as any picture as it was as a play if I’m to make any money on it. I could have bought twenty “safe” stories for $100,000. But I’d rather make a lovely thing out of “The First Year”—and, if incidentally, I break box-office records with it, why, I say passionately, more power to me.

III. (a) I have never been connected with the fur industry, except that, indirectly, through Mrs. Schulberg’s love of furs, I maintain perhaps half-a-dozen furriers and their families in a style to which they have not always been accustomed.

(b) I wrote this article myself, but I speak correctly.

On the few occasions I have been seen in public with a derby, it has not been tilted.

IV. Up to the moment of going to press, this was not true at the Preferred Studios.

V. It is my impression, and I am asking the medical profession to verify this for me, that Gaston Glass was born in evening clothes.

VI. Kenneth Harlan has to be bound, gagged and chloroformed before he puts on even a demitasse.

VII. Mrs. Schulberg, Mrs. Joseph Schenk and Mrs. Mary P. Fairbanks tell me otherwise.

VIII. Is that so?

IX. I know at least one who uses only a wig.

X. This is not so. They’re suspenders.

XI. Prostitution by what?

XII. I made “Shadows” from a story by Willard Daniel Steele; “Are You A Failure?” from a story by Larry Evans; and “The Broken Wing” from the play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. They all wrote me that they were the last to do death with what I had done to their stories.

XIII. A producer who will do so is sixty-four kinds of a fool, including the most profane one.
Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

WHILE Pauline Starke retires to a milk farm to rest and gain weight, the rest of Hollywood is reducing by a new and strenuous method. The film stars have taken up roller skating as a form of fighting the surplus pounds, and the sidewalks have become, in consequence, as dangerous as the vehicle thronged streets. The pedestrian of Hollywood is asked to choose his exit quickly.

D.W. GRIFFITH had to wait nearly all winter for a chance to film the snow scenes that he needed for the Valley Forge sequence of his latest feature, "America." This being almost the mildest winter in the history of New York state he had to wait until nearly the release date of the picture before he could get the desired effects. While the first half of "America" was running on opening night D.W. was perspiring behind the screen cutting in the new parts of the picture, and worked on every reel until the minute it went into the projection machine for its first showing.

HELEN FERGUSON says that she is tired of playing types and that she wants a chance at stardom. And so she has undergone an operation, a la Fanny Brice, to have her nose changed from the Roman to the Greek variety. The operation is reported as being most successful and we're waiting anxiously to see the rejuvenated Helen.

"HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE," the third Palmer Photoplay picture, is now under way. It follows "Judgment of the Storm" and "The White Sin." The cast is headed by Warner Baxter and Judge Belknap and includes a thirteen-year-old extra, Hazel Keener.

In his next picture Johnny Walker plays the part of a Salvation Army worker in the front line trenches. To play the part correctly he was forced to learn the art of doughnut making—which was one of the biggest parts of Salvation Army war work. Johnny says that he's glad of the chance to learn a useful trade—for the film business is uncertain, at best, and it's a good thing to have another line of work as an ace in the hole.

LOIS WILSON and May McAvoy had it hot and heavy the other day in an argument. Subject—men and marriage. May said, with a haughty lift of her proud little head, that she'd never try to hold a husband, if he seemed to grow tired of the holy bonds. That she wouldn't try to fight a possible "other woman." That she'd never exert herself to make a man care for her. Lois, on the other hand, told May that she didn't know anything at all about life.

"If you love a man," said Lois, "you'll go to any lengths to hold him. You'll play your cards very cleverly. You'll not let an outsider walk away with your property—without a struggle, anyway!"

RALPH LEWIS, the husky star of the honest working man, has a bloody screen record—for all his sweetness of nature and his human portrayals. In 114 screen dramas he has died 22 natural deaths, been killed 30 times and has committed 27 murders.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO will not have Adolph Menjou in his new picture "Monsieur Beaucaire." Menjou, who has made a phenomenal hit in "A Woman of Paris" and "The Marriage Circle," was suggested for the heavy Duke in the Valentino return picture. Paramount was delighted and wired Rudie, who has to O.K. the cast, but the Valentinos didn't want him.

The next day Jesse Lasky signed Adolph Menjou to a long term contract, first to be featured and then to be starred in such vehicles as Leo Ditrichstein's success "The King."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]

Your Perfume Should Be "Becoming"

You choose a hat or frock for its becomingness. You select it because its style exactly suits you—brings out your best features—makes you appear more charming.

Your perfume should be as individually becoming as your loveliest gown. You should select it just as carefully. Clothes are soon forgotten, but a perfume may linger in the memory for years.

Florient, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, has a happy way of blending with widely varying personalities—seeming to take on a new meaning with each wearer. Or you may find your favorite among other lovely Colgate scents.

It is easy to select the right perfume with the Colgate Perfume Test—and lots of fun besides. Full instructions and materials, for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfume will be sent you for a 2c stamp.

Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 8, 199 Fulton Street, New York City.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE.
The Chaplin-Harris Divorce

A Hitherto Untold Tale of the Negotiations Preceding the Divorce

By Permission of Brenato's

IN Frank Harris' "Contemporary Portraits," copyrighted by Brenato's, there is an amusing and interesting new light thrown on the perennially fresh Charles Chaplin-Mildred Harris divorce episode. Some of the tearful and conflicting statements issued by Miss Harris to the newspapers are recounted, and there is also given Mr. Chaplin's account of his telephone talks with her about the case.

Under the caption of "The Mildred Chaplin Comedy," Mr. Harris writes:

Every morning in the paper a fresh appeal appeared from Mildred Chaplin; the injured lady wept, protested, cajoled, threatened all in a breath. One morning a change: she published the following:

"My final statement: Mr. Chaplin is not a Socialist. He is a great artist, a very serious personality, and a real intellectual." Yes, those are her very words; and she continues:

"The world will be amazed at the intensity of his mind. What can have happened? I ask myself. Has Charlie weakened and paid without counting?"

I read on: "I have no desire to obtain half of his fortune. (No?) I will not hinder the sale of his latest moving picture." (Whew, the wind sets in that quarter, doesn't it?)

And then: "I'm not to be settled. (Eh?) I am too ill, physically and mentally, to work at present, and this notion and exposition of my personal affairs is very disagreeable to me." (Really? You needn't indulge in it, madame, unless you want to.)

Finally: "He is a great artist, a brilliant man, plays the violin, 'cello, piano, and so forth . . . I have already filed papers against him." Well, well, and well again.

Here is Charlie's story of talks with his wife on the phone about their divorce.

"Is that you, Charlie? It's me, Mildred. I'm ill and have no money. Won't you give me $50,000, and settle all this disagreeable law business? You will. You're a dear; I know a great artist like you couldn't be mean. If you knew how I hate to quarrel and dispute. Let us meet at my lawyer's in an hour, eh? Good-bye till then."

Quarter of an hour later:

"Is that you, Charlie? Oh, I'm so sorry, but my lawyer won't let me take fifty thousand; he says it's ridiculous. Won't you give me a hundred thousand, and I can satisfy him? Please; I'm so nervous and ill. You will? Oh, you—!

Well, you're just you—the one man in the world. I can't say more. Now for that dreadful lawyer, and then we'll meet and just sign. How are you? Well! Oh, I'm so glad. In half an hour, dear."

Quarter of an hour later:

"Charlie! What can I say? I'm just heartbroken, and I've such a headache. That lawyer says I mustn't settle for a hundred thousand. His fee is goodness knows how much. I must have at least a hundred and fifty thousand. What am I to do? Mammy says—You will? Oh, my! I'm so glad. I don't know how to thank you. It's the last word, you say? All right, Charlie, I'm satisfied. In half an hour, then."

Ten minutes later:

"It's no good, Charlie. I can't settle for that; it's really too little. You see, Charlie! Charlie! Did you ring off? Or is it the filthy exchange? Oh, dear! Darn! D—"

Charlie Chaplin is a master of comedy in life, as he is on the stage; an artist in refined humor, he can laugh even at himself and his own emotions. On the point of leaving Pasadena to go to New York, he rang his wife up.

"Mildred, is it me, Charlie. Will you take half a million dollars, and settle this ridiculous claim? You will? No, I'm not a darting; but meet me at my lawyer's in an hour, and we can sign.

Quarter of an hour later:

"Mildred, dear, I'm so sorry, but my lawyer won't let me give half a million; he says a year's earnings for a week's marriage is too much. He says a hundred thousand is more than generous. Will I listen to you? Of course I will. Talk away . . ."

A woman's voice, high pitched: "You're no man! Again you've let me down and made a fool of me. You've no character. I'll teach you . . ." (Left talking.)

Charlie Chaplin strolls away from the phone with a smile on his lips and a little sub-acid contempt for human, and especially for feminine, nature.
AN EXCLUSIVE SPECIAL SERVICE

We have arranged with A. Simonson, a noted hair-dress authority, to give wearers of Gainsborough Hair Nets free advice and suggestions for obtaining the most charming coiffure effects. In writing to A. Simonson, 54 Wom. 57th Street, New York, for information, send two Gainsborough Hair Net envelopes and enclose personal stamped return envelope for reply.

THE WESTERN COMPANY
Chicago—New York
WECS PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED
Toronto, Canada

Billie Burke

Billie Burke Profile
Painted by Charles E. Millen

This DISTINGUISHED HAIR NET plays its part in stage success and social triumph. Its presence—though it can’t be seen—lends grace and charm and glorifies the hair! America’s leaders of fashion; actresses of note; women known for their beauty and charm—depend on this net as the first essential to smart coiffure effects.

THE LARGEST SELLING HAIR NET IN THE WORLD

Gainsborough Genuine HAIR NET The Net of the Life-Like Lustre

At All Good Dealers

PRICES—Cap or Fringe
The strong single strand . . . 10c
Double strand . . . . . . . . . 2 for 20c
Gray or White . . . . . . . . . . 20c

Canadian prices same as U. S. A.

WECO PRODUCTS
Superfluous Hair GONE!

The impression you make, whether it be in the business world or in society, at home or with friends, depends principally on your appearance. If you are well built, of good form, and beautifully attractive, your popularity is assured. Charm, after all, is paramount, and nothing mars feminine charm so much as even a few unsightly, unwanted masculine hairs on your lips, arms, body and limbs.

Twentieth Century Wonder

You will be thankful to science after you have become familiar with the merits of ZIP, for this instantable preparation is rapidly freeing women of superfluous hair. Indeed it has aptly been called one of the seven wonders of the century.

Lasting Results

You realize that mere surface hair removers give only temporary relief and any method which burns away or rubs away surface hair is very apt to irritate the skin. Such methods have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. With ZIP, however, you decolorize the roots and in this way you check the growth gently, painlessly and harmlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth, really adorable. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FREE BOOK AND FREE SAMPLES
Massage Cream and Face Powder with my Compliments. Guaranteed not to grow hair

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist

Please send me FREE samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder, and your Free Book, "Beauty’s Greatest Secret," in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful by using ZIP. (PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME.)

Name ..................................................
Address ...............................................
City and State .......................................

Note—Madame Berthe is the only manufacturer of a superfluous hair remedy who has specialized solely in superfluous hair treatments for eight years. The merits of ZIP were thoroughly proven before ZIP was sold to the public in package form. ZIP is not a depilatory—it is an EPILATOR.

ZIP is delightful, actually destroying the growth with the roots, simply and absolutely without irritation. I recommend ZIP.
—IRENE JORDONI

ZIP is marvelous for clearing the skin of superfluous hair and destroying the growth. I am truly grateful to you.
—MARIE PREVOST

You are indeed to be congratulated on bringing such a perfect hair destroyer to the attention of Filmland.
—RUTH ROLAND

"ZIP is off because it's out"

CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK
THE spirited horse who does his bit in "America," as Paul Revere's motive power, is telling all reviewers most complacently that he is a direct descendant of the mare that the original Paul rode. The mare's name was Molly, and Mr. Griffith's horse goes by the arromanic name of Jack. Of course, in this day of press agents one can't believe everything! But Jack refuses to be contradicted.

IN Rome they have the smallest taxi cars in captivity. They make Fords look majestic. Mrs. Marcus Loew was so fascinated by these Lilliputians she wanted to take one home. But she was afraid she might have engine trouble on Broadway. "And if I ever had to get out to fix it," she said, "some policeman would be sure to come up and say, 'You can't play with that here, little girl'"

"SUNSHINE" SAMMY, blackface star of The "Our Gang" comedies, has fallen in love. And with none other than pretty, petite Marie Mosquini—leading lady for Will Rogers. Sammy haunted the studio for days, hearing in his small grubby hands a large box of home made candy. When at last the lady of his heart appeared he was overcome with shyness and, thrusting the box—slightly the worse for wear—into her hands he vanished like a little puff of smoke.

WHILE she admits that "Icebound" is one of the best pictures that she ever worked in, Lois Wilson says that it was one of the most depressing. "The set—one dreary room—never changed," she said mournfully, "and I could never wear a pretty frock or arrange my hair in a human way. It was just drab and grey, all the way through. I'd feel as happy as a lark at the beginning of a session—and just limp at closing time. I was never so glad in my life at the finish of any picture!"

NOT content with being a star and a director—respectively—Lew Cody and Marshall Neilan have gone in heavily for song writing. Lew has two successful numbers to his credit, "Lady of the Orchids" and "Dangerous Dan McGrew." The latter was written in honor of the part that he will play in the picturization of Robert Service's "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." And Marshall Neilan is the author of a popular song which goes by the title of "Don't Forget" and which Nora Bayes will use on a forthcoming vaudeville tour.

It's a long jump from the silver sheet to Tin Pan Alley. But these hard working motion picture people must have their lighter moments.

Kate Lester is always cast as a queen or a grand duchess or the very first member of the four hundred. Perhaps it's because she has that "to the manner born" look—the air distinguishes her.

Fashion demands beautiful nails

Science discovers new way to get them

When you see beautiful nails that gleam with that fashionable shell-pink lustre you know another particular woman has discovered Glazo, the newest and most pleasant manicuring method.

Fashionable women everywhere are adopting Glazo as their personal nail polish. This scientific new polish is applied to the nails of both hands in two minutes. Results are immediate! The nails take on the correct shell-pink finish at once. And the lustre lasts much longer than that of any other polish. Glazo does not crack or peel and it cannot be dimmed by soap or water.

AVOID HARSHP NAIL TREATMENT!

Glazo requires no strenuous buffing. It offers a perfect protection to the natural enamel of your nails. It is absolutely harmless. It preserves and emphasizes natural nail beauty.

REMOVER FREE WITH EVERY PACKAGE!

Glazo is the complete liquid manicure. It comes now in new Twin Bottles—one of Polish and one of the Polish Remover, so essential to a perfect manicure. Get Glazo today at your favorite store. Follow the simple directions and at once you can have beautiful, fashionable nails, the envy of all your friends. 50c—all counters.

ARE YOU PROUD OF YOUR NAILS?

GLAZO

NAILS STAY POLISHED LONGER—WITHOUT BUFFING

This coupon and 10c good for 1 Trial Size Glazo Manicuring Outfit

The Glazo Company
28 Blair Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me one trial size Glazo Manicuring Outfit.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

Every advertisement in PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
This is THE ARMAND GUARANTEE your assurance of trustworthy merchandise:

"Wherever purchased—if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned."

However much more the price might be—Armand Cold Cream Powder couldn't possibly be better! It was created by a man who understands that Beauty brings happiness and that women enjoy life most when they are conscious of looking their best. Once on this powder stays. That is because of the bit of cold cream. You will find its fragrant delightful, its texture softer and finer than any powder you ever used. In White, Pink, Creme, Brunette, Tin Natural—always $1.00 a box.

Send 25¢ for the Weekend Package and try for yourself eight of the Armand aids. You will receive at the same time your copy of the "Credo of Beauty," a little book that reveals happiness secrets. Address Armand—Des Moines, or Armand, Ltd.—St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

ARMAND COLD CREAM POWDER
In The PINK & WHITE BOXES

LEARN TO PLAY Mah Jong
The popular and fascinating game Complete set, consisting of 144 Tiles, 116 Counters, Dice, Racks, rules, playing directions and perpetual score card, sent Postpaid on receipt of $1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

DONT DELAY—ORDER TODAY AND BEGIN TO PLAY ORIENTAL SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. "P" 132 West 42nd Street, New York City

ARTISTS' COLOR CHART
A wonderful Pocket Color Chart that shows how to harmonize any colors; also how to avoid the mistake of using colors that do not harmonize. The chart is of great value in the matter of Dressing for Women and Men, also for Interior Decoration, Furniture Needlework, etc., as it insures at all times perfect Harmony in color. Price $1.00.

LORELEI FINE ARTS CO.
Department A
Bay City, Michigan

The Shadow Stage
[continued from page 57]

THE WOLF MAN—Fox
JOHN GILBERT at his best in a Jekyll and Hyde sort of rôle—one of those young men who are very, very good when they are good, but are apt to turn murderers with the aid of the cup that cheers. Because of the influence that liquor has on Gerald Stanley, arousing all the worst that is hidden, it is called "The Wolf Man." The action is divided between England and the great open spaces.

WOMEN WHO GIVE—Metro
A STORY of the sea, and of those brave men who go out with the fishing fleet to dare every danger that the world may be able to celebrate Friday on the ice and have a good time. And, perchance, Frank Keenan goes a little too far in his characterization of a stern father—if Barbara Bedford a trifle overacts her haughty part—nobody seems to be a good story and an exciting tussle with a swordfish. And, all the young lovers manage to get together for a final close up.

THE BLIZZARD—Fox
THIS is a foreign importation which can live it down. Sweden need not be ashamed of it. Einar Hansson has a cast of good actors throughout, and will get his medicine of fan mail. Dr. Selma Lagerhov, the Nobel prize winner, wrote the story, which has a punch in an exciting stam pede of reindeer in a snowstorm. A good audience picture.

ON TIME—Truant
RICHARD TALMADGE is at his tricks again, jumping about and sliding down inclines, and having a perfectly wonderful time, but how on earth can he submit to the indignity of appearing in such a poor story? Even with the best efforts of Miss Keene, it is absolutely nothing to get excited about.

ROULETTE—Selznick
EVEN with a cast of old favorites it was difficult to speed up the action of this exposition of the perils of the gaming table. If you have seen one of this type of drama you have seen them all, which leaves little to be said except that Maurice Costello and Norman Trevor walk away with the picture and that with a cast including Mary Carr, Flora Finch, Elsie Shannon and no end of favorites of all times.

NORTH OF NEVADA—F. B. O.
A STORY as old as the hills where it is laid with good old Western stuff—the fight on the edge of the cliff, the tenderfoot, the loyal foreman, and all the popular ingredients for the wide-open space drama. The best in the intelligent performance is by Silverfoot, a horse.

DAMAGED HEARTS—F. B. O.
With the pointing of a moral and the adorning of a tale of the great outdoors we learn that happiness does not dwell in hardened hearts. This is a story of a society girl who falls in love with a man who is a little worn and in good film fashion an unwanted husband is destroyed. With Mary Carr, Tyrone Power and Edmund Breese, the picture can be forgiven some of its coincidences.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. B.urr
CONSTANCE BROWN appears in a rôle of a mad girl who needs a terrible lot suffering to bring her back to normal. The story is unconvincing, with melodramatic incidents offered as genuine drama. It gives Miss Brown an opportunity to dance effectively.

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal
If you like sensitive stories you might as well stay at home, but if Hoot Gibson is your idol, get in line at the box office. This is one of those tales purporting to take place in the pioneer days in the West, in which there are so many incongruities that it wouldn't surprise you to hear the telephone bell jingle.

LEAVE IT TO JERRY—Ben Wilson
MILD juvenile comedy. Billie Rhodes as a "Peck O'My Heart," angle. She plays a young boy who is sent from his mother's home to be educated by a rich aunt. She outwits the villain who is defrauding her mother of valuable property, and is attempting to achieve matrimony with the aunt and her fortune. The boarding school scenes are amusing. "Buster" Collier is pleasing.

POISONED PARADISE—Preferred
A NOTIHER celluloid attempt to break the bank at Monte Carlo, with the attendant melodrama. Does any young actress get as many jobs as Clara Bow? After the manner of all screen heroines she wins her happiness and the boy of her heart after many reels of plot and counterplot, but it is safe to say with Shakespeare, "All's well that ends well.

DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS—Apollo
A STORY of the man who makes money and begins to find his helpmeet old-fashioned and unsatisfactory. Hence he can carry on a flirtation. There is a daughter who manages to get mixed up in the affair, which only goes to show that, with the emancipation of the modern girl, the middle-aged father is likewise taking to getting his innings.

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox
OLD Kentucky with all the trimmings. The young bride's present, hence she goes off to the goldfields to repair the family fortunes, and, coming back after two years, believes his wife has been faithless. Their home is burned, and the two set off on the pioneer trail in the "Covered Wagon" once more. The privations of the journey, and the husband's faith in his wife finally restored. Dustin Farnum as the hero.

LOVE LETTERS—Fox
THIS shows the perils of confiding your confidences to paper. Two sisters, having poured out their hearts in tender missives, are forced to suffer four reels of torture. A shot puts the villain out of the way. But the nonexistent box contains five thousand letters! When, with a few twists of the scenario writer's pen, the container is found to be empty.

BAG AND BAGGAGE—Selznick
THE time-worn story of the country girl who gets her millionaire, and she does not have to pay and pay, either. There is little to recommend the feature except that you have your choice between rural life and high society—Gloria Gay and Carmelita Geraghty.

THE LONE WAGON—Sanford
STILL another "Covered Wagon" story. This particular band of pioneers makes tedious progress through the first few reels, but the picture speeds up after a while, and there is a big climax. A story of its kind, with some fine bits of photography, but the acting lacks distinction.

NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER—Fox
THE title is somewhat misleading. Having no mother does not mean that the heroine, in the person of Genevieve Tobin, feels the want of a guardian angel. She is such a perfect little specimen of humanity that she sets an example to all the spoiled young folk in the town who have homes and mothers. This will stretch your imagination, but those who like melodrama will be pleased.
Why Let Film-Coats hide the beauty of your teeth?

Millions now avoid that

THAT cloud on teeth is film. It is easily combated. Millions combat it daily in this way.

You see the results wherever you look. Countless teeth now glitter, and people smile to show them. Those whiter teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth as well.

This offers you a ten-day test to show you how to get them.

Film is the teeth’s great enemy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings tenaciously. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

Food, etc., discolor the film, then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth loose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people escape those troubles unless they fight the film.

How to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leasing dentists everywhere advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations use it every day.

Creates alkalinity

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, another foe of teeth.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives multiplied power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents. The combined effects have brought to millions a new dental era.

Watch it act

Send the coupon for a ten-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will always be glad that you made this test. Cut out coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. RGB. U.S.

The Pepsodent Company

Dept. 810, 110 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

—all the difference between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

Try This on Your Hair 15 Days
Then let your mirror prove results Write today for free trial offer, Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bold, for there is a way to destroy the microbes that destroy the hair. This different method stops thinning of the hair, eliminates hair, removes dandruff, dandruff. Natural treatment for hair and scalp. Guaranteed in 15 days. AYRES CO., 3932 N. Robey St., Chicago.

Close-Ups & Long Shots [continued from page 58]

ings the longer they act. The finest artists the screen has presented are Strongheart, Little Farina, the Dippy Do Dads, and Jackie Coogan in his prime.

FAMILIARITY is a dreadful thing, which all of us famous people have to combat. Jimmy Quill, the editor of this magazine, sometimes forgets himself to the extent of calling me Herb. He called me Herb in an advertisement not long ago and a lady of Sonora Valley, Cal., wrote in indignantly to ask if I were her lost brother. She said Herb was the only name her brother ever had in school, so I must be he. There were still further grounds for the theory: her brother, she said, was the very soul of honor and a brilliant scholar. After reading this there was little doubt in my mind but that I was her brother. She hoped I would visit her. "Just sister Nelly and myself are left," she wrote. "All the rest are laid away. I am nicely situated just outside the city, quite an independent life, Ranch with prunes and pears. Our Sonora Valley beats the world. Two thousand white pullets. Electric power does the work."

The white pullets and electric power certainly appealed to me. If I hadn't been in the middle of the Sahara I'd have legged it straight for Sonora.

I WISH to retract a statement which I made in a recent issue of Photoplay. I said that Ramon Novarro spoke French fluently. I nearly had his word for it. While entertaining Alice Terry and me at a French hotel in Tunis he ordered almonds and got straw, a French pasty and gave a cake of Palmolive soap. Altogether it was a lovely tea.

REX was boasting on the set that the Irish were the only people who ate nothing to nobody. They have no ancestors, he avers, like Topsy, they just grew.

"How about Adam and Eve?" asked Novarro.

"They were Irish," said Rex.

"They must have been," retorted Ramon.

"They caused enough trouble!"

ONE of Rex Ingram's latest discoveries is a prisoner in a Paris jail. Rex became very indignant toward the French government and pardoned his injustice for imprisoning such a fine movie type. In Tunis he engaged an old Arab woman to play housekeeper to the missionary's daughter in "The Arab."

Two days later the sweet old lady was thrown into the hoosgow for stealing. Rex thought she was a genius, and she certainly was in her line; she'd even stolen underwear off a Russian Grand Duke.

I CAN understand Rex's leniency toward evildoers. When he visited the ruins of Carthage he came away with the knee of a bike horse under his coat. The next day he went back for the horse but they'd picketed it down and put six guards to watch it—a shabby trick.

ALICE TERRY, who has a passion for pets, became fond of a camel used in the picture. She wondered if the customary officials would object to his duty, and conveyed him to the United States. Some one told her they'd never notice it if she rode it in. I hereby urge you to be on hand at the great moment Alice descends the gang plank.
Easy Ways to Make the Bedroom Charming
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

We sit in the motion picture theater and see unfolded before us a panorama of the country’s best decorative talent in the settings of the film we are enjoying. Here is a curtain fixed in a cunning way, and we nudge Mary to call her attention to it. Mother notes that there is a rug before the fireplace—over top of the splendid carpet—and wonders why they would put such a beautiful rug in such a place. And then, perhaps, you suggest that the rug is durable as well as beautiful, and wonder, “Why don’t we do the same thing?” That cunning bed! How well you would like to have one like it.

A simple wooden or metal bed for the alcove, dressed in a natural colored cotton spread, with appliqued flowers cut from the design of the cretonne which forms the curtains of the alcove.

And the funny part of it all is that you can.

Use your powers of observation. Perish the thought that only to the very rich are given this beauty! Forget the costly fabrics, and the gorgeousness, and think only of the essential factors that make the setting you want in your own home. Most of the time you will find that a less costly fabric will do, and that it will look just as well if you loop it back as it is in the picture. And the looping is a simple matter. You’ve done it loads of times—on other things.

You had never thought of doing it with curtains, or bedspreads! There are so many lovely things in the films that we can translate to our own use economically. On pages 68 and 69 you see settings from various films—and beds that actually make us sleepy as we look at them. So we are taking inspiration this month from them and suggesting just a few ways in which you can do simple changes in your own homes that will build comparable loveliness of decorative effect for you.

Bedspreads have a lot to do with the appearance of a room. The day of the plain white bedspread is gone. Its white blankness marred the color scheme of what might otherwise have been a lovely room. And in its place have come numerous colorful ideas that give keynote to charm in otherwise quite mediocre rooms.

No house is really complete today unless it has at least one guest chamber, and effectiveness is the charm of this room. One can let fancy run free, for there are no family likes and dislikes to be considered. Your choicest furniture and linens, decorations and accessories may be reserved for this room. They will be saved the wear and tear of family service, and may always be a pleasing finished part of your house.

Can you pick up pins with gloves on? It’s just as hard to dig tar tar out of crevices between your teeth with the wrong kind of brush. Look at this photograph. It is a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush at work. The saw-tooth pointed bristles dig in after tartar germs like a dog digging for a rabbit. Tartar hasn’t a chance against a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush rightly used.

Teeth are beautiful when they are clean

YOUR own teeth grow to suit your appearance. They need not be small, or even uniform, to be beautiful. Your teeth are beautiful when you keep them clean and gleaming white.

To keep your teeth clean and beautiful, you must brush them well. Dentifrices help to keep destructive tartar off your teeth, but the essential is to brush with the right kind of brush.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is correctly designed to keep your teeth clean. You can see in the photograph above how the Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans the outer surfaces of all teeth. The photographs below show how it cleans the inner surfaces, and the big back teeth.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box.

Three sizes—adult’s, youth’s and child’s—come in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft. Send for “Tooth Truths,” our interesting booklet on the care of teeth.

Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX . . . . "A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYES"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Become An Artist
This New Easy Way

Thousands who never dreamed they could draw can now easily become artists. You too—without any previous training—and no matter how little apparent talent you have—can now easily learn Illustrating, Designing and Cartooning through this amazingly easy method.

You learn at home yet your work receives the personal attention and criticism of one of America's most successful artists. Many students actually sell enough work during their training to pay for it many times over.

Big Money in Commercial Art

Millions of dollars are being spent this year on advertising and story illustrations, commercial designs, and cartoons. And even more will be spent next year. Commercial art is a tremendous field—and a field where very big money is gladly paid anyone who can produce good art work. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, printing houses, business concerns all need trained artists. Competent artists can easily earn from $50 to far over $300 a week. And now you can easily enter this world's most fascinating, best paid business.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

A new handsomely illustrated book has just been printed, which gives all the most up-to-date information on the thousands of wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art and shows how this startling new method easily enables you to enter this field. It tells about our students—their success—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—how they made big money while studying. This attractive book will be sent without cost, or obligation. Send for it. Mail coupon now.

Washington School of Art
Room 555, 1115-156 St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 555, 1115-156 St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Please send me without cost or obligation your new book on art “New Easy Way to Become an Artist,” and details of your special offer.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ____________________________ State: __________________________

$100 for One Good Commercial Drawing

In the sketch on page 60, we have a bed of modern French type, in walnut or mahogany, with small head-canopy, valance and drapes. It can be the decorative unit or center of your guest room. The canopy and valance add a charm of other ages, and made as they are today, are perfectly sanitary and easily constructed. For a guest room of exquisite daintiness the canopy and valance may be made of iridescent taffeta in powder blue shot with silver. The bedshead should be made plain, with a pleated ruffle around the bottom to match the valance, and both ruffle and valance should be headed with an inch-wide silver galloon as a finish.

If you wish your guest chamber done in a more simple fashion, glazed chintz with riotous color will make an effective treatment. The canopy and top of the bedshead can be made from fine French sateen, with a valance, drapes and ruffle of the glazed chintz. A narrow cotton braid should finish this.

If you have chosen one of the soft tones in printed furniture for your bedroom, the dressing of the bed must be in keeping with the printed scheme, if unpleasant clashes are to be avoided.

In the sketch shown on page 68, the bed has been painted a sage green, its decorative lines and motifs being in darker green, pale rose, and old yellow. Here an indestructible voile in silver gray has been made in a simple two-tiered spread, the top tier of which is ornamented with hand-made petals of voile in alternating shades of rose, green, and old yellow. The cover for the pillow is a tube of the voile, left open at the back enough to allow the pillow to slip in easily, drawn in at each end and ornamented with bands of the colored voile. Such a spread is cool, harmonious, and has no fear of a moth.

The longevity of the four-post bed recommends it to the furnishing of our homes of today. It is graceful, light, easily dressed, and adapts itself to a combination of furniture—a chest of drawers, a home-made dressing table, several wicker chairs, and a four-post bed make a complete and charming bedroom for our small modern houses.

The tall post beds—as illustrated on page 108—are better suited to the large rooms, for the tall, slender posts, with pineapple and acanthus carving, lend an atmosphere of dignity. A most effective coverlet can be made for this type of bed by utilizing your odds and ends of cretonne. Squares, rectangles, and triangles are sewed together with an artistic abandon of design—only color being considered. A light square should have a darker rectangular neighbor, and the two triangles, when sewed together to form a square, should be complementary in color. The finished effect is the same "as the crazy quilts of our grandmothers," without the laborious stitches and years of piecing together. A spread of this sort can be quite easily put together on the machine, lined with unbleached muslin, and bound around the edges with any preferred solid color. Candlewick and homespun spreads are other suitable selections for the post bed.

An above in a bedroom can be alluringly mystifying by day and develop into a comfortable "pullman" when the curtains are drawn apart at night. Treated in such a fashion the window of the room may be furnished as a sitting or dressing room.

In the illustration on page 107, we have taken a simple wooden or metal bed, either single or double, according to the size of your alcove, and dressed it in a natural colored cotton spread, with appliqued flowers cut from the design of the cretonne which forms the curtains of the alcove. These curtains and valance should be fashioned from a large patterned design, preferably a light background with brilliant flowers. The curtains should be lined with a contracting solid color of soft sateen and slightly weighted at the bottom to allow them to hang gracefully. They should be closed and opened by draw-cords on the side. The valance is lined also, and simply gathered with a heading.

Rod La Rocque’s Fast Work

ROD LA ROCQUE believes that, with a little more training, he will be able to work in one picture in Hollywood and another in the Paramount studio in New York at the same time. When he completed his work in "The Ten Commandments," he started for New York to appear with Gloria Swanson in "A Society Scandal." He was just half an hour getting from the Grand Central station to the studio, and walked on the set, ready for work, in five minutes more. The sequences in which he appeared were shot in rapid succession and, in less than a week, he was back in Hollywood. There he has met at the station by one of Cecil De Mille’s emissaries, who rushed him to the studio.

Within an hour after his arrival, he was again on the set, working in "Triumph."
The Greatest Box Office Attractions

[Continued from page 41]

popularity of stars with the public and with the theater owner, in the hope that it may offer the explanation for their vote.

Popularity with public based on:
- Personality and looks in men.
- Personality and beauty in women.
- Acting ability.
- Consistency and dependability of the stories and productions in which they appear.
- Frequency of pictures.
- Character and personal life.
- Long established standing.
- Exploitation.
- Intelligence and business judgment reflected in consistent productions.

Popularity with exhibitors based on:
- Popularity with public.
- Ability to make money on their pictures.
- Consistency of production that insures certainty of profit.
- Exploitation of star and production by producer, added insurance of profit.
- General character of pictures assisting exhibitor to maintain the standards of his house.

It is elemental, of course, that a star is of no value to an exhibitor when the price charged for the pictures is so high that he cannot make money, although the exhibitor is often forced to play a picture to maintain the position of his theater with the public and to keep the picture away from a rival theater. This is possibly the explanation of the relative positions of Fairbanks and Pickford and perhaps of D. W. Griffith among the directors. Then, too, their recent pictures have been shown first at regular house houses at increased prices, and naturally that does not please the regular exhibitor. C. B. De Mille’s pictures are consistent money-makers for the exhibitor. Valentino, a sensational box-office attraction, is not in the list perhaps because the exhibitor has had no new pictures of him lately, and his next picture will probably be “road-showed,” that is, shown in regular theaters first, and this may also explain Chaplin’s position. Cruz is comparatively new as a big money earner and his pictures have not gotten their work in yet. Kay’s pictures have been infrequent and lacking in drawing power, and infrequency of pictures may explain the failure of Barthelmess and the Gishies and Bill Hart to register strongly. Corinne Griffith and Barbara La Marr are comparatively new as box office attractions. Constance Talmadge’s recent pictures have not been good.

These are merely conjectures.

Were a vote taken six months from now the vote might be entirely different. Generally speaking a star is as good as his last few pictures.

End of Mr. Gallagher’s Romance

THE syncopated romance of Mr. Gallagher (of Gallagher and Shean fame) and Ann Luther, film star, has come to a sudden close. After two months of married life they have parted.

The Gallaghers met last summer in a motion picture studio where both were working—but in different pictures. When Mr. Gallagher was taken ill the fair Ann became his nurse. And, with complete recovery, came marriage—a marriage that was celebrated by bursts of song in the Gallagher and Shean style, from all good newspaper men. But now the bubble—to go poetic—has burst. And the songs are no more. And Mr. Gallagher has gone on the road with the “Greenwich Village Follies” while Mrs. Gallagher languishes in a beautiful suite in the Hotel Vanderbilt.

FREE... mail coupon below to Ellen J. Buckland, G. N.

SCIENTIFIC FRANKNESS

On a subject known as woman’s oldest problem

By Ellen J. Buckland

Graduate Nurse

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A scientific way that gives women new poise and peace of mind—new exquisiteness and better health.

Although but a recent discovery, 8 in every 10 women of the better classes already have adopted it.

It is called Kotex. And this offers you an opportunity to test it—free. Simply mail me the coupon now.

FIVE TIMES MORE ABSORBENT

American nurses in wartime France first discovered Kotex. Found that it solved woman’s most distressing problem in an amazing new way.

Made of Cellucotton—a newly-discovered super-absorbent—Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture. It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary cotton sanitary pads. And, in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

You can dispose of it easily, without embarrassment—a point all women will appreciate.

Hygienic immaculateness—that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

Now Try Kotex Free

Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented—for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

So do this now: Mail the coupon to me, personally. A packet will be sent you, postpaid, by return mail—in an absolutely plain, undistinguishable, unmarked wrapper. Tear the coupon off now before you forget it.

KOTEX PRODUCTS COMPANY, CHICAGO

Canadian Distributors: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto and Montreal

FREE SAMPLE—Mail This Confidential Coupon

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G.N.

Care of Cellucotton Laboratories, Room 1420

166 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

Name: ________________________________

Address: ________________________________

City: ________________________________

(P.S. A.P.)
The Love Dodger

[Continued from page 39]

an hundred fold. Once or twice she telephoned. If he had refused to talk to her, she would have felt more hopeful. But he didn't. He was just friendly and pleasant and much too busy to come to see her. She felt a force there of which she knew nothing and it frightened her.

Cleveland dreaded those telephone calls with an almost unbearable dread. But he knew that he must answer them. The sound of her voice was a pain he did not care to stand if he could help it. So, when the bell came to him, he, as usual, sat in the open window, and said that a lady wished to speak with him on the phone and that she would not give her name, he smiled rather weakly. It wasn't quite sporting of Leda to hurt him now needlessly.

"Hello," he said. "Who is it?" and waited for the shock of those honeyed, haunting tones.

"It's Gertie Morrison," said another breathless, sweet voice, "I—I was almost afraid you wouldn't remember me."

It took him an instant to adjust himself. "Gertie Morrison," he said, and instantly smiled into the phone. "Why, Gertie, how dare you ask me if you remember me? You sweet old thing, how are you?"

The voice bubbled over playfully. "'I'm so glad you're just the same, Brownie. So—many people have changed."

"I haven't," said the screen's greatest comedian, "but nobody's called me Brownie in a thousand years. How's everything?"

"Well," a new note of hesitation crept in, "not so very good. I wished you could come to see me. What a thing I wanted to talk over with you very much indeed. It'll probably seem funny to you that I'd come to you, after all these years—but, the old friends seem best now. You were awfully good to me in the old days, Brownie. Can you come?"

"I can come any time you say," said Cleveland Brown, for he felt the real need in the voice. "Where do you live? Do you remember the little house where you used to cook waffles and sausages for us, Gertie?"

She laughed outright at that. "Of course I do. Oh, Brownie, come to breakfast next Sunday morning, and I'll fix you one of those old time meals. I'd love to."

"I'll be there," promised Cleveland Brown, with a chuckle.

SUNDAY morning, it rained. A drizzling, gray rain, that misted and clung to your face, blurring the outline of the trees and the houses everywhere. But there was no cheerless and unhappy rain, that did queer things to the landscape. The clouds were banked high and black behind the hills and the streets gleamed wet and dishy. It was the sort of a morning that made you long to be comfortably indoors.

Cleveland Brown found the house without any trouble. And he stood on the sidewalk for a moment, looking at it. Wondering why it had a vaguely familiar air. He was sure he had never seen it before.

Then it came to him. Why, it was exactly like the bungalow he had always planned for himself, before riches flooded in and he could afford the fifteen room palace in the Wilshire district.

Yes, that was it. The low, sloping brown shingle roof. The big, red-ventilated stacks. The red brick chimney. Even the close-clinging ivy and the masses of honeysuckle over the porch were as he had planned them, and the little clumps of heliotrope and pink roses under the big, latticed windows. There was a pleasant gleam in those windows, curtained in white-ruffled damask and lined with pink and blue. It was a good sight, that house, for a man standing in the rain. Cleveland Brown grinned a little as he caught a whiff of something that smelled miraculously good to him. He knew the reason. It would be, if you were a hungry young working man, or a struggling young picture actor, to come home to such a house through the rain, and find a good dinner and an open fire and a true wife who loved you just for yourself, waiting for you. After all, did life hold very much more than that?

The door opened for him instantly by a small boy in a red jersey sweater and a pair of corduroy pants.

"Hello," said briefly.

"Hello," said Cleveland Brown, "is this where Mrs. Morrison lives?"


CLEVELAND BROWN gasped. He had forgotten that Harlan and Gertie had a baby. Why, he had sent it a silver cup—how many years ago was it? And he had actually forgotten.

"You better take your coat off here in the hall," said the boy, in a matter of fact voice that you seemed to conceal a breathless excitement, and then come in to the fire. I built it. It's a dandy, too. I learned to build fires at the Woodcrafters. Were you ever a Woodcrafter?"

Cleveland Brown, divested of his coat and cap, inspected the fire.

"No, I never was," he said. "But if that's the kind of a fire they teach you to build, I wish I had been. It's the first time I've ever seen one."

"Honest? No bunk? Gosh, I'll tell the fellows you said that.

"It was the kind that blazed and crackled, until, after the dim, droning rain, Cleveland actually wanted to laugh at the mere sight of its cheerful warmth. A friendly, welcoming sort of a fire."

"Look here," he said, "we ought to be very old friends, but I've forgotten your name."

"My name is Harlan Morrison, junior. But mama calls me Buddy. You see, it used to be a sort of a habit—father was at home, to tell which one of us she meant, so she called me Buddy. But now that wouldn't matter. Do you think I'm too darn big to be called Buddy? Sounds a little silly to me."

Cleveland Brown studied the matter seriously. "Well, I believe maybe you are. How old are you?"

"Nine next July."

"I thought you were ten at least," said Cleveland. "I'll tell you. I think I'd let my mother call me Buddy, because mothers are like that. But I guess Harlan."

The boy grinned sheepishly. "That sounds kind of funny," he said, "but it's better. I say—Mr. Brown—may I ask you something?"

"You bet."

"Well, the kids at the Woodcrafters are all crazy about you, because it isn't as though you were just a comedian, because you are an athlete, too, and they go to see all your pictures, and we want to know how you did that submarine stuff in your last picture and if you really were down in the water all that time."

"I never thought I'd get a chance to ask you, even if I have got a cup with your name on it—"

"from you to me—I took it to show to the fellows once—but if I could tell 'em about that at one meeting the others were there."

Cleveland Brown hesitated. It was one of his own special secrets, the way in which he had shot the submarine stuff. A good many people had tried to find out, one way and another, without success.

He started at the intense, eager little face.

Not exactly a lopsided child. He had a thin, dark little face that looked up at the dark eyes and a mop of coarse, unruly brown hair, with just a suggestion of a curl in it. And his little body was slender and strong under his clothes, and in his face. His chin was thin and square, and his eyes stood out in friendly, but most unornamental fashion.

Cleveland Brown hesitated only a instant. Then he lowered down to the fire.

"Now look here," he said, "and—I'll show you. I was down in the water a lot, all right, but you see it was partly the mechanics of how the camera was used. You pretend this is the

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
dock, this rug here. The cameras were right on the edge. And all this blue carpet is the ocean. And," he crawled a few feet, "I'm the submarine. Now watch.

Just then, Gertie Morri-on came in from the kitchen.

Neither of them heard her. Which was not strange, for the boy's entire being was wrapped in concentration, and the great comedian had his face in the carpet and was giggling along in excellent imitation of an angle worm.

"Buddy Morrison," said his mother, "what are you doing? Oh, Brownie, you dear old angel. I'm so glad to see you. Get up this minute and let me give you a big hug."

She had changed.

It made Cleveland Brown a little sick to think of what life had done to her. Her pretty, soft brown eyes, almost fawn eyes, had a look that should not be in any woman's eyes. Nearly all her prettiness had died. There were lines about the eyes and mouth that would never go away. Her lips, which used to open over her white teeth in such an entrancing way, were shut steadily, as though to keep them from quivering. And all her bright color was dimmed.

But her smile was as sweet and as warm as ever. Her figure was pleasing and matronly, under the crisp, blue apron. How long it had been since he had seen a woman in an apron. And he liked her skin, clean and pale, and guiltless of paint or powder.

She put her arms about him and gave him a quick little squeeze.

"Why, Brownie, you're exactly the same. Oh, you've grown up and developed and all that, but your eyes haven't changed. I'm glad they were afraid you might be—might have—"

"Might have the swell head," said Cleveland Brown, for her, "Me? Why?"

"Oh, you've done such wonderful things. Sometimes I could hardly realize when Buddy talked so much about you, and I saw your name everywhere. Now I use to know you so well." Her voice dropped to a note of such sincerity that Cleveland Brown's eyes grew soft in answer. "I'm so glad to see you here in my home."

It was a marvellous breakfast. When the iced, golden-hearted melons and the eggs, scrambled with little sausages in them, had disappeared, Cleveland and Buddy ran a race to see who could eat the most waffles.

Cleveland won. He hadn't been so tickled in a long time, because Buddy was quite a waffle-eater himself. Every time Gertie, growing more and more rosy over the stove, came in with a fresh one, Buddy gave a young Indian war whoop, and after a while, Cleveland learned to imitate it. So they made a great deal of noise between them and Gertie laughed in delight.

When they had both eaten all the waffles anybody could eat, they went into the big cozy, living room, and a trim maid came to clear off the table.

"You see I don't have to cook," said Gertie, with a pleased laugh. "I like to, though, for hungry boys like you and Buddy."

Buddy stood watching them, but at a little glance from his mother he said: "Will you excuse me now, Mr. Brown? I guess I'll go up to my room. I'm working on a radio."

"Certainly," said Cleveland gravely, "only I think you'd better call me Uncle Cleve, seeing I've known you. And if you like I'll come up before I go and have a look at the radio. I know a bit about that sort of thing I've got some books and magazines you might like."

When the little figure in its red jersey and corduroys had disappeared upstairs, Gertie looked at Cleveland Brown with a quick sigh of relief.

"Isn't he nice?" she said.

"He's a great kid," said Cleveland Brown. He felt a little thrill as he said it. It seemed long since he had been friends with a child.
"Mum" is the word!

"Mum" takes all odor out of perspiration

A little "Mum" applied to the under-arm and elsewhere frees you from body odors all day.

This snow-white deodorant cream is so safe that dainty women use it with the sanitary pad.

25c. and 50c. at all stores.

Special Offer: Both 50c "Mum" and 75c Evans's Deodorative Outfit—a safe, quick hair remover, $1.25 worth for $1 postpaid.

Money back if you want it.

Special Offer Coupon


Address

Dealer's Name

Address

May 1021

No Reason for GRAY HAIR

Q-Ron Hair Color Restorer will restore your hair to its original dark color.

Get BEXAN

Hair Color Restorer

It is not a dye but a beneficial preparation used by men and women for over 30 years. Never fails Guaranteed. Used in privacy at your home; change is gradual and natural. Your friends need not know.

Miniature bottles of Q-Ron Tonic and Liquid Shampoo mailed free. Heading-Ellis, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

MAH JONGS

Why Pay More? This set is Complete in every respect Contains 141 colored tiles, counters, dice and cards. Also easily understood playing Instructions. Sent up on order of 91 cts per dozen (West of Pennsylvania) and 95 cts per dozen. MAH JONG GAME CO. Dept. 200 Brown New York Dealers Write for our attractive promotion

Learn Cartooning

At Home—In Your Spare Time

From the school that has trained so many artists have a daily paper to $30 to $50 and more a week. The John Urban Chart Method. An easy, accessible and drawing easy to learn. Send in stamped self-addressed envelope. 75c. The LANDON SCHOOL 467 National Blvd., Cleveland, O.
least she had no intellectual gifts to offer. No beauty with which to dazzle the eye. No sex lure with which to ensnare the flesh.

But to Cleveland Brown, in those days, she seemed the embodiment of all that the Lord intended a woman should be when he created her: "an helpmeet for man." A wife, a mother, a woman filled with that gracious gift of serenity, self-sacrifice and charity that makes womanhood the crown of humanity.

And there was a kindred, a deep and unexpressed sympathy, in that they had both been cast aside.

But it was by no means Gertie alone who drew him, so that as the weeks sped by he spent more and more time in the little brown house. It was Buddy as well, Buddy's need of him and Buddy's love.

There were moments, as they sat side by side on the long Wharf at Santa Monica, or pattered about among Buddy's endless mechanical apparatus, or experimented with a twenty-two rifle on deserted hillsides, when Cleveland Brown decided that he couldn't love any child more than he loved Buddy, even one of his own.

And once when Buddy fell from grace and appropriated two of his mother's price hens to carry into the hills and roast over a campfire, Cleveland spanked him with force and decision. It almost broke his heart. But he did it. He was too big for Gertie to spank, of course, and he had it coming to him and it wasn't fair that he shouldn't have it. Next time, he might do something much worse.

After the spanking, Buddy had gone silently and rather whitely to bed.

Gertie and Cleveland were sitting, as they so often sat on these cold winter evenings, in the big chairs before the fire. Cleveland was gazing into the snapping logs and relaxing after a long, tough day at the studio.

And Gertie, in a pretty little gown of pale orchid silk with some soft lace stuff at the throat, and her bright hair tied into place with a black ribbon, was mending. Buddy went through socks like a machine gun.

Cleveland glanced at her as she sat, the tip of her tongue between her teeth, absorbed in a hole that was really where the toe of the stocking should have been.

He couldn't help smiling fondly at the picture.

And she looked up in time to catch him. Her face went a little white. She put down the stocking.

And then she said slowly and very distinctly:

"Cleveland, I wonder if you would care about marrying me?"

[END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT]

The Discovery of Gloria

Jack Conway, one of the pioneer directors in the Hollywood colony, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. This same Jack Conway is the man who discovered Gloria Swanson and gave her her first real chance. It was in the old Triangle days when H. O. Davis was at the helm. Conway was seeking a leading woman for his next five-reel feature when Verne J. Porter, then a member of the Triangle scenario staff, pointed out Gloria as a prospect. Miss Swanson had been in pictures for some time, doing bits and playing in comedies. She was under contract as a Keystone Comedy girl, drawing about $35 per week. Triangle controlled Keystone.

Conway and Porter finally decided Gloria was the best bet on the lot and the director borrowed her from the comedy department. She was hit, and was immediately given a contract for $150 per week, which was in effect when Triangle quit producing some months later.

This was many, many months before Miss Swanson got her first part in the C. B. de Mille picture, which planted her firmly on the road to stardom.

JUST WHAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED

Now the wonderful SUNBEAM iron comes in this handy, indestructible steel case.

Now you can put the hot iron away out of sight and out of the way at once as soon as the ironing is done. No more waiting for the iron to cool off.

The iron and stand, cord, plug and all fit into the case snugly. The separate compartment for the cord is heat-proof. This case is the most practical thing you ever saw.

It is beautifully enameled in colors, with nickel trim. Truly, it is the everlasting case for the everlasting iron.

The SUNBEAM excels in all those features that make ironing easier, quicker and better.

MORE THAN EVER Sunbeam is THE IRON of IRONS

Because it is better made to do better ironing and to last longer—the SUNBEAM costs more than any other iron to build.

Naturally, the price of the SUNBEAM is a little more than the price of other irons. But the better ironing it will do, year after year, and its freedom from need of repairs make it the most economical iron.

Buy it at your dealer's or we will send it prepaid in the steel case. Send no money. Merely pay the postman $5.50 on arrival, same as at your dealer's.

Made and Guaranteed By

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5540 Roosevelt Road, Chicago
Thirty-four years making quality products
Canadian Factory and Office: 349 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont.
We also make the "DOMESTIC" Electric Iron, known everywhere as "the best $5 Iron made"
These irons will not burn out

Sunbeam
THE IRON of IRONS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A Breath

With the Odor of Spring

Bad breath is a common and grave social offense. It comes from many causes. Some people suffer at all times, most people at some times from it.

No beauty, no charm can offset it. Sweet words lose all their sweetness if the breath offends.

May Breath tablets offer you protection. One forms an instant deodorant, whether the cause is the mouth or the stomach.

Bad odors from cigars, the teeth, the gums or stomach are combated at once; and the odor of spring supplants them.

May Breath is for dainty people who desire to please. The pocket box can be always carried with you. You will never go without it when you know

May Breath

A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form, designed to alleviate the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

May Breath is not yet available for Canadian distribution.

10-CENT BOX FREE

Insert your name and address, mail to
MAY BREATH COMPANY
Dept. M-72, 1104 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO
And a box will be sent you free.

Sheik-Lure

New Permanent Perfum Sensation

Without Care

SOLD—No Liquid to Spill

No Battle to Break—Coherent

Fragrances blend, the thin and the disintegrating mixture, everybody adores it. The fad, endorsed imported ads, is a marvelous liquid that dispenses the beauty of your hair. In a few days it will close the pores that are not. It is a lasting impression that reveals the beauty of your hair. In a few days it will close the pores that are not.

All The Rage

A PRHL showers bring May flowers, so the saying goes. Rain and cloud should both be proud, they usher in the rose! Rain is nature’s way of tending loveliness, her way of sending help to all that grows.

Nature is so wise, so willing—nature knows neglect is killing—do you know it, too? Do you know that freshness, fading, is a sign that age is raiding—stealing charm from you? Do you know that constant caring, constant mending and repairing, makes youth bloom anew?

When your hair lacks life and lustre use the aids that you can muster, make it shine and gleam! When your eyes are dull and weary, overworked, puffed, and weary—make their glance beam. Often just a touch of powder makes shyness speak louder, helps the heart to dream!

Roque and lip stick—how they matter! Just as spring’s warm raindrops patter on some waiting flower, so do creams and fragrant lotions, and a score of pretty notions, lengthen beauty’s hour. We can be refreshed for playtime just as robes of the Maytime are from April’s shower.

Clothes—be sure the line’s becoming, and the chosen shade’s not numbing to your hair and eyes. Never choose a color light—light makes one shine most brightly, or can paralyze. Study tints before a mirror—it will make your choice seem clearer—you will find it wise.

Wear large hats, or smaller—wear wee hats if you’d look taller—it is often done. One-piece dresses make you slimmer, sometimes, too, they look much trimmer than the two-in-one. High heels make the ankle slighter, but for sports low heels are righter and I think, more fun.

“April showers bring May flowers,” so the saying goes. We, to get the best, should follow nature’s way, each line and hollow—eyes, and lips and nose—should be softened, refreshed and treated with the loving care that’s meted to each flower that grows!

“Blonde,” Hawaii, Utah.

Of course, with your yellow hair and dark blue eyes, you can wear gray. Gray should be very becoming to you. So will be all shades of blue, green, violet and so, too, will black.

A good henna shampoo will not injure your hair. In fact, I think that it would be most beneficial.

K. A. M., Chicago, Ill.

Yes, indeed! Colonial pumps and oxfords will be the most popular shoe of the season.

Why not?—they are smart as well as pretty, practical as well as comfortable! Stockings light in color and sheer in texture are still favored.

J. F. F., San Jose, Cal.

I think that you arrange your hair very well, although I would like it a trifle better if you did not marcel it so deeply. A hint of a wave would be more becoming to your type. Thank you for sending me the snapshot—it is a real help in giving advice to know what the correspondent really looks like.

Bobbled hair should be becoming to you. What not try it, during the summer months, anyway? You could wear it in front just as you do now, and the effect would not be very different.


Before using anything that is apt to change the shape of any of your features, I should advise that you get the opinion of your physician. It is better to be sure than to make a mistake that cannot be corrected.

“A Texan,” Athens, Texas.

WithTitan hair and dark brown eyes, you will look your best in shades of brown, green and gray. You can also wear black.

Yes, you will find that Stillman’s freckle cream is very satisfactory. Follow the directions carefully, to get the best results.

You are about two pounds overweight. Give up sweets for a week or two, and I’m sure that you will find the small surplus removed.

D. S., Portland, Oregon.

Shampooing your hair once every ten days is not often enough. If the oiliness increases I think that it might be well for you to use a tonic for oily hair.

A rubber reducing girdle will remove the extra pounds from your abdomen. Also, you will be helped by regular exercises. Don’t try to gain any more weight. You are a trifle too heavy now.

A. D. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

You should weigh from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty pounds. This is not very definite, but you are young and you have probably not reached your growth yet.

A. V., Atlantic City, N. J.

Bobbed hair is still smart and, if your hair is naturally curly. I am sure that it will be becoming to you.

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

Carolyn Van Wyck is a society matron, well known in New York’s smartest and most exclusive circles. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the delicious and the deadly, that come to every girl, the heartbreaks and the sadness—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
Don't go out of your way to attract men. It is best to let men be attracted to you by your sweetness, modesty and loveliness of character. Old fashioned virtues, my dear—but still popular with the other sex.

B. H., MACON, MISS.

I am so glad that you like my department. It cheers my heart to have you say that you read it regularly.

You will look your best in shades of blue, green and lavender—also in black. But you can wear pale yellow, and a bit of orange trimming. Never, though, should you wear a complete costume in orange.

L. E. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Creme Damascus is splendid—I am sure that it will do away with the lines that are beginning to trouble you. I am glad that you have enjoyed using it. With light brown hair and grey eyes, you will have no trouble in selecting shades that are both becoming and smart. All blues, all greens, light grey, black, brown—and of course—the pastel tints. To say nothing of the odd, high shades that are so popular this year.

W. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The wide range of colors named in the preceding letter will also be becoming to you. No, you are not overweight. One hundred and thirty pounds is a splendid weight for a girl of five feet six inches.

M. F. M., NAUGATUCK, CONN.

There are many ways of getting rid of pimples, blackheads and other facial blemishes. Complexion clays, creams, electrical treatments and facial soaps. If you will write me a letter, giving me your address, and stating more clearly your personal problem, I will be glad to give you detailed advice.

M. M., NEW LONDON, CONN.

With red hair, a fair complexion and blue eyes, you will be prettiest in shades of blue and green. They must be soft shades, however; never wearing, harsh colors. French blue, midnight blue, Nile and jade green, orchid, periwinkle, very pale yellow, grey and black will be becoming to you. Also a good shade of dark brown.

You should weigh about one hundred and forty pounds—I think that you are a bit overweight. Go without sweets for a while, and see if that helps!

BIG BLUE EYES, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

The age at which a young woman should consider marriage varies, of course, with the individual. I do not think that any girl under eighteen should think seriously of such a thing—and the average girl of eighteen is far too immature, mentally, to take such a step. I think that, perhaps, the best age is from twenty-one to twenty-seven.

No woman is too old, nowadays, to bob her hair. The mothers of grown daughters are doing it! But I think that bobbed hair is most suitable to the girl in her teens.

PRISCILLA H., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

If you will write me a letter, enclosing an addressed envelope, I will be glad to give you a list of the depilatories that I consider most effective. The removal of superfluous hair by electricity, however, I consider the only really permanent method.

Where one is safe, Four others pay

Don't pay Pyorrhea's price—Brush your teeth with Forhan's

Every man and woman is in danger of Pyorrhea. According to reliable dental statistics, four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, too, are victims of this disease.

Are you willing to pay the penalty—lost teeth and shattered health?

If not, don't neglect your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection, and make Forhan's For the Gums your dentifrice. It is most pleasant to the taste.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course, keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 25c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd (continued from page 34)

In view of my experiences, I have never been anyone to hurry anyone into any way with the theater. Nebraska in those days was a splendid, young country, but, like all young countries, it was fully occupied with a struggle for life. The most realistic things that were going on were some of the progressions commercially. In many ways, I imagine, it was crude and rough. Certainly it wasn't strong on culture or the arts. There was no leisure class that I remember, and very little time even for amusement. Education itself was limited to the old reliable public school curriculum. The ambition to be an actor or an actress was almost unknown. Most of the boys had more sane and commendable desires—such as to go into the coal and feed business, or to work in the hardware store or the livery stable.

I was possessed from my earliest youth with a definite, violent desire to act that in no wise conformed with the rest of my character. My mother claimed that this was the result of prenatal influence. Some people believe in those things and others don't. I don't know myself. However, the fact was that mother had always wanted to be an actress. In her home town, back in Illinois, before her marriage, she had been the most successful amateur actress and had played the leads in school plays. My mother and I had longed with an intense longing to go on the stage.

Her family wouldn't hear of it. They were shocked at the mere suggestion. There was some hard feeling, some determination on her part to run away and carry out her ambition in spite of the opposition, but just then my father decided to go to the mountains back in Illinois. She fell in love with him and that settled the stage.

But the feeling persisted. After she moved out west she was still interested in the stage and kept in touch with every theatrical she could. She read all the plays she could get her hands on and even took a New York drama course by mail. She was pretty sure she would drive for miles through a snowstorm to see a ham trop in some barn opera house, and she read Shakespeare for amusement, coming back and talking to her friends in the small towns where we lived.

When I was a little fellow, three or four years of age, I'd play the war and mother would often take me in her lap and I would go to sleep to the cadence of Portia's speeches or Juliet's love-making.

Anyhow, I was a dreamer. There wasn't any game on earth to me like a show. And I was a pretty darn good showman, if I shouldn't say it. But even better than the playing I liked my own private performances. I used to collect masks that were left over from Hallowe'en, and I'd gather up the old hats and caps, and put them all around my room so that I could be anyone I wanted to be. I was a regular scenery-chewing tragedian in those days.

Once, at Christmas, I got a box of soldiers. I was crazy about them, but I never played war. I used to rig up a stage, with a real little curtain, and use my soldiers for actors, speaking the lines myself. And I used to get little pieces of candy and put them in the drug store—the small, square kind—and open them up and stand them around for the women members of my company. But I would have died before I'd have let one of my girls touch those things.

My first appearance on the stage was in Denver, when I played Banquo's son in "Macbeth." My appearance was brief and I was only the point to the play. I was to accompany my father onto the stage and, when the murderers leaped...
from behind the trees and fell upon him, I was to dash on across the stage and into the wings, crying, "Help, help." I was to cry two helps on the stage and two, more faintly, when I got into the wings.

Mother was delighted with the opportunity for me to appear on a real stage and I liked it pretty well myself, though I pretended I didn't. Mother fixed up the costume they had, a velvet suit and cape and a little plumed hat. I felt rather silly in it, but secretly I imagined I was a thing of beauty. I think I was about seven at the time. I didn't cover myself with glory, however. I got out the first two "helps" in great shape, but that exhausted me, and one of the stage hands had to do the off-stage work in a high falsetto voice.

Right after that, we moved to Beatrice, Nebraska, where my father had been given the agency for a sewing machine. Times were pretty bad and he got only the commission from his sales, and just then men weren't buying their wives sewing machines. So I decided I try to help. I always had a practical turn of mind, and wanted to make things pay and do well. I suppose, if I hadn't had the queer streak of acting fever, I'd have been a business man of some sort.

Anyway, I started a popcorn business in Beatrice. Mother made the popcorn and I sold it, and we did remarkably well. I had the greatest possible fun out of it, too, and I thought I was grown up. But I really do like to remember that I helped out quite a lot, though I was only nine. Mother was very proud of me, too, and I could see I had made her happy.

I LEARNED enough from my popcorn business—and I believe I also played child parts with several travelling shows that came through there—so that when we got back to Denver I had enough money to buy a paper route from the Denver Post. I delivered papers myself, and I had several boys working under me. Nights, I worked as a candy vendor in a theater, and did odd jobs for the management or the company or anybody that would let me. I liked the money it enabled me to bring home, but most of all I loved getting my freckled nose inside the door of a theater, if it was only the front door. I got a chance to appear a few times playing a small boy in a show James J. Corbett brought to town.

When I was eleven we moved to Omaha. And there happened, by a strange coincidence that I always like to remember, the thing that decided my fate and that at last opened the stage door of the theater for me.

Astronomy was my hobby. I was a nut about it. Like every hobby I've ever had, I lost all reason and was interested in nothing else beneath the sun. I drove everyone who came near me crazy with questions, and pestered the librarian for books on astronomy, though at the same time I was neglecting my regular school work.

Down on the main street of Omaha was a man with a giant telescope and a stand bearing a big chart of the heavens. He gave lectures on the stars, and then tried to sell you an almanac or a view of some one of the planets through his telescope. My life centered around that street and I used to bolt my supper, grab my cap in a sort of daze, and dash down there every night of my life. His spiel entranced me.

One evening, just as he was getting to some dazzling explanation about Saturn, a fire engine came down the street, clanging and tooting. The crowd left the astronomer flat and raced to the fire. All but me and Lloyd. A fire meant nothing in my life. What was a fire more or less compared to Saturn's rings? But the speaker wasn't going to waste his eloquence on me. He rushed and I stood there, gazing at his brilliant chart with my mouth open and my eyes popping out of my head, as usual.

Suddenly, I became aware of someone beside me and looked up into the amused eyes of a
fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

F\R\ is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should. Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way people view you. Clothes come, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—the teeth.

Notice today how, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At least one chemical has discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the next time you notice Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the reason behind its success.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE TOOTHPASTE
Large Tube—25 cents

The Tooth about Hair Coloring

Nothing equals genuine Henna

Through natural color gray hair in ONE APPLICATION.


B. PAUL
Dept. C, 21 W. 39th St.
NEW YORK

Make Money Taking Pictures!

We train you quickly at home. No experience necessary. Smart time or full time. Professional camera free. Photographs in big demand by magazines, newspapers, advertisers, etc. Also train you to take better portraits than the average professional photographer. Equipment, about $59 to $100 a week, in business of your own. New plan. Complete details, free. Write for further information. International Studios, Inc. Dept. 1675 2601 Michigan Ave, Chicago, Ill.

Crystal Gazing Balls

An interesting, illustrated booklet on the occult, with the history of the crystal ball, together with pictures of balls and many details, just mailed to you post-paid for $1.00. Available in any quantity West Quay Co., Box 101, Rochester, N. Y.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

118
Finally, we decided to flip a coin.

Head—California, Tail—New York.

It came heads. And we started west immediately. I was just eighteen, and I had barely heard of motion pictures. That was in 1911.

I made my first appearance in a motion picture in San Diego, about a year later, and I played an Indian.

[End of first installment]

Alice, Where Have You Been?

[Continued from page 73]

having a honeymoon, and last, and perhaps least, I have been looking for a good part to play.

"It has been said that my husband, or, as a catty Chicago critic puts it, my 'latest husband,' did not want me to appear in the movies. Nothing is further from the truth. He has given me considerable reason to believe that he is anxious to have me return. Confidentially, I think he is proud of me. Isn't that nice?"

"It is my husband's idea," she continued, "and mine too, that absence, instead of making the hearts of the screen fans grow fonder, hastens one on the road to oblivion. And if there is anything I dread, it's oblivion.

"You know," she went on, in a manner which left no doubt of her sincerity, "that every actress longs to achieve, attain, reach or have thrust upon her that position in which she doesn't have to play a part unless she wants to. I have been fortunate enough to have done so, and I don't mind saying I love it. I haven't enjoyed myself so much in years as I have recently, grandly rejecting parts. It is such a satisfying feeling. But I couldn't resist Arthur Friend when he offered me the part of Mrs. Creighton in 'The Green Goddess.'"

"So," concluded Alice, "now you know why I am where I am today. Back in the studio to stay?"

"So far," said I, "so good. But you have resumed your career and comparative peace seems to reign here in the Regan home. How come?"

"I have read considerable about that career versus home problem," answered Alice, "but in my opinion its solution centers around two things. Picking the right career and the right husband.

"Of course," she added, "there must be compromises on the wife's part. No married woman can become completely absorbed in a career and make a success of matrimony. History and the daily news reports prove that.

"In the first place, no man of any degree of sense flatly opposes a woman whether she be his wife, fiancée or daughter. Immediately he does that, the lady wants the thing in question more than ever.

"The successful husband may inwardly be very opposed to a career for his wife, but he does not show it. He encourages her, helps her in every way, and then, if she is the right sort of woman, the wife will realize and appreciate his sacrifices and make some in turn, thus effecting a compromise.

"Then there are the children. Nine times out of ten they furnish the solution. Isn't it the truth that the career argument results fatally and ends in divorce more in the childless home than any other?"

Then came a pause. Alice Joyce was lost in thought.

"Anyway," she resumed, "it all depends on the people themselves. There is nothing so futile as blanket advice. One rule for all? It can't be done. All I can say is as I said first, 'pick the right husband.'"

"What," I inquired, "is your idea of the right sort of husband?"

"You must come up some time," replied Alice, "and meet Mr. Regan."
**Cast of Current Photoplays**

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

---

**Watch Your Eyes**

Are they sparkling and alive, or dull and unattractive? The beauty of the face is largely dependent upon the eyes. Through them grow youth, personality, magnetism! Many women, by neglect or improper care, allow their EYES to grow lustreless, dull and sullen. EYES carefully cleansed and cared for should assume new lights and loveliness.

Never overstrain or abuse your EYES. And, after exposure to sun, wind and dust, remove irritating particles with Murine. Use this beneficial lotion night and morning to cleanse, brighten and refresh your eyes. It positively does not contain belladonna or any other harmful ingredient.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your Eyes, Brows and Lashes, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

The Murine Company

Dept. 27, Chicago

**MURINE FOR YOUR EYES**

New Easy Way to learn Fancy Dancing

Famous Teacher-Over 20 Years Training in this wonder...will accomplish new home exercises, showing innate grace and charm by famous teacher. Write for special offer.

Right at Home!

Let me send free proof that you can suddenly become a beginner dancer, in your home! Large repertoire, from simple steps to advanced dances, and in easy-to-follow instruction which needs no extra room. Write for "The Art of Fancy Dancing" and your free demonstration. Be sure to state your age.

MADAME LUDWIG STUDIOS

Studio 1725

1103 Lawrence Ave., Chicago

**MAKE MONEY AT HOME**

You can make $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by anyone. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you work and pay you for cards each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write today.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LTD., Authorized and Full Paid Capital, $1,200,000.

130 Adams Bldg.

Toronto, Canada

---


The cast: Nathan Holden, Neil Hamilton; Justice Montague, Erville Alderson; Miss Nancy Montague, Carol Dempster; Charles Philip Edward Montague, Charles Emmett Mack; Samuel Adelbert Lee Beggs; John Hancock, John Dunton; King George III, Arthur Donaldson; William Pitt, Charles Bennett; Lord Chamberlain, Downing Clark; Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; George Washington, Arthur Dewey; Richard Henry Lee, P. R. Scammon; Captain Walter Butler, Lionel Barrymore; Secretary at War, Sirdar Deane; General Gage, W. J. Jones; Captain Montour, E. Roseman; Chief of Senecas, Hiakatoo, Montour, Lee Semalls; Madison, William Boude; Major Picaicra, Hugh Baird; Jonas Parker, James Milaidy; Colonel Prescott, H. Koser; Major General Warren, Michael Donovan; Captain Hare, Louis Wolheim; Chief Makosaw, Joseph Trent, Riley Hatch; Urquen de Lafayette, H. Paul Doucet; Edmund Burke, W. Rising; Personal Servant of Miss Montague, Daniel Cameron; Lord John Grey, Servant at Ashlee, Court, E. Scannon; Lord North, Emil Hoch; A Refugee Mother, Lucille La Verne (by special courtesy); Major Strong, Edwin Holland.

**“BEAU BRUMMEL”—WARNER BROS.** From the play by Clyde Fitch. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: The Duke of Buckingham, John Barrymore; Lady Margery Atonalay, Mary Astor; George, Prince of Wales, Willard Louis; Frederica Charlotte, Duchess of York, Irene Rich; Mortimer, Alec B. McQuade; Lord Harrington, Harry Andes; Lord Stanhope, Carmel Myers; Lord Alvasar, William Humphreys; Lord Stanhope, Richard Tucker; Lord Byron, Andre de Beranger; Lady Mary, Nancy, Claire Dubin; Lady Mary, Michaelson, G. MacNaughton, dark; Desmond Wertham, Tempel Saxe; Mrs. Weston, Clarissa Selwynne; Kathleen, maid to Lady Margery, Carol Halloway; Shotglass, an English Innkeeper, James M. Marcus; Mrs. Shotglass, Betty Brice;Mr. Abrahams, Roland Rushston; Timothy, C. H. Chaldecotte; "Poodle" Byng, John J. Richardson; Parkyns, Valet to Lord Harrington; Fontaine: Lord Harrington, Kate Lester; Mme. Bernge, Rose Dionne.

**“A SOCIETY SCANDAL”—PARAMOUNT.** From the stage play by Alfred Sutro. Scenario by Frederick Hazle. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by Hal Rosson. The cast: Marjorie科尔伯特, Gloria Swanson; Daniel Farr, Rod La Rocque; Harrison Peters, Ricardo Cortez; Mrs. Maturin Colbert, Ida Waterman; Hector Colbert, Allan Simpson; Mrs. Hamilton Pennfield, Thelma Morgan; Schuyler Banneker, Frank Cough; Mrs. Rosamund, Catherine Proctor; Mr. Pennfield, Wilfred Donovan; Patricia Devoe, Yvonne Hughes; Friends of Marjorie’s, Catherine Colburn, Marie Shelton, Dorothy Stokes, Cornelius Keefe.

**“CLUBBING”—PARAMOUNT.** Directed by William de Mille. From the stage play by Owen Davis. Adapted by Clara Beranger. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: Ben Jordan, Richard Dix; Jane Crosby, Lois Wilmott; Emma Fisher, Marion Hutton; Edna May Oliver; Nettie Moore, Vera Reynolds; Sadie Fellows, Mary Foy; Orin Fellows, Joseph Dwyer; Ella Jordan, Ethel Wales; Mrs. Jordan, Alice McEachern; Major Jordan, John Loder; Daily Murphys, Judge Bradford, Frank Shannon.

**“FLOWING GOLD”—FIRST NATIONAL.** From the novel by Rex Beach. Directed by Joseph De Grasse. The cast: Allegheny Briskow, Anna Q. Nilsson; Calvin Gray, Milton Sills; Barbara Parker, Alice Calhoun; Henry Nelson, Craufurd Kent; Buddy Briskow, John Condon; Mrs. Alva, Minnie and Marie; Ma Briskow, Josephine Crowell; Pa Briskow, Bert Woodruff; Tom Parker, Charles Sellon.

**“YOLANDA”—COSMOPOLITAN.** From the story by Charles Major. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Robert G. Vignola. The cast: Princess Marie, Marion Davies; Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, Lyn Harding; King Louis XI, Holbrook Blinn; Bishop La Balue, Marlyn Arbcuke; The Duke of Burgundy, Charles Doughty; Max, Maurice De Bley; Princess Marie, Jess Soth, Maxine Bissex; Maximilian of Savoy, Ralph Graves; Campo-Basso, Ian MacLaren; Olivier de Dain, Gustav von Seyffertitz; Queen Margaret, Theresa Maxwell Conover; Count Jules d’Helybourcet, Paul McAllister; Incubeke, Leon Errollo; Antoine Celt, Mary Kennedy; Cast, Tom Findlay; Count Cillo, Martin Faust; Lord Bishop, Arthur Donaldson; Sir Karl de Piti, Roy Applegate.

**“LILIES OF THE FIELD”—FIRST NATIONAL.** From the stage play by William Hurlbut. Scenario by Adaide Helbourn. Directed by John Francis Dillon. Photography by Sol Polito. The cast: Mildred Harris, Germaine Griffith; Mary, Laura La Teale; Doris, Irma Bennett; Vera, Sylvia Brezner; Marie, Myrtle Stedman; Waller Harker, Craufurd Kent; Charles Lee, Charlie MacLane; Gertrude, Mary Monckton; Secretary, Cissy Fitzgerald; Amy, Edith Ranson; Ted Courier, Charles Gerrard; Rose, Dorothy Brock; Mammy, Mammy Peters.

**“SHADOWS OF PARIS”—PARAMOUNT.** From "Mon Homme" by Picard and Carco. Adapted by Fred Jackson. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Mme. Fernand, Charles de Roche; Roaul, Hunter Gordon; Georges de Croy, Adolphe Menjou; Emilie Bonne, Gareth Hughes; Diane, Vera Reynolds; Mme. Boule, Rose Dionne; Madame Vali, Roita Marietti; Pierre, Edward Kipling; Robert, Maurice Cannon; Le Bossu, Frank Nelson; Louis, George O’Brien.

**“FOOL’S HIGHWAY”—UNIVERSAL.** Story by Owen Kildare. Adapted by Lenore Cooley and Harvey Gates. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Adalberto, Philip Phillips; Mike Kildare, Pat O’Malley; "The Boss," Lincoln Plummer; Jackie Doddy, Edwin J. Brady; Old Leno, Max Davidson; Max, William Collier, Jr.; Mrs. Filanfrage, Kate Price; Mamie’s Father, Charles Murray; Ole Larsen, Sherry Tansey; Chuck Connors, Steve Murphy; Philadelphia O’Brien, Tom O’Brien.

**“THE WHITE SIN”—PALMER-F. B. O.** Story by Harold Shumate. Adapted by Del Andrews and Julian La Motte. Directed by William Seiter. Photography by Max Du Pont. The cast: Nattie Lou Harkness, Maggie Bellamy; Grant Van Gore, John Bowers; Grace Van Gore, Franceille Billington; Spencer Van Gore, Hal Cookley; Peter Van Gore, Jas. Corrigan; Travre Dale, Billy Bevan; Grace’s Aunt, Norris Johnson; Aunt Cynthia, Ethel Wales; Judge Longley, Otis Harlan; Mrs. Van Gore, Nettie Moore; Nancy, Fred Allen, Mrs. Auton, Arthur Millette; Yacht Captain, James Gordon.

**“LOVE’S WHIRLPOOL”—HODGSON.** Story by Ellyth Glawson and Bruce Mitchell. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. The cast: Jim Keegan, James Kirkwood; Molly, Lily Lee; Larry, Robert Agnew; Mrs. Straw, Helen Bots; Richard, Raymond; Edward Maitland, A maid, Margaret Livingston; Nadine Milton, Maggie Bellamy; A lawyer, Clarence Geldert; “Parson” Monks, Joe Mills.
Just beneath your skin

is the complexion you envy today in others

However marred your skin may be with blackheads or blemishes, you may not be more than one short week away from a really radiant complexion.

Starting as this statement may seem, thousands of women today have found it to be true.

It comes down to a simple truth about the skin which physicians will tell you is at the root of every skin blemish and fault.

The skin needs, not makeshifts, but something to release again its own normal health.

Deep down in the under layers of your skin, far below the surface, there is going on day and night an important activity of which you are hardly conscious.

Tiny glands continually functioning, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces like the balance wheel of a fine watch. With healthy vigor and activity, comes a clear, clean complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to gently restore the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the daily care of their skin.

Start today this simple treatment

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your druggist's. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then with special irritations, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap. Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days.

Resinol

SOAP and OINTMENT

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dept. M, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, with each charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days’ ordinary use.

Name

Street

City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
alone
in the good work
it does

Nothing else will do the work of Sani-Flush. It cleans toilet bowels snowy white. Removes every spot and stain. No scrubbing. No hard work.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush. The porcelain shines. The hidden, unhealthful trap—impossible to reach by other means—is also cleaned, made sanitary. Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors.

It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

With every order of 1000 the
Quality Card Case.
Full length picture address if desired. Signature
manuscript guaranteed. Send check, stamp or money order.
To City, State, Phone, Zip Code.

No. 487-A Broadway New York

LEATHERETTE CARD CASE IN GILTMAN

with every order of 1000 the
Quality Calling Cards. Full
length picture address if desired. Signature
manuscript guaranteed. Send check, stamped or money order.
To City, State, Phone, Zip Code.

No. 487-A Broadway New York

BEAUTYPEEL
"UNMASKS YOUR "HIDDEN BEAUTY"

BEAUTYPEEL creates BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION by PEELING OFF

Acne, freckles, blisters, pimples, dark marks, liver and suntan, warts, parasites, boils, blemishes.

TRIAL COSTS NOTHING, Write today for sample.

DIEF FEE FREE, REPRESENTATIVE FAMILY SIZE.

DIELF CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 506—280 W. 27th St.,
Los Angeles, Cal. or 914 Buccaneer, El Paso, Tex.

"THE BLIZZARD"—Fox.—Story by Dr. Selma Lagerlof. Directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast: Gunnar Hed, Einar Hanson; Ingrid, Mary Johnson; Madame Hed, Pauline Birrus; The Nurse, Teckla Ahlander; Blomgren, A. Olanchansky; His Wife, Stina Berg.

"ON TIME."—Truart.—Directed by Henry Lehman. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: Harry Willis, Richard Talmdage; Helen Hensdon, Wilkie Dove; Earsdon, Charles Clary; Bob Drake, Sidney Holms; Casanova Clay, Tom Wilson; Mr. Black, Douglas Gerard; Dr. Sprinks, Fred Kirby; His Wife, Frankie Mann; Wang Wu, George Skemgan.

"ROULETTE."—Selznick.—Story by William McGharr. Scenario by Lewis Allen Brown. Directed by S. E. V. Taylor. The cast: Dan Carrington, Montague Love; John Tracle, Norman Trevor; Ben Capraran, Maurice Costello; Lois Carrington, Edith Roberts; Mrs. Carrington, Mrs. C. Marianne; Elise Shannon; Peter Martinous, Walter Booth; Mrs. Smith-Jones, Flore Finch; Rita, Dagmar Godovsky; Jimmy Moore, Henry Hull.

"NORTH OF NEVADA."—F. B. O.—Story by Marion Jackson. Scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Ross Fisher. The cast: Tom Taylor, Fred Thompson; Marion Ridgeway, Hazel Keener; Mark Ridgeway, Joel Swickard; Red O'Shury, Joe Henley; Sheriff Williams, Chester Conklain; Reginald Ridgeway, Taylor Graves; Decaf, George Magrill; C. Bandorf, Willfred Lucas; Silver King, by Himself.

"DAMAGED HEARTS."—F. B. O.—Story by Basil King. Adapted by Barbara Kent. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. Photography by A. Scholta. The cast: Mrs. Carrington, Mary Carr; David (the), by Harry Dever; The Girl, by Linda Rovland; Sandy, Tyrone Power; Celia Stevens, Jean Armour; Hugh Winfield, Thomas Gillen; The Innkeeper, Edmund Breese; His Wife, by Elie Shannon; The Florida "Cracker", by Joseph Bainbridge; David (the), by Eugene Strong; Mrs. Langham, Florence Billings; Edna Winfield, Sara Mullon; The Cripple, Charles Deforester; Mrs. Langham's Brother, Jim Porter, Brian Denley.

"THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."—Masterson.—From the story by Mann Page. Adapted by Gerald C. Duffy. Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: Elizabeth Winthrop, Constance Binney; Mr. Winthrop, Edmund Breese; Mrs. Winthrop, Mary Carr; Hitty, Edna May Oliver; Clayton Webster, Richard Thorpe; Hugo Von Strom, William Bailey; Mickey Flynn, Russell Griffin; Jamaalisha Girls from "Wildflower."

"RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE."—Universal.—Story by Johnston McCulley. Adapted by Raymond L. Schrock and E. Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgewick. The cast: Bud Watkins, Hoot Gibson; Betsy Burke, Laura LaPalte; Bud, Harry Todd; Tommy, Tom Keene; Bambalina, by Alberta Kinch; Burke, Howard Truesdel; The Cochepak Kid, Fred Humes; Tim Murphy, Clark Comstock; Dan Dunnecan, William Robert Daly; Mrs. Dunnegan, Mr. George Hernandez.

"LEAVE IT TO JERRY."—Grand. Asher.—Story by Arthur Statter. Adapted by Arthur Statter. Directed by Arvid Gillstrom. The cast: Geraldine Brent, Billie Rhodes; Dan Forbes, Willie Collier, Jr.; Mrs. Brent, Chire McDowell; Mr. Cogswell, George Peck; Mr. Carter; Margaret; Turner-Prentiss, Kathleen Kirkham; Col. Pettijohn, Joseph W. Girard; Mr. Burton, Allan Cavan.

"POISONED PARADISE."—Prefered.—From the novel by Robert W. Service. Adapted by Waihlmey Young. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: Hugh Kildair, Gilbert Kildair, Kenneth Harlan; Margot Le Blanc, Clara Bow; Mrs. G. Kildair, Barbara Tennant; Kents, Andre de Beranger; Mrs. Belmez, Carmel Mares; Muriel, Raymond Griffith; Professor Duncan, Michael Culhane; Madame Tranquille, Evelyn Selbie; Dr. Bersin, Victor Varno; Hugh Kildair, as a child, Frankie Lee; Margot Le Blanc, as a child, Peaches Jackson.

"DISCONTENDED HUSBANDS."—Apollo.—Story by Evelyn Campbell. Directed by Edward J. Lesaint. The cast: Michael Fraser, James Kirkwood; Jane Fraser, Cleo Madison; Emily Ballard, Grace Darmond; Dick Everton, Arthur Rankin; Jack Ballard; Vernon Steel; Mac Geraghty; Ballard Baby, Baby Muriel MacCormac.

"WATERFRONT WOLVES."—Renown.—Story by Tom Gibson. Directed by Tom Gibson. Photography by George Crocker. The cast: Jane Hampton. Ora Carew; David 0. Johnson; H. Hanton, Dick LeRenn; Mrs. Benou, Emma Muncey; Two Fong, Hal Stevens; Hans Skol, Stanley Sandford; Steve, Fernando Galvez; Chief of Police, Eddie O'Brien; Woug, James Goo.

"THE VAGABOND TRAIL."—Fox.—Story by Owen Baxter. Scenario by Dorothy Dexter and Beatrice Wardman. The cast: Donnecan, Charles J. Lyons; Maiarin; Naces, Charles Coleman; Slippy, Frank Nelson; George, George Reed; Lord Inglethorpe, Missie LeBrin, Virginia Warwick; Lebrun, George Rommel; Colonel Mason, Henry Londale.

"STOLEN SECRETS."—Universal.—Story by Richard Goodall. Scenario by Rex Taylor. Directed by Irving Cummings. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: The Ed Elmer Manufacturing, Herbert Rostrmill; Cordelia Norton, Kathleen Myers; Brenda Waters, Henry Herbert; John Norton, Edwards Davis; Sterling Mann, Arthur Stuart Hall; Miss Shipton, Marjorie Main; Neva, George Selman; Crunets, Jerome North, Judge Wrigh, Alfred Allen; Arthur Welch, William A. Carroll; Smith, Edwin J. Brady; Policeman, Joseph G. Girard; Jimmy R. M. Batten; Tom, George McGillard.

"KENTUCKY DAYS."—Fox.—From the story by John Lynch. Adapted by Dorothy Hotard. Directed by Rodney Herrick. The cast: Don Buckner, Dustin Farmurn; Elizabeth Clayborne, Margaret Fielding; Margarite Buckner, Miss Woodthorp; Gordon Cortic, Bruce Gordon; Sebilo, William De Vaull.

"LOVE LETTERS."—Fox.—Story by Fred Jackson. Adapted by Dorothy Hotard. Directed by David Selznick. The cast: Thelma Jean, Shirley Mason; Jimmy Sluoton, Gordon Edwards; Julia Croxland, Alma Francis; Don Croxland, William Irving; Thomas Chadwick, John Milton.

"BAG AND BAGGAGE."—Selznick.—Scenario by Ferguson andiment. Directed by Finis Fox. The cast: Hope Anthony, Gloria Grey; Lala Cooper, Carmelita Geraghty; Hal Tray, John Roche; Philip Anthony, Paul Weigel; Muriel Cooper, Adele Farrington; James Billings, Arthur S. Hull; Police Inspector, Fred Kelsey; Hotel Detective, Harry Dunkinson; Cyrus Irvine, R. M. Anderson, The Girl, Derrin Turner; The Boy, Ned Gre.

"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER."—Fox.—Story by Lillian Mortimer. Adapted by Michael O'Connor. Directed by Charles Horan. The cast: CharlesPinterest, John Webb Dillon; His Wife, Lollia Robertson; Kathleen, Mrs. Robertson, Kathleen, grown up; Dolores, Jim Boyd; Frank Wunderle; His Wife, Maude High; Mary, his daughter; Ruth Sullivan; Mary, grown up, Genevieve Tobin; The Grandfather, J. D.
Lovely Photos Prove Nestlé Invention A Marvelous Success

Dainty Home Outfit Safely Transforms Straightest Hair Into Charming Permanent Waves, Curls and Ringlets

Sent Everywhere on 30 Days' Free Trial

Photo Six Months After Waving

“In rainy weather my hair falls around my face now like naturally curlY hair,” writes Miss Masionnarde Mac-Donald, 1464 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

“When I was told to slide over the cliff, she plunged without looking, and found herself tangled up with a lot of rocks and pieces of timber.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Flora Finch Is Back

Do you remember Flora Finch? Who that saw her in those comedies of some years ago with the inimitable John Bunny could ever forget her? She ran second only to Bunny in popularity, and he led his class. But for some time Miss Finch has not been seen on the screen and it was with some surprise that, when a party of writers visited the Fair, the Players Studio at Long Island City recently to see the taking of the first scenes of Valmont's new picture, "Monseur Beauricave," they saw Flora Finch in the line-up of "atmosphere" actresses.

No one knows just what is going to happen to Flora Finch, but it is supposed that she is being considered for a role in "The Prince and the Pauper." She has been very successful in the past and is expected to make another hit this time.

Even Salt Sea-Water Cannot Spoil LANOIL-Waves

Although in the past 21 months, this invention has gone to every purchaser on 30 days' free trial, it is already in over 100,000 homes to stay. Radiant happiness follows it everywhere. Entire families and their friends get naturally curly hair through a single application. Nearly all hair waves have been given with the dainty apparatus.

And every letter is brimful of ecstasy with our customers' new freedom from nightly curling pins, iron and fluids, of joy with their luxuriant, lasting wavyness.

Gentle—Safe—Quick

One joyful mother writes, "My sister, children and myself enjoyed our lake camp last summer more than ever before, because our water sports only made our LANOIL waves curl up more prettily." So simple, safe and comfortable has Mr. Nestle's LANOIL discovery made permanent waving that if you cannot visit his renowned and magnificent New York establishments, or a professional Nestle Lanoil Waver elsewhere, you can realize the dream of your lifetime quickly, comfortably, and pleasantly, in your own home.

30 Days' Free Trial in Your Home

Nor will it cost you anything to try the Outfit. If you prefer, we will send you our free booklet first, but you will enjoy the same success as the other 190,000 owners, you too will get bewitchingly curly and wavy hair in a single application, so why not write directly for your Outfit on 30 days' free trial? Wave your hair with the free trial materials we send with it. Then wash. Brush, comb, and test your lovely, soft, silky, bright waves and curls in every way you see fit, and if they do not look and act like naturally curly hair, or fall short in any way of your expectations, return the Outfit within 30 days, and every cent of its cost of $15, deposited with us or your postman will be refunded immediately.

Send the coupon below or a letter or postal for your Home Outfit today, on 30 days' free trial, and enjoy the blessing of charming, bright, naturally curly and wavy hair through rain, fog, perspiration, bathing and shampooing, all the summer months to come.

Nestle Lanoil Co., Ltd., Dept. Y
Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

[Insert coupon image]
The Reformation of Mamma's Boy

[Continued from page 41]

"I wonder," worried his aunt, "what can be keeping him? He knows how anxious I am to have him home and to eat that lunch that Miss Minerva fixed!"

"Well," observed Miss Fairchild tartly, "are you going to lose an eye? You look like a blue laws delegate at the Midnight Frolics!"

Blushing, Francis crossed his arms and shut his eyes. "You—you look lovely," he gulped.

"Thanks. But don't you say it as if you meant it."

"Oh, but I do—"

"See here," she said abruptly, "the trouble with you is—you're too precious to live! Now, I like you, and my dog likes you. I can see you're all right—at heart. But you need ruffling up a little."

He was staring at her, wide-eyed. No one had ever talked to him this way before.

"For one thing—you can't swim. Wait—we'll take 'em one at a time. Every man ought to know how to swim."

"But I—"

"Now, don't argue. Back of the cottage there's a little tent, and a couple of bathing-suits on the shelf. Take those and make into one. Dress in the tent—and hurry."

"But, look here, I—"

"I'm going to teach you to swim."

For an instant the old heritage rose up tremulously, then he swallowed hard and grinned. "All—all right," he stammered, and, still blushing, retreated behind the cottage.

The lovely Miss Fairchild looked down at Baron and shook her head.

"He's pretty hopeless," she mused, "isn't he? Do you suppose he's worth bothering with? The dog wags his bushy tail approvingly. "You know," she whispered, "I'm sort of taking him on your recommendation."

A few minutes later a grotesque spectacle appeared across the lawn, a look of distress upon his face, and a red-and-green bathing suit, fat man's size, hanging in folds upon his slim frame.

"I—I look terrible," he muttered.

"Well," she admitted, "you wouldn't walk away with any medals at Atlantic City—but we'll pass rapidly over that." Gravely she appraised the white flannelette of his arms and legs. "What you need is a little less Beethoven, and a little more sunshine. Come on!" Turning, she strode magnificently down to the water's edge, and Francis followed.

Miss Minerva Timmons' intimate friends at the East Side Hotel resembled nothing so much as passers who encountered the Bishop of Bokhwa and his wife. Bishop Finch was a nervous little man, quite bald and snub-nosed, whose glasses were forever falling off. His favorite conversations revolved about books. However he never took the trouble to read any merely acquaintance with his titles; so that Francis, who did not like him, had dubbed him the Titular of Books that was squat and plump. Her hair, which was the sort that never turns gray, she wore in a tight Victorian knot; she was slightly cross-eyed, and talked incessantly as the Bishop—usually at the same time. It is a moot question which of the pair had greater capacity for other people's affairs; but they were Miss Minerva's closest friends, and sat at her table in the dining room, along with Francis and Mr. Sneath, his music teacher.

Hugo Sneath was an undersized, inarticulate little musician, with reddish hair and a bushy mustache. He moved jerkily, and rarely spoke at table, save ventriloquially and infrequent and timid request for the radishes.

They were at dinner, the evening of the day Queenie had coerced Francis into a swimming lesson—and Francis had not yet appeared.

"I wonder," worried his aunt, "what can be keeping him? He knows how anxious I am to have him home and to eat that lunch that Miss Minerva fixed!"

"Well," observed Miss Fairchild tartly, "are you going to lose an eye? You look like a blue laws delegate at the Midnight Frolics!"

Blushing, Francis crossed his arms and shut his eyes. "You—you look lovely," he gulped.

"Thanks. But don't you say it as if you meant it."

"Oh, but I do—"

"See here," she said abruptly, "the trouble with you is—you're too precious to live! Now, I like you, and my dog likes you. I can see you're all right—at heart. But you need ruffling up a little."

He was staring at her, wide-eyed. No one had ever talked to him this way before.

"For one thing—you can't swim. Wait—we'll take 'em one at a time. Every man ought to know how to swim."

"But I—"

"Now, don't argue. Back of the cottage there's a little tent, and a couple of bathing-suits on the shelf. Take those and make into one. Dress in the tent—and hurry."

"But, look here, I—"

"I'm going to teach you to swim."

For an instant the old heritage rose up tremulously, then he swallowed hard and grinned. "All—all right," he stammered, and, still blushing, retreated behind the cottage.

The lovely Miss Fairchild looked down at Baron and shook her head.

"He's pretty hopeless," she mused, "isn't he? Do you suppose he's worth bothering with? The dog wags his bushy tail approvingly. "You know," she whispered, "I'm sort of taking him on your recommendation."

A few minutes later a grotesque spectacle appeared across the lawn, a look of distress upon his face, and a red-and-green bathing suit, fat man's size, hanging in folds upon his slim frame.

"I—I look terrible," he muttered.

"Well," she admitted, "you wouldn't walk away with any medals at Atlantic City—but we'll pass rapidly over that." Gravely she appraised the white flannelette of his arms and legs. "What you need is a little less Beethoven, and a little more sunshine. Come on!" Turning, she strode magnificently down to the water's edge, and Francis followed.

Miss Minerva Timmons' intimate friends at the East Side Hotel resembled nothing so much as passers who encountered the Bishop of Bokhwa and his wife. Bishop Finch was a nervous little man, quite bald and snub-nosed, whose glasses were forever falling off. His favorite conversations revolved about books. However he never took the trouble to read any merely acquaintance with his titles; so that Francis, who did not like him, had dubbed him the Titular of Books that was squat and plump. Her hair, which was the sort that never turns gray, she wore in a tight Victorian knot; she was slightly cross-eyed, and talked incessantly as the Bishop—usually at the same time. It is a moot question which of the pair had greater capacity for other people's affairs; but they were Miss Minerva's closest friends, and sat at her table in the dining room, along with Francis and Mr. Sneath, his music teacher.

Hugo Sneath was an undersized, inarticulate little musician, with reddish hair and a bushy mustache. He moved jerkily, and rarely spoke at table, save ventriloquially and infrequent and timid request for the radishes.

They were at dinner, the evening of the day Queenie had coerced Francis into a swimming lesson—and Francis had not yet appeared.

"I wonder," worried his aunt, "what can be keeping him? He knows how anxious I am to have him home and to eat that lunch that Miss Minerva fixed!"

"Well," observed Miss Fairchild tartly, "are you going to lose an eye? You look like a blue laws delegate at the Midnight Frolics!"

Blushing, Francis crossed his arms and shut his eyes. "You—you look lovely," he gulped.

"Thanks. But don't you say it as if you meant it."

"Oh, but I do—"

"See here," she said abruptly, "the trouble with you is—you're too precious to live! Now, I like you, and my dog likes you. I can see you're all right—at heart. But you need ruffling up a little."

He was staring at her, wide-eyed. No one had ever talked to him this way before.

"For one thing—you can't swim. Wait—we'll take 'em one at a time. Every man ought to know how to swim."

"But I—"

"Now, don't argue. Back of the cottage there's a little tent, and a couple of bathing-suits on the shelf. Take those and make into one. Dress in the tent—and hurry."

"But, look here, I—"

"I'm going to teach you to swim."

For an instant the old heritage rose up tremulously, then he swallowed hard and grinned. "All—all right," he stammered, and, still blushing, retreated behind the cottage.

The lovely Miss Fairchild looked down at Baron and shook her head.

"He's pretty hopeless," she mused, "isn't he? Do you suppose he's worth bothering with? The dog wags his bushy tail approvingly. "You know," she whispered, "I'm sort of taking him on your recommendation."

A few minutes later a grotesque spectacle appeared across the lawn, a look of distress upon his face, and a red-and-green bathing suit, fat man's size, hanging in folds upon his slim frame.

"I—I look terrible," he muttered.

"Well," she admitted, "you wouldn't walk away with any medals at Atlantic City—but we'll pass rapidly over that." Gravely she appraised the white flannelette of his arms and legs. "What you need is a little less Beethoven, and a little more sunshine. Come on!" Turning, she strode magnificently down to the water's edge, and Francis followed.
emerged the police dog, dancing in circles, and following him, Francis Timmons and a little man wearing a funny, round straw hat. In the moonlight she could see them quite plainly.

"Now, remember," Francis was saying, "not a word of this to Aunt Minerva. We might both lose our happy home."

"But," objected the little man nervously, "are you sure it can be arranged? Your aunt?"

"Don't worry. If Miss Fairfield can play as well as I think she can—oh!" He stopped abruptly, at sight of her, standing under the rambling roses on the porch. "Miss Fairfield," he said, sweeping off his panama, "may I—uh—present Mr. Smeed."

"How do you do?" Miss Fairfield smiled and inclined her head graciously.

Mr. Smeed, hat in hand, bowed jerkily and plucked at his mustache.

"Ah, see," Francis was explaining, shyly, "Mr. Smeed is my teacher and I brought him tonight—to hear you play."

"To hear me play?" she repeated, in unfeigned astonishment. "Why I can't—play anything but jazz!"

"It isn't what you play—it's how you play," coughed Hugo Smeed. She was the first woman he had met in thirteen years that he liked.

"Well," laughed Queenie, "if you can stand it, I can!"

They went inside, then turning up the lights she sat down at the battered piano and played as well as she could the most brilliant jazz music she knew. And when she had finished, she swung around with a deprecatory smile.

Francis was gazing at her rapturously, and Hugo Smeed was nodding, and fingering his brush red mustache.

"She has it," he mumbled. "She has it." "I said you so!" cried young Mr. Timmons, and rising, seized his teacher by the arm.

"Now," he directed, "Vincent will drive you back to the hotel. I am staying a while. Good night!" And before his host could remonstrate he had bundled the little man out the door. When he returned, she was laughing.

"You're a funny boy," she said.

"See here," he began, "how would you like to have him give you lessons?"

"Lessons? Me? Say, I'd love it!" Into her eyes came the same wistfulness he had seen the day before, when he played the Lizet Rhapsody for her. "I—I've always been crazy about good music—and, gee, to play it myself."

"Then," said Francis, seizing her hands. "it's all arranged."

And for no reason at all, save that they were absurdly happy, they looked into each other's eyes and laughed.

"Uh—there's a marvelous moon tonight."

He was riding naively into the dangerous lists of love; but Queenie Fairfield, used to overtures of a less innocent sort, found this naive charming.

"I know what let's do," she proposed, "Go sailing! There's a perfect breeze."

"Sailing!" Francis stared at her in mild alarm. He had never ventured aboard a craft smaller than the Manta. "Sailing—how? Where's the boat?"

"The boat," she flung open the door. "Look down there, the Good ship Scaramouche!"

Below in the moonlight he beheld the dark outlines of a catboat, floating at anchor a few feet from a shore. "If you've never sailed," enthused Queenie, "you don't know what you've missed. Come on—I'll make a mariner of you!"

She took his hand and led him gallantly out the door and down the steps. And he, inhibitions overruled for the moment by infatuation, followed recklessly.

**These** were, for Francis Timmons, blissful days at Nantucket—with as little to possible of the Sea Spray Hotel and Aunt Minerva and the Bishop and his chattering spouse, and as much as possible of sailing and swimming.
She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription Tablets, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutrition of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the Marmola Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
234 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Photoplay seem they druggists Beethoven they want Springfield, MA.

BEN.

She was assured himself, the most miserable of men.

At “Sunday night supper,” the Sea Spray's dullest ceremonial, his disconsolate mien brought forth a burst of comment when he quitted the table in advance of the rice pudding.

“Our young gentleman,” declared the Bishop of Bokhwa with a smirk, “is obviously in love.”

“In love?” Miss Minerva put down her spoon. “In love! How could that be possible? There are no girls here he's interested in.”

“Nothing but a girl, perhaps,” nodded the Bishop’s wife, “but I trust you, Miss Minerva, Francis has been running up to Wauwinet to see a blonde!”

“Blonde?” Miss Minerva’s mouth opened.

(Why was it, poor Smedd asked himself, that the word “blonde” invariably sounded so wicked?)

“I, and,” went on the dear friends, both talking at once. “I learned that her name is—Queenie—something.”

“Queenie!” A desperate gasp.

She’s a motion picture actress!” With infinite wonder they brought about the denouement. “We thought it our Christian duty to tell you. She is a blonde motion picture actress, named Queenie.”

Smitten as if by a thunderbolt, Francis’ aunt sat there. Then a sudden and very glorious rash flared up within her. And Hugo Smedd, across the table, quaked.

“Um-m,” he muttered tremulously, “please pass the relish."'

Out in the hotel lobby the clock over the desk showed the hour of eight, and as Francis sauntered past, with aimless, melancholy steps, the carrot-faced clerk angled over towards him.

“Oh, Mr. Timms,” he said, “Miss Field, at Wauwinet, called up while you were in the dinner-room, and left a message; she's expecting you this evening.

“Eyes" he blushed. Francis, his heart turning completely over within him, “She is? Oh, she is?”

And he started for the door.

A moment later his aunt, like an old-fashioned young frigate under full canvas, sailed nimbly into the lobby, and bore down on the desk.

“Have you seen my nephew? There was fire in her eye.

“Yes, ma’am," the carrot-faced clerk told her politely, “I just saw him—going out.”

MARY ELIZABETH was waiting for him in the fragrant shadows of her little cottage porch, and gave him both her hands, and they sat for a moment, with the police dog beside them, on the steps. For a moment or two Francis was rapturously happy. Then suddenly an adumbration of unfitness crossed his mind.

“Where,” he asked, “is the—chap who was here yesterday?”

“Jack?” There was a curious note in her voice, “Oh, he’s gone to Boston, but he’ll be back tomorrow.”

“Jack?” The thought was unspokenly profane.

“Jack?” Francis’ heart fell. “I wanted to see you tonight because I—want your advice. You see, Mr. LaRue wants to marry me...”

“Why?” The thought was unspokenly profane.

“Yes. Does it seem funny to you that somebody should want to marry me? I—have been told to him to notice that I’m not a married man. He’s coming back tomorrow for an answer.”

“Oh?” A sad little silence fell.

“Let’s go sailing,” she suggested tactfully. “This is a lovely hour.”

“But—” he hesitated.

“I don’t think you wanted to come tonight!”

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"Oh, of course! You don't know how much I—"

"All right," she laughed, "I'll believe you." They rose together, and she went inside for a moment, returning with a large basket. "Here," she said, "you can carry this."

He took the basket, wondering what was in it, and, with Baron at his heels, followed her down to the beach. Aboard the Scourge, the girl and her dog settled themselves on rugs and cushions in the cockpit, and Francis unfurled the sail. Small waves splashed gently at the hull, the halyards creaked at the masthead, and the canvas, as it fluttered up, belled in the night breeze. All about them the harbor lay in darkness, edged, in the distance, with twinkling lights.

"In a little while," she said softly, "the moon will come up out of the ocean—over there in the direction of Spain."

"It's a marvelous sight, isn't it?" murmured Francis, taking the tiller as his boat glided smoothly out into the harbor. The thought that he was sailing off with the girl who was to marry Jack La Rue dulled the edge of his despair. Perhaps, somewhere in that long line of maiden aunts there was a Viking...

Two hours rapped by, and the platinum moon was high over the harbor.

"Goodnight, Miss Elizabeth," stretching forth her arm, "Do you see that lantern over there?" They were sailing close to the Coastue shore. "See it? Well, come about, and I'll put it in there."

"Put in there?" repeated Francis, "What for?"

"We," said Mary Elizabeth, "are going to have a picnic. That's why I brought this basket of food."

"I say," chuckled Francis, "what a darling you are!"

"Think you," she answered, "just finding that out?"

And so they went ashore, where the darkness was scented with pine cones, and while Baron frisked among the banyan apple trees, they built a fire and performed the rites of picnic supper. To Francis Timmons, this would always stand out as the night of his life. No matter what happened, Jack La Rue was not in his life; Francis loved Queenie Fairfield. Since the day he met her he had been telling her so, and now, as they sat together by the embers of their fire under the pine trees, with Baron baying at their feet and a com star moon over Nantucket Harbor, he longed to tell her. But somehow he felt that he had no right. Tomorrow she would be wearing Jack La Rue's ring. (To feel that it would be a vulgarly large diamond.)

A while—it seemed but a very little while—later, he changed to glance at his wrist-watch. "Heaven!" he exclaimed, sitting back on the deck. The police dog awoke with a start. "It's three o'clock!"

"Is it really?" yawned Mary Elizabeth, "I suppose that is past your bedtime. Oh, well...

"Three o'clock," he repeated slowly, never having stayed out so late before. The consequences terrified him. He was thinking what Aunt Minerva would say...

"In a little while," said the fair-haired girl beside him, "The sun will be rising. We might as well go home, watch the sunrise, and watch it rise. We may be my last night of freedom. If it's a chaperone you're worrying about—"

"But—" he swallowed nervously, "Aunt Minerva will—"

"Listen," she told him gently, "that's just what's been the trouble with you all your life—Aunt Minerva!"

In all its splendor the sun was climbing out of a pale sea into an orchid sky, as the little black Scourge, with its red sail, tacked across the harbor. And it was a most significant sunrise: for Francis Timmons has been transformed. Gone were all his precious restrictions. He had been out all night. The thought of it—the tremendous realization of it—

---

Ten Minutes Will Show You, Too, The Only Sure Way to Beauty

So that you can easily understand how to gain and preserve a clear, attractive complexion, Mr. Ingram has devised this interesting, educational test you can make in your own boudoir.

In no other way can you learn so quickly and convincingly, the real secret of a beautiful skin. In addition to clearly showing you the causes of complexion faults, the Dermascope will show you how and why Ingram's Milkweed Cream, unlike any other, destroys these almost invisible dangers and builds the firm, clear, youthful skin that you should have.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, used over thirty years, is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature—certain remedial properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, blotches and slight imperfections. No other cream is like it. No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. $1.00 and 50c jars at all drug and department stores—the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

---

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's American Blush Rouge

Applies so evenly and smoothly, its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin. In this skin vanity box with mirror and pad—50c, your drug store or by mail from us. Next time you care to get Ingram's American Blush, the Delicate Rouge for the Delicate Skin.

Send for this interesting test today

Mail coupon below with 15 cents for new Beauty Purse containing Ingram's Dermascopie—a liberal sample of Ingram's Milkweed Cream; two filled purse puffs of Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge; instructions for using Dermascopie, and valuable hints for the care of the skin.

F. F. INGRAM CO., 1337 Teenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find fifteen cents. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse including Dermascopie described above. Please print name.

Address:

City:

Date:

Copyright 1915, F. F. Ingram Co.

---

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Reducing Rubber Garments

Reducing Corsets: In dark and cream colored rubber. For abdomen, hips, thighs and waistline. Send 3.00 and hip ream-urements $12.00

Chin Reducer 2.50 Send for our booklet

Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

Near 36th Street Suite 605

---

KEEP YOUR YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

F. F. INGRAM CO., 1337 Teenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Give me a free sample of a bottle of new beauty cream that will remove all wrinkles and keep young, beautiful skin. Name, address and directions will be mailed to you together with your name and address. These instructions and use will have a wonderful skin condition your youthful beauty. When you order this product it will be mailed to you in plain packages. If you prefer, we can order one and send the cream by express. Please print name.

Ingram's Beauty Parlor

6 North Michigan Ave., Depot 10, Chicago, Ill.
The magic of that sunrise Francis had become a man. As he brought the boat round to its moorings he even gathered a trifle, and Mary Elizabeth, watching him, thought of the man to whom she would be betrothed—both quite ashamed.

They walked slowly up the beach toward the cottage, silent in their own meditations, and Francis struggled with the new courage which seemed to lift him up. LaRue, on the other hand, he felt—with the beginning of a new day—to tell her he would always love her. True enough, she would become Mrs. LaRue, but she might as well know that.

Suddenly Baron, gambling ahead of them, stopped short, growling. And in amazement at the sight they beheld, Francis and Mary Elizabeth halted. For the porch of the cottage something moved. A man got up stiffly from the hammock, and started down the steps toward them. His black hair and his blue clothes appeared to Francis as he stood there, and as they stared, he, the girl uttered a little cry. For the dishevelled man was Jack LaRue, and his pale face showed a menacing look of wrath.

"Jack!" she exclaimed. "What in the world—"
"Caught you," he snarled, "didn't I?"

The girl paled. "Why—what do you mean?"

"Oh, playing the innocent girl, eh? You must think I'm a hell of a boop. I guess you know what I mean, pull a stunt like that—threateningly in front of her. "I came up on the boat last night—instead of today. You weren't here, so I sat down to wait." He thrust his jaw angrily. "I waited all night!"

"Innocent ferry, eh?"

"Why—Jack LaRue!" She fell back as if he had struck her.
"Oh, don't pull that stuff," he sneered. "I got the greatest kick out of her all night with this—"

He swung around and faced her escort. Francis stared at him, open-mouthed. Then without warning LaRue's hand whipped up and slapped across her face.

Francis stumbled backward—and reverted to type. A tremendous sinking feeling engulfed him. Never in his life had he been in a fight. For an instant he was wildly afraid. But only for an instant. He caught sight of Mary Elizabeth's white face and frightened, appealing eyes; and grew suddenly very hot all over—in a cold shuddering. The next instant he had his fist upon Mr. LaRue. Somewhere, in that long line of maiden aunts, there was a cavalry.

In her room at the Sea Spray Hotel Miss Minerva Timmons paced the floor. At intervals throughout the terrible night she had roused, in rotation. Hugo Smede, the manager of the hotel, the chauffeur and the Reverend Bishop of Bokhwa; but none of them had been able to bring tidings of the errant Francis. And as she stood in one of her dormer windows, peering wanly out upon the harbor at sunset, grim threats were forming in her mind.

Across the water appeared a little black boat with a red sail. Miss Minerva frowned at it; it meant nothing. Only when heaving her lavendar shawl about her, she went on formulating dire punishments to be inflicted upon her twenty-six-year-old nephew. Never again should he be allowed out of doors—which, at last, not until after he had made his debut as a concert pianist.

It is, of course, painful to relate that such an elegant young gentleman as Francis Timmons should have been implicated in a vulgar brawl. A week before the thing would have been utterly impossible, but this morning, in the course of less than an hour, he had been awakened by a noise so urgent, so threatening to his lady-love's intellect, that he had found himself on the point of doing battle.

They came together clamorously, and, Mr. LaRue, ere he was aware, had taken a sound jolt upon his jaw. He staggered back. But unfortunately for Francis, his adversary was something more than a he-vamp. He had, at one time in his colorful career, drawn pay as a theatrical pugilist's sparring partner. Francis, in the contrary knowledge of the manly art, attacked his foe, as Don Quixote, the windmills, in a spectacular fashion that, though it lacked in science, lacked in sincerity, was nevertheless a decided advantage. But this, alas, cannot be avoided. Would that Francis Timmons might have knocked his opponent ignominiously out, for it would then have been known that Francis had learned his piano lessons, taken perhaps a few lessons in boxing. For though he battled bravely and well, LaRue's swift, malicious punches jarred him, closed one eye. And, in few, painful minutes, sent him reeling to his knees.

"Stop!" screamed Mary Elizabeth, rushing toward them. "Stop!"

The hand-ome movie favorite, now somewhat less hand-ome, perhaps, than he had been before, stopped and passed a shaking hand over his jaw. He realized, dazedly, that he committed grave error of gravest error of his life. But it was too late.

The girl confronted him with blazing, scornful eyes. "Out of here. I never want to see you again!"

He hesitated—and was lost. For at that moment the police dog growled. "Sic 'im!" cried the girl. "Sic 'im, Baron!"

The dog needed little encouragement. He had never fancied Mr. LaRue. As he sprang toward his coat-tails, and Mr. LaRue, in great haste and agitation, retreated. The retreat broke into an utter rout, and as Mary Elizabeth went forward to finish the duel, the quondam beau of the screen was fast disappearing up the lane.

Francis sat bewildered upon the ground, nursing a gnarled knee. Swiftly she beseeched him, and took him into her arms and wept over him.

"Tell me," she entreated tearfully, "did he hurt you?"

"Where is he?" mumbled the cavalier, struggling feebly to arise. "Lemme at him—"

An hour later a knock came upon the door, and Miss Minerva ceased pacing the room. The door swung slowly open, and there stood her errant nephew—looking very much the worse for wear, with one of his eyes completely black.

"Oh!" she wailed. "Oh! Oh! Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"I answered Francis, with a proud but swollen grin, "have been fighting."

His aunt clasped her hands in horror.

"Out all night—fighting—"

"And that isn't all," smiled Francis, "I—"

Whereupon Miss Minerva, true to her Victorian traditions, fainted most effectively. And with a sigh that might have indicated any one of a number of emotions, her nephew reached for the snuffing salts.

On a cold, sunny afternoon, the week before Christmas, the Reverend Bishop of Bokhwa and wife were strolling down Fifth Avenue. In the crowd near Fifty-fifth Street they collided with a little man in a green velour hat and long, fur-collared coat.

"Why!" exclaimed the Bishop's wife, "It's Mr. Smede!"

"Well, well," Baldwin the Bishop, "so it is! How are you, my dear Smede?"

The little man fingered his brushy, red mustache. "How-de-do," he nodded, shaking hands.
"We are sailing for Bokhwa tomorrow," they chirped, in one breath, "how jolly that we should run into you. What are you doing in New York? And how is dear Minerva? And Francis?"

"We arrived a few days ago," explained Smeed. "Francis' wife makes her debut at Carnegie Hall next week. The critics say she's going to be the most brilliant concert pianist in America!"

"You don't mean it?" They were not overjoyed.

"But," put in the Bishop, "what about Francis?"

"Francis," said the little music teacher, "is getting on very well, indeed. Both he and Miss Minerva are devoted to the talented young wife."

"But," pursued Mrs. Finch, "what is Francis doing?"

"Oh," answered Smeed, "he is playing the piano in a jazz orchestra. He's the work tremendously."

The Bishop and his wife stared, pop-eyed, in amazement.

"Bless my soul," murmured the Bishop, "Who would have believed it!"

Glyn and Glynne

[continued from page 53]

Madame Glyn was entranced. The Goldwyn lion glowed ominously. Derek Glynne saw fame, fortune, success, within his grasp. All Hollywood was talking about him. Officials tore their hair—those that had hair. There was no box office value in Derek Glynne—not a dime, said Goldwyn. There was no artistic value in Conrad Nagel—not a glimmer as Paul, said Madame Glynne.

They do say as how the Balkan wars, the Civil War and the Great World War all paled before the battle that followed. With her colors flying and a command of adjectives the like of which had never been heard on the Goldwyn lot before, Madame Glyn did battle for young Derek Glynne. If she had won, Derek Glynne might today be the idol of millions. Sad to relate—for Derek—she did not. He had nothing to show for all his hopes but a bleached head.

Once more Derek began the weary tramp from studio to studio. Once more he was an extra. The Goldwyn publicity department was patted. Nobody heard of Derek.

Finally, he landed the part of the young man who starred in two English films, "The Wonderful Year" and "The Weavers of Fortune," and an excellent comedy part with Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field." The future looks very bright. He deserves it. He's played the game, and when he lost he never whimpered.

It is only fair to add in passing, however, that Elma Glyn is a really great woman. She must be. Because she can admit she was wrong. When she saw the final version of "Three Weeks," she wrote a stunning letter to Conrad Nagel. She didn't apologize for the times she had burst into tears at sight of him in the cafeteria. But like a good sport she told him that his performance as Paul was wonderful, and that she could imagine no one more splendid in that great role.

Mary Pickford Rents
Belasco Theater

ANOTHER citadel of the spoken drama has fallen. David Belasco will permit his famous Belasco Theater to be used to exhibit a motion picture during the summer.

Mary Pickford's new production, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," will be shown there during the summer, when the house is usually dark.

Mr. Belasco is a great admirer of her art. But she will pay rent just the same.
Beauty Is Cheap!

[continued from page 31]

the conversation. I am buying commodities for the making of a motion picture now just as I was then. Only now I don’t first have to knock down the barriers set up when ambitious ones insist upon the intrusion of the personal relation.

There is another factor that renders foolish all of these various attempts to carry an interview with a casting director into the personal field. Cecil B. De Mille long ago enunciated the policy that he would never pick a player until he first saw the actor on the screen.

I heartily second this idea as it has been the basis of my own operations. Even if a player seems to have the qualities I am looking for, a personal interview is essential. There are certain things which are apparent only upon the screen. Perhaps, when this person is flashed on the screen, an entirely different personality may show forth. This is a very frequent occurrence. This was most apparent in the case of Pauline Garon, who appeared in Mr. De Mille’s “Adam’s Rib,” and Leatrice Joy, who was in “The Ten Commandments” and is featured in “Triumph.” On the street and in their homes these girls are quite different from the way you see them on the screen.

Of the two, perhaps the most strikingly illustrative of this dual identity is Leatrice Joy. I discovered a hint of her power to change and shift her personality while idly going through a bunch of female players and directors, and played with smaller companies and in stock with only moderate success. As I went through her stills I was surprised to note how the whole contour of the face and body changed with each character, how different clothes and different environment seemed to have very specific reactions.

I DISCLOSED my discovery to Mr. De Mille and he said at once: “Let’s see her on the screen. For certainly we have made a find if the prints told the truth, as it is very rare to find such chameleonic changes of facial and bodily expression.”

Only the very few of the really great possess this rare faculty, and many actresses of decided ability have only a circumscribed field of interpretative range.

When I interviewed Miss Joy personally there was no visible evidence of this power. She was a very beautiful and very nice girl of Southern type with a delightful accent. But beneath her exterior was an immensely valuable internal power.

Gloria Swanson is a capable actress in comedies. No one had given her really serious thought as a possible hit in straight drama. Her piturant figure and style seemed suited to plays of a laughing nature.

But Cecil De Mille saw her—and within eighty seconds he detected in a roughhouse, slapstick comedy a script, fleeting bit of pathos so good that he based upon it a gamble wherein the worth of productions, costing hundreds of thousands, featuring Miss Swanson, were dependent upon the success of her judgment.

That’s a case of where a player is selling one commodity—and had tucked away still another of even greater value.

Those are things we have to watch for very carefully.

There are thousands of players registered at every motion picture studio. Naturally for every part there are hundreds of people who can be used. The question then resolves itself to a matter of availability and salary. Sometimes a player we are considering is working for another company. And quite frequently the part is small and does not come within the price of a very expensive player. These are matters to be considered with care in casting a picture.

And while I am on the question of salary, let me say a few pertinent things which may operate to stop the flow of surplus would-be actors to Hollywood. The big salaries purported to be paid motion picture actors and actresses are a myth. A very few of the top-notchers get splendid fees and get it for value received. They get it because they have a commodity to sell that is as rare as platinum. They get it because they have the personality to sell their personalities on the screen and make the public like it. If you think this is easy, have some one make a screen test of you and then ask your best friends to express a frank opinion.

The majority of the players are very moderately paid. Two or three hundred dollars a week are considered good salaries. And remember that your average salaries on the basis of fifty-two weeks a year as is the case in regular commercial pursuits. A thirty-five or forty-five year is very good for a real popular player, and, for those who are just getting established, the average will be very much below this.

Another fallacy held by a great many of those I have interviewed is that the path to screen success is one of leisure, roses and sweet dreams. Literally thousands have applied for work as motion picture players simply because they believe there is an unexplored field, and nothing could be farther from the truth. And this will be attested by those hundreds of extras who had such a thought jolted out of them and were called that same night by 4:30 A.M. and that landed them home in the vicinity of midnight; calls that required hours in the blazing sun, hours of intense, nerve-racking, and at times hours of disaster and disappointment because what you were trying to do just didn’t get over. It takes an unusual amount of nerve and stamina to stand the uphill grind to even comparative screen success.

And but a very few of those who come to me were willing to exert themselves to this extent.

I am hoping that what I have said will keep from coming to Hollywood the scores who flock there either with only beauty to offer or because they think pictures are a fine way to avoid work. But I don’t want to deter the really sincere individual who knows his or her limitations, who is prepared to give the director quickly and sufficiently his or her ability, background and experience, who has something to sell and definite and specific ambitions for coming success.

But out of every thousand people who come to us we get perhaps two who think in this manner.

And there you have the explanation of the reason so many try for motion picture success and why so few succeed. A man trying for a job with a bank would find himself on the sidewalk in five minutes if he applied for a job with no definite facts to offer than is the case with nine-tenths of the studio applicants. And yet every casting director spends hours every day trying to get behind the circumscriptions of those who apply in the hope that perhaps a gem may be hidden. But our disappointments are manifold.

My one advice to those who are about to address a casting director the first time is—a businesslike attitude.

Forget personalities.

Remember that to the casting director you are just so much merchandise to be and he is trying to convince him in definite, specific terms that you are the particular merchandise he needs at the time.

Ability is a rare thing. It takes long, painful search, and you find it in unexpected places. If you take less of the casting director’s time you benefit the entire industry, for you give him a clear opportunity to find the new faces and new talents for which there is a constant demand.

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
A Prediction
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

He's particularly Gabhahd, the visionary gallant in quest of the Great Ideal.

There is much of the mystic in Novarro. His religious instinct is strong, yet his motto is Mohammedan—Maktoub, the fatalistic Mak. Novarro, of the Irish, meaning “It is willed.” Whatever happens Novarro murmurs fatalistically, “It is willed.” Sometimes it's exasperating. I approve it in Arabic, but when Ramon says it in English I suspect he means “don’t be the best.” And I never think anything's for the best unless I like it.

Novarro's chief handicaps have been his youth and good looks. If he ever visited the Vatican the Apollo Belvedere is going to get down from his pedestal and apologize for having taken up so much time. Both for classic countenance and physique Ramon could easily pass as an authentic Phidian athlete.

At the Jesuit college in Mexico City he held the track championship. His suppleness, combined with his pantomimic ability, caused Marion Meggan to engage him for plays and the Hun's,' a dance spectacular. Ramon had never danced in his life, but after four months' practice he was battering on Anna Pavlova's door, offering to be her leading man.

NOVARRO has the detachment of the Arab—and the artist. He is absorbed in the arts, not for the sake of the wealth, but for the pleasure they give him. His work is an end in itself. Like all great stars who have shot suddenly into the skies he has received sharp and invidious criticism. But criticism never daunts him.

Neither conceited nor egotistical—on the contrary, penitentially humble by mood—he yet has implicit faith in his talents and destiny.

The first impression you get of Novarro is that of idealistic youth, yet with a discernment and wit that is utterly sophisticated and a savoir faire that's imperceptible. Cubbish, light-hearted and careless of dress in moments of relaxation, he is the more amazing when he steps before the camera. The transformation is electrifying. There's a sudden poise, a radiant magnetism, a facility and plasticity that absolutely dominate. He is completely in command of himself. Rex Ingram says: “He is the only actor who can walk in front of a camera and hand me a kick.”

The only other actor I've ever seen of such adroitness and plasticity is John Barrymore. A Los Angeles critic in reviewing "Scaramouche" referred to Novarro as "the Barrymore of the screen." It was rather hard on poor John, who was struggling along on the screen himself over at the Warner Brothers' studio. Shortly after the review appeared Novarro ran him into a costumer's on the Boulevard. The two had never met, but John promptly held out his hand.

"And so," exclaimed a wit, "the Barrymore of the screen met the Novarro of the stage.

They have more than that in common. According to those who know them both they have the dirtiest make-up towels in Hollywood, they are equally careless in matters of dress and both can sleep for a week without stopping.

I've made a lot of prophecies in my time, and some of them strangely have come true. I was the first to cheer for Charlie Ray, the first to bet on Barthelmeus, and one of the first ten million who discovered Valentino. But there's no one on whom I would so readily stake my vast wealth as upon this young champ Novarro. He says he'll probably end up on Pantages Circuit, singing, "Dear Old Pal of Mine." This only convinces me further that he's worth betting on.

One thing is certain: Whether he proves the greatest idol of screen, stage and opera or whether he knocks 'em dead on a gaslight circuit singing the songs of yester-year, Ramon will merely shrug his shoulders and say—Maktoub.

The Real Secret of Beautiful Skin

The most important clue to true skin-beauty lies in the fact that no "ring" of dirt is left around either wash bowl or bathtub when Bathasweet is used.

"But," you exclaim, "what can you do to keep your skin looking its best?

Just this: Beautyspecialists agree that blackheads and most other skin blemishes are due to clogged, often by their own secretions. The remedy is a more perfect cleansing method; and Bathasweet offers the best method that has yet been devised. Its softening action enables water to dissolve dirt more freely and hold it in solution, as evidenced by the absence of the "ring." When you use Bathasweet, even the tiniest recesses of pores are quickly cleansed. And the dirt is not washed back. As a consequence skin blemishes disappear and your skin takes on a clear, healthful loveliness as it never knew before.

The Luxury of the Perfumed Bath!

No other road to skin-beauty is so sure, so easy, or so pleasant as this. The soft, limpid water feels so good. And then the delight of washing and bathing in water sweet-scented as a flower garden—that leaves about you a subtle, almost-scentless, personal fragrance that is the very height of daintiness! What luxury can vie with this?

Yet Bathasweet costs so little! 25c, 50c and $1, at Drug and Department Stores. It has been used by gentlewomen for over 20 years. Will you, too, try it?

BATHASWEET

How Many Pounds Would You Lose in a Week?

If you are fat and want to lose weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Rid-O-Fat treatment absolutely FREE. Do Not Send Any Money—just your name and address to The Bayne Company, 513 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Cash’s 3 doz. $1 6 doz. $2
Wovenames 9 doz. $2 12 doz. $3
Save Laundry Losses when Traveling
Write for Stylus J. & J. CASH, Inc.
33rd Street, So. Norwalk, Conn.

Dhassi Will Tell You FREE

Do You Know
Under which Zodiac Sign you were born? What significance it holds for shaping your life?

One thing is certain: Whether he proves the greatest idol of screen, stage and opera or whether he knocks 'em dead on a gaslight circuit singing the songs of yester-year, Ramon will merely shrug his shoulders and say—Maktoub.

TARA STUDIO, 1133 Broadway, Desk 43, New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Reduced 53 Lbs.
in 9 Weeks
Mrs. Bayliss
Went From 191 Lbs. to 138 Without Hardship

"I never dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well-known young matron of Philadelphia's social set. Wallace records brought a reduction of more than fifty pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story:

"Here I am. Back to 138 lbs. after my avocados had hovered around the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored. "Thanks to Wallace, I can now wear the styles I want to. Because I once laughed at the idea of getting thin to music I offer in humble appreciation, little, my photo- graph and permission to publish them.

Very sincerely yours,
Jessica Penrose Bayliss,
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

FREE First Reducing Lesson Record and All!
It's so easy to make your figure what it should be, and keep it that way—if you let Wallace show you how. Scores have done what Mrs. Bayliss did, some took off 60, 70, even 80 lbs. If only twelve or fifteen pounds too heavy, there is still less excuse for not looking and feeling your best.

Wallace reducing records reduce naturally. No fasting, fatiguing methods to leave you with that "reduced" look. Why pay for this remarkable method—free? You'll feel better, look better, and lose weight.

Unless you do, go no further, nor pay Wallace a penny. Can any woman suffering from overweight decline such an invitation? Use this coupon:

WALLACE,
630 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.
Name
Address

$3 Brings you a Genuine UNDERWOOD

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL All returns must be postpaid. If not satisfied with the Underwood after trying

GREAT PRICE SAVING Direct to you from the largest and best equipped factory in the world by our money-saving methods.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS Carefully designed to suit any pocketbook. No one is without the opportunity to write letters, send telegrams, that will not pay the balance in full at the end of three months if you are not completely satisfied.

FREE BOOK OF FACTS Explains that you can type in 30 minutes. Also valuable information about this great type-writing industry which is making the world learn to read.

Act Today! Mail Coupon

Shipman Ward Mfg. Company
201 Shipman Building Montrose & Racine Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Days, and No.
City, State.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

against the licensing of "Quo Vadis," when
George Kleine, a member of the licensed group, imported that remarkable picture. Now when
Zukor, an outsider, with his "Queen Elizabeth" picture, appeared, it was easy to foresee the opposition that might be expected.

H. N. Marvin and J. J. Kennedy appeared to have agreed that it would be well to license Zukor's "Sarah Bernhardt" production.

"It may wake some of these fellows up to the fact that they have got to make pictures to stay in the business," they decided.

A license for "Queen Elizabeth" was issued, and again the next Famous Players' subject, "The Prisoner of Zenda," was licensed.

Famous Players "Outlawed"

But this was the end of the line. Marvin and Kennedy could override the majority in the Patents Company no longer, more especially since the provisions of the licensing arrange- ment provided that the consent of the existing licensees had to be obtained for the issuance of new licenses.

Thereupon Famous Players became un- licensed and outside the pale, along with the rest of the Independents. And in due course, more in form than spirit, an infringement suit was brought against them.

"No," was always the answer of the majority in the Patents Company to any such proposal of an extension of licenses. Why should we let those fellows in? We are the only ones that have got the 'know how.'" This "know how" was the entirely erroneous assumption of the majority of the licensed picture makers that they had entire possession of the art of the motion picture. They deemed themselves the creators of the thing which created them. The error was fatal. Time is likely to show that very closely similar errors are still being made in the motion picture industry.

Whatever advantage the licensed film makers had enjoyed in the possession of the "know how" was soon acquired by the inde- pendents by their raids on the staffs of the older concerns. The Independents acquired the "know how" in large instalments along with J. Barney Sherry, Arthur Johnson, James Kirkwood, Stanner E. V. Taylor, Marion Leonard, Florence Lawrence, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett, D. W. Griffith and Edwin S. Porter.

At directors' meetings of the Patents Com- pany and General Film in the fall of 1911 and the earlier months of 1912 the name of Fox and his Greater New York Film Rental Company often came up for discussion. There was some difference of opinion.

"Let's save Fox for our ally," was the plea of William T. Rock, the Vitagraph. "As long as we let him compete with us it proves we are no trust."

But Fox's exchange was a blott on the com- mercial landscape in the view of Kennedy, the New York Film Rental Company, and the other studios. Fox had absorbed the Patents Company, and then proceeded to cut down the theatre-owners by driving down the rentals. It was time to put an end to the situation.

The lieutenant of Marvin, H. N. Marvin, who had the same interests as Zanuck, won an injunction against Fox as the publisher of "Forty Thousand Dollars" for 

A Long and Exhausting War

It was a prolonged struggle. From the New York courts the case went before federal judges. Parallel with this battle the belligerent Rogers was waging through the department
of justice and the office of Attorney General George W. Wickesbrough, a second and more far-reaching campaign. Rogers had charged the Motion Picture Patents Company with an unlawful conspiracy. He asked for its dissolution. More than three years was consumed in the battles of this case.

Meantime, the two real fighters opposed in this war, Gustavus A. Rogers and Jeremiah J. Kennedy, were well squared off at each other.

Personal facts never became a part of the issues in the Fox-Patents Company campaign. But the past, records, conclusions, performances of the two principal gladiators were searched with exhaustive thoroughness by investigators for the opposing camps.

A private detective, illuminated with the bright idea of camping at the headquarters of the opposition, applied at Kennedy's office at 52 Broadway for permission to sit in the lobby to await an opportunity to serve important papers on a man with an office down the hall.

A Spy Calls On Kennedy

Kennedy looked down at the square-toed shoes of the detective and identified him and his method at once. "Sure, make yourself at home. Glad to help you. I think every man ought to accept service when he's in a controversy—I do."

Mr. Squaretoes occupied his seat for several days, listening. It is a safe presumption that he never got an entire earful through the transom of the office door by the cautious Mr. Kennedy. There was no transom.

Kennedy's history was searched from the days when he carried a rod in a surveying crew on the Norfolk & Western railroad in his youth down to date. And on the other hand, and the other side, the Patents Company acquired biographical information on Rogers from his days as a reporter on the New York Recorder. Never did two men become better acquainted, or less chummy.

The hearings in the dissolution suit began January 15, 1913, and continued intermittently until nearly every important figure in the motion picture business had been put on the witness stand.

The Motion Picture Patents Company constructed and assembled an array of machines as an exhibit for the defense which included every essential detail of the motion picture art, taken from the inventions of Edison, American Latham, Casser, and others. That exhibit still preserved in some obscure storage room is in itself a mechanical museum of the motion picture. When bands were thinner, when getting under way, the Motion Picture Patents Company won a reversal of a federal injunction suit in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, New York, where the action against which Fox was enforcing a continuance of film service.

Rogers went posthaste off to Washington. A desperate situation was before him.

"If this is permitted to go into effect we will be wiped out and there will be nobody to protect by the dissolution suit," he submitted to the Attorney General.

A curious condition obtained. The United States was busily engaged in seeking to show the Motion Picture Patents Company an unlawful trust in one county while in another on the technical ground that Fox had no contract, the refusal of the Patents Company to supply Fox with film in execution of its trust plans was upheld.

So much for the law.

Attorney General Wickesbrough was now somewhat enthusiastically committed to the prosecution of the defendant suit. A remarkable conference ensued.

The Attorney General called to Washington representatives of the Motion Picture Patents Company. Specifically what was said in that conference must be left somewhat to conjecture. It was made clear at any rate that the...
Unrest in the Motion Picture Patents Company

Meanwhile the internal situation in the Motion Picture Patents Company group was not improving. The General Film Company was not at peace with itself. Opposition at first to Kennedy's control was growing more openly in some quarters and with secret encouragement from others. By May, 1912, J. J. Kennedy's age of two years as the president of the General Film Company was drawing to a close. It was beginning to be apparent on the inside that some of the members of the board of directors who had so lightly voted him a salary of ten per cent of the net profits when they organized back in 1910, were beginning to think perhaps a little too hastily of the considerable amount of money which they had invested. Back in 1910 they had not foreseen the vast prospects of the General Film Company. If it had remained merely another avenue of distribution and in less than two years Kennedy had made it well near their only channel to the market in the United States. The General Film Company's weekly net had risen to $60,000, a figure of approximately $50,000. Simple arithmetic divided this into $6,000 for J. J. Kennedy and $5,400 for the film makers, $5,400 each. They were a little annoyed at the fact that he got ten per cent of the net and they each received ten percent of the remaining ninety—9 per cent each. At least here was one handsome instance of a man being paid for the "know how" of which they were so proud. Incidentally, they were all prospering as never before.

Kennedy Steps Out of Patents Company

Before the situation could come to an open issue, Kennedy pointed out that his two year term was over. He left the company on May 5, 1912. Frank N. Dyer, president of the Edison Company, became Kennedy's successor, a president of the General Film Company.

Percy B. Warner, the general manager of the General under the Kennedy administration, looked about for something interesting to do. Waters, it will be remembered, was the first company distributing the early pictures, beginning back in the remote days of the Kinetoscope and Vitoscope with the firm of Raff & Gammon in 1896-97. He had observed the developments of the minor theaters and the better ones for better pictures, a tendency to choose the best of programs and discard the rest. Here was a commercial opportunity. Warner then owned the bulk of his old Kinetoscope Company, an exchange sold to the General Film Company two years before. He unfolded a plan to Kennedy to purchase selected films from the output of the licensed manufacturers in the General Film Company group and to serve it to the better theaters not interested in buying the whole General program.

With this plan in view the Kinetograph Company was reborn August 12, 1912, with J. J. Kennedy president, and P. L. Waters vice president and treasurer. A newly constituted concern was licensed by the Motion Picture Patents Company.

It is just that this extraordinary story may be laid to rest by an argument that the competitive character of the Kinetoscope Company was too obvious for the long term interests of the industry.
Zukor and His Famous Players

The rising independent feature concerns were expressing that same idea much more effectively. The movement was already under way by which the newcomers were to carry the institution of film forward. The function of the General were ended when it brought into the motion picture industry some semblance of order and business efficiency. The greater attainments which in the motion picture a factor in the life of an intelligent race had to have this foundation. Having established this business foundation, the significance of General began to come, and in time, a few years, it wavered like a plant that has ripened its seeds.

Because of his successful survival of this period of change, the interest turns again to Adolph Zukor and his Famous Players project, the best and most conspicuous exemplification of the onward trend of the art of the motion picture in that day.

With Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" and James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the market, Famous Players was learning some interesting lessons in picture pioneering. The state's rights buyers of these pictures were beginning to murmur and talk of their failure to profit. It was admitted that the pictures were good, that the public wanted them, but as no production followed, they did not permit the building of a business. It became clear that if the feature picture business were to survive it must be with a full production of courses which would insure that waters an opportunity to maintain a policy and build a patronage on that policy. That could not be done on just a feature now and then.

The Lack of Stars

The motion picture industry is supported on continuous patronage. Straightway Famous Players was confronted with the same old problem that the other Independents before them had met. This was the problem of maintaining a program essential to business, destructive to art. Business has to keep dates. Artists always break them.

At Litchman, the salesman for Famous Players, came in from the round of the chain with a list of features, bringing a schedule of fifty-two features a year. This was a sensational sort of an idea. The heads of Famous Players, Adolph Zukor, Edwin S. Porter, and the other Independent producers, met in conferences. The financial problems involved were not so serious apparently as the problem of production. The state's rights men could be counted on for an advance of cash against a percentage. But, said Porter, it was not possible to get fifty-two stars and fifty-two plays a year and get them made up pictures.

"There is not that much available talent for the making of motion pictures in the world," Porter protested. He was very right.

It must be borne in mind that the Famous Players was starting still very closely and literally to the idea of famous players in famous plays, from the stage.

The production which the situation forced came from Porter—a planned schedule for some thirty pictures to be made in the following year. This outlined plan, as will presently be seen, created a new race of stars.

The thirty pictures were to be made up for

All day or evening this Rouge stays on!

INDOORS or in the open, through the heat of exercise or the friction of constant powdering, Pert Rouge remains on! Its natural rosininess lasts all day or evening, until you remove it with cold cream or soap and water.

Pert has a light fluffy cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

At last—a Pert waterproof Lipstick to match your Pert Rouge. Made with wholesome oil of sweet almonds. Rouge and Lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail. 75c each.

Send a dime-to-day for a generous sample of Pert Rouge. For another dime, you shall receive a sample of Wuss, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street New York

DO YOU KNOW THE TRUTH?

Do you know your opportunities in life, your prospects for happiness, marriage, friends, enemies, your future success in this world? Do you know under which Zodiac Sign you were born? Were you born under a lucky star? FREE I will tell you, free, the wonderfully interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign under which you were born. If you will let me know the exact date of your birth, in your own hand, on the back of this slip. Over the cost of this announcement and postage, consider 10c in any form. The slip is to be mailed with your name and address, really written. My interpretation will be written in plain English and sent to you personally, confidently, accurately and promptly. It will be a really great BIRTHDAY surprise. BARDI SHIRAZ STUDIO
799 BROADWAY, Suite 623, Dept. 126 NEW YORK CITY

Ukulele Given Easy Now to Restore Natural Color of Hair

I have found a natural way to quickly bring back gray, faded, streaked hair; shade cannot be detected from original color even under microscope. This new discovery is a clear liquid that positively does not contain lead or sulfur dyes; not sticky, doesn't rub off, and in a few days gives your hair the life, lustre and youthful appearance. For free trial simply send name and give natural shade. Superfactors Laboratories, Box 580, Dept. 21, Westport Station, Kansas City, Mo.

Diamonds

No. 1. The "Butterfly" Fiery blue white perfect cut diamond. $6,000.00. Down $150.00. Ten days' free trial.

No. 2. "Vase". Artistically pierced lace work design. $6,000.00. Down $150.00. Ten days' free trial.

No. 3. "Cluster", round brilliants set in platinum. $6,000.00. Down $150.00. Ten days' free trial.

FREE. Write for complete catalogue. Diamond rings. Watched jealousy to be within reach of every wardrobe. Ten days' free trial.

All married ladies and those who are to be married, write for free catalogue. Send 25c and we will send you our free catalogue of diamonds, rings, watches, etc.

Baer Bros. Co. Guaranteed Bond with Every Ring.

Address Dept. 528 6 Maiden Lane, New York Established 1890

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
THE Talmadge Sisters

An intimate story of the world’s most famous screen family
Illustrated by many hitherto unpublished photographs

How can you get into the movies? Achieve screen success? What will be required of you? How does it feel to be for the first time in a motion picture studio?

There are many questions, and many more, and answered for you as you follow the fascinating career of the Talmadge Sisters in these in and intimate pages, written by their most constant companion, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, mother of the world’s most famous film family.

The price of this delightful book is $1.50 net plus 10c postage. Write to Dept. P.

Cinema Art Magazine
Exclusive Sales Agents
Land Title Building

NED WAYBURN

DANCE TO SUCCESS!

Dancing is the most important single qualification for quick recognition and sensational success on the stage. Dancing is the surest developer of the poise and grace and personality so vitally necessary for the star in the silent drama. The finest, most thorough training in the art of stage dancing is imparted by the

NED WAYBURN STUDIOS OF STAGE DANCING under the personal supervision of

NED WAYBURN
“The Man Who Stages the Follies”
—creator of the magical Wayburn Method—selects and directs the dancers in the greatest productions on Broadway.

SPECIAL CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

Ned Wayburn Studies of Stage Dancing, Inc.

1811 Broadway
New York City

Open daily 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., except Saturday evenings and Sundays.

For full information, write for Art Booklet U—IT’S FREE.

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under. Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, enclose twelve cents in any form and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to inclose 12c. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the

ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. PH, New York

What Would You Do?

If obstacles of every kind seemed to be placed in your path? If you were forced into doing the very thing which you did not want to do? If your most cherished plans were continually thwarted? If progress seemed to be almost impossible? If you every action seemed to be anticipated? If you were continually embarrassed and humiliated by events which seemed to be beyond your control?

Write and let me send you a key with which thousands are converting loss into gain, lack into plenty, fear into joy, and hope into fruition.

It Will Cost You Nothing

A copy will be sent to you without cost or obligation of any kind if you will address

CHARLES F. HAANEL, 206 Howard Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

three types of pictures; ten Class A, strictly famous players in famous plays; fifteen Class B, well known picture players in famous plays, and fifteen Class C pictures to be made of odds and ends under the name of Famous Players Stock Company.

Daniel Frohman and Adolph Zukor went shopping for plays and players. For Class A productions they got among others, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Lillian Gish, Henry Dixie and John Barrymore. For Class B, the second rate line of productions, mind you, they started their deal with D. W. Griffith, then playing in David Belasco’s “A Good Little Devil.”

Of course Pickford made one Class A appearance, too, when Famous Players acquired “A Good Little Devil” with the whole Belasco cast intact. But her major action was to head the Famous Players line of Class B productions, as “a well known picture player in famous plays.” And it was of course recognized that Miss Pickford was probably the best known picture player, but Famous Players was then dominated by the players of the legitimate stage. It did not recognize in the motion picture any fame or famous players to compare with the stellar luminaries of the stage. The word star was still in 1912-13 the special property of the stage drama. The motion picture was still conscious of a consciousness of inferiority. The motion picture still thought of itself as a mere shadow.

“Little Mary” Heads “A Good Little Devil

Belasco’s stage presentation of “A Good Little Devil” opened at the Republican theater January 8, 1913, and drew a considerable attention in the motion picture field because “Little Mary” had headed the picture industry “pointed with pride” to one of its players honored by stage recognition. When Famous Players translated the play into pictures, David Wark and Miss Pickford in a bit of prologue. The name of Belasco had been borrowed and lent to lend dignity and importance to motion picture projects of the occasional kind.

The brightening dawn of the feature drama illuminated promises of opportunity to more and more adventurers in the realm of the new art as the months went by. A wide scattering of budding efforts to enter the field can be traced in the pages of the motion picture and dramatic journals of the period. Out of the some few survived long enough to be factors in the new development. One of these, a project which brought into the industry a whole array of the dynastic names of the picture kingdom of today, is worth considering in full.

Among these interested observers of the new trend in pictures was Arthur Friend, a lawyer with some theatrical experience and contacts in Milwaukee and New York. By the spring of 1913 Friend was enthusiastically telling everyone that there were great things ahead in the motion pictures and urging some sort of a venture. Among his friends were Jesse L. Lasky and Lasky’s brother-in-law, Samuel Goldfish, now Goldwyn—which is yet another motion picture story.

The Laskys, the Goldfishes and the Friends gathered at Naples, Maine, a summer resort, in the season of ’13. There Arthur Friend had a practically unlimited opportunity to pour out his excited anticipations concerning the motion picture business.

Samuel Goldfish was then a salesman for a glove manufacturing concern in New York and another business project in view, but he listened with a tolerant patience and a growing interest. Jesse Lasky listened, too, perhaps not so much interested, but he had an even background of ups and downs. He had had experiences calculated to make him careful of the new and uncertain. He had started his working life as a concert player in a San Francisco theater and, for a time, enjoyed the distinction of being the
only white man in the Royal Hawaiian band. Then came a few months of newspaper reporting, followed by a try at prospecting and mining in the Alaskan gold rush. This left him on the beach at Nome with nothing but an earnest desire for the comforts of home.

Back home at San Jose in California young Jesse Lasky and his sister Blanche went in for music as a juvenile team, furnishing vocal and instrumental harmonies. They appeared at benefits and like performances. This resulted in an offer from a vaudeville agent which brought them East. It was Lasky's first glimpse of vaudeville.

They took an engagement with Leon Herrmann's company to supply a musical act between the magician's numbers. This Herrmann was a nephew of the famous Alexander Herrmann, and, on the death of his uncle, assumed the title of "Herrmann the Great, Napoleon of Necromancers." The next season Lasky became Herrmann's advance man and the next found him Herrmann's manager.

**Lasky's $1,000 a Week Magician**

When the vaudeville boom came Lasky looked the magician at a thousand a week, an amazing salary for the time, and then looked about for more things to do. In Utica Lasky met B. A. Rolfe, a cornetist, in whom he saw possibilities, and booked him into vaudeville.

This encouraged Lasky to produce acts and, when Rolfe's tour ended, the partnership of Lasky & Rolfe was formed. Followers of the vaudeville stage will remember some of their acts, as for example "Colonial Septette" and "Military Octette.

Henry B. Harris, then managing the Hudson and Harris theaters, became interested in the activities of the young men and suggested he would like to finance them in some bigger efforts. Presently Rolfe drew out and Lasky went it alone, with Harris his huckster. From this period came Lasky's "Pianophons," "The Redheads" and similar acts of fame in vaudeville history. Lasky was on his way up. He had a fortune of $195,000 and a clear track.

Lasky was looking for new worlds to conquer. He went to France and discovered the cabaret as the reigning novelty. He came back and interested Harris in giving New York a real European music hall, and cabaret. From this came the "Folies Bergere" which burst on New York like a rocket with a great electric sign on the night of Monday, April 24, 1911. It was a sensation of the amusement world for months. The admission price was $2.50, outside of the Metropolitan Opera house the highest in New York. A hot wave came on and New York left for the seashore. The "Folies Bergere" came down like the rocket stick.

The Collapse of the "Folies Bergere"

Harris and Lasky dissolved partnership. Harris had sustained large losses and Lasky was broke, flat and wide. The world had collapsed about his head. Again, just like on the beach at Nome, he thought of California and home. But he had to go to work. There are always two things a young man can do, either go to work or go to California.

California thoughts suggested an opera and at once Lasky was alive with a new idea. He went looking for someone to write the libretto around his theme. He consulted Mrs. H. C. DeMille, who then conducted a large dramatic agency. Lasky wanted to interest William De Mille. But William was busy with the problems of "Strongheart" and various Belasco affairs. Mrs. DeMille suggested that Cecil, her younger son, was not so busy. Lasky was dubious. He did not know Cecil DeMille. But anyway, out of courtesy, he had to meet the young man and talk the thing over.

Cecil DeMille and his winning ways talked Lasky into a one hundred dollar advance

**Things you believe in**

**Belief** has tunneled mountains, fought diseases, carried tons on columns of air, spun advertisements, telephones, telegraphs, radios to web the world together.

You believe in belief and what it achieves. You believe in advertisements, for they are evidences of belief. You believe in advertised goods, for they are the things other men believe in.

When you see a widely advertised lace curtain, you see a curtain that hangs in thousands of homes . . . a widely advertised lead pencil, a pencil that thousands carry. You don't try advertised wares to test them. You try them to bring yourself fresh satisfaction.

Read the advertisements in these columns regularly. They help you recognize wares that justify belief.

Don't buy in the dark—spend your money for advertised goods
royalty and $25 a week on the operetta during its playing life—if any. The operetta succeeded and DeMille and Lasky became business associates and fast friends. Lasky was never long to recover from the shock of the grand collapse of the "Follies Bergeres." It was hardly to be expected that he would have an enthusiastic ear for another new project. He had bought at a loss a half million dollars' worth of pioneering experience in the cabaret. While Friend talked feature pictures, Lasky went fishing in Lake Sebago.

**Lasky Feature Play Co. Born**

When the vacation was over and the Friends, Laskys and Goldfish, went to New York, Friend was still talking motion pictures. Samuel Goldfish, however, had his mind on two other business projects which had first to be settled. He tried to interest his librarian. Friend was still talking pictures. He convinced Blanche Lasky Goldfish.

Finally at the luncheon table at the old Hoffman Club over the New York office, the Friends surrendered to Friend's everlasting campaign. They would go into the motion picture business. Jesse Lasky was still wary. He could be convinced in no farther than to participate by permitting the use of his name. So the Lasky Feature Play Company was born.

All they needed now was capital. The first financier they thought of was the thirty thousand hundred thousand dollars in capital for a commission of twenty per cent, which horrified Friend and Goldfish. They fled that office and decided to go ahead with the $25,000 they could raise themselves.

It may be remarked in passing that twenty per cent is a commonplace commission for motion picture launching even today, and that within a very recent period producers have paid sixty cents per dollar for capital.

**Farnum Misses a Bet**

At the Lambs club, Cecil DeMille and Jesse Lasky overtook Dustin Farnum and sought to decoy him into the motion picture game. They suggested that he might have a substantial interest in the concern for his services. They intended to make "The Squaw Man," purchased for $5,000, a thousand and down the rest on terms. Farnum was cautious. He opined that he would rather have $5,000 in cash. Farnum on this occasion missed a bet, but on the grand average of such propositions he was correct.

"The Squaw Man" was Indian and western. Cecil DeMille was to make the picture. The Lasky Feature Play Company loaned over the necessary finance and Dusty Farnum, Arizona, to make the first production. The name seemed majestic, lone, dignified as a cactus and sufficiently remote to form a great picture. When Cecil DeMille and Dustin Farnum got off the train at Flagstaff they looked about and saw absolutely nothing. There was nothing to see.

Right there Flagstaff, Arizona, lost the chance that comes once in an eon. The Flagstaff Rotary, Kiwanis and Commercial clubs, the Elks and the City Beautiful Committee could have been by the roadside with a brass band and a hack decorated with banners to welcome the distinguished strangers. Hollywood might still be growing thick-skinned to camera changes. But Flagstaff did not know that the man who was to make "The Squaw Man" famous by a rediscovery of the Ten Commandments was at the city's gates.

When the train was iced and watered to resume the long haul across the desert, the engineer whistled and the conductor hailed for a departure. Dustin Farnum and Cecil DeMille and the conductor, bound for Hollywood. They had heard that it was a good place to make films.

Shortly the New York office of the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company, established in the Longacre Theatre, had been wired with a wire reading:

"We have rented a barn in Hollywood for two hundred dollars a week."

The barn was at Vine and Selma streets. It still is, now a shipping room, neatly incorporated into the acres of Famous Players-Lasky studios.

The home office advised the busy barnstormers of Hollywood to go slow scattering the company's money around among the orange trees.

The Wobbling "Squaw Man"

"The Squaw Man" was in due time "shot," developed and printed. Meanwhile the picture had been sold to the city's right market for a New York company which put the company on its feet at once. But it never loomed dead ahead. It was discovered that the picture wobbled and danced all over the screen. A ten minute feature "Squaw Man" appeared to have a terrible case of St. Vitus. Complaint of vast violence came in on the wires from the purchasers of the territorial rights.

Hurried consultations were held. What was wrong? Something had to be done or ruin was at hand. 'Defective film' some one said. In a fever of haste it was decided that they would file suit against the Eastman Kodak Company forthwith. The papers were drawn up for filing. Revenge and indemnity were to be had.

Meanwhile it was suggested that it might be well to consult some further experts. It would be a good thing that they have some witnesses to put on the stand to clinch the thing.

**A Case of Too Many Cameras**

The negative was bundled up and taken over to Sigmund Lubin in Philadelphia. "Pop" Lubin was, of course, in the Patents Company, but there were instances known when he was willing to deal with Independents if not too conspicuous.

"Pop" Lubin ran the negative rapidly through his fingers and held it to the light. "As I thought—this is very serious." He spoke like a surgeon who had been called too late to operate.

"Isn't the negative defective?" Arthur Friend, the legal head of the concern, demanded.

"No—the negative was all right," Lubin replied, still shaking his head.

"Friend was annoyed. This would not do the law suit a bit of good.

"Is there anything that can be done with it now," the depressed delegation demanded.

"I thought I had to hear the answer," Lubin said. "Well," said Lubin, "you used several different cameras, didn't you?"

They had. But two of them had the same frame line, so your negative won't match. But maybe I can fix it for you," Lubin grinned. He was enjoying the terrible disposition.

"I will just re-perforate the film, so the sprocket holes come right and then I can make you good prints."

"The Squaw Man" was saved, and with it the Lasky Feature Play Company. The concern went on to other feature successes, with a bigger development just around the corner.

This same season of 1915 when Arthur Friend was talking the project that resulted in the Lasky Feature Play Company, another fruitful chain of events was started in motion in a most casual way on Broadway.

Arthur Kressel, a San Francisco author and newspaperman, was covering the growing affairs of the New York Motion Picture Company and the Keystone comedy concern, occupied an office in the Putnam building. In casual conversation he learned that the Keystone people were going to shoot a picture on the streets of New York. He became interested in the project and talked the matter over with his audience and the one eventful day concerned he passed a nod to Mike Sullivan, manager of Hammerstein's, and remarked he would look the bill over.

A skit entitled "A Night in a London Club" was on.
A small man with big pants and a curious gait attracted Kessel's attention and wrung a laugh from him.

When the act ended Kessel went back stage. He had a notion to interview this young man. There was a possibility that he might be useful in Keystone comedies. He was certainly a most amusing little cuss.

Keystone Offers Chaplin $75 a Week

The young man was somewhat curious about his caller, with whom he chatted in deepest and darkest London accents on the subject of the man.

"What the blooming 'ell—no."

"I tell you, Mr. Chapman, we can give you $75 a week."

The young "Mr. Chapman" was entirely dubious. He had profound doubts about so rash a venture. He had had a half of a hard time there and there along the line and things were better not mentioned. He was in the good graces of Alf Reeves, manager of Kessel's Pantomime Company, and they were booked solid on the big time from coast to coast.

There were other conversations. This Kessel was getting persistent. He raised the offer to a hundred dollars a week.

No. The young Englishman was going to take no such chances. He had the caution born of bitter experience. He had been born with a traveling troupe of strolling British players at Fontainbleau in France. His early boyhood had been spent among the seamy sides of London, dealing in child laborer on in a toy factory. It had been a fight against penury and want all the way along. He was doing well enough now, why take a chance?

The Sprechend company had moved along. But Adam Kessel still had that little English comedian on his mind.

"A Night in a London Club" was playing at the Milton theater in Philadelphia when Alf Reeves got a wire:

Is Charlie Chapman with your company? Have him call Saturday our office in N. Y., Kessel & Bauman.

In response to that wire Charles Chapman duly appeared in New York and Adam Kessel raised the offer to $150 a week.

Charlie Chaplin's Screen Debut

Chaplin went back to Philadelphia to consult with Alf Reeves.

"You had better take it," was Reeves' advice, "because you can't hope to get much more here with us than you are getting now."

Chaplin was no buck. His contract was due to expire in November, at which time the company was booked to play at the Empress in Los Angeles. He notified Kessel that he would start work with Keystone in Los Angeles then.

Mack Sennett made a call on Chaplin back stage at the Empress and one day in November Chaplin wore the old pants and shoes out to the Keystone lot.

"What the blooming 'ell" was ahead he did not know.

In doubt an actor always does his favorite business.

Chaplin's first Keystone appearance was a part in a reel release entitled "Kid's Auto Race." He wore the old pants and mannerisms that had been most successful in his music hall appearances. It was a bit of a trick he had picked up in the toy factory days when he imitated a stunted old lawyer flying about at the Queen Heads, a London "pub," to hold the cabbies' horses for them while they roistered inside.

Chaplin's mother had reproached him mightily for making sport of the old unfortunate and perhaps that had helped to burn it into the youngsters' mind. Now it was to be the making of his world wide fame.

Screen examination of "Kid's Auto Race"
That Saving Sense of Humor

[Continued from page 67]

who is this guy ‘Art,’ anyway? I accepted a melodrama stock engagement in California. Then I was offered a chance to make a movie test, to see if I fitted into ‘Don’t Change Your Wife.’ That was a picture to prove that all women are alike. But they couldn’t prove it by face, because terrible.

“Then what happened?”

“I became a picture hero.”

“Hamlet had a worse effect on Ophelia.”

“Very little. I forgave the Dane, though. And my first night in New York on this trip, I paid fifteen dollars for one seat to see Join Barrymore play him. It was as much as my life was worth to get it.”

“Did you ever offer to withhold a salary?”

“No. I’ve just acquired a new one. To live through an uninterrupted eternity of first weeks in New York.”

“But what about the California sunshine?”

“New York has a funny little shine all its own. It’s a roomy, rather large place. I mean, Turner.”

Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 83]

BLUE EYED TExas—Curb your impatience, charming one. Live up to the reputation for patience you have not to that point been able to uphold.

“Can’t you write to get a reply to your interesting letter into print before this date. Miriam Cooper is the wife of an actor who has the reputation of being a man of the world. Her weight is fifty-nine pounds. Marion Davies’ hair is bobbed. Of course you prize her letter. Her family name is Douras.”

JANE, SENECA FALLS, N. Y.—All right, Jane. I rather like your friendly salutation, ‘Dear Old Questions and Answers.’ The heroine of your last letter is a lady who has five fingers on each hand. She is two inches in height and twenty-eight years old. Write her the Norma Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

LUCY, BREA, O. H.—Most stars have secretaries. Gloria Swanson and Richard Dix should be addressed at the Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.

E. V. S., LOCKPORT, N. Y.—You are a discriminating critic, Mme. E. V. S. Your statement that there is no one beside the star in the cast who are of the same caliber, proves that you are a broadminded woman. This is the case of ‘The Ramblin’ Kid’ starring Richard Dix and Golo McCloud. Upon the salutation, Carolyn June, Laura La Plante; Skinny Rawlins, Harold Goodwin; Lofe Dorsey, William Welsh; Sheriff Tom Poole, W. T. McColley; Joshua Rock, Charles K. French; Mike Sabato, G. Raymond Nye; Miss Ophelia Cobb, Carol Holloway; Parker, Goofy Glum; Sing Pete, George King; Gyp Streeter, John Judd.

V. R. R., St. PAUL, MINN.—So sweet of you not to want me to ‘stay too long at the roll top.’ I thank you. Art Acord was born in America. He is not an American. But my tender heart relents. His address is Universal Studio. Clara Kimball Young uses her own name in her profession. She came east early this year announcing her intention to go upon the stage.

That mysterious man who is your husband.

LUCINDA, PITTSBURG, KANS.—Will you say something about the man who is my husband? I want to know about him. Our name is ‘Julie.’

Please let me know if you have any information about him before you write me. I am not a young person. I am forty-five years of age. I have had a long and active career in the theater and for that reason I am interested in him.

If I am not satisfied with the information you give me, I will not send any money.”

PLEASE ADD 10 CENTS PER COPY.
New Safe Way To Remove Teeth Stains

**New Discovery Bleaches Dark Teeth Instantly!**

A new safe treatment has been discovered which dissolves teeth stains instantly, giving dull, dingy teeth a charming new whiteness and lustre. This new treatment is called the Bleachodont Combination. It consists of a safe, mild liquid and a new kind of paste. The liquid instantly curdles or softens the stains, while the paste removes them and if used daily prevents the formation of future stains. You just brush your teeth with a few drops of the liquid, then use the paste, and before your very eyes your teeth acquire a clear, flashing whiteness that even ten times the scoring of old-fashioned methods could not give them.

It is vitally important that only a safe, mild preparation like Bleachodont Combination be used on children’s teeth, which are especially subject to stains and decay. Bleachodont Combination is safe and harmless, for its mild ingredients are especially combined to act on surface stains. It does not affect the enamel in any way. Gritty and abrasive dentifrices should never be used. If you want sparkling, white, pearly teeth get Bleachodont Combination today. Costs only a few cents, distributed by Bleachodont Dental Laboratories and sold by drug and department stores everywhere.

**PHOTOPLAY** receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method:

Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to pay the expense of the photograph and mailing. They will get hundreds of these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay the cost themselves.

M. J., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The picture you saw in process of making at the Metro Studios, with Viola Dana and Malcolm McGregor in the leading roles, was “The Social Code.”

MARIAN T. OF WISCONSIN.—Marguerite Clark believed she was leaving the screen for all time, and so announced to the press that she was skeptical as to the permanent retirement of any gifted and lovely actress. An alluring play and a confidence-begging manager appear and her resolutions are changed. Romance is YOUR next. Thomas Metz’s next picture will be “The Confidence Man.” Rudolph Valentino will be seen on the screen in a few months in “Mon- skur Beauchart and Turman Talmadge’s latest picture is “Secrets.” Constance Talmadge is the “Goldfish,” in which Marjorie Rambeau was seen on the stage.

CHRISTINE, HAVERHILL, MASS.—Herbert Rawlinson was married again in January of this year. He has reached a marrigeable age, thirty-eight.

DOROTHY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—All right, Dorothy. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal, Canada, about thirty-five years ago, and J. Warren Kerrigan’s birth took place a year before in Louisville, KY. Sylvia Breamer is her name. She is five feet even inches. Her weight is one hundred and thirty pounds. But we may not say of her “divinely tall and most divinely fair,” for her dark brown eyes and hair to match.

BETTY JANE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Your wishes are few, but your head is straight. Monte Blue was born in your own city, Jan. 11, 1900. Write him at the Warner Bros. Studio.
MIGNON, DORCHESTER, Mass.—You want to know my first name. M—m—m—. Didn't you hear it? You say it was a cough, not a name? We'll take that up another time, Migno. Patsy Ruth Miller's photograph may be obtained by writing the Lasky Studio. Nominally registering address being held at the Universal Studio. Charles de Roche's through Lasky Studio. Harry L. Van Meter played Monsieur Neufchateau in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Delightful, Mademoiselle, aged thirteen.

MITZI, JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind.—Of course you want to hide your "broken heart" behind a nom de plume. We understand each other, Mitz. A fortune tolder told you that you would some day marry a movie star with big brown eyes and who is years older than yourself. You hoped it would be Johnny Walker. Too bad, Mitz, but I am glad that PHOTOPLAY, by referring you to his marriage, spared you any more heartaches. Mrs. Walker was Renee Parker, a lovely musical comedy star, who once appeared in "Flo, Flo."

M. B. S., DETROIT, Ga.—What a question. M. B. S.—you, a girl from the land of grace and coquetry, ask me which of her two most persistent suitors a Hollywood star will marry. I don't know, for she has said, "I will not be the light of a distracting Hollywood man, but while looking into the stern eyes of a waiting clergyman. Marcella Swanson is not Gloria's sister.

BARE RUTH, FOND DU LAC, Wis.—Have you a bowing acquaintance with the laws prohibiting the use of other person's names? Some- thing about "imposture and penalties." The "tall, rather good looking young man" who wore a uniform in "The Devil's Disciple" was Clyde Fillion. Tommy Meighan handed your requests for his photographs but the others did not. Just like Tommy. Remember the story of Robert Brice, and try them again. Requested Orientation at the Universal Studio. Gaston Glass at Preferred Pictures, Conway Tarell at the Associated First National.

M. E. T., SHERIDAN, Wash.—John Gilbert has brown eyes and hair. His height is five feet eleven inches. His address is Fox Studio. Bobby Agnew is not married. His eyes are blue, his hair is brown. He has said, "I will not be the light of a distracting Hollywood man, but while looking into the stern eyes of a waiting clergyman. Marcella Swanson is not Gloria's sister.

M. L. T., EDMONTON, Canada.—Pleased to gratify your craving for enlightenment. Alas, yes, there are repeated rumors of a matrimonial romance of the Tom Moore matrimonial combination. Marriage seems to grow bittier and more brittle. Jack Gilbert's age is twenty-eight years. His height five feet eleven inches, his hair brown. His address is Fox Studio. His wife is Leatrice Joy. Richard Barthelmess is not a relative of Lillian and Dorothy Gish.


BETTY H., SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—Am I "Miss or Mr.?" Omit superfluous titles, inquisitive Betty. Continue to address me as you did. "Dear Answer Man." Is quite an acquisition to you. Thank you. Pauline Cour has been chanced by beauty experts a medium. Jack Mulhall is thirty-two years old. His wife was Evelyn Wilcox. Marion Davies has appeared a dozen times. She is a relative of Mildred Davis (Mrs. Harold Lloyd).

MARIAN OF ST. LOUIS, Mo.—She whom you characterize as "the dark haired flapper who played the flapper part in 'Black Oxen.'" Is Clara Bow. She comes from Brooklyn, and is eighteen years old. She did not appear in "The Gold Diggers."

He Said Her Eyes Were Like Spring Flowers

AND so they were—round and soft and melting. Long ago she had learned the trick of accentuating their beauty and heightening their expressiveness by darkening their lashes with WINX.

Do you know this secret? Have you tried applying WINX to your lashes and seen the new lure in your eyes? If you haven't, there is a thrilling experience in store for you. WINX is applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. It makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the tears of joy.

WINX (black or brown), 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless), 50c. At drug department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of WINX. For another dime, you will receive a sample of PEKT, the rouge that stays on until you remove it.

ROSS COMPANY

WINX

241 West 17th Street

New York

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 Otiline—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Otiline 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 said that use of Otiline is liable to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Otiline, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

PIANO JAZZ


MAH JONG SET

In brilliant colors, 114 Tiles, 114 Counters, Backs, Dice, Patent, Perpetual, Maple Mah Jong Score Card, complete with instructions and rules, in attractive box, sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00, (Canada $1.25 extra, 7.50 Remarkable values ever offered for this fascinating, interesting game.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., Dept. 20
116 West 40th Street
New York City

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Earn while you learn. Study in spare time. In 8 weeks easy lessons can make you expert in all branches: manicure, make-up, massage, bodybuilding, beauty, art, hair work, India work, etc. 50c, 10th Book, 500 practical short instructions, 1500 beauty tricks, 700 illustrations, 400 color plates. Pay 1.25 or send money order. Money back if not satisfied.

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE

Dept. 29
1500 Doyen's Bourse
Chicago

Special Offer 65c

So that Photoplay readers will not miss a single issue during the $3,000 best title contest we are making a special rate of 65 cents for these three issues (July, August and September) in which this enthralling story will appear.

Just clip out this notice, write your name and address plainly in the margin and mail to us with 65 cents (money order, check or stamps) and be assured you will not miss these issues. For further particulars regarding contest see page 91.

FRANCES, Portland, Ore.—Please beyond measure. Rollin V. of Oregon—admit your presence. None who is rash would have saluted me as “Dear.” Does it grieve you to learn that Thomas Meighan and Jack Mulhall, both of whom you know, are married or you suffer the pang of disappointment it is well to know the names of the possible parents. Mrs. Meighan was Frances King, an actress. Mrs. Mulhall was Evelyn Vines. Malcolm McGregor, too, has a wife. He married a non-professional. Mary McCarthy is not married, but her engagement to Glenn Hunter was rumored for some time. Dan Day is twenty-five and Shirley Mason is twenty-three. Robert Agnew's age is twenty-four, Jack Mulhall's thirty-two.

F. G. C., Cedar Rapids, la.—Lois Wilson, so please you in "The Call of the Canvon,” is twenty-seven. She has not married. Bert Lytell is thirty-eight. He is a husband. Sorry.

E. B., Sidney, la.—I like your stationery, Evelyn. Palest yellow with a shadowy monogram in gold. Artistic! The young amber who played opposite Ethel Clayton in "If I Were a Queen” is Warner Baxter. He has appeared in "Alimony” and "Blow Your Own Horn.” He is five feet eight inches tall. His hair and eyes are dark.

LUCY R., Chicago, I1l.—You wonder whether Luke Cosgrave is the great uncle who ran away from home, where he was little fellow, and has not been heard from since that time. I don’t know whether he is your great uncle, Lucy, but I'll bet he would be a great uncle. He was born in County Mayo, Ireland. He came, I believe, with the immigrants lived at Zanesville, Ohio. Mr. Cosgrave went on the stage in his youth. He had much stage experience when he went to movies. Louise Dresser, for whom you have so much enthusiasm since seeing “To the Ladies,” was a favorite of the Broadway stage for many years. She has a large and loyal personal following. Her removal from her beautiful home at Mount Vernon, N. Y., was an act of dauntless devotion. Her mother’s health improves in California. Miss Dresser bought a new home at Cal. where she lives with her mother and Miss Dresser’s husband, Jack Gardner. Her address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

M. SERGE VARTANOFF, Worcester, Mass.—Of course you will enlighten you. Pola Negri's address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. She has been in Hollywood for two years.

BESSIE, Watertown, Mich.—Yes, me child, I answer "veet" as the French say. Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico. He is twenty-five. He is not married. He has brown eyes and black hair and the accompanying olive skin. He is with Metro.

VOILA, Cleveland, Ohio.—Bert Lytell’s address is First National. Yoked, yes, but likes it. Write Blanche Sweet at the Goldwyn Studio and Alice Terry at the Metro Studio. Better according to judgment of your elders on that point, little one.

ZOE, Omaha, Neb.—Greeting, so affectionate a manner. Have Photofest a half mile family. Thomas Meighan played Don Dori. Kenyon—Ariel, Diana Allan—Mamie in "The Conquest of Canaan." Clara Kimball Young returned to the stage in America—"Trimm’d in Scarlet," and in the drama in which Maxine Elliott and Sidney Blackmer were seen in New York. Eugene O’Brien plays opposite Nora Talmadge in "Secrets."

FRONF, Wisconsin, la.—It is an undoubted fact that the name of Tommy’s little dinner is an elongation and feminization of his own. Thomasina’s father’s age is about thirty-five.

THE MUSCLE BUILDER

Show me the man who doesn’t want muscle, with abounding health, and I’ll show you a man who is absolutely unattractive, without strength, and he doesn’t know it. A body without muscle is like a house without foundation—a little storm, and over it goes.

Get wise, fellows. I shouldn’t have to tell you these things. You can’t enjoy life with a weak, skinny body. There is no pleasure like the feeling of health and strength. And when I say strength, I don’t mean any kind of strength. Do it right, or forget it.

THE WHOLE WORKS

I build muscle—good, big, solid muscle. Let other fellows knock this idea if they want. I know what I’m doing and I guarantee you it’ll like. I’ll put an arm on you that can be made pliable, solid, and bushy out as steel the next. An arm that will be cooly useful in weight lifting and any kind of skillful athletics. Just for a starter, I’ll increase the size of that arm at least one full inch in the first 30 days. I’ll put a chest on you to be proud of. A full, deep chest with a pair of lungs that will take a man sized load of rich oxygen with every breath, and you know what that means. Your lungs are the basis of your body and you have them. Develop them. I want to make you muscle that will make you just bubble over with vitality. I will build up those muscle岘es really sense the strength of your heart, and every vital organ. I will send a thrill up your old spinal column that will make you feel like takin’ a wild cat.

A NEW BODY IN 90 DAYS

Some wise croakers who think they can put a man in shape. That’s because they don’t know any more than I do. I just want to put muscle, strength, power, and animation in your body so you won’t recognize yourself. By that time I’ll have stumped the whole game in you, and literally in your face.

What’s more your whole being will just swell with new enthusiasm and animation. You’ll make a step and a flash to your eye that will radiate confidence wherever you go. You’ll make a friend, you’ll make a fortune. You won’t be a weakling, but a strong, vigorous individual. You will

Come on, fellows. Why waste more time? It won’t just promote these things. Get these, then. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Are you ready? Let’s get started.

Send for My New 64-Page Book "Muscular Development" It is FREE.

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of three years to my 350 is all I’ll do. Why not send for my new book ? Send me your name and address and I’ll have it sent over ever now and you will marvel at their present appearance. This book will prove as inspiring and as real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep.

This will not obliterate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off any longer. Address me by name. I will have the book ready for you in a few days.

EARLE E. LIEDELMAN

DEPT. 105—305 BROADWAY—NEW YORK CITY

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10c for which you are to send me, without delay on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development"

Name.

Address.

City. (Please write or print plainly.)
$5,000 in Cash for You

If you select the best title in Photoplay Magazine's Radio Contest. Three radio sets, the finest made, will also be given away. For further particulars turn to page 91.

Develops Busts Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford. "BEAUTIBUST!" for real bust and bust development. No foolish or dangerous systems, but a real method based on scientific natural methods that will be extremely strengthening and beneficial. You can't fail. If you follow the simple instructions, your bust will be increased $1.00 per week. BEAUTIBUST CO., 1014-PN LEXINGTON BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD.

Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores or Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my FREE BOOKLET "A CLEAR-TON SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. $1000 cash saved from this skin of the above knowledge. E.S. GIVENS, 193 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Learn Piano!

10 Important Features
of Bird & Son's Neponset Rugs!
1. Unusually beautiful and exclusive designs.
2. Extra flexibility and strength.
3. Red wax base prevents rugs from sticking to floors.
4. Made in one piece—no absolutely free trial or cementing.
5. Sun-proof colors.
6. Richly glazed, baked enamel finish.
7. Lift Loop Neponset Rugs cost less and are guaranteed.
10. Double guarantee of quality.

Double Guarantee

The maker guarantees these rugs to be free from manufacturing defects, and assures perfect satisfaction to every purchaser. Hartman guarantees them to be exactly as represented in this advertisement. If not entirely satisfied after 30 days' free trial, return the rugs and your money will be refunded.

NO MONEY DOWN

No C. O. D.—Nothing to Pay for Rug on Arrival

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this wonderful 9x12 ft., full room size, Bird & Son's Felt Base Neponset Rug. Pay nothing for rug on arrival. No C. O. D. Use it 30 Days on Free Trial, and if not satisfied send it back and we will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep the rug, take nearly a year to pay—a little every month while you are using it. Don't miss this special bargain offer. Send the coupon today.

9x12 Ft. Genuine Neponset Rug Seamless-
Waterproof

Only by seeing this splendid rug can you realize what a bargain Hartman offers you. Put your foot on floor and see the superb floral pattern—an exclusive Bird & Son's Neponset Rug design. Has beautiful colorings; background is rich blue with design in red, green and tan exquisitely blended. Border has light tan background with harmonizing pattern. Then examine the fine, flexible material and the red wax base which makes the rug sanitary, sun-proof, stain-proof and water-proof. Will not shrink, no matter how often it is washed. Also note that it is made in one piece and lies flat without tacking or cementing. Take advantage of the 30 days' free trial to prove what a beauty it is and what an unparalleled bargain. Offer is limited. Mail the coupon NOW!


HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 6474 Chicag, Ill.

The Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

This No-Money-Down Offer Is Special to Readers of Photoplay—This Issue Only

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
No More Freckles

Feel them off with Mercerolized Wax. It's the sensible way. Better than trying to hide or cover up such disfigurements. Simply apply the wax at bedtime and wash off in the morning. This actually peels off the thin, non-sensitive outer skin. Consequently, you have a smooth, healthy, beautiful skin underneath. Unexcelled as a skin remover and complexion refiner. Popular with thousands the world over.

Write for free copy, "Beauty Secrets Revealed." Dearborn Supply Co., 2238 Clybourn Ave., Chicago.

Mercolized Wax

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, beautiful neck and chin, beneficially attractive personality. Get rid of moles, blemishes, freckles, blackheads, strengthen facial muscles. Thousands have done so. No snags, no big expense, and quick results. Read for Free information about the new Beauty Enhancing Remedy. Grace Mildred Publishing Co., Dept. 265, 1419 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

Cartoonists are Well Paid—Sends you Drawings on which to try your hand, if you answer like this. Now we will pay you to make drawings. For the first ten sketches, we will pay you thirty cents for each. All sketches will be carefully selected. If you fill our contract, we will pay double the regular price. Originals sent in will be returned. You keep copies. Aid us in getting drawings. Free information for beginners.

The W. E. Evans School of Cartooning, 530 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.
Scientist discovers fat Solvent

Reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat on any part of the body—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise or diet, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurably simple and easy for anyone.

For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiresome exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn't going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reduceine is a pleasant Cream that you can apply in the privacy of your own room, putting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Complete 21-Day Treatment Results Guaranteed or Money Back

No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducing Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely promise these results—I guarantee them.

Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days.

In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for permanent reducing. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days 3 Jars in All

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.

I Take All the Risk—You Are the Sole Judge

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from $3.50 to $8 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay postage $2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage), and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage).

THE MCGOWAN LABORATORIES 716 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. S25, Chicago, III.
Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that your Reducine Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure—in 21 days' time. Please enroll me for your complete 21-day treatment—send me the first 1-pound jar of Reducine at once; the second, 7 days later, and the third, 14 days later. I will pay the postage $2.47 (plus few cents postage) for each jar as it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded to me at the completion of the treatment, if it has not reduced my figure.

Name

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Raised on Mellin's Food and Milk

Melanie J. Jones, Houston, Texas.

The use of the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification will enable your little one to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin's Food babies.

Let us send you a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
A Perfect Coiffure is the Gift
WES T ELECTRIC Brings to you

What do you notice first in other women?
Usually their hair

There are just three steps necessary to make your hair beautiful and to keep it healthy.

Cleansing—the shampoo is first; for hair to be beautiful and healthy must be perfectly clean. West Electric Softex Shampoo is the result of years of experiment to make a shampoo that cleanses thoroughly without any possibility of harm to the hair. You can get it with or without henna, in a convenient envelope for 10c.

Waving—Nothing has ever been devised that waves the hair so quickly and perfectly as The New Improved West Electric Hair Curlers. You wind your hair around these simple electrified curlers, and in 20 minutes you have a perfect wave, by pressure only, without the use of heat or chemicals. It is the ideal curler for bobbed hair. 5 on a card 25c—2 on a card 10c.

And Now the Net—To keep the clean, waved hair in place. Millions of women are using West Electric Beach and Motor Hair Nets, made of uniformly long strands of American prepared hair. These famous nets are unconditionally guaranteed. They cost only 10c in double or single mesh—you can get no finer quality at any price.

Write for your free copy of “Guide to Hair Dressing at Home.” It describes the coiffures that are now in style and tells you how to get the effects yourself.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER COMPANY
169 W. Columbia Ave., Philadelphia
The Leading American Coiffure Specialists
Keep a Kodak story of the children

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City
Why You Should and Why You Should Not BOB YOUR HAIR

Greatest Screen Lovers

Leonice Joy
In this painting, Willy Pogany has caught the very spirit of the Carni-
val held each year at Nice on the sunny Riviera.

From Nice—a Secret of l'Élegance Française

NICE! The Carnival! Gaiety enthroned! Here indeed may we mingle with Beauty of the Old World and the New. Here, truly, may we admire the charm, the verve — the subtle allure — of the smart Parisienne.

What is the secret of that charm—that intriguing touch so distinctively French? It is this: "Always, in the toilette, let but one single fragrance pervade. Let each necessity of the dressing table possess the same French odor!"

How simple, here in America, to follow this dictate of French fashion! How simple to employ the spécialités Djer-Kiss — not alone one, but all! Parfum Djer-Kiss; Talc, too, Face Powder, Soap, Rouge, Eau de toilette, Sachet, Creams: each gifted with the one French fragrance — Djer-Kiss, masterpiece of that French master parfumeur, Monsieur Kerkoff.

Where you shop you will find all these spécialités Djer-Kiss. Through them you may achieve a harmony of the toilette at once as fashionable as it is French.

The Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact—
a truly perfect Aid to Beauty

Now Mademoiselle may view her Rouge, her Face Powder and herself, all at the same time. And—two mirrors! The detail mirror reflects any part of the face. The unique Djer-Kiss redoublant mirror reflects the whole face at a glance—as conveniently as in a boudoir mirror!
New Kind of Hat
Worn 10 Minutes a Day
Grows Hair in 30 Days—Or No Cost

No matter how thin your hair may be this remarkable new scientific invention is absolutely guaranteed to give you a brand new growth of hair in 30 days—or it costs you nothing. Don't send a cent. Just mail coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., N. Y.

I HAVE perfected a new invention that I absolutely guarantee will give you a new head of hair in only 30 days—or the trial costs you nothing.

This new invention—the result of an experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness—is in the form of a new kind of hat. It is worn on the head just 10 minutes a day. No unnecessary fuss of any kind. Just put the hat on your head. Wear it 10 minutes. And that's all there is to it.

Sounds impossible, doesn't it? All right. Then let me emphasize this fact: I don't care how thin your hair is. I don't care how many treatments you have taken without results. Unless my discovery actually produces a new growth of hair on your head in 30 days, then all you need do is tell me so. And without asking one question, I will instantly—and gladly—mail you a check refunding you every penny you may have paid me.

How It Works

My invention is entirely different from anything known or used before. It proves that in a big percentage of hair troubles the hair roots are NOT dead, but merely dormant.

The reason ordinary measures failed to restore hair is because they merely treated the surface skin. My new invention goes further. It gets right to the cause of most hair troubles—the starved dormant roots.

Your hair grows just as a tree grows—from the roots. To make a tree grow you wouldn't rub "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would nourish the roots. And my invention provides, at last, only an efficient way of stimulating these dormant roots, but of giving them the nourishment they need to grow hair again.

No Risk of Any Kind

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., which I founded, stage and social celebrities have paid as high as $500 for the results secured through personal treatments. Yet now, through my new invention, these results may be secured in any home where there is electricity—for just a few cents a day!

Remember—I don't ask you to risk a cent. I realize that my treatment will not grow hair for EVERYBODY. There are some extreme cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But my new invention has already grown new hair for so many hundreds of others who had long ago given up hope that I am willing to let you try it entirely at my risk, and if it fails then I lose—not you.

Free Booklet Explains Invention

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing my new invention in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of hair—and in addition shows what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

No matter how nearly bald you are—no matter how many treatments you have tried without results—this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail. ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., 512 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 396, New York City.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
If you really know Stars
YOU KNOW PARAMOUNT

PARAMOUNT has brought more stars to fame than all the rest of the film companies together. Paramount has given dozens of great directors their best opportunities. Paramount is the best market for the immediate exploitation of any technical improvement in films. The chance to play to all the world is no empty lure. Match the thrill of James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon" and Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments"—created in the regular course of Paramount's activities—and you will realize in the trying that Paramount leadership has been earned!

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
WILLIAM DEEMILLE'S Production "ICEBOUND"
From the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. With Richard Dix and Lou Wilson. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
GLORIA SWANSON in "A SOCIETY SCANDAL"
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the play "The Laughing Lady" by Alfred Satre. Screen Play by Forrest Halley.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW"
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Jacqueline Logan, David Torrence, Raymond Griffiths. From the novel and play by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Screen Play by Harvey Thew.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CONFIDENCE MAN"

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
CECIL B. DEEMILLE'S Production "TRIUMPH"

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

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BLUFF"
A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by Rita Weinman and Josephine L. Quirk. Screen Play by Willy Goldbeck.
Vol. XXVI  No. 1

Contents

June, 1924

Cover Design  Leatrice Joy
   From a Pastel Portrait by Tempest Inman

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures  8
   In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference

Brickbats and Bouquets  14
   Frank Letters from Readers

Rotogravure:
   PHOTOPLAY’s New Pictures:  Thelma Converse,
   Marguerite de la Motte, Marjorie Daw, Jean Tolly,
   Beryl Williams, May McAvoy, Vera Reynolds

Speaking of Pictures (Editorial)  James R. Quirk  27

Great Lovers of the Screen
   Every One a Past Master in the Sentimental Art

Freak Fashions of the Films (Photographs)  31
   There’s Nothing So Advanced as the Picture Styles

The Battle of Bobbed Hair
   Nationwide Opinions of Those For and Against Clipped Locks

The Beauty (Fiction)  Mary Appleton Bromfield  37
   Vanity and a Husband Do Not Always Mix
   Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

(Contents continued on next page)

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.
Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City
EDWIN M. COLVIN, PRES.  JAMES R. QUIRK, VICE-PRES.  R. M. EASTMAN, SEC.-TREAS.
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, BUSINESS MGR.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba;
$3.00 Canada; $3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. Caution — Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter, March 6, 1907.

Copyright, 1924, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.
Contents—Continued

$5,000 in Cash for a Title 40
- Photoplay Will Give This in Prizes to the Persons Entering Winning Names for the Greatest Fiction Story of the Year

The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd 42
Part II: How the Famous Comedian Broke Into Pictures

Oh! Pity the Poor Working Girl (Photographs) 45
Or, the Dual Life of Gloria Swanson

The Kiss That Shocked the Sheiks 46
Herbert Howe
It Gave the Sahara Desert Its First Movie Scandal

Studio News and Gossip 48
Cal York
What the Film Folks Are Doing

The Love Dodger (Fiction) 52
Adela Rogers St. Johns
The Fourth Installment of This Remarkable Serial Story of a Screen Star Pursued by Marriage

Where East Meets West 55
Beverley N. Sparks
The Unique Achievement of Anna May Wong

Betty Blythe's Spring Wardrobe (Photographs) 56
Exquisite Creations Fresh from the Boulevards and Drawing Rooms of Paris

Close-Ups and Long Shots 58
Herbert Howe
A Running Fire of Witty Screen Comment
- Drawing by Ralph Barton

Rotogravure: 59
Anna Q. Nilsson, Corinne Griffith, Blanche Sweet, Sylvia Breamer

A Bit of Spain in Hollywood (Photographs) 63
Thomas H. Ince's New Home

The Shadow Stage 64
The Department of Practical Photoplay Criticism

Son or Husband—Which? 68
Adela Rogers St. Johns
Would You Make the Decision That This Devoted Mother and Wife Did?

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture 70
Terry Ramsaye
Chapter XXVII: The Screen and the Newspaper Discover Common Interests

Odds and Ends the Camera Caught (Photographs) 72
And They're All to be Seen in Pictures

Their Pet Aversions 74
Every Star Has His Favorite Hate

Questions and Answers 89
The Answer Man

Casts of Current Photoplays 100
Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

Friendly Advice 112
Carolyn Van Wyck
The Department of Personal Service

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page $4
"Cytherea—Goddess of Love"

Through the centuries the point of a needle—the first love goddess of the white race—has been a place in the heart of modern woman. And that woman, to some, makes the ideal. Strange are the ways of the Love Goddess as can be seen still in the romance of those beneath her spell.

For two years Joseph Hergesheimer's novel "Cytherea" was neglected by the picture makers. Then came Samuel Goldwyn and now comes the result of a Goldwyn picture with the high class of the motion picture world. The picture is a telling parable of the allegorical story of the Love Goddess.

A revolution in color photography is based on the distinct part of the story. In the cast are Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Irene Rich, Norman Kerry and Constance Bennett. George Fitzmaurice, entertainment maker extraordinary, directs. "Cytherea" will be at your theatre in March, when the love goddesses roam the world unhindered.

"Sundown," a forthcoming picture of the passing of the old West, is reversing history. Instead of being first a novel and later a motion picture, "Sundance" was written directly for the screen by Earl Hudson and is now being novelized by Walter Eberhardt for early publication. As a picture and novel, it will be monumental to the glory of the great American West.

What's in a Name?

Barbara always struck us as an old-fashioned name. It suggested somehow, gingham, and samplers and country dances. That was before we saw "The White Moth" with Barbara La Marr in the title role. For in this picture there are bizarre costumes of a Parisian masque ball, but no gingham. There's verve and gaiety and the zest of life in Miss La Marr's personality—but not a trace of the country girl and her demure ways.

So probably the impression has gone for good. Whenever we hear Barbara mentioned, now we'll think of Barbara La Marr in "The White Moth"—as lively and as strong a romance as we've seen in many a day.

"The White Moth"

Barbara La Marr is the title role of "The White Moth," a story of Parisian theatrical life which Maurice Tourneur has directed. Ben Lyon, quite naturally, is bewitched by her loveliness. Conway Tearle, Charles La Roche and Edna Murphy are other favorites in the cast. It is a Maxtime picture in First National theatres.

"The White Moth" and "Cytherea—Goddess of Love" are the first pictures to be included in the new National production of the silent movies. A picture of the former is now being made by Lewis Stone, Norm Kerry, Irene Rich and others under the direction of Charles La Roche. A picture of the latter is now being made by Lewis Stone, Constance Bennett and others under the direction of George Archainbaud.

"A Love Goddess Re-born"

Above is Alma Rubens, the 1926 Love Goddess in Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, "Cytherea—Goddess of Love," and beside her Lewis Stone. It will be love-week in big theatres throughout the country when this powerful romance is shown.

"The Whole World"

Pressing the whole world into the service of a story, 20th Century-Fox Pictures have included in the production of "The Whole World" the personal appearance of Miss Rubens as the goddess of love and romance. A picture of the former is now being made by Lewis Stone, Constance Bennett and others under the direction of George Archainbaud.

"For Sale"

Claire Windsor and Auctions

Claire Windsor, it seems, just can't keep away from auctions. However, the difference between the movie star and other girls is that she is on the block instead of doing the bidding. In "A Son of the Sahara," for instance, there was an Algerian slave auction scene with Miss Windsor as the principal. Now, in her new picture, "For Sale," she is placed upon the matrimonial market with her ambitious mother wielding the auctioneer's hammer.

"For Sale" is a society drama with magnificent settings and lavish gowns. It has been finished under the direction of George Archainbaud and June will find it upon the screen of your finest theater. Robert Ellis, Adolph Menjou, and Tilly Marshall appear with Miss Windsor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Columbia. A remarkable fine travel picture. (February.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National. Holbrook Blinn is in delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

BAG AND BAGGAGE—Selznick. A time-worn story of the country girl who gets her millionaire. Happens exactly on the screen. (Jan.)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE—Commonwealth. A tough little piece of work. Lots of good touches, and patios well put over. (January.)

BRAU BRUMMEL—Warner Brothers. One of the most mellow of costumes, with John Barrymore doing exceptionally fine work at the box. Don't miss it. (May.)

BIG BROTHER—Paramount. A really big, humanized story for the Allen Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Benett, who is a find. (February.)

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

BLACK OXEN—First National. A good pictureization of an American novel on the rejuvenation of a woman, with Curtine Griffith doing fine acting. For adults. (March.)

BLAZARD, THE—Fox. A Swedish picture and nothing to be ashamed of either. A stump of reinder is a novelty. Good audience picture. (May.)

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

BOY OF MINE—First National. A Tarkington classic of childhood, extremely well done and with some splendid work by little Ben Alexander. (March.)

BREATHLESS MOMENT, THE—Universal. A common-place story which the whole family may see. (April.)

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

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE—Paramount. A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathé. A dog star, Buck, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMPO KIRBY—Fox. A charming romance of the old Wild West period, with beautiful settings and splendid photography. (February.)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick. A lot of troubles around which no one can possibly care. (April.)

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

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

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

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

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

DADDIES—Warner Brothers. A good version of the clever stage play, with Miss Marsh and Harry Myers heading the cast. (April.)

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

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE—F. R. O. One of William P. S., Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting so that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE—Joelton Walker. Eddie Polo's role from an airplane on a roof is the best. (February.)

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

DARING YEARS, THE—Equity. A good little love story with a charming girl. You know the rest. (April.)

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE—Universal. Baby Peggy the delightful center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (March.)

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick. Another preachment against the flapper, with a few kids about parents who are inclined to flap. Plenty of sentiment of surefire kind. (May.)

DAVID COWPERFIELD—Associated Exhibitors. A Swedish production and a good one of Dickens's story. (January.)

DAY OF FAITH, THE—Goldwyn. Made a impressive situation, rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

DEFFY DESTINY—Selznick. Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE—Independent. Abundant artifice picture, with Colleen Moore doing North west. Unimportance. (December.)

DISCONTENDED HUSBANDS—Apollo. For the man who wants to get his wife old. He steps out, but is cured. (May.)

DO IT NOW—Remown. The troubles of young love at first, nothing startling, but fair entertainment. (May.)

DON'T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount. The screen version of "Rita Coverton," extremely well presented. (March.)

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

DRUMS OF JEEPOERRY—Truett-Somected a lot of cuteness and there is much excitement. But it doesn't amount to that. (May.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth. Conventional story of a wronged child, but persuasively told. (April.)

ETERNAL CITY, THE—First National. One of the most beautiful and entertaining pictures ever made. (January.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn. A good picture, but worth while because of Martha Nation's production. (December.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett. CHicky not bad because Mabel Normand lends the cast and the pictures are always worth while. (February.)

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

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

FAST EXPRESS, THE—Universal. One of Miss Hughes finest melodramas, with waaetley, robberies and other sure-fire stuff. (April.)

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National—Richard Barthelmass as a CrusadOll hero, a pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (March.)

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

FLAMING YOUTH—First National. A sepia-tinted melodrama about the best actress of her career. (January.)

FLOWING GOLD—First National. Rex Bell at the height of his powers and two thrills. Film entertainment for everyone. (March.)

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

FOOL'S AWAKENING, A—Metro. A picture that has been built on a lie. A picture of better class. (April.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10
What's New in Photography

This wonderful, new film we've succeeded in perfecting is typical of Ansco progress. We are making new inventions and improvements all the time.

Cameras—you should see 'em! (You can at any dealer's.) The Automatic Ansco! Winds its own film—a brand-new idea in cameras. No more double exposures. Six pictures in six seconds, if you wish. The Ansco Ready-Set! It's foolproof. No more guess about focusing or setting the shutter. Gets the pictures every time. And the Ansco Dollar Camera, the only roll-film camera at that price in the world!

It's easy
to get good pictures with

Which one of these three classes are you in?

1. You use some other film with just fair results—then you're the person I'm after! Here's a sporting proposition I want to put up to you. Load your camera with a roll of Ansco film. Take your pictures, some in the shadows, some in the light. Then do the same with the film you have been using. Compare the pictures and you'll be an Ansco user for life!

2. You've put your camera away on the shelf—given up the whole thing in disgust because of failure after failure. Then blow the dust of ages off your long-lost companion. Stick in a roll of Ansco film. You'll get back all your old enthusiasm when the first pictures come from the finisher.

3. You use Ansco film already. No need to say another word! From your own results, you know I'm the champion truth-teller of the world. "Cloudy or bright—Ansco comes right."

Says Archie Ansco: "Cloudy day, bright day Ansco gets them either way."

TWISTED that sentence around into rhyme on purpose. Funny how easy it is to remember a thing when a rhyme is tacked onto it.

Frankly you ought to remember that jingle—remember it the next time you go to buy film. Remember to ask for Ansco Speedex Film. Because it means better pictures for you—more fun from your camera.

I say real fun because you don't have to be a 100% judge of light to get good pictures. Why? Because you'll get good pictures in deeper shade and in brighter sunshine with Ansco Film than with any other film.

In short, Ansco makes it hard for you to fail—easy to get the pictures you're after. Even if the light conditions aren't just right, it's just plain fun to get good pictures with Ansco.

Beautifully illustrated catalogue on request.
Ansco Photoproducts, Inc., Binghamton, N.Y.
FOOL'S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Charles Winninger heading the cast. Good entertainment. (May.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selnick.—A "thriller" of the early Spanish days in California with the usual lurid touches. (April.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apallas.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and directed. (Dec.)

GIRL FROM MARMOLA, THE—Aymoon. —Commodious and unceasing imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (December.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has again proven that he is a born comedian. Lean at his best. Laughing for the family. (December.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verbose and clumsy piece of work, with Guy Bates Post as star. (December.)

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

GREAT WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour of New York, well acted and filled with interest. (March.)

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

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeiters. Amusing, but with some good Houdini stunts. Very likeable. (April.)

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro.—Interesting and well played story of a wast played with a kinder. (February.)

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

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

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

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

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A rousing comedy, full of laughs, providing a joyous entertainment. (February.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, THE—Paramount.—A Zane Grey story, as good as all his Westerns or later. Foremost Western of the cast as usual. (April.)

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount.—No longer a feature, as the young generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS MYSTERY GIRL—Universal.—The old story of a young girl who gets a lesson in life from a famous singer. (April.)

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox.—An oldfashioned picture made into a more entertaining melodrama. Melodrama with ideas. (March.)

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

HUMMING BIRD THE—Paramount.—The best thing I have ever done. One of the best pictures of months. (April.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with a delightful and exotic cast. Colleen Moore flies in title role. (December.)

ICEROUND—Paramount.—Another William deMille effort. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able hand, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

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

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

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction not good. (February.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe.—A pic¬

nographic study of the tricks of the fake-spiritual medium, more effective than the many which have been made in similar vein. (March.)

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

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National.—Orni-

dinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of Jane Novak. (April.)

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. B. O.—The Palmier School's prize photograph, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox.—A swiftly mov¬

ing picture, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox.—Old Kentucky again with "Covered Wagon" trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

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

LADY OF QUALITY, THE—Universal.—A charm¬

ing story, excellently played by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal.—Again Baby Pegg, to whose talents the story has been subordi¬

nated. A pretty good picture, too. (May.)

LET ME GET GERRY—Ronald Wilson.—A mild juvenile comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding-school scenes are good. (May.)

LEYENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph.—A pic¬

ture adaptation of a number of popularers with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In¬

teresting and well made. (February.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sistershood that "tell not, neither do they speak." With Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Aymoon.—In the Texas Ranger is sent to get his man and sets it (January.)

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

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

LOVE LETTERS—Fox.—The moral is, don't press your troubles on your friends. They are apt to get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

LOVE MASTER, THE—First National.—Street¬

heart is turned into a scholar, and vice versa. (April.)

The colors and the story are not so much. (March.)

LOVE WHIRLPOOL—Hodkinson.—A crock stories, but the best of them, and Lila Lee. Plenty of thrills and holds the interest and draws the tears. (April.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and dialectsades. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (April.)

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers.—Medieval in spirit of Montes Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

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

LULLABY, THE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best part to date. Plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for Better. Good entertainment and very much for the family. (February.)

MAN FROM BROOKYLYN, THE—Vitagraph.—

Warily improbable, but also wildly exciting and, therefore, good entertainment and very much for the family. (February.)

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

MAN WHO LIVED BY THE METRO.—Another interesting interpretation by Percy Marmont of one of the lovable failures he does so well. (March.)

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

MARMOL COMPANY
1710 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
How Do You Look In a Bathing Suit?

How would you like to lose from three to ten inches from your hips and waist without exercise, medicines or diets—without inconvenience or discomfort of any kind?

New Kind of Girdle Often Reduces Hips and Waist Three Inches First Week

Any you look inches thinner the moment you have it on! Why envy the slender, graceful figures around you? Why deny yourself the pleasure of wearing the latest, smart creations when you can acquire Fashion’s smooth, youthful lines almost in a twinkling?

No matter how thick and heavy your waist and hips may be—no matter how many reducing methods you have tried without results—there is no longer any reason why you should not have the same attractive figure—the same slender, graceful lines—that win admiration everywhere.

Transform Your Appearance Instantly

The new Madame X Reducing Girdle, especially designed on scientific massage principles to take off excess fat almost “while you wait,” makes your waist and hips look inches thinner the moment you put it on.

Think of it! No more strenuous, exhausting exercises—no more starvation diets—no more dangerous pills and medicines—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets! The Madame X Reducing Girdle is so soft and flexible, yet fits so snugly and comfortably so perfectly to the figure, that you can walk, ride, dance, climb, work and play with such delightful ease and comfort that you scarcely know you are wearing it.

You will be surprised how quickly you can indulge in many outdoor sports without the usual sense of heaviness and fatigue. For with every step you take—with every little motion and movement of your body, this marvellous new kind of girdle gently massages away the不知不觉, useless, needless fat. Before you know it you find yourself looking and feeling years younger. Women who wear the Madame X Girdle say you will feel like a new person the minute you put it on.

Exclusive Features Make Madame X Girdle the Ideal Support for Every Woman

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is made of the most resilient Para rubber, especially designed for reducing purposes, and is worn over the underwear (with garters attached), fitting as snugly as a glove, you walk, climb stairs, bend, reach or dance, and while sitting, standing, riding or during any kind of exercise, it gently massages the entire surface of abdomen, waist, hips and thighs. Every movement you make, even your natural breathing, is met by this live rubber girdle, which persistently and surely massages away the fat—without any extra exertion on the part of the wearer. The result in many cases is absolutely amazing. Women often lose from 1 to 3 inches from waist and hips the very first week.

One of the most striking features of the Madame X Girdle is that it slenderizes your figure evenly. Excess flesh cannot slip in one place and bulge in another as in ordinary girdles which, because of their lighter weight, cannot hold the body in. Also, while it gives you the same slender appearance as a regular corset, it has none of the corset’s discomforts or disadvantages. The specially constructed cut-away front insures absolute freedom of movement and perfect comfort in any position of the body, and the back-lacing makes the belt easy to adjust to the contours of the figure as you become more slender.

Not only does the Madame X Reducing Girdle give you an erect and graceful carriage, but you quickly acquire Fashion’s straight, boyish lines which enable you to wear the season’s smartest styles. This summer when the lakes and pools and beaches call, you will not have to worry about your figure, or about how you are going to look in a bathing suit.

Nothing Else Like It

The Madame X Reducing Girdle was designed by reducing experts of many years experience and is made of special rubber which not only slenderizes the figure the moment it is put on, but removes superfluous flesh in a pleasant, healthful, natural way.

Every genuine Madame X Reducing Girdle has the name on the box, and stamped on the girdle itself. Avoid disappointment by refusing imitations which may look the same when new, but lack resilience and so quickly lose their shape and usefulness. The Madame X will outwear any ordinary corset.

Send for Free Booklet

You can’t appreciate how wonderful the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance. Simply mail the coupon and we’ll tell you all about it, pleasant way to become fashionably slender. You’ll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced priced special trial offer.

The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc.
Depart G-186, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Special Open Front Insures Perfect Comfort While You Sit, Work or Play. And the Back Lacing Makes the Girdle Easy to Adjust as You Become More Slender.

The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc.
Depart G-186, 404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me without obligation free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and details of your special reduced price offer.

Name
Address
City State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
He Said He'd Never Marry!

THAT he was engaged. She had read the secrets of Fascination Womanhood, a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other vow would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can enjoy the warmth and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just your name and address on the margin of this page with 4c for packing and mailing will bring you your free booklet (big mail order) outlining these amazing revolutions. Send your desire today. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 447, 417 So. 13th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANT WORK AT HOME? Earn $10 to $60 a week. REACHING STORIES. Men or Women. No experience necessary. Write for information. Complete automatic employment and furnish WORKING OUTLET. First-class work. Write today. ALL WORK PAYABLE. 2821 Fifth Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It for $10,000"

So write an enthusiastic, grateful customer. Worth more than a farm," says another. To know means health to over 50,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC ALIMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. He
velous erect, graceful figure. Brings rest-
ful repose, comfort, ability to do things,
hed and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free

At Our Expense

Does away with the strain and fatigue of the head, neck, and shoulders, lessens and supports the head, improves the digestion, removes stress and strain, strengthens muscles, relieves backache, flatulence, heartburn, constipation, and other effects of fatigue. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated book, leaf, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal propositions.

HOWARD C. RASH

303 Rush Bldg., SALINA, KANSAS
A nation-wide quest for new authors

Enormous Cash Awards Offered by Magazine Publishers and Motion Picture Producers.

MAGAZINE publishers and motion picture producers are today involved in one of the most unique and romantic quests in literary history. They are looking for new authors who can satisfy the good taste of the average reader. In fact, it will be a struggle for new authors to get published. The contest is being conducted in the country's leading publishers and motion picture companies, with the assistance of the Motion Picture Producers Council.

The contest is called the Motion Picture-Lucy in conjunction with Photoplay Review and the publishing house of Dail, Mod & Co., and the prize is $10,000. The contest is open to any individual not previously published in any book or other publication. Famous Player-Lucy will produce a screen version of it, and Dail, Mod & Co. will publish the book in hard cover and offer to the author royalties.

The contest is open to any individual not previously published in any book or other publication. The prize amounting to $1,000 in the aggregate. Two other cash prizes will be awarded to individuals who submit original stories for consideration. The prize will be $1,000 for the best story written in English, and $1,000 for the best story written in French.

The Day of the Unknown

Producers and publishers alike attest to their belief that there are scores of men and women, unknown, who are able to produce satisfactory stories for the millions reached by the screen and the magazine—if they can only be induced to write. This is the challenge to new authors that Palmer Institute of Authorship has set forth.

Eligibility for the contest is limited to writers who are not previously published in any book or other publication. The prize amounting to $1,000 in the aggregate. Two other cash prizes will be awarded to individuals who submit original stories for consideration. The prize will be $1,000 for the best story written in English, and $1,000 for the best story written in French.

The Advisory Council

Aiding in the work of discovering and training new writers are the following distinguished members of the Institute's Advisory Council:

Current Palmer Productions

Photodramas by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation, now being exhibited in eleven leading cities. In addition, production of stories in the United States and Canada, including the following productions by Palmer Photoplant Corporation, with which Palmer Institute co-operated:

Unseen or the Storm
By Ethel Sibley Middleton

For the Forgetful Wife
By Harold C. Strand

Ask your favorite theatre to show these pictures. (Distributed by Film Booking Offers of America)

Annoncing the Palmer Scholarship Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of recognizing, representing, and compensating men and women whose ideas and writings are used by others in the production of plays, motion pictures, and general publications. The scholarship will be awarded annually on a basis of need, character, and other factors determined by the judges. The amount and terms of the scholarship will vary. The scholarship will be awarded to new authors who can satisfy the good taste of the average reader.

Free—"The New Road to Authorship"

For those who believe in themselves, a book has been prepared entitled "The New Road to Authorship." It contains information that every writer should know. Do you know that there has been an American revolution in letters in the last decade? Do you know the modern writing techniques? Do you know why producers and publishers are able to select varying novelty into story material today? "The New Road to Authorship" will tell you. It is available for the library of any writer, known or unknown. Success stories of many authors who owe their recognition to Palmer training are contained in it. This book, together with a bulletin containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers, will be sent upon request and upon mailing of the coupon below.
Brickbats & Bouquets
LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of Photoplay are invited to write this department—\to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from using personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

The Supreme Compliment
Newark, N. J.
I have created around Irene Rich the IDEALS I hope to find in the woman, somewhere in this world, that I want to marry. Tell me there is a living soul in this world that doesn't admire her, that doesn't like her!
WILLIAM OUTCAULT.

A Glorious Apache
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gloria Swanson as an Apache—sounds funny—but nevertheless it's true! In her latest picture, "The Hangman's Trail," Miss Swanson does very good work in her role. We would like to see her in more pictures of this type.
SARAH JOSACK.

The Newest Mary
Woonsocket, R. I.
Let me speak a word of praise in favor of Mary Philbin's performance in Von Stroheim's "Merry-Go-Round." This youthful, uniquely beautiful little actress stands head and shoulders over the majority of the old and new leading ladies and stars of the screen. Her art is real, human. Her ironic laughter in the hospital scene will linger long in this spectator's memory.
JAMES SHEEHAN.

The De Roche Profile
Fort Collins, Colo.
In answer to two letters which have appeared in Photoplay lately, I should say Charles De Roche cannot take Rudolph Valentino's place. He is not a singer, and his profile bespeaks too much character and his personality is too wonderful!
E. M. S.

The Birth of a Nation
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
Robin Hood
Merry-Go-Round
The White Rose
Where the Pavement Ends
A Woman Of Paris
Only 8
Orphans of the Storm
JOAN ALLEN.

A Suggestion for Pola
Hopkinsville, Ky.
I think Pola Negri would be wonderful in Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" and also in George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss." Each novel portrays the mental struggles of one of the most interesting characters in literature; one resists temptation, the other yields. Pola Negri could show the light with temptation in these instances as no other could I think of. To me she is lovely, mentally, morally, and physically, and I want to see justice in criticism and appreciation of her talent.
V. L.

The De Roche Profile
Fort Collins, Colo.
In answer to two letters which have appeared in Photoplay lately, I should say Charles De Roche cannot take Rudolph Valentino's place. He is not a singer, and his profile bespeaks too much character and his personality is too wonderful!
E. M. S.

A Suggestion for Pola
Hopkinsville, Ky.
I think Pola Negri would be wonderful in Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" and also in George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss." Each novel portrays the mental struggles of one of the most interesting characters in literature; one resists temptation, the other yields. Pola Negri could show the light with temptation in these instances as no other could I think of. To me she is lovely, mentally, morally, and physically, and I want to see justice in criticism and appreciation of her talent.
V. L.

Nice, but No Apollo
Montreal, Canada.
I am not really a fan of Pola Negri's. I have seen 13 of the movies very often, but when I do so, guided by Photoplay's criticisms, I have usually succeeded in seeing pretty good pictures.
Charles Gerard has never been cast as a hero, at least not in I have ever known; in his own pictures, I have liked him. He is not really a lead, but he is one. I am not here to discuss possibilities, but devoted to his picture, I deliver the goods, very pleasantly indeed, and with a loud applause. I have always admired his name; it would be quite unknown to everyone, I believe it—Charlie Gerard.
ELIZABETH L. DUN.

Can't Cut This Letter
Des Moines, N. Y.
The movies have not been of any great deal to me and perhaps the idea I have worked out may help some other lonely person to be a little less lonely, as it is my pleasure. My situation is such that I have very few companions of my own age; so I have selected one from among the screen players, as follows: Ida Lu. Leisz, Wi. on July 9, 1919. Picture: "The Limited." Name: Leatrice Joy. George Hackathorne, Garrett Hughes, Glennis Hunte, Jimmy Morris, Hamilton Ford and Bobby Hurdon. Perhaps they are not many as such, but that the beauty of these friends is—it that nothing at all can harden them. Why do you suppose I haven't got a little of the slyest star? I don't know just why. The characters are those are the names of my club. Others of my very good friends are Henry Wilshaf, Mr. and Mrs. McKethan, Frank Gerard, Nagel, the Barthes, the Leathes, and, of course, the Valentinos. These are the people! I don't know what, but I like them very much. These "pretend" friends, who have grown very real to me through their work on the screen and the magazine interviews, have given me many merry parties and good times of all descriptions—dances and picnics, theater and auto rides through beautiful country, and just plain pleasant tête-à-tête. So pleasant have they all been that sometimes I practically lose sight of realities. Of course, often, I do wish it could come true, but in general, I am glad to be able to enjoy such goodness at times.

The Supremacy of Affection

Hats Off!
Apple Creek, Ohio.
Once more a great picture has reached the screen! Hats off, please, to Rex Beach, Allan Dwan, The Paramount Picture Corporation, Tom Moore, Mickey Bennett, Edith Roberts and everyone in the cast who helped to make this picture which I consider the best I have ever seen.
"Big Brother" will live because it is so intensely human.
J. ANDREW REIT.

Our Brief Reviews
Memphis, Tenn.
As chairman of the children's Saturday morning matinees, held at our Palace theater, I have been a most faithful reader of your column entitled "The Best Reviews of Current Pictures" and have found the information contained therein most valuable. I either have all pictures used for this work searched, or use pictures that have been seen and known to be suitable for children, and your page has helped me so much in suggesting pictures that otherwise would have escaped my notice. If they are scheduled to appear in any of our theaters I make it a point to see them or have our local exchange screen them for me.

ALICE O. STERN.
No Money Down!

No C. O. D.—Nothing to Pay

Hartman Gives You a 27x32 Inch Hearth Rug FREE

Send no money—only the coupon—and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this wonderful 27x32 foot, full room size, Medallion Pattern, Seamless Velvet Rug—and with it, absolutely FREE, a splendid 27x32-inch Velvet Hearth Rug of similar design. Nothing to pay for rugs on arrival—nothing to pay at any time for the smaller one. Use both rugs on 30 days' free trial. Then, if not satisfied, send them back and Hartman will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for the large rug (a little every month). Take nearly a year to pay. Keep the small rug as a gift from Hartman.

FREE

With the 9x12 foot rug comes this little beauty, a 27x32-inch size rug of the same weave and coloring, same wonderful quality as the large one, only different in design. If you keep the large one, you pay nothing for this 27x32-inch rug. It is a GIFT from Hartman.

No Money Down

FREE

Nearly a Year to Pay

Use both rugs on 30 days' free trial. Keep them only if you find them the most satisfactory rugs you have ever had, and the most amazing rug bargain you have ever been offered. You will never feel the cost for you pay on Hartman's easy credit terms—and only for the large rug—nothing for the small one.


HARTMAN

Furniture & Carpet Co.

Dept. 6565

Chicago, Ill.

The Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

This No-Money-Down Offer Is Special to Readers of Photoplay Magazine—This Issue Only

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures (continued from page 14)

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount. —The pet and the faithless wife. (February)

STOLEN SECRETS—Universal. —Another crack whodunit with a pretty girl solving the mystery and restoring her name to her lover. (March)

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

SUPREME TEST, THE—RKO. —The country boy, the city girl, the big city, the big test. (March)

TAILORE—Fox. —An Al St. John comedy with silent effects, it is all, but also with some of the clever technical effects by Eddie Ressy (Feb.)

TELEPHONE, THE—RKO. —A picture with a small screen version of the story Winona Winship, with Albritt McLean, a clever blonde, and the telephone operator, Annette. (Feb.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox. —A mixture of two or three, drawing cards, and the girl was lured away by her aunt. (Jan.)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount. —One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful story, one of the most fascinating on record. (Feb.)

THREE COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount. —A picture of the ancient Hebrews as they have been. The color effects were marvelously fine. (Jan.)

THREE OF BADGARD, THE—United Artists. —Done by Photoplay. A picture of three of the most famous of the old-time cowboys. (Feb.)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C. Buric. —A moving story, with Constance Bennett as a girl who does not think much. Not so much. (Feb.)

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

THRILL CHASER, THE—Universal. —Hoot Walston, a clever blonde, took a trip to Arabia, becoming a sheik. (Feb.)

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

THUNDER GATE—First National. —A conventional story with scenes in China. Owen Moore good. (Feb.)

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal. —A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (Dec.)

THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro. —A tragedy, told simply and effectively, with some beautiful acts and photography. Barbara La Marr excellent. (Apr.)

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

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox. —Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Convention and good for the family. (Dec.)

TIPPED OFF—Phyfe. —Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks and missing necklace. (Dec.)

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

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

TWENTY-ONE—First National. —The 1924 mod. el of the 1921 Twenty-One, and an interesting, but not great, picture. (Feb.)

TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED—Pathe. —One of Will Rogers' boldest and a clever one. George McManus in a role. (Feb.)

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathe. —Will Rogers imparts a lot of other stuffs and isn't very funny. (Feb.)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan. —A costume picture of the Louis XIV period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but a bit draggy. (Feb.)

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

UNSEEN EYES—Comedyville. —An adapted novel, cleverly done. (Jan.)

USE THE ROAD—Path. —A picture of a story by the late William R. Parks is like his, not very good. (Feb.)

VAGABOND TRAIL, THE—L. A. —The best of the box-office failures of the past. (Feb.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Paramount. —One of Mr. Victor Fleming's finest and most successful (Feb.)

WATERFRONT WOMEN—RKO. —A well directed, well done picture, with Noranga Ely and Selena Royle. (Feb.)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE—Grand Central. —A picture that will find its set upon the road in the theater. (Mar.)

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Paramount. —A story of the pioneer days of the Pacific Coast, with a first rate cast. (Feb.)

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—First National. —A Handel film. The story is well told, but it has a lot of scenes. (Feb.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HAMPSHIRE—Cox. —The story of an old plantation and its old fashioned way of life. (Feb.)

WHEN ODDS ARE AGAINST—Fox. —Walter Myron Roderick, a man of the people. (Feb.)

WHIPPING BOS, THE—Monograph. —On the passenger cars. Tells brutal truths but is unpleasant. (Feb.)

WHISPERED NAME, THE—United. —Interesting and original, with Ruth Gilfillan doing excellently. (Feb.)

WHITE WIFE, THE—First National. —The second Palmer Photoplay story and well up to the standards of previous ones. (Feb.)

WHY ELPHANTS LEAVE HOME—Pathe. —Interspersed with shots of elephants. (Feb.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE—Metro. —Clara Kimball Young in a sensitive role in an impromptu story. Not for the family. (Dec.)

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

WILD ORANGES—Goldwyn. —An interesting and gripping picture, based on Herzog-Schade's weird story of fear. (Feb.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal. —Chad Lo Classen as a young newspaper woman who gets tangled in fable suits, jail sentences and so on. (Jan.)

WINGS OF THE TIDE—Fidelity. —A racing melodrama, brought from Europe, and as good as the usual home product. (Feb.)

WOLF MAN, THE—Fox. —John Gilbert at his best in a Jekyll and Hyde sort of role. A bit gruesome at times, but with redeeming moments at the end. (Mar.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists. —Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever released. Another proof of the genius of Carl Laemmle, who distributed and produced it. Not for children. (Dec.)

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

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selicky. —Betty Compson, always a favorite, in a picture that grows up will like. (Feb.)

WOMEN WHO GIVE—Metro. —A story of the sea and the fishing fleet. Conventional, but interesting, with a good application of the sea life. (Feb.)

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

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Apollo. —Conventional triangle story, with國, McGraw, and Barbara Darrow. (Feb.)

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan. —A gorgeous spectacle, beautifully staged, but with a weak story. Worth regular prices, but not much. (May)

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

ZAZA—Paramount. —A very interesting picture while given to Clair Bevan a chance to prove that she is one of the leading screen actresses. (Dec.)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOFILM MAGAZINE.
"With a rough washcloth, work up a
heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap
and rub it into the pores thoroughly,
always with an upward and outward
motion."—The rest of this treatment is
given in the second column below.

Blackheads can be overcome
by the right cleansing method

Two boys, just out of college, were
riding down Fifth Avenue on a bus.
They were watching the stream
of women—women of every age,
every type of costume and appearance,
who fill that brilliant thoroughfare
at four o'clock in the afternoon—
the fashionable hour.

"They look all right from up
here," remarked one of the boys,
"but get down on the sidewalk, and
just about one woman in ten really
has a good complexion. With the
rest it's a matter of make-up."

These were real boys—and a real
conversation.

There is no way of success-
fully disguising a poor com-
plexion.

But by using the right hygienic
methods, you can overcome its
faults!

Each day your skin is changing;
old skin dies and new takes its
place. If you give this new skin
the right treatment, you can gain
a complexion so fresh, clear,
radiant, that there will be nothing
you need to conceal.

To free your skin from blackheads
Blackheads are a confession that
you are not using the right clean-
sing method for your skin. Use
this treatment, and see how quick-
ly blackheads will disappear—

every night before retiring
apply hot cloths to your face
until the skin is reddened. Then
with a rough washcloth work up
a heavy lather of Woodbury's
Facial Soap and rub it into the
pores thoroughly, always with
an upward and outward motion.
Rinse with clear hot water, then
with cold. If possible, rub your
face for thirty seconds with a
piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already
formed, substitute a flesh brush
for the washcloth in this treat-
ment. Then protect the fingers
with a handkerchief and press out
the blackheads.

This is only one of the famous
skin treatments given in the book-
let, "A Skin You Love to Touch,"
which is wrapped around every
cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and
find, in this booklet, the right treat-
ment for your skin. See what a dif-
erence even a week or ten days of
this special care will make.

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

Three famous Woodbury skin prepara-
tions—guest size—for 10 cents

The Andrew Jergens Co.

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature
set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet. "A Skin You
Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens
Co., Limited 306 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, Canada.

Name..................................................
Street...........................................
City............................................. State...

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today.
THELMA CONVERSE, the screen's most recent recruit from the ranks of society, was born a Morgan and is the twin sister of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Bored with Park Avenue and the Rue de la Paix, she made her motion picture debut with Gloria in "A Society Scandal"
MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE leaped into fame as leading-lady-in-chief to Doug Fairbanks. But after "The Three Musketeers" she became a featured player in her own right. She is now appearing opposite John Bowers in a series of "Mission" productions.
GERALDINE FARRAR sponsored Marjorie Daw, not so many years ago. Since that day Marjorie has done consistently good work. Recently she was married to Eddie Sutherland. She is now working on "The Passionate Adventurer" in England, for Selznick.
A NEWCOMER, despite the fact that she is known as one of the most photographed girls in the world, is Jean Tolly. She has been the model for much national advertising. As a result—a few "bits" and then a real part in Ralph Ince's "The Uninvited Guest"
BERYL WILLIAMS has, with her slim youthfulness and lyric beauty of line, made a good many of Coles Phillips pictures famous! She entered the movies through the extra door, doing small parts for Alan Dwan. Then a real chance—in "Meddling Women" with Lionel Barrymore!
MAY McAVOY was mis-cast for so long that the public suffered for her—and with her. And then she blossomed forth as one of the magic inmates of "The Enchanted Cottage"! She plays with Dick Barthelmess as a shy, ugly, little woman, transformed by love.
VERA REYNOLDS came into her own in William de Mille's "Icebound." As a selfish, wistfully vain child-woman—half frightened and half passionate—she gives a fine characterization. Her next venture will be "The Inside Story," another de Mille etching.
Sometimes brides must compromise in the difficult matter of choosing bridesmaids. But Elsie's choice of our charming Sally was a vote for both friendship and beauty. And now what has Sally done but catch the bouquet!

"Good health and pure soap" — the simple formula for a beautiful skin

The beauty and fine smoothness that come to your skin from the use of Ivory Soap are the result of cleanliness.

Ivory thus contributes to beauty all that any soap can contribute. Ivory needs no assistance from medicaments, artificial coloring matter or strong perfumes. Its purity, whiteness, dainty fragrance and gentleness provide every quality and property that a fine soap should have, regardless of the price at which it may be sold.

With Ivory, plus good health, the care of the skin becomes a simple matter. Bathe your face once or twice daily in warm water and Ivory lather; follow your warm rinsing with a dash of cool or cold water, and you have done for your complexion all that any soap can do to promote its beauty.

This fact becomes clear the moment you realize that the function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or to transform. The highest authorities agree on this point, and the proof of its soundness is recorded on the faces of millions of women who use Ivory exclusively for their complexions. * * *

To satisfy the request of many women for a cake of Ivory to fit the soap holder on their washstands, we have recently provided Guest Ivory, a dainty, graceful cake with all of Ivory's traditional mildness and purity. We offer you Guest Ivory under the guarantee that if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap!

"Elsie, dear, you were a perfect dream! I wept all through the ceremony."
"Why, Sally?"
"Oh, just because you were so beautiful! I hope I'll—oh, piffle!Look here, there isn't a bit of soap in your bag."
"Yes, there is—down in the corner—a cake of Guest Ivory."
"Aha! So you use it, too!"

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS 99 4/100% PURE

© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati
Having you heard of the great new super-spectacle now being released in serial form under the title "Holier Than Thou"?

It is being produced by the U. S. Senate, once known as "the most august legislative body in the world." They've quit legislating and have gone into the show business with a vengeance.

The first episode opened with a reproduction of the citizens' tribunal of the French Revolution, with dignified members of our government playing the parts of Citizens Robespierre, Danton and Murat. The carts rumbled through the streets of Washington, and the guillotine platform was slippery with political gore.

A great costume picture, a gorgeous piece of showmanship, but we doubt that the picture is going to be a ballot-box attraction. It's an all-star cast, but the continuity is ragged, and the theme uncertain. What it needs is a first class movie director who can put some comedy relief into it before it is taken out and roadshowed this fall.

Mark you, I am not a communist, nor an iconoclast, nor am I lacking in respect for and faith in our form of government and some of the splendid patriotic minds of our executive and legislative departments and assemblies.

But I am convinced, after closely observing the Senate in action, that I could make some suggestions that will be found helpful. We should have a super-investigating committee to investigate the investigating committees, and find out what they're all about, and I would nominate Houdini as chairman. If he cannot untangle them, no one can.

One day, while the immigration bill was being presented, I detected only three members on the democratic side, each eagerly awaiting an opportunity to raise his voice in behalf of his favorite foreigners (see Congressional Record), and five gentlemen on the republican side, bent over their little mahogany desks, writing the folks back home that the spring crops of garden seeds were on the way.

Over in the committee rooms the investigators were all hard at work on scenes showing the decapitation of cabinet officers and building up sets for the Indian Summer campaign.

As far as I could see, they ought to call it a draw, and make it unanimous for Calvin Coolidge. He has all the elements of a good box office attraction, including the sure-fire mystery angle. He's got us all guessing and we're going to vote for him just to see what he will do.

I've got another suggestion that would insure a full attendance at every session and get the boys down to work. I'd appoint Corinne Griffith or Pola Negri, presidents pro tem, of the Senate, and select a dozen of our beautiful movie stars as clerks, sergeants at arms, page boys and doorkeepers. They need a little sex interest in the Senate as well as in the picture houses.

Just a few committee suggestions. Why not put Cecil De Mille in as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations? He spends money freely but gets results. Nita Naldi would be an ideal head of Ways and Means. She's clever, that girl. Bill Hart would make a real chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Or maybe Tully Marshall. He succeeded in managing two squaws in "The Covered Wagon."

Can you imagine what Mack Sennett would do to get the public interested in Rivers and Harbors? If they're really going to do something on uniform divorce laws, don't overlook Barbara La Marr. She knows. And how about Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd as head of the Foreign Relations Committee? There hasn't been a laugh out of that hardworking outfit in ten years.
Great Lovers

As seen by those they've made love to

The hundreds of letters that pour in daily to Photoplay leave us in little doubt as to how the public feels toward Dix, Valentino, Novarro and other romantic heroes of the day, but do the recipients of their screen attentions feel a similar enthusiasm?

If a man is never a hero to his valet, can he hope to be to his leading lady?

A canvass of fourteen representative actresses, asking each to name the greatest lover with whom she has appeared, has brought forth opinions as frank as those of fans.

We know that screen romance is often real, for it has often led to the wedding of the hero and heroine after the picture’s fadeout. And it would seem that the best results have been obtained for the screen when a momentary illusion of reality has been created.

Corinne Griffith considers the question of leading men so important that she has the right in her contract to pass on them as she does on her directors and stories. Alice Terry agrees with Miss Griffith and admits,—while allowing as how no lady should,—that there may be a real kick in love scenes. Gloria Swanson naively confesses that she once complained to the company because they were giving her such old men; she says she wanted them young enough so she could at least pretend love. And Nita Naldi boldly declares that she held herself ready to cancel a trip to Europe in order to play with Valentino again.

In preparing a symposium of the great lovers of the screen as viewed by those they’ve made love to, no attempt was made to determine the greatest. Such an attempt would have failed lamentably, for no two actresses named the same man.

Ramon Novarro

By Alice Terry

Any actress who wishes to be thought refined should never admit that she gets a kick out of love scenes. But I do. That

Norma Talmadge: “Any woman should be honored and delighted with the sort of love Eugene O’Br intern offers me on the screen.”

Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque in a “Society Scandal”

Norman Talmadge: “Ramon is Romeo,” says Alice Terry. “The most fascinatingly dangerous type of love—an idealist of great physical charm”

Blanche Sweet believes that Conrad Nagel typifies the majority of America’s heroes today

Lea Cody's love-making becomes a real and exhilarating romance, according to Barbara La Marr
of the Screen

The Great Screen Lovers

| Ramon Novarro | Richard Dix |
| John Barrymore | Rudolph Valentino |
| Rod La Rocque | Thomas Meighan |
| Lew Cody | Lewis Stone |
| Monte Blue | Frank Mayo |
| Conway Tearle | Jack Mulhall |
| Robert W. Frazer | Eugene O'Brien |

Conrad Nagel

The Jury that Chose Them

| Gloria Swanson | Norma Talmadge |
| Pola Negri | Alice Terry |
| Betty Compson | Barbara La Marr |
| Nita Naldi | Constance Talmadge |
| Corinne Griffith | Blanche Sweet |
| Viola Dana | Jacqueline Logan |
| Mary Astor | Alma Rubens |

is, sometimes. Ramon Novarro has never failed to interest me. In each new part he essays, he becomes a different individual. From Rupert in “Zenda” with his flip impertinence, he became0x0020the lyric young pagan of “Where the Pavement Ends,” from that to the fiery, scintillant Scaramouche, and then the handsome and rascally lovable dragoman of “The Arab.”

After I have played with an actor a few times I usually can tell just about the expressions and gestures he will use in a given situation. But Ramon, never! He acts by thought rather than by gesture. I’m always curious as to what he’s going to do next, so I watch his eyes to know what he’s thinking. Now that’s fatal! It seems to me that Novarro is the most fascinatingly dangerous type of lover—an idealist of great physical charm. He is Romeo—young, poetic and ardently sincere. You feel he has a high and exacting ideal of
be something real, something honest and fine, that rings with sincerity and truth. Because I feel that way, because I have always felt that way, I think Eugene O’Brien is one of the greatest screen lovers. To a woman, unless she is looking for mere amusement, which the women in my pictures seldom are, the main test of love is its reality, its depths. Eugene O’Brien conveys above everything else a depth of real emotion. A love scene with him is instantly raised in my thought from the commonplace, the trivial or the merely physical. It becomes something fine and worth while.

I always feel that any woman would be honored and delighted with the sort of love Eugene O’Brien offers me on the screen, and I find I can respond to it, as the woman I am playing would do.

Lew Cody
By Barbara La Marr

I have played opposite many of the screen’s greatest lovers during the past year and a half. And to me the greatest of them all is Lew Cody. Why? He has that tender quality in screen love-making which gives a convincing touch to scenes depicting the “great emotion.” He falls in perfectly with your mood, catches the exact tempo of the desired situation and carries you along with a smoothness and ease that makes both players [continued on page 99]

women, that he is not to be brought down by any flashy flirtation; and so he challenges a woman’s interest—and vanity.

Rod La Rocque
By Gloria Swanson

Great screen lovers? I didn’t know there were any. Yet I suppose there is a difference, for I once went to the company and complained because they were giving me such old leading men. I said I would like some one I could at least pretend I was in love with. Since then I have had a number of young men who exert a romantic appeal. I recall one of the most illustrious of these; he was always stepping on my gown. In the most romantic moments I would have to turn and say, “Pardon me, would you mind taking your feet off my train?” My motto for great lovers after that was, “Watch your step!” The greatest screen lover, so far as I am concerned, is the one who embarrasses me least. It is very embarrassing to play love scenes with a man you have just met.

I think I enjoyed the love scenes with Rod La Rocque in “A Society Scandal” more than any I have played, because I have known Rod for years. It is always a great satisfaction to have a fine actor playing opposite you. Rod La Rocque is one of the finest. I do not think anyone has done greater work on the screen than he did in “The Ten Commandments.” There’s a boyish, direct and sincere quality in Rod that appeals to women, and, being very sensitive, he gives a great deal to anyone playing with him.

Eugene O’Brien
By Norma Talmadge

The test of a great lover, on or off the screen, is the measure of his sincerity. Beneath all the furbelows and fancy, the pretty speeches and the thoughtful actions, must
Freak Fashions of the Films

When you seek the final word in dress, look for it on the screen.

A new style for flower girls right. A belt of flower-laden boxes worn by Alma Bennett

Ethel Chaffin (left) who designs styles for the stars in Paramount pictures.

Below-A weird collar of uncured ostrich feathers is worn by Grace Elliott beneath a hat that resembles an aviator's helmet.

To make a short girl appear taller, Miss Chaffin designed this spiral gown for Gertrude Honacke.

Below-This half-and-half wrap, made of black velvet and ermine, is worn by Viola Daniel in Cecil De Mille's "Triumph."
Long hair is an empty vanity with some women and suppressed desires with others. With the former it is inseparably connected with allure—the old, trick phrase about "woman's crowning glory" did that—and with the latter it is the last stand against being herself—something they think no lady should be. I'd trust a short-haired woman farther than a long-haired one—believe me!

IRENE CASTLE

The constant cutting of hair weakens the whole scalp structure. I sometimes fear that this bobbing will be responsible for actual baldness among our women.

C. NESTLE
Inventor of the Nestle Lanoli wave

The Battle of

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has made a national investigation of the problem to help you make up your mind

As the Lady of Long Hair majestically entered the hotel lobby, a member of the Bobbed Hair Sisterhood jauntily jeered: "Here comes the horse and buggy!"

"Bandit!" retorted the Lady of Long Hair, with all the venom of outraged womanhood.

To bob or not to bob!
That is the question that is causing more argument, more acrimonious discussion in this country today than any other, with the possible exception of prohibition.
It interests all classes and both sexes. No walk of life is exempt from arguments about it, because women in every walk are debating with themselves and with their friends the questions of whether it will be becoming, whether the fashion will last, what style bob they shall have, and a hundred other problems that arise when the subject is broached.
And the men are in it, too. Husbands are interested in the mental reactions of their wives on the matter. Asked or unasked, they are giving their opinions. Husbands, as a rule, being conventional, seem to be rather opposed to the new idea, especially so far as their own families are concerned. Not that it will do them any good to object if the wives make up their minds, but they can talk anyway.
The emancipated—those who have had their hair bobbed—have coined a term for those who have not. The name is "horse and buggy," and this has taken its place beside that other term of opprobrium and scorn—"Old Fronoyer,"—applied to those of the younger generation who still wear corsets.
The bob is in the news every day. "It is an incentive to crime," say the Ladies of Long Hair. "Look at the newspapers!"
Perhaps the bob is to blame. Perhaps it is a result of the war, and perhaps it
Bobbed Hair

Read what they all say, pro and con. Weigh it carefully and then let your conscience be your guide.

is the motion pictures, but it is a fact that, all over the country, such headlines as these are common:

"Bobbed hair leads to suit for divorce."
"Bobbing of hair costs twelve nurses jobs."
"Twenty-three court clerks must bob their hair."
"Bob-hair bandit collects $150 for spring suit."
"Shocked husband shoots himself when wife bobs hair."
"Bobbed-hair bandit shoots cashier who objects to being robbed."

And a Puritanical editorial writer gasps: "What if they had bobbed Lady Godiva?"

In an effort to determine the prospects of an early armistice and to get, if possible, a consensus of opinion on the question of long or short hair, PHOTOPLAY has made a nationwide canvass of both camps, seeking opinions from educators, physicians, hairdressers, men and women stars of the screen, stage stars, directors, shop girls and passers-by. It is perhaps significant that the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, refused to take issue. Her hair is not bobbed.

And with the canvass made, the result is still in doubt. A careful recount seems necessary. The Dean of one woman's college says bobbed hair is "barbaric." The Dean of another believes it is a long step in the right direction. A famous hairdresser says in a few years women will be bald. Another, equally famous, says "Bunk!" The stage is divided, the screen is hopelessly split, society cannot agree, the shopgirls wrangle bitterly.

No well-founded estimate of the number of bobs now in this country is possible. A famous hairdressing place in New York bobs three thousand heads a week. Another says six thousand a day are being bobbed. And that is only one city.

Bobbed hair — and particularly this new method of shingling it — is another defi that the girls of today are hurling into the teeth of their elders. They've been telling us for five years that it is their self-expression that counts, and they've sneered at the delicate, feminine instincts that distinguished their grandmothers. And to back up their arguments about being intellectual equals of men, they shave their necks. It's barbaric.

DEAN MARION TALBOT
Women's Department, University of Chicago

Long hair can carry germs and, undoubtedly, it often does. It naturally collects more dust and dirt than the shorter hair, which can be more easily covered and washed.

DR. F. J. MONAGHAN
Health Commissioner of New York
If You Must Do It Show This to Your Barber

Shingle, or Ina Claire Bob

Boyish Bob

Marcel, or Water Waved Shingle

Horizontal Tapered Bob

French Side Part Bob

Horizontal Clubbed Bob

Flapper Bob

Permanently Waved Bob

Girlish Bob

French Center Part Bob

Dutch Cut

Center Part Bob

Courtesy of the American Hairdresser, official organ of the National Hairdressers' Association. Copyright, 1924
There are five million, perhaps ten million bobbed heads now, in the United States, but there is no doubt that the number is growing rapidly. And so, having acquired a mass of expert opinion, about all Photoplay can do is to offer the high spots of testimony and let its readers judge for themselves.

What Screen and Stage Stars Say

GLORIA SWANSON—I might as well confess my secret: I'm a cliptomaniac. Cutting hair amounts to an obsession with me. I'm always trimming my own; I love to cut my baby's; and I cut Alice Brady's beautifully. I find short hair very convenient for every style of coiffure. I do not always wear it as a bob. With switches of my own hair, I can achieve very easily any effect I want.

ELSIE FERGUSON—These awful straight lines are largely responsible for the bob. They give a boyish effect and, to complete the picture, the hair must be bobbed. Bobbed hair is not becoming to every woman. The head must be a certain shape to wear the bob effectively. I am for the

Bobbed hair makes a woman much more comely than a pile of hair. It lends her youth and does not necessarily detract from her dignity. In England, women with bobbed hair are in the majority. In time, ten or twenty years from now, there may be no woman without bobbed hair.

LADY DIANA MANNERS
Famous English Actress

Women seem determined to make themselves as unattractive as possible. It is woman's prerogative to be chic, dainty, delicate. Bobbed hair and flat shoes are woman's curse. A woman who respects her womanhood as well as her appearance will never distort her visage by these unsightly clipped locks.

MME. SIMONE
Noted French Stage Star

Before and After!

It took this girl weeks to decide to bob her hair. Finally she went to Saveth, the only hairdresser who bobs with a razor instead of shears. Do you think the result justifies the decision?
a nuisance and a bore, and it isn’t worth the trouble. Long hair is either a sign of vanity or the result of an old-fashioned mind.

**Franzine Larrimore—** Bobbed hair is for young people exclusively. Elderly women with skinny, scrawny necks make bad matters worse by clipping their tresses. Bobbed hair needs a youthful face and youthful contours. Like everything else, however, discretion is the greater part of hairdressing. It is like make-up—it may suit you and it may not—but in its use you have to use your brains.

**Mary Astor—** Bobbed hair, never! I see no reason for it. Beautiful long hair is one of woman’s greatest charms. When men begin to wear their hair long, I may consider bobbing mine. It seems to me there is too great a tendency on the part of women to copy masculine style—that is, sweaters, cigarettes, bobbed hair. Where shall we stop?

**Nita Naldi—** If you’re a Juno, why try to be a keepee? I was one of the first to bob my hair—way back in 1916, but I did it because of illness. Now I bob it just above the waist. Some of the girls are very chic with short bobs, but such is not for my type. Be distinctive! If you haven’t individuality you haven’t anything. A fashion is justifiable only if it conforms to beauty, and bobbed hair can disfigure just as easily as it can enhance one’s appearance.

**Alice Terry—** My hair is thicker and healthier since I have bobbed it.

**Anna May Wong—** A Chinese woman’s hair is her chief ornament in life. Chinese women never wear hats, but they put all their ideas of decoration in their hair. As a race, we use hair for head covering instead of hats, so we could not possibly approve of bobbed hair. We think bobbed hair is very dangerous to the femininity and beauty of womankind.

**Betty Blythe—** Naturally a woman hates to part with her hair, but I have felt five years younger since I bobbed mine. In Paris I shopped for hats, but found none for sale for women with long hair. So, to be in the swim of the present vogue is one reason I bobbed my hair. It makes one feel youthful, for the childish, close line of the head is youth itself.

**Marion Davies—** No matter what may be said against bobbed hair and the bobbed-girl, it is a style that has come to stay and no amount of silly prejudice is going to drive the girl who has once enjoyed the freedom and comfort of short locks, back to the unsanitary and uncomfortable mode of long hair.

**Anna O. Nilsson—** I bobbed my hair for my "art." Now don’t laugh. I had to. I admit [continued on page 97]

---

**Bobbed Hair Has Come to Stay**

**Adela Rogers St. Johns**

Bobbed hair has come to stay forever and ever. Any and every attempt to stop its establishment as a permanent institution among women has failed completely. Two-thirds of the screen stars today have short hair. The Tal派d sisters, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Blanche Sweet, Barbara La Marr, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, Leatrice Joy, Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Virginia Valli and practically all the ingenues wore bobbed locks, while Mary Pickford, Priscilla Dean, Florence Vidor, Agnes Ayres, Corinne Griffith and May McAvoy hold the fort for long hair.

But there is no longer any quarrel between the women about bobbed hair. It is simply a question of becomingness. Bobbing your hair no longer takes on breathless moments of trembling and strange forebodings. Those are things of the past. Today the only debate is over its suitability to your style, and whether or not your husband will let you.

In Hollywood women are thoroughly agreed that bobbed hair belongs to women by right, that it will continue for all time, and that it is a matter only of personal preference, just as wearing green or purple or pale pink is. The much-discussed question of whether women dress to please men or to please themselves comes once more to the front, for most women like themselves and their friends in short hair. Women are pleased artistically, except in a few cases, by the lovely smooth line of their heads with short hair, and they gain much freedom and comfort. The greatest advantage of short hair is its supreme comfort. If men had to go around for a few weeks with a great waist of heavy hair pinned by piercing wire hairpins to the base of their brains, or weighing heavily upon the tops of their skulls, they wouldn’t be so quick to condemn women to wear long hair.

The great disadvantage of short hair, it is agreed in Hollywood, is that it takes so much longer to keep it nicely arranged, unless a woman has naturally curly hair or wears it straight. The belief that short hair cuts down the time of hair-dressing is a great mistake. It may save husbands time in the evening, but a woman spends twice the time having it marcelled and cut that she did in dressing it before.

Nobody knows how long it took men to reach their present close-cropped and smooth-shaven stage. When they sacrificed their flowing curls and waving beards, nobody said they were becoming less masculine. Long or short hair has nothing to do with femininity. It cannot be confused in any way with mannish dressing, because most bobbed hair is arranged in the most alluring and feminine way possible. Women spend more time and attention on their hair, and it is the most feminine type of women who have their hair bobbed.

There has been not the slightest indication in fashions and styles to go with bobbed hair of anything masculine or mannish. Gradually, in both sexes, comfort and freedom for more attention to work, thought and play have become the keynote. The old barbarous fashions in clothes are disappearing, for men and women, Bobbed hair symbolizes the progress of woman in the twentieth century toward more freedom, more worth-while achievement, and more time devoted to what is under the skull instead of on top of it.

But it doesn’t mean that woman is less feminine.
The Beauty

Proving again that it is not always wise to have all your goods in the show window

By Mary Appleton Bromfield

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

Oh, no! You are quite wrong about Barbara. She was not a born actress. She was not an actress until vanity upset the apple cart and made her thoroughly miserable. It was her beauty that made all the trouble. You see, Barbara was born a beauty.

The first thing she was given to understand by her parents was that she was a beauty. Her mother and father got into the habit of telling her so long before she was able to understand the meaning of the word. To be frank, I don't believe she understands even now that beauty can be something besides unmitigated good fortune.

She was the kind of baby one couldn't help telling she was beautiful, just as she grew into the same sort of woman. My memory is not the best, but I remember vividly the first time I saw her. She must have been four years old. She came in from a walk with her cousin Nancy, who was two years older and lived with Julia, Barbara's mother, because her own mother was dead.

"Let the children come in, nurse," said Julia. She was a silly woman if ever there was one, but absurdly pretty, nevertheless, with her soft brown curls and baby-blue eyes. "I want their cousin Tony to see Barbara."

I was taken back for a moment by the sudden change from the plural to the singular. Then I saw Barbara! She was dressed in one of those Russian costumes which children were wearing that winter—a bright scarlet tunic with black astrakhan, and was the most delicious child I have ever seen—dark curls, radiant skin, dark eyes. I couldn't help myself.

"How beautiful you are, Barbara," I said.

The child became very serious. A really solemn note entered her voice when she answered.

"Yes," she said, "everyone tells me that some day I'll be a great beauty."

I could have sworn that even then her beauty was a responsibility to her. It was as though she had fallen heir to an enormous fortune which she felt must be used for the good of humanity.

Her cousin stood just behind her, rather a dim little figure in a blue reefer, with a smooth brown pigtail and skinny legs.

"And who is this?" I asked, blundering from one mistake to another.

"Oh, I'm only Nancy."

The development of Barbara from a child into a young girl was in the nature of a triumphal progress. I don't suppose she ever went into the street without someone stopping her nurse and asking the name of the beautiful little girl. People were always passing the time of day with her. There was one old man—Nancy told me about him and called him "a silly old fool"—who met them regularly in the park with a present for Barbara.

"Ah, here's my little beauty," he would cry out and prance about them in a ridiculous fashion.

All nurse's beaux, both in the police force and out of it, plied her with every sort of sweets, lollipops and peanuts, gifts in which Nancy shared because she was the cousin of the "little beauty." Once a huge policeman took her up in front of him on his horse. The gentlemen who came to tea with her pretty mother were just as silly. They dawdled Barbara on their knees, brought her toys and dolls and made fatal remarks to her or to her mother.

"Look out, Julia," they'd say, "or I'll be falling in love with your daughter" and "aren't you bringing up this little beauty to be an old man's darling?"

This went on so much that Julia, who was something of a beauty herself, sometimes grew annoyed and sent the children away early "to play quietly upstairs with nurse." But she fancied the picture of a charming young mother with so beautiful a child, and it did not happen too frequently. More often, it was little Nancy who wandered shyly away, feeling even then that she was a failure.

I must say for Barbara that she never bridled or cooed or made open bids for admiration in the fashion of her mother. She merely accepted it as her just due. She was a nice child,
generous, kind and energetic even if she did seem a trifle impressive.

"She's not bad for a beauty," Nancy remarked to me gravely on one occasion, with a quiet light shining in her grey eyes.

Of course, all the money that could be spent was lavished on Barbara's clothes. They were more fretté and fussèd over by her mother than Julia's own pretty dresses, and the results were amazingly effective if just a little flamboyant.

Nancy usually wore the same model—"children look so cunning dressed alike." The brilliant reds and yellows weren't at all becoming to her; besides, Julia had a way of dressing Barbara a year too young for her age so that Nancy who was two years older, and a bit leggy at that, sometimes bordered in appearance upon the ridiculous. She was a very quiet child who listened a great deal (by circumstance as well as by nature). I don't think anything passed her unheard and unobserved. When Nancy was twelve and Barbara ten, Julia had her portrait painted—she was amazingly good-looking then—with Barbara in her arms in the attitude of Miss Vierge Le Brun and Nancy standing behind them. Nancy, dressed for the first time independently in soft white with her brown hair hanging straight down her back, had an air of distinction all her own. She seemed curiously aloof and unconcerned with the other two.

The artist was well-known and fashionable at the time. The portrait was exhibited at Knoedler's, where it created a remarkable sensation.

The year before the girls came out, Julia took them abroad to give them the necessary finishing touches. From time to time I had postals from them, marking a triumphal progress across the continent. It was Nancy who sent them. From promise to bring the girls to visit him when they went to Madrid. Of course, there were a great many minor royalties. As far as I could make out, the entire noblesse of the Balkans was at Barbara's feet.

I was abroad during the fateful year of Barbara's début, but I understand that it fulfilled every expectation. There were very few numbers of Vogue or Town and Country without some mention of her—a paragraph, or a picture by Genthe, by Baron de Meyer, snapshots of her, walking on the avenue, at the races on Long Island or in the Junior League play. Sometimes Nancy by a stroke of luck, or because she happened to be the cousin of so famous a beauty, appeared in a snapshot.

Barbara played a prominent part in the Junior League show. It was her first appearance on the stage. I saw an account of her triumphs in some fashion paper in the hands of one of the ladies at my pension in Florence. Nancy, too, kept me informed with a series of friendly postals.

The day after my arrival from Europe, I went to tea with Julia. I found her looking prettier and more abroad than ever with an abundant tea tray in front of her. There was a noticeable flutter in the air and I waited for new evidences of Barbara's triumphs in the flood of jumbled discourse. To my amazement it was Nancy, for probably the first time in her life, who was the center of the stage. She had been visiting in Boston where she was a great success and had been shown marked attention by several young men. One in particular—he was everything desirable—was coming to tea that very afternoon.

"I simply must meet him, Tony," said Julia, "and then we old people can go into the other room and chat together."

She had taken to referring to herself as "we old people"
since a few threads of grey had begun to show in her brown hair.

Just then Nancy came in. "I was just telling Tony," said Juli, "that you were the marrying kind."

I was quite unprepared for the lovely gracefulness of Nancy's figure and the set of her small head. That afternoon, however, as she came into the room, there was something else. In her eyes, as she raised them to greet me, there was an extraordinary light. You could feel about her a glow of wonderful secret happiness. She sat down quietly beside me and asked me about my trip, listening absent-mindedly to my not very interesting account and to her aunt's flow of news and gossip.

Every once in a while she would glance at the clock.

At last the bell rang and Mr. Otis was announced. Nancy gave a quick little expectant movement of her head. Her hand on the arm of the big chair beside her was trembling.

Phil Otis had a rather shy, charming manner and a most engaging smile. With his tall, slim, young good looks and a certain winsomeness in his eyes, it was not hard to see why Nancy had lost her heart so easily. After greeting us, he went and sat beside her; it was quite clear that she was the person he had come to see. They talked to each other in low voices while Julia babbled along innocently about the famous French prints. Had I bought any? She had forgotten to mention the name of the shop in her letter. Wouldn't I like to see hers? It penetrated my consciousness that this was a move to get "the old people" out of the room and give Nancy a free hand, so I rose with a hasty enthusiasm. And just then, Barbara came into the room.

I think I could have killed her for looking as she did, with her face all aglow from the crisp March air and her soft rich sables wrapped about her. She was the most radiant sight I have ever set eyes upon. It would have been impossible in that moment to even remember that there was any other woman in the room. Phil simply stood and stared at her like a man entranced.

I took my leave as quickly as possible with a dozen foolish excuses. I simply couldn't stay and see the light go out of Nancy's eyes.

Barbara and Phil were married the following autumn in St. Bartholomew's chapel. I returned from the west just in time for the great occasion. I dreaded seeing Nancy again, for I knew that she must have suffered agonies through it all, and it took all my courage to walk up to where she stood beside Barbara and her mother at the reception. Most of the crowd had shaken hands and were pushing toward the dining room so I saw the two cousins and Phil standing almost alone before the background of flowers. Nancy was dressed in a soft grey chiffon "dripping" is the word to use, I suppose that seems too heavy for the extraordinary look of lightness and grace which it gave her figure. On her small head was a big floppy black hat, and under it her golden brown hair was drawn in two smooth bands on either side of her face. I had never realized what a lovely oval it was. She was absolutely quiet and cool and if her eyes were sad, there was nothing beaten in them. She was alluring, soft, elusive, feminine. She held her lovely little head as if she knew it. I turned to Barbara, standing there in all the magnificence of silver brocade and calla lilies. For the first time she seemed too much of a person, just a trifle too big.

Barbara and Phil made a strikingly handsome couple and were very much in love with each other. It was a satisfaction to see them walking together down the avenue with their free swinging gait, like two beautiful young animals. For a time it seemed that she had even merged her respect for her beauty into her love for him. I dined with them once or twice in their charming little apartment. Barbara was all that an adoring wife could be. She had made matrimony her own, so to speak, and lent it the same impressiveness and solemnity which she bestowed on her own good looks. As for Phil, he seemed not to have awakened entirely from the trance into which she had thrown him at their first meeting.

Barbara was one of those people who fill a room with their presence, crowding the personalities of the others into a corner and leaving one eventually with a sense of suffocation. As Nancy remarked with a little sigh one evening as we walked home together after a parti cache, "You're always crowded wherever Babs is, and she's the crowd. However, Phil didn't seem to mind the crowd. He [CONTINUED ON PAGE 194]
The Prizes

Here are the prizes for Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest.

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

Five $100 prizes, five $50 prizes and ten $25 prizes—all cash. Three De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophones, complete with batteries and loud speaker, and each retailing for $225.

Arthur Stringer, the Author

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give $5,000 in cash for a title for the greatest fiction story of the year. Arthur Stringer, master of American romantic mystery tales, has written the story especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest. Both the story and contest will start in July PHOTOPLAY.

Romance, nerve-tingling mystery and exhilarating thrills, with $5,000 and three of the finest radio receiving sets manufactured, invite everybody in the world to read the story and enter the contest. The first prize is $2,500 in gold.

Mr. Stringer's story, which will be known throughout the contest as "The Story Without A Name," is the greatest he has ever written. The author of "Empty Hands," "Unseeing Eyes," "The Iron Claw," "The Wire Tappers," "Phantom Wires," "Manhandled," and scores of other gripping, absorbing and enthralling stories has created the most amazing work of his career, weaving a net of love and intrigue around some of the strangest, and most wonderful characters in literature.

The hero is a radio enthusiast; the villain an international spy; the heroine the daughter of an American admiral—three of the most enthralling personalities you have encountered. Mr. Stringer makes you know these people so intimately that you feel you actually live with them through the amazing sequence of stirring incidents in his dramatic and unforgettable story.

So rapid is the action and so bewildering is the plot, that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has seized upon the story for one of its greatest screen productions of the year.

Irvin V. Willat, one of America's greatest directors, is already at work with a notable cast making a super picture from the story. Mr. Willat, who directed "Wanderer of the Wasteland," "Heritage of the Desert," "On the High Seas," "Behind the Door" and many other famous productions, is so enthusiastic over "The Story Without A Name" that he and Jesse Lasky in charge of production for Famous Players, will leave nothing undone, no expense spared, to make it the most outstanding triumph of 1924 screen history. Not only will the picture be an artistic production but a film sensation, providing photoplay fans with the most exciting, entrancing entertainment of the year.

That's that about the story and picture. Now for the prizes. To win them, all you have to do is submit a title for the story. It should be suitable for the picture also, because the story and picture will be known after the contest by the name selected by the judges. It may be the name you suggest. If it is, you will get $2,500 in gold besides having named one of the greatest stories and pictures of all time.

There are lots of prizes. In addition to the $2,500 first prize there is the second of $1,000 in cash and the third of $500 in cash. Then there are five $100 prizes, five $50 prizes and ten $25 prizes—all cash.

In addition three De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophones will be given away. One of these famous radio receiving sets will be given as a prize for each of the best subtitles submitted for the installments of the story. The name De Forest means to radio what Bell means to the telephone. This wonderful set has the reputation of being the clearest and most perfect receiving apparatus made, as well as the easiest to operate for long-distance aerial reception. No aerials, no ground wires or other cluttering; confusing extras are needed in the use of this marvellous instrument. All you do is place it in your home, pull out a knob and let the whole family enjoy the "entertainment from the air." The loud speaker attachment makes it a family set, perfect and amazing as radio itself.

You not only can win a cash prize but also one of these wonderful radio sets. All you have to do is submit a title for the story, a subtitle for each installment and then write your reason, in 100 words or less, why they are the best titles for the story and installments.

That's all there is to it. Whether you enter the contest or not, you will want to read the story because it will be the greatest published by any magazine this year. If you read the story a hundred titles may suggest themselves to you. Send them in. Maybe one will get you $2,500.

Read the conditions governing the contest. Then order your copy of July PHOTOPLAY. Read the first installment. Then send in titles and subtitles as soon as possible. The earlier the better. The more the merrier. Send in as many

ORDER YOUR COPY OF THE JULY PHOTOPLAY

$5,000
In Cash For a Title

as you want. Send one at a time. Remember $5,000 in cash and three of the finest radio receiving sets made are waiting. You might as well share in these awards as anybody else.

Conditions of Contest

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

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

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

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installments of the story, Photoplay Magazine will give a De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophone complete with batteries and each retailing for $225.

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

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

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

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

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

9. All awards will be announced in November Photoplay.

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

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

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

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

14. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
Part II

Some people may have had an easy time breaking into pictures. I didn't. Sometimes it seemed to me that everything and everybody was conspire to keep me out, but I knew the truth was even worse than that. They weren't interested enough to try to keep me out. They just didn't know I was on earth.

But when I look back over the years between the first time I ever saw a camera, down in San Diego, and the time I made "A Sailor-Made Man," I can hardly believe it myself. It doesn't seem possible that the kid who tramped the streets of Hollywood with his last dime clutched in his fist could have been so lucky at last. It must have been a lucky dime. I remember it was a thin one.

Every young fellow starting out in the world without any money or any backing, probably has about the same kind of a time I had. But just the same, a good deal of it sounds like one of those dime novel thrillers. Those years contained the most terrible moments I have ever known and some of the most wonderful. If I wrote it as fiction, people would swear it was bunk. But it's the truth, every word of it, so here goes.

I've always been a busy sort of guy. But in San Diego, I was the busiest I've ever been. Nobody but a bird dog was ever as busy as I was in those days. And I guess I was pretty fresh, too.

I went to high school. Mother made me promise to do that. She said: "Even if you're an actor, a high school education will be a great foundation for you." So when I kissed her goodbye, I promised. And I kept that promise.

Besides going to school, I played with the John Lane O'Conor Stock Company, the Myrtle Vane Stock Company and a couple of others that sprang up for a night or two. I acted as a stage hand whenever a road show came along and I could get away. I was assistant professor in Mr. O'Connor's dramatic school, where I taught Shakespeare, fencing and dancing. I don't know what I knew about any of them—I was nineteen—but most dramatic schools are not much good anyway and I sure thought I was good. Though I must admit the school wasn't exactly mobbed by folks demanding my services.

And I relieved my father in the little restaurant he'd bought.

Outside of that, I didn't have a thing to do.

The lucky thing for me was that the high school was so crowded they had to start classes at seven-thirty. So I'd work through the first three periods, dash merrily to rehearsal at ten, be back at noon, finish at two, give lessons at the dramatic school until five, help Dad in the restaurant until time to go to the theater at eight—and then, after the performance, I went home to bed. It was a great life. I loved it.

While I was attending that high school, I had my one and only taste of being a matinee idol, and I sure liked it. Naturally, when it came to the class plays and school productions, it was duck soup for me. I just ran away with the leading roles. I knew more about acting than the dramatic teacher himself. In fact, I knew more then about acting than I have ever known since. I was a very
Breaking In

There may be some tougher things than trying to break into motion pictures, I suppose there are. But I haven’t happened to come across them. Of all the sheer discouraging, heart-breaking games in the world, that’s it. Nobody knows you. Nobody will pay any attention to you. If they do, they give you a cold look, as much as to say—”Now what could you do?” The walls of their cliques are as hard and smooth as the walls of a bank safe.

breezy young fellow. Anyway, the dramatic teacher used to ask me to help put on the shows and I had my first taste of producing them.

With my years of stage experience, it wasn’t much credit to me that I shone pretty brightly in those little school plays. If it hadn’t been for John O’Connor’s trusty Irish tongue, I imagine I should have had a bad case of swelled head. He and Dad kept me in my place. However, the captain of the football team and I were the two most prominent men in school. I remember the girls used to leave notes in my Latin books and there was one girl named Polly something-or-other, who certainly was easy to look at. I had considerable of a crush on Polly, but I never let anybody know it. I was playing the gay young dog to the best of my small town ability, and I treated ’em all alike.

Kidding aside, I have always been grateful for the popularity that went with my work in that school. I met some of the finest people in town. I was invited to their homes. It was good for me.

It gave me a glimpse of more culture and refinement than I had ever known, and I was so eager to learn that I absorbed everything I could. I met May Robson the other evening, while she was playing in Los Angeles, and I told her that I was a stage hand when she came to the Spreckels Theater ten years ago in “The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary.” I certainly never thought then that I’d have a chance to meet the great comedienne whose work I admired in breathless awe from the wings.

It gave me a tremendous kick.

It was while I was in San Diego that I first saw a motion picture camera. And a funny little thrill went up and down my spine. I had a hunch right then that I was going to see more of that little black box before I saw less.

The Edison Company had established a studio at Long Beach, California, and the players came to San Diego to get some atmosphere for a Spanish picture they were making. They needed extras, so they applied to the dramatic school. I very grandly agreed to bring down some of my scholars and I sailed forth the next day with my troop. But I always had to be in everything myself, so I decided to act before the camera, and I did.

I was an Indian.

I must have looked terrible.

Anyway, I didn’t think much of such dumb acting, and I certainly didn’t cause any sensation with them, so that was that.

Then, suddenly, everything blew up in San Diego, as far as the Lloyd family was concerned. My father’s business had failed and he had gone to Los Angeles. The stock company closed for the summer. The dramatic school, which had never paid but a few dollars anyway, was down to the merest handful of pupils. I’ve had a sneaking notion since that I may have had something to do with its downfall, but such a thought never occurred to me then.

And I was suddenly all fed up with high school. I’d been going to high school one place and another, for six years. And I just

“As Lonesome Luke, the first character he originated. This is from the first picture in which Bebe Daniels (at right) appeared with him

"Bebe Daniels was only fourteen when I first saw her," says Harold, "but she was sure pretty, the sweetest kid that ever lived"
of an idea that I wasn't so important in the general scheme of things after all. Nobody wanted me. And I wouldn't try for anything but a job acting. I wasn't lazy—anybody can see that from my San Diego record. But on one thing I was set. I would be an actor and nothing else. I felt that I was playing for big-stakes, big success, and I wouldn't let anything turn me from it. I had a terrible fear that if I went into anything else, any business, I would never get out of it. I was willing to go without, to economize, to wait. But I was going to stick.

Finally I landed a chance to play bits with the Morosco stock company. And that was a great stock company. Florence Reed was playing a summer starring engagement there, and though, of course, she wouldn't remember the gawky lad who trooped around as one of the students in “Old Heidelberg.” I owe her a great deal. Her acting was an inspiration to me, and I renewed my determination not to let anything discourage me.

As far as my inner artistic aspirations were concerned, the engagement was a great success. Financially, it wasn't so good. I couldn't go any more. Funny, with me, but I always go along and go along, cheerful and uncomplaining, and then suddenly I'm through. And when I'm through, I am through. I was within six weeks of my diploma, but that was all right with me. I suppose I should say I've always been sorry I didn't get it, but that wouldn't be true. I've never missed the darn thing, and the fact that no sheepskin of mine ornaments the rafters of our attic has never caused me to lose any sleep.

It was during those days in San Diego that I hit the bottom—hardest of any time in my career. I was literally down to one nickel. I bought six doughnuts with it and they were the finest doughnuts I ever ate in my life. I went twenty-four hours on them, and then I bobbed up again with some salary somebody owed me.

I took that and went to Los Angeles to join Dad. From that day on, Dad and I were pals. When I was working for a foothold in pictures, he always stood by, and the wisdom he'd acquired in all his years of batting around the world steered me right a good many times.

My brother Gaylord had come to Los Angeles and we took a room in a cheap rooming house on Main Street. One room. We all slept in it and we were mighty glad to have it. At least we had a place to sleep. Eating wasn't always so easy. Oh, we always ate—but not too regularly and not over heartily. We were the most consistent patrons the dairy lunch ever knew and we had it down to a science. We knew how to get more for our money in a dairy lunch than anybody has ever known. And I had a regular genius for finding the cheapest places to eat. I remember one place where you got a steak, fried potatoes, a big hunk of bread, coffee, and sometimes a piece of pie, for twenty cents. I won't say it was done à la Ritz, but it filled the space just the same.

For a few weeks it seemed that none of us could get a job. At last Dad landed in a store—long hours, hard work and small pay, but he always came home cheerful and whistling. He liked it. Then Gaylord found an opening as the night clerk in a small hotel, and we began to feel pretty safe again.

As for me—I began to have a glimmering
Oh! Pity the Poor Working Girl

MISS SWANSON, who plays millionaires as few women can, goes to the other extreme in her coming picture, "Manhandled," and portrays a shopgirl. She went to work in a New York department store, disguised, to acquire atmosphere, as Photoplay published exclusively last month, and declares that she certainly got it. There is a sharp contrast between the environment in which she found herself as the heroine of the picture and that of her own life, surrounded by every luxury that money can provide for her.

The shopgirl's home. The bedroom in a cheap New York lodging house used as a set in "Manhandled"
The Kiss That Shocked the Sheiks

By Herbert Howe

ON crimson rugs at the door of a tent high on a hill of the Sahara a Bedouin sheik's son was making ardent love to the daughter of an American missionary.

Below them the black tents of the nomad encampment sprawled like beetles on the golden sands. Shawled women crouched about small fires preparing couscous for the evening meal; bold-eyed Bedouin women tattooed in blue on forehead and chin, and negresses from the Sudan. Hundreds of camels in idle groups lifted their heads majestically, disdaining with fine hauteur the herds of goats and donkeys. In the distance the palms of the oasis fanned the sky, and across the horizon a Bedouin in white burnous sped like a ghostly rider.

“All right now, Mr. Novarro kiss Miss Terry!” bawled a megaphone. “And when they kiss, start the camels!”

The camels started all right. That kiss was enough to start anything. One camel was so shocked he fell onto a tent, ruining the family meal and half the family. Some say he tried to commit suicide, but the general opinion was that he merely swooned.

The pandemonium was terrifying. Five sheiks, serving as Ingram's assistants, gargled Arabic as though they were strangling, and an Arab orchestra of pipes and drums went running wild.

No kiss ever made so much noise. It echoed and echoed over the Sahara. In any Christian community, Mr. Novarro and Miss Terry would have been promptly arrested for disturbing the peace. But this is the land of Allah where a man may have four wives and smack up as much footage as he chooses.

In the midst of the emotional bedlam, little Zina, a Bedouin girl of ten, came bounding across the camera lines with a basket of eggs for Miss Terry and nearly scrambled them on Mr. Novarro's romantic bosom.

Anyone but Zina would have been decapitated instantly for messing up the scene, but Zina had been adopted as protege by the Ingrams—also Mazurka, an ebon witch from the Sudan, and a young Arab knight of twelve whom Miss Terry dubbed the Malcolm McGregor of Africa because of his potent smile.

Five tribes of Bedouins came out of the Sahara to work in "The Arab," led on by the promise of gunpowder which Ingram distributed to the chiefs.

They assembled and pitched their tents at the Oasis of Gabes, which Pliny praised so lavishly in Roman times he might be suspected of real estate interests or a desire to found a rival for Hollywood.

The caravan was led by a caid, a couple of kaliphas, and five sheiks. Rex says the correct spelling of sheik is cheikh, but if I spelled it that way you wouldn't know what I mean, so I'm misspelling it for American consumption. Anyway, a sheik's a cheikh and not all the beautiful brutes Valentino led you to believe. How could he be? There are no mud packs in the Sahara.

When the scenes at Gabes
Alia called this young Arab "Malcolm McGregor of Africa" because of his potent smile.

Little Zina, a Bedouin maid who played in the picture, developed a terrific "crush" on Alice Terry.

Rex Ingram's prize desert discovery—Shorty, the dwarf, with the umbrella Rex gave him were completed, Rex gave a banquet to the sheiks which was Methodist in propriety compared to a movie banquet. Being heathen, they don’t drink. Despite the Christian influence which has been brought to bear upon Mohammedans, these infidels still refuse to take a friendly little nip. They’re as tee-totalling as their camels.

For all their abstemiousness, these camels have breaths worse than any old time brewery. All the listerine in the world wouldn’t make them social successes. Being an advocate of light wines and beer myself, I mention this in passing just to show what prohibition has done for the breath in Africa.

Although the banquet was devoid of that which makes a banquet, there was considerable excitement. The sheiks got involved in a frantic argument as to whether or not the heads of the partridges had been cut off before they were killed. It’s against the Mohammedan religion to eat any bird that died with its head on. Finally one sheik said: "Oh, hell, let it go," or Arabic to that effect, and fell upon his fowl. The others followed, after due prayer and meditation.

The next flurry was caused when the waiter served pudding with rum sauce. One of the sheiks couldn’t smell, so went straight to perdition, whereat all his pals laughed heartily.

The sheik who sinned with the pudding was distinctly bored by the party. So far as he was concerned it was a frost. When he wasn’t yawning, he wore an expression that made me suspect he was planning a Christian massacre. At least, it was obvious that he didn’t care whether he met the best people or not. In the hope of arousing his interest, Rex made a sketch of him and passed it down the table. The sheik studied it grimly, turned it upside down and squinted at it from the side, then passed it back with an expression that plainly said, "I give up, I never was any good at guessing puzzles."

[Continued on page 106]
ERIC VON STROHEIM, accompanied by his cane, white gloves, bracelet and wrist watch, was fined $50 for contempt by Judge Keeton in Los Angeles court, because he "showed his teeth" at Thomas Case, counsel for the first Mrs. Von Stroheim, who wanted her alimony paid up. Von Stroheim pleaded poverty and said that he was unable to pay the $75 a week the court had decreed.

"Since December, 1922," he said, "I have earned only $31,000."

He added plaintively that most of this has gone and that he has been compelled to borrow $4,000 on his life insurance. He also still owes $250 on his bungalow. Altogether, the famous director made a very strong case in favor of his being ordered to the poor farm.

It was brought out in court that Von Stroheim's contract provided for a payment to him of $10,000 a year for the production of three pictures. He also was to receive 25 per cent of the net proceeds of these pictures and must star in one of them, receiving an additional $1,000 a week for his acting. He testified that he was behind on his contract, that he had not yet completed one picture—presumably "Greed"—although he had been working on it fourteen months and had spent on it $300,000, the original appropriation for it being $50,000.

At this point, Attorney Case interrupted him with a question and Von Stroheim broke out:

"I'll smash his face for him. He can't tell me what's in my contract."

"Mr. Von Stroheim," said Judge Keeton, "there's a place for you in the county jail. That statement takes in fine of $50, and if such conduct is repeated, you will not be fined but will be sent to jail."

"Your Honor," interjected Attorney Case, "he just showed his teeth at me."

HOW does a man feel when he is suddenly confronted by a lion that looks as though he needed a haircut? Hunters disagree on this point, but movie extras are absolutely unanimous; there isn't a dissenting voice. They don't feel. Emotion ceases—likewise motion.

Over in the lot back of the Paramount Long Island Studio recently there was a circus. From a big round tent came the vigorous jazz of a very gurdy, added at times by a band. At times the muffled roar of animals could be heard. It was a regular circus. The only thing different about it was that the spectators were receiving from $5 to $10 a day for attending, and Herbert Brenon was interrupting the performance from time to time to shift lights and cameras. Ernest Torrence was the clown. They were making scenes for "The Mountebank."

The animal cages were across one end of the tent. In one of them was the lion. During the course of the afternoon the lion did his stuff in the sawdust ring. The trainer made him jump and roll over and do his other tricks. Then he was put back in the cage for a nap and the lights were shifted to another part of the tent for other scenes. The spectators were laughing and applauding Ernest Torrence's clown stunts when suddenly there was a dead silence. A single scream punctured the stillness.

Herbert Brenon looked over his shoulder and saw the lion standing in back of him. He didn't move. The lion winked one of his big yellow eyes. Jimmy Howe, the Chinese cameraman, stared, and hoped the lion would think he was part of the camera supports. All the two hundred extras stared, too. They didn't move even an eyelash. A man scrambled away from the bears' cages and the lion looked over that way. The man didn't stop. He kept right on walking toward the...
Lillian Gish will not marry her producer, Charles Holland Duell, according to the last advice received—a we go to press. Mr. Duell was recently divorced in Paris by his wife, who was Lillian V. Tucker of stage and screen. He has been in Italy for several months, supervising the production of George Eliot's "Romola," in which he presents Miss Gish as star. He has been very attentive to the lovely Lillian and, for a time, friends believed he was a favored courtier, but recently, they say, Miss Gish has made it plain that no engagement existed. While the rumors of this romance were being cabled from Europe to America, a dispatch arrived denying Miss Gish's engagement to a young Italian officer. Perhaps this was designed as an antidote to the annoying repetition of the other report.

ROMEO and JULIET have been estranged, a fact which should delight the Capulets and Montagues who failed to effect the separation in Shakespeare's play. Richard Barthelmess will not play Romeo to Lillian Gish's Juliet. He admires Lillian, but he is more interested in his rights and finances as a star, and, according to his lawyers, he has not been getting his just dues from the Inspiration Company, which stars both him and Miss Gish. There is the intimation that he has been subordinated to Lillian in the stellar scheme. And why should Romeo subordinate to Juliet? Mr. Barthelmess does not believe in so modernizing the old Shakespearean tale, which really placed Romeo and Juliet on a fifty-fifty basis, you know. Furthermore, he has been making good money for the Inspiration pictures without having any great stories or imposing productions. Being a sensible businessman first and a Romeo second, Dick has balked, leaving Juliet on the balcony to cry "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" as long as she likes. Dick says that in his present mood he feels a great deal more like playing Hamlet than Romeo.

The pup—his name is John and he belongs to Raymond M. Lee—doesn't seem to care for jazz, even when rendered by so beautiful and accomplished a musician as Viola Dana.

And Gossip East and West
aggressive tenth assistant director came up and said: "Look here, what are you doing here? Who are you anyway?"

"I'm John Gilbert" said the young star of "Camelot Kirby," "The Count of Monte Cristo" and other screen successes.

"I never heard of you," said the assistant, "you don't work for C. B. De Mille. Why you doing here? You'd better get out."

"I am Miss Joy's husband," said Jack, beginning to get red.

"What?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Leatrice Joy," said Jack, now thoroughly excited. "I'm not interfering with you."

"Well," said the assistant, "I got positive orders not to let anyone hang around this set, so you better go. Nobody said anything to me about husbands."

So Jack went, wrote his wife a note telling her to come home when she got through with the darn picture, and all would be forgiven.

THE Stork seems to be the social dictator of Hollywood just now. Everything centers around expected heirs and heiresses to a degree never before noted in the film capital.

Mildred Davis Lloyd is shopping for the most adorable lacey ever imagined, and for quantities of exquisite negliges in all sorts of delicate shades and fabrics. Leatrice Joy, who in private life is Mrs. Jack Gilbert, will desert the screen for some months, until after the arrival of the well-known bird mentioned above. Leatty is to have begun her new starring contract with Lasky, but that will have to take a back seat until after the more important event. Leatrice promised to keep it a secret until her latest picture was out, but she simply couldn't.

Mrs. James Kirkwood—who, of course, is Lila Lee—is also in retirement in her Beverly Hills home, and Lila is actually making a lot of her own baby clothes. And Mrs. Wallace McDonald—pretty Doris May—and Barbara Bedford, who is married to Al Roscoe, complete the list of those whom the stork will call upon in the next few months.

DOUG and Mary, accompanied by Mother Pickford and Little Mary Rupp Pickford, sailed for Europe on a vacation with a pocketful of royal invitations. They are to be received by King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium; they will be entertained by Lord and Lady Mountbatten, cousins of King George by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and by Sir James Barrie. The King and Queen of Sweden have also issued a "command" for the presence of Mary and Doug at court. Well, one thing sure, Mary can look them all in the eye and dare 'em to hold their thrones as long as she's held hers!

NOW this isn't a press agent yarn but the truth.

Barbara LaMarr is today considered the gamest girl in the Hollywood colony and is the most popular—at least with the producers—for instead of trying to gouge one for all she could, Barbara actually sacrificed herself to save a producer money. Again we say it is unheard of, but true.

It happened during the filming of one of the biggest scenes in "The White Moth." There were nearly a thousand extra people on the set and they were doing a theater scene in which Miss LaMarr makes her appearance as a professional dancer.

During her dance Miss LaMarr suddenly turned pale and sank to the floor. But she was up again before anyone could reach her. The scene was retaken and work went on. When the final scene in the theater set was over, Miss LaMarr fainted. A doctor was called and an examination showed that Barbara was suffering from a seriously sprained knee.

It was almost twice its normal size.

Then she admitted that it had happened when she slipped earlier in the day, but that she hadn't told anyone because she wanted to finish the day's work so that the thousand extras wouldn't have to be called again. This meant a saving of several thousand dollars to the producer.

As a result of working for more than three hours on the sprained knee, Miss LaMarr was on crutches for two weeks.
A NEW combination is exciting a good deal of comment in Hollywood right now, and little birds whisper engagement announcements on it to best the band. George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill are the names of the couple. While they will not admit anything so formal as an engagement, they will not deny that such an event in the near future is very possible. When they were recently in San Francisco, Miss Mackaill visited Chief of Police Daniel O'Brien of that city. George's father, and the chief declared he hoped he'd be asked for his blessing soon. If you haven't heard of George O'Brien yet, you're going to. This young Irish lad from the city of the Golden Gate is taking Hollywood by storm. Not since Wally Reid's days has any youngster appeared who has caused so much enthusiastic comment, and when he goes into a cafe or theater he is instantly the center of the women's attention. He is big, handsome, of the Wally Reid type, athletic, and has the Irish smile that has made many a man famous. He was considered seriously for the title part in "Ben Hur," and is now being featured by Fox. Miss Mackaill, who has been gaining greatly in late in popularity, is playing with him in the latest Fox release.

TWO engagements are being whirled this month—both denied, but you know what that means. Jalnae Johnstone—the Princess of Douglas Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad," and John Patrick, young character actor, have been seen so much together of late that the gossip wonder if Jalnae is going to try marriage at the very outset of her career.

And Carmelita Geraghty, daughter of Tom Geraghty, director and scenario writer, is mentioned frequently as the fiancee of John Cystide, production manager of Joseph Schenck productions. Carmelita is a stunningly pretty young woman. She appeared in a Fashion Revue at the Biltmore the other evening and was the hit of the piece.

THE rumored engagement of Agnes Ayres and Ricardo Cortez seems to be another of those "off again-on again-gone again—Finnigan" affairs. One day Miss Ayres will not marry Mr. Cortez nor anyone else. The next day she bruises and coldly admits there may be some grounds for the rumor. Meanwhile all their friends are kept on the anxious seats because, of course, Mr. Cortez believes that, if anything talking is done, the lady should do it. Anyway, she is leaving for New York soon to make a picture and he will stay in Hollywood.

**Makah Jongg has hit the picture colony and the latest in the Makah Jongg breathing suit, worn here by Thelma Hill, one of Mack Sennett's fairies.**

HERE'S the very latest—Jack Dempsey and Helen Ferguson. What's that? You'd hardly believe it? Well, neither would we if we hadn't seen it—with our own eyes. Yes, up at the Montmartre, and they were dancing together, and apparently having a wonderful time. We must admit that Helen is showing a new side to her formerly sedate character. Yes, Harry Harte is a speedy young knight of the ring road, and now the king of the squared circle.

RUTH ROLAND'S famous smile got her out of a peck of trouble in a Los Angeles court recently. She had been arrested for speeding at 35 miles an hour, and it looked as if she would meet the same fate as did Hilda Daniels some time ago and take an enforced rest in jail, because Los Angeles is hard on speeders these days. But Judge Crawford was merciful, and imposed a fine of $14, one dollar for each mile over the legal limit.

Ruth then went up to the bench, had her picture taken with the judge, and held a whispered conversation with him. When her lawyer, a few minutes later, asked that the sentence be suspended, Judge Crawford snickered and said:

"You're a little late. She has already made her own plans."

Whereupon Ruth smiled sweetly again at the Judge and left, promising never to speed again or, at least, not to be caught at it.

WHEN the "Aurora," the beautiful yacht of the millionaire racing driver, Cliff Durant, sails from San Francisco this summer there will be no bride and groom aboard. Instead of a "honeymoon yacht," it will be found on a cruise of the South Seas—a distinctly bachelor cruise—for Cliff and Ruth Roland, the serial queen, have decided on a little love test all their own.

When their engagement was announced recently it was understood that the "Aurora" was being put in shape for a round-the-world honeymoon cruise, but now it develops that all bets are off and that this famous couple has decided to test the old adage—"absence makes the heart grow fonder." They are so still engaged. Oh, yes indeed! But as each has been married once before, they have decided not to rush into matrimony. They are going to be sure they are right before they "lose honor and obey" stuff clutches them again.

So it has been decided that, immediately after the Indianapolis race, Cliff Durant and some pals will sail from San Francisco on a bachelor cruise of adventure, deep-sea fishing, scuba diving, and a swashbuckling career on the stage, wherever they go.
The Love Dodger

A story from behind the curtained windows of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Part Four

There was a rather long silence because both the man and the woman seemed unable to speak.

Gertie's face had gone from white to a deep, painful crimson, and she sat with her eyes dropped.

But when each second of silence had become a small needle of embarrassment, she managed at last to raise her head and face him.

"Oh, Brownie," she said, "I didn't know how dreadful it would sound. I didn't, really. But I've been trying to get up courage to say it for three days and I won't be sorry."

The deep sincerity of her voice rescued Cleveland Brown from the abyss of self-consciousness into which he had descended.

"That's all right, Gertie," he said quietly.

The horror began to die away. A woman had asked him to marry her and he had not died of the shock. The sensation that he was falling from a great height lessened. Gertie's tone placed solid and decent ground beneath his feet once more.

"You see," she said, smoothing the little ragged shock, "you see, my dear friend, I knew you'd never say it. And it isn't any use hinting, to you. I could see that you still think of me as Harlan's wife and—I'm not. You don't want to get married, do you?"

"No," said Cleveland Brown fervently.

"I know. But you'll have to, you see. The public expects it and the public nearly always gets what it wants. I've noticed. And the women will never let you escape. I know something about the women of Hollywood. You have too much to offer them and no man can escape, if—if they really want him. That's what happened to Harlan.

"I should be a good wife to you, Cleveland. I need to be married to someone. And because of Buddy, and because you've seemed so happy here with us, I thought I'd speak of it. It would be safe, dear. If I could choose from all the men in the world, I'd choose you for Buddy's father. I know you believe I'm a good mother. So—perhaps—the crimson grew until it stained her throat and even her fingertips, "perhaps there would be other kiddies and we'd bring them up to be fine men and women. It would be rather better, in the end, than most of the marriages you'll be offered."

He got up and went to the window. It was cold outside and the air was clear, with brittle starlight. He tried to think, tried to reason, but confusion overcame him.

Then he felt her hands on his shoulders. She was holding his coat collar.

"Put this on," she said, with a tremendous and lovely dignity, that made him feel he had been honored by this thing she had done, "and run along. You want to think. Take all the time you need, because it is very serious. I'm not a young girl; I can wait. And no matter what you decide, it isn't going to change anything between us—Buddy and me, and you."

That proposal, extraordinary as it seemed, was only the first of many fantastic things that crowded themselves forthwith into a few short days. Even as he meditated upon it, delayed and drifting, climaxes began to pop about him like firecrackers.

It was like the closing of some horrible, unescapable trap. He could feel the net dragging together about him, imprisoning him.

And he hadn't seen it coming. He hadn't seen it coming.

Forever once had he realized that all these adventures, peculiar as they were separately, must eventually converge, and that he would be the center. The inevitability of it all had escaped him, the ultimate purpose and intention.

He supposed that anyone else, anyone at just such an optimistic, credulous, obtuse cuss as himself, would have been conscious of what he was doing. But that was it exactly. He hadn't done anything. Things had happened to him, most unfortunate and unexpected things. And now he found himself definitely in the midst of a group of ladies who seemed determined, for one reason or another, to marry him.

His modesty protested. He looked here and there and everywhere for some loophole, some way to escape. He could see nothing funny or exciting or thrilling about it. And he could have murdered Scoop Wilson, who was probably his closest friend, for laughing. He even resented Dad's sympathetic old smile.

Just what might have happened if Paula Swayne hadn't arrived in Hollywood just then, he never knew. At the
That Which Has Gone Before

CLEVELAND BROWN, famous comedian, is Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. But he has rather avoided women, knowing only his sister and his little leading lady, Janice Reed, at all intimately. His life, consequently, is untroubled until Ray Comisalde—an ex-
"Follies" girl and a stranger to Cleve—announces their engagement. Before denying the announcement, Cleve discovers that Ray is desperately in need of publicity and so, like an other and a gentleman, he plays up to her. And the engagement might have become real were it not for the entrance of Leda O'Neil—
super-woman and super-vamp. She is just as teaches passion to Cleve—and she is just who, after promising to marry him, disillusion him by her infidelity. Cleve, with a broken heart, goes back to his work and, on the set, almost loses Janice. They are doing ice stuff and the ice gives way. He saves her from drowning and, in so doing, regains a certain perspective on life. He resists Leda's efforts to affect a reconciliation and is aimlessly drifting, when another woman comes into his life. The mother type this time—the divorced wife of an once intimate friend, who is now a great director. She has a small son, an honest-to-goodness, regular boy, and he and Cleve strike up a splendid friendship. Gertie Morrison is as comfortable as her name—a home woman who can wear an apron and who can cook. To Cleve she seems a perfect helpmeet, and the child, Buddy, all that could be desired as a son. And yet it comes as a surprise when she suggests, out of a clear sky, that she would like to marry him!

She feared neither man, god nor devil, and she had faced lions in Africa and public opinion in London with the same quizzical smile and eager eyes. But she was an Epicurean of the emotions. She shrugged amazed and amused shoulders at Hollywood, where she had come to paint a portrait for the salon of the first lady of the films. Not that Hollywood shocked her. Paula Swane knew vice and virtue from Port Said to Limehouse, and from Limehouse to the Barbary Coast, and from the Barbary Coast to the palaces of the rajahs. Morality was, to her, largely a matter of geography.

"They are children here," she said to Cleveland Brown, when they had come to know each other very well, "children. They do not even know how to sin. They haven't the vaguest conception of the real enjoyments of sinning. Let us leave out for the moment any moral or theological angle and observe it merely from the worldly point of view. They—wallow. Of a truth, they wallow. They have not learned that self-denial and self-control alone can stimulate enjoyment of the senses. "Ah, they do not play the game. Wine tastes best to a thirsty man. They never permit themselves to grow thirsty. "Beginnings are the most important things about a romance, about pleasure, about work. Even, to be vulgar for a moment, even a drunkard understands that the first few drinks are the only ones that give him joy. Here—they have no beginnings. They begin—with a culmination. They strike so high a note of passion or excitement, that they can only continue downhill. It is as though a dramatist began with his climax which naturally loses force without its preparation—and the rest of the play must become incredibly dull or incredibly vicious. "I do not find it wicked, this Holly wood. There are more very good people here, more very domestic people, than one usually meets. I only find it immensely crude and immensely dull. Well, I shall paint it all into one of the women."
"Come back to me," she said passionately. "I will be good. I can be—I want to be. Don't you want me any more? Marry me, and I'll show you how I can change!"

For Paula Swayne had a name that impressed even Hollywood, where great names are so common. Though she had climbed through mud and tears and suffering and poverty and degradation, she had reached the summit of her art. She stood alone and undisputed as the greatest woman painter of the age. No one could understand why she wanted to paint Cleveland Brown. When she suggested it, her friends drew back in amazement. Cleveland Brown? A comedian? But surely he wouldn't be interesting. He wasn't handsome. He wasn't picturesque. And they mentioned other young men of great physical beauty and various other well known charms.

Paula Swayne shrugged her shoulders insolently. "A lot of posters," she said brutally, "with their wares all on the table. Let your sign painters paint them. Cleveland Brown—ah, there is a face with a thousand possibilities. There is poetry in that face. And longing, infinite longing. Pathos. Comedy. And ideals—rather amazing ideals. And endless contradictions and fears: Desire. And work—the gospel of work, which is the only gospel I understand. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]"
Where East Meets West

In spite of Kipling, you can put an Oriental kernel in an Occidental shell

By Beverley N. Sparks

"East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," sang Rudyard Kipling. Undoubtedly he believed that to be true, but there are exceptions that prove all rules. Here is one of them—Anna May Wong, the Americanized version of Wong Lew Song, the little Chinese girl whose last bid for fame on the screen was as the Mongol Slave in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad." She has the distinction of being the only Chinese actress who has ever won fame in pictures in America.

From crown to sole, Anna May Wong is Chinese. Her black hair is of the texture that adorns the heads of the maidens who live beside the Yang-tse-Kiang. Her deep brown eyes, while the slant is not pronounced, are typically Oriental. These come from her Mongol father. But her Manchu mother has given her a height and a poise of figure that Chinese maids seldom have.

She was born in Los Angeles and was raised as are other Chinese children. But something in her environment changed her mental trend. She was artistic, she loved beauty. In school she soon picked up the ways of the West. She lost her Chinese accent. She read American books. She was even a close student of the Bible. Then, one day, she had a chance to become Chinese "atmosphere" in the pictures. From that time on, her development into an American was rapid. Wong Lew Song disappeared and, in her place, came Anna May Wong.

She has put aside the mental garment of her nativity. Psychologically speaking, she has the mind flexings of an Occidental. The East has given her the outward semblance of mystic, luring China, but the shell of the Orient serves to conceal but the mental brilliance of the Occident.
Betty Blyth's
Spring Wardrobe

BETTY BLYTHE has been making pictures abroad for the last year or two. She has not been rushing over to Paris for a vacation and a frock — she has been living the life of the continent, breathing the vital air that the chic Parisienne breathes! For that reason the clothes that she has brought back to this country with her are different in feeling, in spirit, from the more casual wardrobe that the visitor to Paris—who has only a week or two for her shopping—brings home. The gowns, the suits that Betty likes best are the very essence of the mode—they are Paris from the inside! Pictured, on these pages, are those costumes of which she is most fond.

Since "The Queen of Sheba," Betty Blythe has not been famous for her frocks! But, even so, she does have them. Lots of them! To say nothing of coats and hats and slippers, . . . This dress, for afternoon wear, is made of black crepe georgette. The severity of the line is broken by the hanging ribbons, in shades of mauve, purple and lavender. And the odd, full collar and cuffs are made of real Valenciennes lace. From Drecoll, of Paris.

An evening gown of gold brocaded cloth, made to flow in long unbroken lines to the hem of the quite short, uneven skirt. The only ornament is a band of hand-worked gold ribbon flowers. This band forms one of the shoulder straps, and falls beautifully to the bottom of the dress. Slippers of metal brocade and a twisted head dress of gold tubing complete the glittering effect—which combines artful simplicity and splendor. This is a Lucille gown.
A dinner dress of black georgette. The draped bodice sweeps into a wide, sheath-like girdle. The skirt transforms its train into a part of the single sleeve! Appliqued flowers of orange leather, and orange slippers complete the DreCoU costume.

This tea gown of lustrous orange satin is a fitting complement to the bizarre beauty of Betty Blythe. One sleeve is made of batik in orange and black—and there is a motif of the same batik at the hemline. Every seam is weighted to produce a clinging line, and the wide sleeves grow tight at the wrists. Also from DreCoU.

A tricot coat of navy blue Pointe trill, bound with matching ribbon of blue satin. The bottom of the coat—this, too, is a DreCoU inspiration—is built upon circular lines, and there are hidden pockets at the waist. A small hat with a rolling brim of metal cloth, patent leather shoes and sheer hose—c'est fin!
CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Drawing by Ralph Barton

AFTER four months in Europe and Africa I returned to the land of the films, expecting to find that everything had gone to rack and ruin during my absence. I was quickly lifted from despair by a telegram from Ernst Lubitsch saying he knew I would be glad to learn that he was going to direct our Pola again.

Scarcely had I let out three telegraphic cheers for this victory for art than word arrived that Inc’s wandering wonder-boy, Charlie Ray, had returned to the old Inc homestead, a prodigal son.

Then came news that William de Mille had had the discernment to sign Malcolm McGregor, whom Rex Ingram proclaims one of the best unstarred bets in America today.

BUT it was not until I learned that Mr. Zukor and Natasha had really signed the armistice giving Rudie back to us that my cup was overflowing to the point where I considered taking a drink. For this proves that it is possible to end all world wars without bloodshed.

Now, suddenly, this, I thrust my way into the heart of Times Square until I saw a great and blinding light such as I had never seen there before. "Lo and behold! De Mille’s ‘Ten Commandments’ had replaced Wrigley’s ‘Spearmint.’" Humbly praising Heaven and Cecil for this triumph of gospel over gum (though Heaven knows I sinfully preferred the ‘Spearmint’ sign), I moved on to where I beheld ‘Lilies of the Field.’ As Verily, Broadway today is a Bible study. The Cinema is doing more than the Gideons to popularize the Good Book.

The Gideons merely place it in hotel rooms, whereas the Cinema puts it in electric lights.

I found that Corinne Griffith, just to please me and prove me a prophet, had fulfilled all my predictions and developed into a standing room star.

NORMA TALMADGE is another to whom I would award credits as an honor pupil. For a long time previous to my departure Norma was very trying. She showed little interest in her studies. She seemed to be so contented as Mrs. Schenck that she had little ambition for Miss Talmadge. Needless of all pleas and remonstrands from the critic’s desk, she went through her work as though her mind were on the yachting and golfing of recess time. Now, suddenly, she takes the platform with ‘Secrets’ and carries off class honors.

A few doors away from Miss Talmadge’s bazaar, I found Doug unravelling his magic carpet, ‘The Thief of Bagdad,’ as rich and priceless a tapi as the screen has ever seen. And across the way, D. W. Griffith uncovers his lovalier of romance, ‘America.’

All in all, the screen brought forth such excellent works during the four months I was away I can’t help but wonder what miracles would have been wrought had I stayed home.

Of course, little Mabel Normand had to tumble into trouble. It was Mabel what a horse is to the Prince of Wales. But, like the gallant prince, Mabel always gets up, straightens her hat and goes galloping on. Mabel is jinxed, but she’s also charmed. Nothing she does can tarnish the splendor of her nature. She’s the most generous, lovable and sincere human being I’ve met in Finland. And, when she took the stage recently to face the public after her last humiliation, a cheer went up that completely silenced the yowls of the alley cats. Mabel used to think the whole world was her friend; now she dubs where there is such a thing as a friend. Whenevewer anyone wants her to meet any new people she feels like the girl who was offered some books. "No thanks," said the girl, ‘I’ve read a book.’

BARBARA LA MARR has been having trouble over her matrimonial status. It seems that no one, not even Barbara, knows exactly how many husbands she’s had. At this writing a recount is on. It’s unfair to blame Barbara for not keeping count of them. She’s an artist, not a mathematician.

I KNOW now how it feels to be a movie celebrity. Ramon Novarro took me to his barber’s, where I was received as a friend of nobility. The man at the desk bowed and beamed, and the barbers fairly curtsied. Taking me by the hand, after several genuflections, the proprietor escorted me to a chair and solemnly instructed the barber to employ all his skill and care upon me. Trembling over this signal honor, the poor man promptly slashed my chin. I know now how it feels to be a movie celebrity.

AFTER reading that Lois Wilson is the good little girl of Hollywood, I picked up a paper and read. ‘Lois Wilson in ‘Another Scandal.’’ Just a picture advertisement, of course. But for a moment it just seemed as though I hadn’t the courage to go on believing.

AFTER seeing Aileen Pringle as the queen in ‘Three Weeks,’ I’m tempted to hail her as the First Lady of the Screen. I would like to predict her a star, but I doubt whether there’s sufficient demand for a lady on the screen. A young director tells me she hasn’t ‘sex attraction.’" And I feel that anyone who could so dignify Elinor’s old tiger skin game deserves our highest honors. She wears simple gowns, which she must have designed herself. I’ve never seen any of such character coming from the circus wardrobes of Hollywood. Definitely mental. She’s always a queen, even when sobbing beside the bed of roses, which suggests a floral blanket sent by the Elks. Lastly, I award Miss Pringle a crown because, as [continued on page 113]
ANNA Q. NILSSON, with a question mark in her hands and a dream in her blue eyes, sits cozily in front of her glowing hearth. She has just completed "Flowing Gold" and is working on "Broadway After Dark." She and Adolphe Menjou will share honors.
THIS picture should be framed in black, according to a number of ardent fans. For Corinne Griffith has only just re-married—and so broken a thousand or more hearts! She plays a "different" sort of gold-digger in her new starring vehicle, "Lillies of the Field"
BLANCHE SWEET proved, in "Anna Christie," that they do come back after all! She is going to prove it again, they say, in "Those Who Dance," her next picture. Notice the firelight silhouette of her proud little profile against the bricks of the fireplace.
L A T E spring evenings may be cold, even in Hollywood—weather reports to the contrary! Sylvia Breamer, sitting kiddie fashion before her cheery grate, is thinking over the serious business of her next part—as the leading character in "The Woman on the Jury"
A Bit of Spain in Hollywood

"Dias Dorados" (Golden Days), Thomas H. Ince's new home, a true Spanish hacienda

The long house, with its brilliant roof, dominates the entire ranch

The sunlit patio, with its floor of broken flags, lends a real touch of the old California mission days

A corner of the living room, showing the novel grille. Vivid tiles ornament the flagstone base and steps

The main door, with its huge lock and key, is a replica of those of early times
THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE—First National

CHARMINGLY handled—with almost perfect direction, photography and casting—is this modern fairy story. But the theme is almost too delicate, too gossamer, for everyday use. It's almost like trying to make rompers for the baby out of thread lace. A man, crippled by the war, and a homely woman (Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy) are drawn together by a bond of sympathy, and marry. It is a marriage of convenience, but out of it love blossoms. And, seeing each other through the eyes of love, the man is made whole and the woman becomes beautiful. To anyone with a poetic soul, this picture will be a rare treat. But the too literal person will be sadly disappointed. A picture for folk who dare to dream. As such we cannot recommend it too highly.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN—Paramount

WITH the always popular redemption theme, and with the likable Tom Meighan playing the redeemed crook, this picture seems sure to be successful—and deservedly so. It reminds one somewhat of "The Miracle Man" and, while it is not up to the high standard of that picture, it is mighty good entertainment. Mr. Meighan plays a sharper who goes to a little Florida town to sell worthless stock to the town millionaire and miser. There he learns a lesson in honesty and self-respect from the townspeople, even the paupers doing their part to convince him that his way is wrong. Of course, the girl, beautifully played by Virginia Valli, helps a lot. Victor Heerman's direction is sane and effective. The titles are by George Ade, which means that they are above the average.

A REVIEW OF THE New Pictures

The Shadow Stage

A BOY OF FLANDERS—Metro

WITH each successive picture in which Jackie Coogan is the star, the wonder increases as to what he will be when he grows up. The development of this child is little short of miraculous. He has an uncanny understanding of the power of emotion, and a marvelous power of expression. He never over-emphasizes and, on the other hand, there is never any doubt of what he is trying to express. And another beautiful feature of his acting is the absolute absence of self-consciousness. He doesn't play the character he represents—he is it.

In this latest production of Jackie's there is one of those combinations which never fail to appeal—a boy and a dog. Jackie is a ragged little chap, living with his blind grandfather, and they eke out a precarious existence by delivering milk. The boy's obsession is drawing, and he uses any bits of crayon or chalk he can find, making his pictures on pieces of board. He acquires the dog when a peddler leaves the animal to die in the road. When the grandfather dies, Jackie and the dog make their home in a haystack, until his talent wins recognition and a prize from a visiting artist.

The picture sticks closely to Ouida's story, from which it is taken, except that the boy does not die, as in the novel. Jackie has more chances to portray emotions than in other pictures, and his changes of mood are remarkably done. In one sequence he is dressed in girl's clothes and, although Jackie probably wouldn't be pleased to hear it, he makes a strikingly pretty girl.

The direction, settings and photography are all excellent, and the lighting of the exteriors, especially in the snow scenes, is most effective. Altogether, it is one of the finest pictures Jackie has done.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

A BOY OF FLANDERS  KING OF WILD HORSES
GIRL SHY  THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE
THE CONFIDENCE MAN  THE HILL BILLY

The Six Best Performances of the Month

JACKIE COOGAN in “A Boy of Flanders”
RICHARD BARTHELMES in “The Enchanted Cottage”
RAYMOND GRIFFITH in “The Dawn of a Tomorrow”
REX in “King of Wild Horses”
JACK PICKFORD in “The Hill Billy”
THOMAS MEIGHAN in “The Confidence Man”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 100

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathe

HERE is a most unusual picture. The hero is a wild horse—The Black. He is a horse actors can never have too much of, and he runs away with the picture. The Black headed a bunch of mares somewhere in the mountains, and he fights The White to keep his leadership. This fight is unique. Also it is intensely thrilling. Then comes a battle of wits between The Black and a man determined to capture him. The only objection to this is that the man wins, although his kindness somewhat mitigates the sorrow for the horse. The Black and the shots of the wild horses on the range are what make the picture very much worth while. One wonders how the cameraman was able to get these photographs, and Photoplay proposes to tell how it was done, in the July issue.

GIRL SHY—Pathe

IT'S pretty hard to beat Harold Lloyd. No sooner has “Safety Last” been hailed as his greatest picture, than he offers “Girl Shy” which, while it may not have the hair-raising thrills of the other, has plenty of excitement and an extra allowance of laughs. It is not probable that anyone in the audience will scream as they did at “Safety Last,” but, at the same time, it isn’t a good picture for anyone with short breath to see. Harold plays a tailor's apprentice who is afraid of girls, but he writes a book about his love affairs. On his way to a publisher with the manuscript, he meets the only girl in the world. Up to this point the laughs have predominated, but when he starts to prevent the girl from marrying the villain, there is not one quiet second. In his rush to stop the wedding, he uses automobiles, trolley cars, a policeman's motorcycle and other means of conveyance, winding up with a mad dash through traffic, driving a pair of horses attached to a dump cart. And when the horses break away from the cart, he finishes his trip on the back of one of them, leading the other. The journey would give his insurance agent heart failure, as well as many other people.

Then there are interpolated many side issues which bring laughs. One is Harold's habit of stammering when a girl is near, the only cure being a sudden whistle. One of the funniest situations is when he is riding the motorcycle and it goes into a deep ditch. The motorcycle cannot be seen, but dozens of laborers come leaping out of the ditch as the machine progresses.

The photography is uniformly good and Jobyna Ralston is a lovely and dainty leading woman. “Girl Shy” is highly recommended.

THE HILL BILLY—United Artists

THIS is the best picture that Jack Pickford has made since the days of “Seventeen” and “Bunker Bean.” It is another of those Kentucky mountain romances—featuring a barefoot hero, a girl who has been educated “outside,” a feud, a forced marriage and a murder. This thing has been done often—and, at times, better. But no story of the hill country has ever been more beautifully photographed; no story of the mountain whites has been more adequately cast. Little Lucile Kicksen, as the girl, has the most sympathetic rôle of her career. And there is a tame bear who co-stars with Jack and gets his share of the applause. It is a joy to see Jack Pickford in an appealing part once more. He has a personality quite distinct from any other juvenile. “The Hill Billy” makes the most of it.
THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW—Paramount

The story of a multi-millionaire who, ill and on the point of suicide, meets a Pollyannaish child of the London slum. She—by introducing him to the seamy side of life and to a group of characters different from any that he has ever known—turns him from his purpose and gives him a new interest in living. He begins to think of others. A healthy picture—for the whole family.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?—Renaud Hoffman

An obscure producer has turned out a picture which has more real sentiment, more heart appeal in it than are usually found in much more elaborate productions. It will get a tear or two from the most “hard-boiled.” It is a screen version of the old poem in which a poor man and wife try to decide which of seven children they can allow a rich uncle to adopt. Simply told, but wonderfully effective.

THE FIGHTING COWARD—Paramount

James Cruze proves again that he has a wonderful sense of humor. He has taken Booth Tarkington’s “Magnolia,” that satire of the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum days, and has injected more satire and more laughs than Mr. Tarkington did. At times the satire verges on burlesque, but that only makes it the funnier. If you appreciate satire, don’t miss this.

THE BREAKING POINT—Paramount

This story of a man who loses his memory and, ten years later, regains it, is spectacular and melodramatic. But it is also mighty interesting, and Herbert Brenon has made it seem not too impossible. The Mary Roberts Kinsley best seller has been given a splendid cast, and action to burn. Matt Moore makes the transition from one personality to the other a thrilling thing.

THE NIGHT HAWK—Hodkinson

Harry Carey at his best in a Western drama, ably presented. An unusual opportunity has been provided for some fine riding. The unique feature is that everyone does not behave according to silver screen canons. The leading lady actually gets foiled when she makes a campaign speech for Papa the politician, but, of course, she finds Carey irresistible in time for the final close-up.

THE STORM DAUGHTER—Universal

Though Priscilla Dean lacks the old fire, she gives a balanced and mature performance in this story of the sea. Thrown by chance into the power of a brutal captain, upon his own ship, she is forced to undergo all sorts of humiliation, until a mutiny comes—which solves the question of the captain in an unexpected way. The picture ends far too abruptly—the mark of unskillful cutting.
**SINGER JIM McKEE—Paramount**

A TYPICAL Bill Hart vehicle, giving our hero a chance to emote over his Pinto Pony, to fight a mob single-handed and to prove to the one woman that he is one of Nature's noblemen. This is not unlike the last Hart effort, “Wild Bill Hickok,” in spots. Reminiscent is the moment when Bill—clad in a white shirt—stands up before a firing crowd and manages to stay in one piece.

**HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE—Film Booking Offices**

THE third of the Palmer Photoplay prize pictures. This time the Great War, shell shock and a consequent loss of memory form the main theme. After having misled his identity, the war-scarred hero marries his pretty French nurse and returns to America. And, quite by chance, meets the woman to whom he was engaged—and, who, through the terms of his will, has inherited his property.

**MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO—Fox**

TOM MIX again—just as simple and unaffected and dauntless as ever. Hollywood hasn’t spoiled him a bit, and this time he has the added attraction of a good story—adroit and appropriate. It moves along quickly and without, wonder of wonders, divulging the plot in the first ten feet. The subtitles add to the fun. The “wonder horse” is here, too. Both he and Mix do some good stunts.

**TRY AND GET IT—Hodkinson**

AN impossible, but at times laughable, narrative—with Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove. The story of a young business man who is sent out, by his boss, to collect a small bill of long standing. Of course the man who owes the bill has a pretty daughter and that complicates things. It’s only a short time before the love interest reaches a climax and the bill gets collected.

**THE SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW—Metro**

A PICTURE which has such possibilities and of which so much was expected that the result is disappointing. With such a theme and story, and such a cast, it seems too bad that the picture could not have been better. The trouble is both with the scenario and the direction, although Barbara La Marr does not shine as brightly as do Lew Cody and Percy Marmont.

**THE GALLOPING ACE—Universal**

A JACK HOXIE Western, in which war time methods are used to vanquish the lady ranch owner’s many enemies. Jack, seated upon his huge white horse, comes riding into the picture just when he’s needed most—and, with his roping, riding and strong right arm, manages to set everything to rights. Embellished with some of Universal’s best western scenery.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his mother, whose interest in her son's screen career led to her separation from her second husband, James Evans.
Son or Husband—Which?

The mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., tells her reasons for giving up her husband to devote her life to her son and his motion picture career.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

WHEN a woman frankly makes the statement that her separation from her second husband is that she needs more time to devote to her son's career, I am instantly interested.

I hope I am not a victim of the mother tradition. I weep just as profoundly as anybody when John McCormack sings "Mother Madfree," but in my saner moments I know that being a mother is a business and some people are good at it and some aren't. Coming second is just as important as love, and any additional information on the subject is invaluable.

The woman who, still young and lovely and in need of intellectual companionship, gives up a husband to make a business of her son's future and development, must have given intensive thought to the subject, must have deep and vital reasons.

That's why I finally decided to ask Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Evans, the first wife of Douglas Fairbanks, and the mother of his only son, to come and explain just what she meant by it.

The news of her separation from James Evans, a wealthy and goodlooking young business man whom she married shortly after her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, hadn't surprised me much. No matrimonial complications surprise me any more. But her reason—or rather her admission of the reason—did. It showed intellectual honesty, the rarest of all characteristics in woman.

As I waited in her bright, crowded drawing room, I counted nine pictures of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., not one of his mother.

Then a lady came down the curving staircase. She wore a gown of black velvet, with bands of ermine at the throat and wrists. Her hair, which grew from her head in the most exquisite line, was silvery gray above the fresh smoothness of her skin.

She smiled at me and I felt instantly very welcome. She has a lovely smile. Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Evans, and all her mother, there even when she is very grave. You feel it behind her eyes and around the corners of her lips, waiting a chance to come back and join in the conversation.

Three things were in my mind when we finally began to talk about the all important subjects of motherhood and its obligations.

First, the immense adoration that young Doug Fairbanks has for his famous father. I have known a great many children of divorced people and I have talked with judges of divorce courts. I know how easy it is for a mother who brings up a child alone, to allow that child to slip into active resentment, or anger, or criticism against the father. I know how almost unavoidable it is, that the child shall be indifferent to that father, or shall be weaned away from him entirely. It takes a big woman, a woman of real understanding and unselfed devotion to her child's best interests, not to case her own hurt at the expense of her child. The matter is in the mother's hands, and in nine cases out of ten, she resolves herself for post mortem, or even where there are no wrongs, saves her own conscience, with the thing she tells her child.

Second, I was remembering what a brilliant writer, who has been an intimate friend of Mrs. Evans for many years, had said to me only a few days before.

"Her friendship is the most soothing thing I have ever known. It never fails. It understands, it overlooks, it uplifts. Her loving tolerance is broad enough for the whole world. I have never heard her express condemnation of a living soul. Of abstract evils, yes. Of struggling humanity, no, never."" I hardly, when she gave me a second cup of tea, she remembered just how I liked it without asking a little thing, which I have found to be an infallible index of character.

"I don't want to talk about this," she said frankly, with a quick, direct look, "I used to think I had a private life of my own. But I've learned that I haven't. I've learned that if you ask the public to love you, and to be interested in your personality, as my son and I do ask them, that you belong to them. So, in my life, I have found that the best way is to be completely frank and fearless in what you do, and let everybody understand just why you do it.

"It was thoroughly understood when I married a second time, that my son came first. I was young and I felt the need of a man in my life. I am a home person, and I felt quite lost without a home and a husband. So we talked it over and decided to try it, always with the proviso that I belonged first to my boy. It didn't work, that's all. It is difficult enough to be both father and mother to a boy if you can give him every moment of your time and understanding, but when you try at the same time to be a wife to a man who is not that boy's father and whose interests and thoughts run in a different world, it becomes impossible. If the child is not a forceful and vivid personality, it may be easier. Douglas is.

And she smiled again, amusedly.

"IT has always been my theory," she said slowly, for she talks as a woman talks who is thinking behind her words, "that there are mother-women and wife-women. In some women, the mother is always uppermost. Such a woman marries in the expectation of children, she plans for them, looks forward to their coming. If the moment ever comes when she must choose between her husband and her child, she will follow her child every time. In all the little every day choices of life, she gives the preference to the child and not to the man.

"Other women are born wives. Children are accidents to them. If they are fine women, they make splendid mothers. Sometimes, because their love
Hitherto Untold Stories of the Early Days

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XXVII

If you had been a luncheon hour patron in Randolph Street in downtown Chicago in the autumn of 1905 you might have noticed several persistently habitual customers, men who entered with an air of being very much at home and with that inevitable Chicago manner of being in an eternal hurry. Chicago boasts of its speed. The place is important. There were obscure but vital reasons why certain events pregnant with motion picture destiny should have their origin in that cafe somewhere among those laden, talkative tables, besprenn with mugs of most potable dark beer and heavy cups of even darker coffee. Up the street stood the Masonic Temple, once the city’s chief architectural pride and boast, where the Edison peep show kinetoscope first revealed the motion picture to the public in the remote year of 1894, and nearby was the old Schiller theater, where the Latham cinedoscope came in the fall of 1895 with its feeble miracle of living pictures, life size on a sheet. There was the horror-haunted Iroquois, with its proscenium facing out on the scene of the tragedy of seven hundred dead, transcending any fate drama of the years’ procession of minces upon its stage. There was the famous old Powers theater, and the Sherman House, proud in its tradition. This was and is the Rialto of Chicago, where now for a while the Fates chose to spin a thread in the war of the screen.

Among these busy men of Chicago who came up and down Randolph Street to meet at the Union Cafe you might have singled out a certain two with more than a casual interest. One was brief and Teutonically blocky with an atmosphere of keen solidity, superficially shot with diamonds like spar flake on granite. The other was a spacious person with a slight roll in his gait like a laden freighter, with a leonine head and wavy forelock, carrying a stout malacca and much of impressive dignity.

Discreet inquiry of the headwaiter would have identified these men for you as William N. Selig, the moving picture man, and Moses Koenigsberg, of the Chicago Evening American.

Selig, whom we have seen in many chapters of this history, was riding blithely and venturing somely on the rising wave of motion picture prosperity, born of the then new nickelodeon movement. The whole future of the motion picture was still exceedingly uncertain. Selig was alertly waiting and busy experimenting and speculating.

His friend, Moses Koenigsberg, was the managing editor in the most strenuous period of the evolution of the most strenuous afternoon newspaper in the most strenuous newspaper system in the
That Are More Fascinating Than Fiction

Now it can be told

How four men around a cafe table planned in 1926 to corner all of the stories fit for the screen and collect millions from the story hungry motion picture in the years to come.

How a newspaper war in Chicago caused the motion picture serial and opened the road to fame for Pearl White, Kathlyn Williams, Helen Holmes, James Cruze and many another.

How a St. Louis stenographer, Ida Damon, won a prize of ten thousand dollars for a one hundred word idea for the screen—and got fired because she brought too much publicity to her concern.

How a cowboy-reporter-press agent put over a national newspaper hoax and planted the first chapter of "The Million Dollar Mystery" as a news story on the unsuspecting editors, with curious results.

world's history of journalism, specifically the Chicago Evening American, property of a corporation which, in turn, was and is the property of William Randolph Hearst.

In the normal course of events, on days and at hours when nothing especially happened, the Chicago Evening American went tripping out into Chicago's loop district at the rate of an edition about every forty-five minutes. Under the external pressure of vivid events or the internal pressure of even more vivid Koenigsberg inspirations, the American erupted editions fifteen or twenty minutes apart until relieved, and until the adjacent shores of Lake Michigan were knee deep in the lava, scoriae, ashes and hot mud of the current sensation. The normal schedule was seventeen editions a day, with a new whimsy, thrill or shudder roaring across the first page of each of them. Edition plates often overtook each other in the pressroom and got jumbled out of the paper before they got in.

This made it desirable for Koenigsberg to have or overtake an idea expressible in type of 480-point and upwards every few moments.

A common or beer-garden murder discovered at 11:30 A.M. could sweep half of page one at 11:47, and if, in fifteen minutes more, it was found that it involved a girl, preferably chorus, with good pictures, it could have pages one, two and three in the city-night and all home editions down to the last-tenth and sporting final. Once in a while a really big story had to be ignored, since there was not type adequate to present it. Stories could get too big to print.

This may seem slightly remote from the motion picture, but it all had a most direct relation indeed: The coming of the new high tension idea was something of an evolution under compel-

Kathlyn Williams, star of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," one of the most famous newspaper and picture serials of a decade ago.
Out-of-the-ordinary bits of photography gathered by the cameramen who operate all over the world.

Which is which? Rudolph Valentino brought Andre Dunn from France because of their resemblance, and the young Frenchman is playing in "Monsieur Beaucaire".

It is not often that a director can get "extras" who are so interested as are these Italian nuns in what Henry King is telling them.

Judging from Jackie Coogan's expression, he likes girl's clothes about as well as most boys do.
Gertrude Olmsted, who has gone to Italy to play Esther in “Ben-Hur,” was told the Italian pickpockets were very clever. So she had this pocket woven into her stocking.

Kenneth McDonald, the “stunt” actor, used to ride jumping horses. So when a thriller was required in “After a Million,” he figured an automobile could jump as well as a horse. And it did — across a 20-foot ditch.

Have you an old gown that is out of style? Rip out one sleeve and you have the latest Paris fashion. Here is Eleonora Boardman, who introduced it in Hollywood.

This was Chester Conklin’s own idea of a thrill for “Galloping Fish,” and, having invented it, Thomas Ince made him do it himself. It’s all done in the studio.

One of Uncle Sam’s first run picture houses. Sailors on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania setting up the screen for an evening’s entertainment. These boys see the new pictures among the first.
Their Pet Aversions

Yes, the stars—like all other real people—have 'em. And they aren't ashamed, either, to tell us just what they are!

Mary Pickford

I HATE cerise. No—cerise isn't a person—it's a color! A terrible color—or so it seems to me. If any-body wants to make me mad, clear through, all they have to do is to wave a cerise ribbon at me. I almost go crazy when Paris decrees that cerise is going to be a popular color. Cerise hats, even on other people, make me really ill. Cerise gowns spoil the whole atmosphere of a party, for me. I think that I should scream if I happened to meet even my closest friend in a cerise suit.

Will you believe it—the vibrations of that color actually make the gooseflesh stand out all over my body! I can't explain the reason for this aversion; maybe there isn't any reason. I suppose that we all respond to specific colors, and that we are opposed to other ones. It's a matter of individual taste—plus something that isn't very easy to understand.

Irene Rich

I HAVE a great many hobbies, but very few aversions. Perhaps my greatest one is my dislike for public appearances. Not that I object to meeting my friends—no, indeed! But to stand on a brightly lighted stage, with nothing to say, or do seems quite terrible. If I might appear in a little sketch, first, and then meet the people who came up to shake hands with me—well, that wouldn't be nearly so bad. I'd be doing something definite then, giving something, being something. But to just stand, stupidly, and gaze out into a sea of strange faces—that is my pet aversion, indeed!

I think that I dislike this personal appearance idea because I can't help feeling that the folk out front are waiting for something out of the ordinary to happen. And I know that they're not going to see anything out of the ordinary at all!

Harold Lloyd

I HATE a still camera. When I see a still camera approaching, propelled by some eager portrait maker—amateur or otherwise—I feel about the way a Senett bathing girl would feel at the sight of a sea serpent coming up suddenly out of an otherwise perfectly good ocean!

I suppose it's because I've had to live in an atmosphere of picture making so long that I hate cameras. When I'm away from the studio I feel as if I deserve a rest from all the things that go with my work there. At such times I'm not in the mood for them. So it's not a matter of being "temperamental." A camera in my house is—to me—like an unfriendly eye at a keyhole.

I don't mind it so much when the camera is pointed at my wife, Mildred. She's so pretty that I don't blame people for wanting to take pictures of her. But there's no excuse for a camera to look in my direction!

Sylvia Breamer

NOT if I can help it will I ever carry a door key again! I've lost more keys than all the rest of the people, combined, in Hollywood. My keys seem to sprout legs—as many legs as a centipede. After I've put them in my pocketbook, they just walk right out again.

What's the use of carrying one anyway, when you have a maid just especially to open the door? Although there are times, of course, when the maid and I get our dates mixed, and I come home to find the door locked and nobody to let me in.

And therein lies the chief reason for my aversion. As it is, I have been forced, by circumstance, to become quite an adept at second story work. Some day an innocent cop—if there is such a thing—will arrest me for breaking into my own house. Do you wonder that I hate keys?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]
Won't peel off
Won't dry in ridges
Lasts a whole week
Gives a rose brilliance
water will not dull
Needs no separate
polish remover

The greatest authority on the manicure has perfected the
ideal Liquid Polish with all these qualities. Try it at the
end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be de-
lighted with the smooth, rosy brilliance it gives your nails.

Cutex Liquid Polish and the other Cutex preparations
are 35c at drug and department stores in the United
States and Canada and chemist shops in England. Or
you can get it in two of the complete manicure sets.
Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

CUTEX

THE COMPLETE MANICURE
Send 12c for Special Introductory Set

The Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex
manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex
emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove
all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and
a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid
Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between mani-
cures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a
little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon with 12c today for the
special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all
these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept.
Q 6, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept.Q 6
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including
a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name: __________________________

Street __________________________
(or P. O. Box)

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Their Pet Aversions—[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Owen Moore
Alarm Clocks

I LOATHE an alarm clock. That song of Harry Lauer's, about hating to get up in the morning, hits me just where I live! The people that think a screen star has nothing to do but enjoy life and sleep late, ought to have my hours. They'd soon change their minds—I'm telling you!

Sometimes I receive an early call—maybe it comes before six o'clock. And I have to jump out of bed and be at the studio, ready to start for location, before even the sun has had to get up. How's that for treatment?

The days when I have to work early usually come after the nights when I've had to work late. Think of that, and then remember I'm supposed to be a comedian and have to act funny—or try to act funny—under any sort of circumstance! When my humor has a touch of pathos in it, it's because I'm sleepy. But a lot of critics say that the sad sort of humor is the closest to art, so there's a compensation for everything!

Just the same, I hate early rising. And I detest the things that go with early rising. To date I can't remember a time when I've been able to stay in bed as long, and as late, as I wanted to. But—sometimes—I'm going to strangle my alarm clock!

Douglas Fairbanks
Castor Oil

I'D rather take poison than castor oil! If you want to know my pet aversion, you're answered.

All my life I've hated castor oil. When I was a kid I hated it. When I was a growing boy I hated it. When I was a very young man I hated it. And I still hate it!

The story about Eskimos crying for castor oil gives me a violent chill. The sight of a bottle of it nauseates me. If I ever get rich enough I'll buy all the castor oil in the country and go out, in a big boat, beyond the three-mile limit, and give it a decent burial at sea. What a rotten trick to play on the fishes!

However, if I do smother my better feelings toward the fish, and do destroy all the castor oil in the country, my pictures will never want for an audience. Think how the small boys of the nation will love me! I'll come before George Washington as a national hero—Lincoln, as a liberator, will have it.

Not thousands of them, you understand, but enough! However, I won't list them here. You only asked for my pet hatred—my idea of the vilest thing in the whole world. Well, it's castor oil—the thing that's made the most people miserable.

Tully Marshall
Red-haired Women

I HATE red-haired women. I don't trust 'em. Want to know why? Well, it's a matter of personal vanity with me. I guess the psycho-analysts would tell you that a good many aversions are.

You see, when I was a kid, 'way back in the days of the little brick schoolhouse, I had a red-headed teacher. I suppose she was a nice enough looking girl—but at the time she seemed beautiful to me. To make a long story short, I fell in love with her, and she threw me down! I hate to tell this on account of my wife—it's a mistake for a husband to own even a harmless past. One should be reticent in such matters.

Nowadays, when I sign up with a picture, I usually ask the director if there's going to be a red-headed woman in the cast. His answer means a lot. If he says there's—it's pretty apt to change my plans.

Marie Prevost
Monkeys

My pet aversion is almost an obsession with me. I hate monkeys. Yes, I know most people like them—but I can't stand the sight of one of them. Darwin must have been clean crazy when he said that we're descended from the hateful little beasts!

When I was a child, and my mother took me to the circus or to the zoo, the terror of the monkeys was terrified me. Their gestures, their claws, everything about them filled me with horror. Even now, if I should be called upon to work with one, in a picture, I think I'd simply have to pass out!

Human beings are simply wonderful. Monkeys are detestable. I can't see the slightest resemblance between them. I wish that I might never have to look at another monkey as long as I live. This is a queer aversion, but it's too true to be funny!
How the younger women are caring for their skin

She whirls gaily through a crowded day, yet there is no end to her buoyant enthusiasm, her electric energy. Look at her smiling over her morning coffee. She played eighteen holes of golf in yesterday afternoon's wind and danced until four on top of it.

But her creamy skin hasn't a trace of roughness or coarsening. There's not a line at the corner of her mouth or eyes—no lifeless look to tell of a skin improperly cared for.

For these lighthearted girls know how important a clear, fresh, smooth skin is, and they realize that their strenuous manner of life seriously threatens to destroy its fragile loveliness.

So everywhere they have now definitely adopted the new method of skin care—the method devised by Pond's and based upon the two fundamentals of skin perfection—Rejuvenating Cleansing and a delicate Protective Finish.

How the Younger Women Stay So

First—the all important cleansing that leaves the skin immaculate, supple, lustrous. For this, Pond's Cold Cream on the face and neck every night, and after any exposure. Rub it in generously, with the tips of the fingers, or on a piece of moistened cotton. The fine oil sinks deep into the pores to remove the impurities, the tiny particles of dust and powder that clog them.

With a soft cloth wipe off the cream—you will marvel at the dust and dirt that come with it. Your skin is deliciously clean and supple—and the tiny cells have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Next—the delicate finish that protects. Smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face after every cleansing—just enough to rub in easily. This exquisite, pure soft cream is absorbed instantly, giving a firm, normal texture, a smoothness and an enchanting pearly tone. Now with this perfect foundation, notice how evenly your powder goes on—and it will cling for hours.

After any exposure Pond's Cold Cream is especially soothing. Just feel your face relax as you rub the soft delicate cream in after a long drive or a morning of golf or tennis. The hungry cells drink up the oil they lack, the feeling of strain disappears, and the skin is soft and supple again. Follow this, of course, with Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering.

If you are entertaining or going out in the evening, use Pond's Cold Cream followed by Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smooth, clear loveliness.

Try the Famous Method that Keeps the Skin Young

With Pond's Two Creams and a little care every day, you will be astonished to see how clear and smooth, how soft and velvety your skin looks. And it will keep this charm of freshness and youthfulness for years longer than one would suppose possible. Buy Pond's Two Creams in jars or tubes from any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10 cents today

POND'S TWO CREAMS

USED BY WOMEN WHO TAX THEIR SKIN MOST AND KEEP IT LOVELIEST

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
There were nearly "as many episodes as dollars" in "The Million-Dollar Mystery," here is Florence La Badie, the heroine.

THE task of endless research and writing involved in the Romantic History of the Motion Picture and the general approval it has met with in the industry, as well as among readers of this publication, has earned for Mr. Ramsay the position of the screen's foremost historian. It is truly remarkable that while this history has corrected many generally accepted fallacies regarding the early days of the art and industry not one essential fact in it has been controverted.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor.

Koenigsberg reflected on the motion picture situation and its story consumption, twisting his forelock with a nervous left hand. He was always doing that. It was his method of wringing out the reluctant inspirational idea.

There were many sessions over many coffee cups. Meanwhile "Broncho Billy" jumped the Selig fence and joined George K. Spoor in the organization of the Essanay Company, taking, of course, the "story picture" idea along to the new organization. Selig and Spoor became friends, and both of them consulted often with George Kleine, whose important motion picture activities between New York and Chicago have been detailed in this history. Now there were three of them talking this story situation. Of these confabs was born an ambitious project by which the Chicago motion picture makers planned to corner the world's market in motion picture material. They intended to get the exclusive screen rights forever to all of the stories, novels and plays that had not been converted into motion pictures, and presently to hold the picture-making industry at their mercy for ideas, meanwhile having available for themselves an inexhaustible supply of the best material. Let's try it in wheat: why should they not do it in stories?

Selig and Koenigsberg had talked and tentatively planned many things. They had talked out the possibilities of screen presentation of newspaper stories and of newspaper presentation of screen stories. It was, after all, a reasonably obvious development and a natural course of discussions between the two arts. These things for the time were merely talk that floated off into the nowhere along with the cigar smoke.

But now the story corner idea ran most clearly over into the field of publication, better known to Koenigsberg, the editor, than to the picture men. He was...
Most men ask
"Is she pretty?"
not "Is she clever?"

Freshness, Charm—the enticement of a Skin More Precious than Personality or Cleverness—do you seek it? Then for One Week Follow this Simple Beauty Method which is Bringing it to Thousands

Often we marvel at her—the girl whose only asset is her beauty. She knows so little and says so little; yet serenely attracts everyone to her side. Too often her clever rival sits in a corner, alone.

Brains or beauty?—but why choose? Combine beauty with cleverness, charm with wisdom. Develop your beauty to bring out the sweetness of your personality. That's what thousands of girls have done—and found new happiness as a result.

The means are simple. Have a pretty skin—remember, you can, if you try. Costly beauty treatments are unnecessary—just daily use of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

It is worth trying for this charm thousands have, the clear, fresh skin you want—do this one week, then note the change.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Then massage softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, represented as made of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10¢ the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

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

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

Volume and efficiency produce 25¢ quality for only 10¢

THE PALM/OLIVE COMPANY, (Del. Corp.)
360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
A comb GIVEN with every brush

Pyralin Start-a-Set Sale
June 2-7

Gifts that women love

From June 2 to 7, the leading merchants in your locality will give away a genuine, trade-marked Pyralin comb to match each hair brush you buy. This is your opportunity to start a set of the most popular of all toiletware for some one dear to you—or to add to it if she already has one started.

June days are gift days. What more pleasing and graceful gift to a woman than Pyralin Toiletware with its life-long beauty and usefulness?

Go to the merchant in your locality who advertises this "Start-a-Set" Sale. See the wide range of beautiful patterns and articles. Identify genuine Pyralin by the name-stamp on each piece. There is a small charge for decoration, if desired.

Name of nearest dealer and descriptive literature will be sent, if desired.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Pyralin Department, Arlington, New Jersey
Arlington Company of Canada, Montreal

FOR MEN
A free comb given away with every pair of military brushes.
Studio News and Gossip East and West — [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

I'm not had the stuff. The wedding bells will ring out and the "Aurora" will again start on a cruise, this time around the world for a honeymoon trip.

FIVE years of more or less peaceful married life in the Hollywood colony and one single mention of it—not even "screen credit." This is the story of pretty Virginia Valli and her husband, Demmy Lamson. They haven't kept it a secret. It has just been ignored and never so much as a picture printed of them together. They have had plenty taken, but they've been suppressed, either because Lamson hogged the camera or had such a sickly grin on his face. They feel they have been overlooked in the general rush to prove that there are happily married couples in the film capital, and so Miss Valli and Lamson have posed again—this time especially for Photoplay—just to show they are "happy though married."

Lamson is employed in pictures. He has been location man, assistant director and is now manager for a number of artists.

Mr. George K. Spoor is out of pictures, which isn't news. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks is in pictures, which isn't news either. But on the two sentences hangs a tale as told by Victor Faik, at present Pacific cable editor for the Associated Press in San Francisco, but formerly with Essanay Studios.

"Years ago, and not so many either when you figure the age of pictures," recounts Mr. Fairbanks, "I was in New York for Essanay trying to pick up a play or two. I saw Fairbanks playing to empties at the Liberty theater in Forty-second street. His play was "He Comes Up Smiling." Please remember that title.

"I told him he would make good in pictures and he agreed to come with Essanay on any sort of a contract I agreed to make. I wired Spoor at Chicago and received the following reply: 'Don't want Fairbanks now. Can you find a good scenario writer?'

"I imagine my embarrassment when I had to tell Fairbanks the fatal news. But look at the difference now. Spoor is out of pictures and the man he could have signed up for $100 a week is 'packing them in' in the very theater where he played to empties in "He Comes Up Smiling."

"I'll say he comes up smiling."

The largest cash guarantee ever put up in pictures has just been placed in a fund by Carl Laemmle, of Universal. The amount is one million dollars and is to go to Jack Dempsey as his salary for ten pictures in which he is to be starred.

Work on these ten productions is to be started at once and, according to the contract, they may be spread over a period of two years, if the studio deems it necessary.

In the event that a heavyweight championship fight be signed for Dempsey before the completion of his contract, permission will be given him to fight, provided all his preliminary training is done at Universal City. Also, if Dempsey should lose the championship before the ten pictures are completed, the contract for the productions still holds good.

Estelle Taylor has recently taken her first step to stardom via the Cecil B De Mille route. Mr. De Mille announced that he has signed Miss Taylor to a long-term contract to take the place of Leatrice Joy in forthcoming De Mille productions. Miss Joy has been made a star by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as a result of her work in "The Ten Commandments" and "Triumph."

It is said to have been Miss Taylor's work in...
the former picture that won her the right to succeed Miss Joy. Her first picture with De Mille will be "Feet of Clay," a story by Margaretta Tuttle. Mr. De Mille, as director-general for Paramount, has made a number of stars, including Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres and Bebe Daniels.

THE spring drive is on. The rich and the poor, old and young, are again battering at the gates of the Hollywood motion picture studios seeking loot, fame, thrills and excitement.

Daughters of wealth, scions of nobility, an oil magnate, and even a mere football hero are among those who are now in the film capital trying to crash the gate on Eumce and Fortune. Muriel McCormick, daughter of Harold McCormick and granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, is here and is about to achieve a three years' ambition to blaze a comet-like trail across filmland's stellar universe, according to reports. Her campaign of invasion is the result of much thought, one learns. With a staff of a dozen servants-engaged, she is said to have taken a home in Pasadena and is laying strenuous plans. But she does not want the family name on twenty-four sheets. Oh,

Long ago Charlie Chaplin promised Lita Grey that, some day, she could be his leading woman. He's made good, and she will be in his new Muskum picture.
Choose powder that matches the tone of your skin

By Mme. Jeannette

The foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select the shade of powder for your particular skin-tone.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades, each one carefully compounded to most nearly match each of the four typical shades of the American woman's skin. These shades are called Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White, and unless you have a very unusual skin-tint you will find among them exactly the shade you should use!

There are four typical shades of skin. Naturelle is the shade that most American women should use. Women with the warm little rose and ivory tones in their skin find this a shade of powder that can be used successfully both day and night.

Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a slightly darker tone of powder than Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is designed for the Spanish type of beauty, generally the woman with deep brown eyes and dark hair. Yet often women who have not such a definite tint of brunnette in their general appearance should use this Rachel shade. It gives a lovely tone of rich beauty to the skin, and I would advise more women to try it.

Flesh Pompeian Beauty Powder is quite a decided pink, like a young baby's flesh. And many "pink and gold" blonde women should wear this shade. If your skin is inclined to flush, you will do well to use this powder. The pink powder over the pink skin tones down the too-high coloring, and forms a natural little finish that takes away the shine.

The most effective way to use your own shade of powder is to use it generously. Then go over the skin with a clean cloth and smooth off all superfluous particles till you attain the desired effect without your powder being obvious. Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rare fine powder, with a delicate perfume and an exceptional quality of adhering for a long time.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER, 60c per box
POMPEIAN POWDER COMPACT, $1.00

Canadian prices slightly higher

Get the 1924 Pompeian Panel
And Four Samples for Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7 1/2 in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon and mail today.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

YOUR SKIN DEMANDS PROTECTION

The supreme wisdom in taking care of the body is to supply whatever nature actually demands! A skin that feels "drawn" or "tight" indicates a definite demand to give your skin more oil—more nourishment.

You Must Feed Your Skin

Pompeian Night Cream furnishes the exact nourishment required by a dry skin. As one grows older, this oily secretion is lessened, and wise women replace it to a great extent by the frequent use of Pompeian Night Cream. Many women use a little of this cream every time they cleanse their faces during the day.

If your skin already tends toward oiliness, you should counteract this condition by the use of Pompeian Day Cream. Apply it after your morning bath, and use it as a powder base at all times! It is slightly astringent and antiseptic—two essentials in making an oily skin more normal.

Remember—your skin never sleeps! While your skin may rest at night—it never sleeps! It acts and reacts with the temperature of the room. It absorbs and rejects just as it does when you are awake—and because of this it will be using to good advantage the nourishment in Pompeian Night Cream. Its use at night is beneficial to both types of skin.

Unquestionably all women remove the traces of the day's powder, rouge, and accumulated dust. Whether this is done with cleansing cream, or with warm water and soap, it is still a cleansing process, and cleanliness is essential to good skin. But as a final touch of wisdom, rub a little Pompeian Night Cream into your cleansed skin for the night, to feed it during the hours when you are asleep and your skin is awake and active.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (3dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in order.

Name

Address

City State

What shade of face powder wanted?
FOURTH LETTER NATIONAL CORPORATION, 3-5 Madison Ave., New York City.

DANSON FAMILY PRODUCTIONS, 1747 South Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FAMOUS FILM CORPORATION, 1120 Broadway, New York City.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 720 Seventh Avenue, New York City...
**A new use for an old friend**

Many users of Listerine have never discovered the unusual properties, as a perspiration deodorant, peculiar to this well-known antiseptic.

Many times you don't have access to—or time for—a tub or shower. Yet so often your fastidious inclinations will not permit you to be comfortable in going out without considering these things. Right there Listerine steps in as a friend in need. You simply apply this dependable antiseptic with a towel or wash cloth. Note how delightful and exhilarating the effect really is. Try it some time.

It is an interesting thing that this scientific preparation that has been used for so many years as a surgical dressing should possess these remarkable properties as a deodorant. Test this yourself, by rubbing a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

Moreover, it is absolutely safe. It will not irritate the most sensitive skin nor injure the most fragile fabric. You will be delighted with this new use.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.
ONE is a summons to the table—the other, a warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat at our three meals a day that is bringing an avalanche of troubles to our teeth and our gums.

It's too soft. It doesn't stimulate the circulation of blood in the gums. Under this modern diet of ours, gums are growing soft and logy. They bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears—let your teeth beware.

Take care of your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste

To keep the gums sound and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have told us that a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing is, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, a splendid restorative treatment. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, has a direct tonic effect on weakened gum tissue.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana is delightful to the taste. It cleans teeth thoroughly. And above all, it is absolutely grit-free. Send the coupon for a trial tube.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.
Dept. 1-5
42 Rector St.
New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of Ipana Tooth Paste without obligation on my part.

Name
Address
City... State...

Photo play—heard

Matter CONTINUED

i

escert:

City...

42 Dcpt.

Bristol-

Address.

has
dinner-

To

are

ONE

ing

on

tooth

管

of

tooth.

and

Send

a

to

Sal

brushing

and

It

a

Tooth

sound

"pink

toothbrush".

With

Ipana.

to

the

gum

and

"Human

Wreckage",

of

"Merton

of

Movies"

and

the

success

in

"A

Society

Scandal"

at

the

Eastern

Paramount

studios.

HOLLYWOOD is just a little bit amused—not shocked, because nothing that exquisite and popular young person, May McAvoy, could do would cause so much as a breath of criticism in the film colony—but we're just a little bit amused over a situation that has all the elements of a French farce. May McAvoy is definitely engaged to Glenn Hunter, star of "Merton of the Movies." There was a number of broken hearts strewn in her path when the announcement was finally made, and among them most prominently displayed was Bobby Agnew's. Bobby has been at May's feet for years—even since they were kids together. Having resigned all hope of winning May, and hearing of her wedding to Glenn Hunter in the near future, Bobby consoled himself by transferring his adoration to Shirley Mason.

And now, May and her mother—a most circumspect and conventional lady—have taken a big Hollywood house and Bobby—in capacity of big brother and adopted son—is living with them. It is rumored that as soon as Shirley's year of widowhood—her husband was Bernie Durning, Fox director, who died in New York recently—is up, she and Bobby will be married. Date for the Glenn Hunter—May McAvoy wedding has not been set, but it is understood that it will take place when the young man arrives in Hollywood some time this fall.

MRS. WALLACE REID is starting work upon her new picture. It is to be produced by Thomas H. Ince and directed by John Griffith Wray, the same people who made "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Reid's great anti-narcotic film. The success of her first picture has been so great that Mrs. Reid was anxious to do another at once, using some theme equally as vital as the battle against the drug evil. She wrote letters, therefore, to leading [CONTINUED ON PAGE 155]
On your vacation—use your flashlight!

Vacation Time! . . . The annual respite from routine. . . . Time for fun and frolic, for rest and relaxation. . . . But there will be dark nights and inadequate lights, so be sure to take your Eveready Flashlight along. And be sure it is loaded with fresh, power-packed Eveready Unit Cells.

Eveready strips the mask from dangers that skulk in shadows. It lays a carpet of sunlight before otherwise faltering feet, and gives you the assurance that all’s well after dark. It pierces darkness with its cold-white beam, and makes night safe!

You will find a thousand-and-one uses for your Eveready Flashlight on your vacation, whether you go to mountain or shore, forest or farm. Put it in the grip for the trip. You’ll use it going, while you’re there, and on the way back.

The improved line of Eveready Flashlights is better than ever. Newly designed cases. Safety-locking switches. New features that mean new reasons for owning this perfect portable light for every purpose and purse.

Eveready standard features that have kept this first flashlight still first are retained, of course. And there is no advance in prices—65c to $4.50, complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A.

Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

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
Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * * *

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
I knew him when a baby. He was the baby, not I.

TEDDY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Break your heart, Teddy? Not I. No reason for even cracking it. Gloria Swanson would reply to the rumor as Mark Twain did: "The report is grossly exaggerated." She will be with us long, I hope.

HELEN A., NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Your town has yielded the world a highly popular actor, William, alias Bill Hart. Yes, Richard Barthelmess uses his own name on the screen. His many friends persist in vulgarizing it to Dick. Glenn Hunter has made Highland Mills in New York famous by being born in it.

HELENE, CICERO, ILL.—Your favorite actress, Mae Murray, was born in Portsmouth, Va. Her father was an artist who died while she was a child. She went to New York, where she lived with her aunt. She began her career as a chorus girl and her first conspicuous success was in the chorus as an impersonator of the "Nell Brinker girl." She has had three careers—as a chorus girl, a dancer, and a motion picture star. She hopes to have a fourth on the legitimate stage. Her husband is her director, Robert Leonard. Bebe Daniels' address is Paramount Studios; Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan Studios; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.

SHIRLEY, NORTH VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Your favorite actor, Jackie Coogan, was born October 26, 1914, in Los Angeles. His address is the Metro Studio. He is three feet, six inches tall. A marked contrast to the other object of your interest, Bill Hart, whose height is six feet, one inch. I believe, in his stockings, Mr. Hart is forty-nine. His birthplace is Newburgh, N. Y. The town arranged a gala day for him when last he was in New York, but he had to send his regret because a picture had to be done in California. Write Metro Studio about the cutting.

STELLA, JACKSON, MISS.—The blush of pride would rise to the cheeks of George O'Hara at reading what you say of him. Mr. O'Hara played opposite Shirley Mason in "Shirley of the Circus." He is not married. Malcolm McGregor and Carmel Myers played the hero and heroine of "The Dancer of the Nile."

C. L., WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am neither a collegian nor have I whiskers. Guess again. Richard Barthelmess, whose "Twenty-one" so pleased you, is twenty-eight. His type is always striking on the screen. His coloring is vividly dark. His baby daughter is a year old. Observers differ as to whether she more resembles her father or her dainty mother. Mrs. Barthelmess (Mary Bay) is playing in the musical comedy, "Mary Jane McKane."

IRENE, NORFOLK, VA.—Malcolm McGregor is one of the few native New Yorkers. He is a graduate of Yale. He is about twenty-five; height, five feet, eleven inches; weight, 165 pounds. He is married and has a daughter.

GERTRUDE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Thanks for the compliments to the magazine. The addresses of the Paramount, Cosmopolitan and Goldwyn studios are elsewhere in this magazine: see the Studio Directory.

A. P. B., CALED, ILL.—I bow. George Walsh's address is Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Kenneth Harlan's eyes are brown. He is not married, but has been divorced. His age is twenty-eight.
Great Lovers of the Screen

**PJJISITE over-ixo do oir-erville**

Conrad Nagel

**By Black’s Secret**

The type of lover who appeals to me is the one whose Central Nervous System has always been on the surface, and all who have heard him talk in love scenes are not, and the qualities Lew Cody possesses are the essentials demurred for the perfect him lover.

Robert W. Frazer

**By Pole N. gr.**

I have appeared upon the stage and screen with over a score of leading men during my career. Many of them bear names with which I stand for the highest achievement of my kind in art in America and Europe. I have so far been in pro-fatting Robert W. Frazer as the greatest of the all the screen lovers I have worked with. I first saw Mr. Frazer playing the role of a cowboy. In him, I believed I saw the leading man who could best portray the role of George Kibler in "Men," for which I was to be the voice of Mr. Frazer more than I could feel my faith in him. As a screen lover, he is the greatest of all my experience. His simplicity and depth of emotion are two of the virtues which I seem to hold in my memory.

Richard Dix

**By Eric’s Companion**

I think Dix is the ideal of the perfect screen lover. I have worked with many others, but I do not believe any who can compare with him in the kind of love scenes. His youth and his beauty, plus his strength, make him the perfect type. He is a man of intense character, and his strength of will is always evident in his performances.

Thomas Meighan

**By Jacqueline Logan**

Compelling, gentle, but firm is this scenario for a Novarro of deep, intense type—a lover who, you recall, could conquer the heart of any woman against any odds. I am always aware of the loveliness and thoughtfulness that are his fiancée's. Their loveliness and gentleness are natural parts of Tommy, yet his roughness only adds to the more apparent, and he makes his lover a derangement of life only temporarily.

Frank Mayo and Conway Tearle

**By Conrie Gruft**

Of the leading men who have played opposite me I should place Frank Mayo and Conway Tearle at the top of the list as screen lovers. But I have seen them in only a few roles. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover. It seems to me that the other two are more closely and closely situated together, both being the ideal type of lover.}

**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**
Fairest of Stars!

MISS NILSSON'S enviable poise and confidence in herself are her most admirable qualities and a real reason for her tremendous popularity and success. The harmony of dress and appearance which she displays are achieved through the absolute correctness and good taste of every article of her attire. Miss Nilsson never buys a pair of shoes unless they are finished with visible eyelets, and she declares that every woman who wishes to be notably well shod should see that the shoes she buys have visible eyelets, tiny details though they are, because they are so essential to the correct appearance, good quality and true style of laced shoes.

Visible eyelets are always found on the best of footwear because they are decorative and practical—the manufacturer's assurance of good style, good materials and careful workmanship!

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
the fair young things—have done, like a cool arum. In a seat, and the
Lebags love—let it lead and get
relinquished: but he wasn't when I played
with him in 'Blood and Sand.' In his love
the greatest love; he's perfectly natural.
He doesn't leave any room for a jape here:
for love-making that a lot of our
heated loves have. He walks on the ceiling.
I am a human being and a colt
natiuion. When he caresses me I don't feel
though I was going to swoon of anything
like that—how he made the man that could
give me heart failure—but if I do feel that I
feeling off finely and that he isn't going
to pop out his eyes at me or do any of the strange
things that men in loves do. I've seen
there where they looked at though they were
travelling—that I am passionate, you know. After
all, love is nothing to catch fire and burn up
about

Monte Blue
By Viola Dana

Monte Blue is my favorite screen lover.
This is not a reflection on all the others, any
one of whom may be superior to Mr. Blue.
But I just one person's opinion. I didn't
you tear it. I was afraid of it and I'm
merely complying with the request.

There is something classic and grand about Mr.
Blue. He's a mainy man. I think the
qualities are the one: women should not
glimpse in a man. There is something about
him that suggests he could be pitied and that
he really tried and that, if he loved a woman,
he would look no interference in settling her
at the same time a woman knew he
ever would display—such qualities—ends—
— It is quite fascinating.

In hi, screen love-making he is ever kind
contentious, chivalrous. I believe a very small
portion of women like love-man touches
love-making.

Deliver me from the leading men who purely
through the modus of love-making show
the characteristics. But I want him to be
realistic. I'm not keen on their being real.
I've had one or two who were too real in their
love-making. Mr. Blue is both and appealing and,
at the same time, a bit of a love-hug. What
more could one ask?

Lewis Stone
By Ahna Rabin

Am I the one lover? Lewis Stone is not
one. I played by Cynara, and was
by him; any man I have had

I'm like the screen. Mr. Stone, that's true
women—there's something about
loving. There is no comparison to Mr.
Stone's love-making. Yet there is a
in this love-making. I want him to be
realistic. I'm not keen on their being real.
I've had one or two who were too real in their
love-making. Mr. Blue is both and appealing and,
at the same time, a bit of a love-hug. What
more could one ask?

Irene Rich, star of

Irene Rich, star of
Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags

In the Better Foods Hacks of the famous Whiting Colored Mesh

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags

In the Better Foods Hacks of the famous Whiting Colored Mesh

Easy to PLAY

Easy to PLAY

Every girl and woman appreciates a
good complexion. Lablache provides
and keeps the skin smooth. I take
a pure, shining and inviolate. It
keeps the complexion spotless and
as such is the perfect of flowers.

Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00

g. approved by

Each box. 10 oz

Great for Skin Care;

B. LEVY CO.

Ben Levy Co.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicagoy, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

In a music store—Instruments are only one with cases.

This instrument is a Buescher tone saxophone; no other.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.

2300 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

R. BUESCHER & CO.
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

YANKEE MADNESS—Film Booking Offices

The story of a hot-headed Yankee who, single-handed—putting aside a central American revolution and winning the beautiful daughter of the president—has thin and unconvincing—but Billie Love is most attractive as the matronly heroine and Walter Long as beautifully thegeois leader of the revolutionists. There is some rapid-fire lighting in the last reel and one scene extra takes a spectacular fall four floors.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN—C. G. Burr

A DEFAULD of the modern flapper and she needs it. If all were true, Pauline Garvin makes her an attractive wife, and well worth all the trouble he cares, with what is done halls, relentless villains and the like. The picture is all the sensational and up-to-date myopia drama. Harrison Ford and David Powell vie with one another as the respective hero and villain.

ROUGH RIDIN'—Appre.: d

FULL of action like all well-bred up Westerns, although the hero is told the rascals: 'There isn't a decent man among you!' All the approved film ethics tell us that 'Western men is gentleman.' But this feature happens to be better than the ordinary even if there isn't a familiar name in the cast.

VIRTUOUS LADY—Vitagraph.

This Whitman Bennett production is not very interesting, although the cast lists David Powell, Dagmar Godowsky and the latest Ingram discovery, Edith Allen. About a Lucy Stoni of young and who feels that her work will be more easily dispensed of if she keeps her marriage a secret. But it brings a lot of trouble and this one-trest option. Not very much of a picture, this.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER—Holliton

DESPITE a large and impressive cast—received a part from the legitimate stage—picture manages to be fairly the one. The story seems to be more for the characters, costume and setting, etc., than the theme, and are all true. A country school, the plots of the week and the themes of the week, are treated in the control and by this he presents his theme, an excellent the last part seems.

HIS DARKER SELF—Holliton

THE Pullman and Pullman Bakers advertisement, although the story is very much less, is remarkably true, and pathetic. And of the time to make it. In the first scene, I sit pretty and it appears as if her life is going to be grumpier, and partly still with the men another. People of all ages are very good pictures, and particularly intended, might have put the

TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK—Esther

This Air picture falls for its hour or any thing in which there are figures ever appeared. It is a story of the life of a mill owner who makes a fortune and loses it. Said to be the best picture of the week, and can't even make dollars out of it. Henry Hull and Douglas Fairbanks are both figures. There is a lot of interest and very high business there.

THE BELOVED VIRGON—F. P. O.

As each holiday picture. The present is taken the pathetic story of the hard labor and there is a hard row of it. Among and a woman who, beautiful black hair, has the lead. But it is a hard row to be steggy.
THE WANTERS—First National

PRETTY good entertainment. One of those sumptuous productions with all the apparent wealth and the Fifth Avenue shops. All sorts of gorgeous clothes and fur coats, but showing the while that though you may want, you don’t always want it. Louise Fazenda as an errand girl, and Huntly Gordon, Gertrude Astor and Robert Ellis are in it.

GALLOPING FISH—First National

ROUGH slapstick comedy, but funny. Every scene is the star, and is supported by Louise Fazenda, Sidney Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, an entire menagerie, and a flood which turns all the animals loose among the humans. Eugene Palette, as a taxi driver who loses everything except his taximeter, does a good bit of work.

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—Film Booking Offices

THIS Western seems amateurish—and, somehow, it is never in the least convincing. This is perhaps due to the unskilled attempts at comic relief, perhaps to the rather foolish titles. It is the story of a young sheriff who cleans up a bad little western town and falls in love with the lady preacher—who is also trying to clean up the town in her own way. Fred Thompson, the star, is good.

THE NIGHT MESSAGE—Universal

ONE of those Montague-Capulet leads transferred to the South where they flourish—with young love unmarred by sleeping potions and tragic death. Melodrama is rampant, thought is to the point. Gladys Hulette and Margaret Selden do some good deeds in a naughty film world.

PAGAN PASSIONS—Selznick

A GOOD theme gone wrong. Why can’t some producers stick to a good idea? This picture starts out to show the deteriorating influence of the tropics on two married couples. But once set, it ambles into all sorts of sentimentality, blatant coincidences and inadequate character drawing. And even a cast of favorite stars can’t save it.

FLAPPER WIVES—Selznick

THE faith-healing process is a topic which looks very new and then on the screen a little old. Margaret Moran has not contrived any new or enlightening angle, nor is the direction with Justin McCloskey anything to write home about. However, “Flapper Wives” succeeds in being the best because we are never exactly sure how it is all going to end.

A MAN’S MATE—Fox

THE chief trouble with this is that anyone who pays to see it will need the attack of amnesia which put the hero out of business; This purports to tell something about our life in Paris, but fails to come to grips with it. John Gilbert and Renée Adoree do their best, and it isn’t their fault that this is barely palatable.

THE DANCING CHEAT—Universal

HERBERT WAXLISON and Alice Lake divide the stellar honors. This threatens at first to present another aspect of the old confidence game, but Alice renounces her wicked ways for love of the hand-on gambling man. Yes, Waxlison is the gambler (strictly on the level) and Alice Lake, the scheming dancer, but romance is in the ascendency.

SECOND YOUTH—Goldwyn

TWO awful! It isn’t funny though it tries to be; it is ludicrous. Lewis Carroll’s Walrus could have wept oceans of salt tears over so much perfectly good histriomaniac gone wrong. We have seen bad pictures, but this caps the climax.

THE ARIZONA EXPRESS—Fox

HST! A whizzing melodrama! A wealthy young man in love with a woman who is a member of a gang of thieves! And a plot and a counter plot—the inevitable gunplay—the jumping on and off of trains—and the “paper” which has to be carried to the governor to save a life! All so fast and yet so inequitable.

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow

ISN’T every wife a bit of a gambler? This one stakes all on winning back her erring husband’s affections, but once it starts moving about in a fact set, it finds she has been carrying on in the back seat of a car, and she finds herself in the clutches of the arch-deceiver, Ward Crane. Marjorie Daw is the girl, and she certainly leads us through an amazing conglomeration of adventure and slight mystery in which the hero is a flapper and who gambling parlors.

STRANGER FROM THE NORTH—Bildmore

CITY fellows are no good, and country boys are real men—ask any scenario writer and then see to this proof. This is also about Scotchmen—a tale of the lumberjacks, entertaining enough and with some capital scenery. This city wastrel makes good and wins the smiling heroine. Conventional.

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Sanford

IT might have been worse but it doesn’t seem possible. This is “police,” a little bit worse, with some real lumberjacks cutting down trees providing the one spot of plausibility.

THE SILENT STRANGER—F. B. O.

CURES! Cures! Mail robbers again. Will the wide open spaces never be cleared of these hold, unscrupulous marauders? But wait—we have a handsome stranger—and the plot thickens as he falls in love with the post-office master’s daughter. You’ve heard all this before? Yes, so have we.

AT DEVIL’S GORGE—Arrow

F is which we have a villain who gets the worst of it right from the beginning. The girl doesn’t love him, and he never has a chance. But he has the grit that heroes are said to be made of, and never shows a weakness until he meets a none too pretty death at “Devil’s Gorge.” Just another Western.

THE MORAL SINNER—Paramount

DOUGLAS DALTON, in the role of Leah Kneath (how she came to be in celluloid?) seems to find the gentle art of sinning both dreary and tiresome. The gloom never lifts from her countenance—her steps never cease to drag. Aside from Dorothy the stage play has been made into a mediocre crook drama, which never rises to any emotional pitch, and leaves the audience rather up in the air.

EXCITEMENT—Universal

LAURA LA PLANTE supplies what little there is as one of those girls who are so full of pep that, after a series of flirtations, she can’t even settle down to the excitement of having her own husband to battle with. She has to leave her happy home in search of more diverting fare. It is just the usual sort of thing, which is all very well if you care for it.

THE MARTYR TRAIL—Capital

MEANING the ladies, bless ‘em! This is a tear-cleanup and prouder of it. We saw two females so put upon by this mother and daughter of the backwoods. A young doctor comes along, just as the girl is about to die, wins her back to health and happiness, and brings the brutal father back to the straight and narrow.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Con or Husband—Which?

...Husband...

Photoplay Magazine. Advertising Section

Orange Blossom Rings for Fiance and Bride

Orange Blossom rings are a permanent emblem of the cherished wedding day sentiment—of orange blossoms and weddings have been inseparably associated for thousands of years. These blossoms have come in for a bountiful and distinctive markings.

Traub is the sole maker of Orange Blossom wedding and engagement rings. Every such ring whether priced in diamond or encrusted, between its inner band the copyright and words "Orange Blossom" and the Traub trademark. This is for your protection.

Send for our class catalog free of cost.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Indianapolis

The following descriptive catalog "Wedding Day Sentiment" is the most charming story of the three...orange ring...in the days of ancient Egypt. You may have it for the asking.

Genuine TRAUB Orange Blossom Wedding and Engagement Rings

...Genuine TRAUB Orange Blossom...
The Happy Land for Youngsters

Glacier
NATIONAL PARK

Open June 15 to September 15

Take your children out West this summer to the nation's own playground—Glacier National Park. What a thrill you will provide for them, mountains, lakes, horseback riding, motoring over splendid "skysways." And Blackfeet Indian Camps nearby. No better vacation than a trip to this wild heart of the Rockies where modern hotels and rustic Chalet camps insure restful comforts and good meals. Plan your trip now.

All expense tours of 1 to 7 days or longer if desired.

Through trains from Chicago and Kansas City via Burlington Route—Great Northern Railway main line to Glacier Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. A free side trip to Vancouver and return if you wish. Enroute to the Pacific Northwest, Alaska or California visit Lake Cielan and Rainer and Cazier Lake National Parks. Why not a Glacier-Yellowstone Park circuit tour?

For free information or booklets apply any ticket or
tourist agent or office Great Northern Railway.

216 West Adams Street
Chicago, Ill.
205 Empire Building
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager
St. Paul, Minn.

Low Fares via

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
Route of the New Oriental Limited
Finest train to Pacific Northwest

as a very part of him, if you can. A talent is a precious thing and it should be given first right of way at all times.

"Douglas' father has a theory that the more you do, the more you can do. He believes activity breeds activity, encourages and makes it possible.

"I believe that is true of children. Often it is their ambition and inspiration that they need to make them blossom, not study and application to a continual round of dry duties far away from their real feelings. If a thing is made interesting to them, from the kindergarten up, they will do it better and get more from it. That is the secret of all modern educational methods—the stimulation of interest in the child.

"And the opportunity to specialize in such branches of work as really appeal to them for the future is the crown of educational progress.

"Douglas is fourteen years old—unusually strong physically and very active mentally. Since I allowed him to go to work on the screen, everything he does interests him. It has pointed his whole existence. He won't waste time. Where before I had to drive him to his books, now he doesn't allow me to interrupt him.

"He keeps his tutor busy every minute, applying him with new information that interests him.

"We shan't allow him to make enough pictures to do himself harm. He will have periods of complete rest and relaxation between. But when I had convinced myself that his desires to be a screen actor were strong, sincere and unalterable, I was quite willing that he should go on the screen as early as possible.

"Did anyone suggest keeping Mozart or Chopin from the piano when they were young? Or Raphael from his paint brush? I'm not even-tly implying that my son is such an artist as these men.

"But I do mean that where a child shows a deep and passionate desire to follow any art, the sooner he begins to familiarize himself with it, the better.

"Physically, no games at school stimulated Douglas as does the desire to "keep fit" for his work. He goes every day to his father's studio and is trained by Mr. Fairbanks' own trainer.

"At first, his father thought I was wrong in allowing Douglas to go into pictures before he had a college education. But since he has seen more of the boy and been with him a great deal since we came to Hollywood, he agrees that I was right.

"And it makes me very happy to have Mr. Fairbanks take so much time to help and advise the boy.

"Every day, Douglas goes to his father's studio and there he is learning every angle of the picture making business from the ground up. He watches his father and Miss Pickford and studies their methods, so he has the invaluable opportunity of close contact with the nine possible examples of the art of motion picture acting always before his eyes.

"Douglas has always understood that his father's separation from me should not in any way affect him. He understands that Miss Pickford is a fine and charming girl. That is the way it should be, for Mr. Fairbanks is a fine man and I want him to have every opportunity to be with his father.

"I want Douglas to be a fine actor. I want his pictures now and in the future to portray big themes and to show forth fine principles. I feel that he has a big future, but it must be carefully guided and guarded. I want him to grow freely but I want him to know the facts about life as he goes along, so that he will of himself desire the right and decent and fine things.

"And I need all my time for him, if he is to be a motion picture actor, and do and be the things every mother holds in her heart as the ideal for her son."
The Battle of Bobbed Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

I didn't like it, but now I think that the only thing which prevents all women from doing the same thing is lack of moral courage. It's funny, but women who can't arrange their hair are the ones who won't have it cut. A woman who is a freak is usually the one who fears to make a freak of herself by bobbing.

DORIS KENYON: To bob or not to bob depends. I should say, upon one's desire to appear young, chic, modern. My reason for not bobbing is that to play a serious or semi-dramatic role with bobbed hair is difficult. It makes one appear rather frivolous. But it certainly is youthful, comfortable, and gives a neat appearance. If I were sure it would be becoming to me, would I resist? I wonder?

What the Men Say

DIMITRI BUCHARTEZ, Director—I think bobbed hair is atrocious. Every woman, of course, is privileged to cut her hair or not, as she pleases. Also, she may tattoo her face and put brass rings in her nose. By 1930 we shall have second and third generations of bobbed-hair women. Unless I miss my guess, women will be fighting baldness by that time. What a charming collection of scarecrows they will be, wearing topknots and combing thinning locks over bare places.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN:—I rather fancy bobbed hair as a charming, youthful fashion, not too short and not too dressy. The marcelled bob is too affected and a net makes bobbed hair look like a hair mattress. I like a girl with straight sleek hair squared off, or the girl with care-free short curls flying.

HAROLD LLOYD:—I might say I don't like bobbed hair a darn bit. I might say it is unromantic, and stubbily looking and can never be as beautiful as long hair. But my wife and a lot of her friends and a lot of my friends have bobbed hair, and if I said things like that, they'd get even with me. I believe all men—secretly, at least—dislike bobbed hair. And I personally surely do hate that shaved place at the back of a woman's neck. Also, remember that Mary Pickford won PHOTOPLAY's recent beauty contest, and she hasn't bobbed her hair yet.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS:—What do I think of bobbed hair? I think it is beautiful on some but sensible for all. Therefore some women look beautiful with bobbed hair, while others—look... Just sensible.

ERI VON STROHEIM, Director—I am just old-fashioned enough to prefer long hair. I was reared in a atmosphere where a great deal of attention was paid to women's hairdressing. And I can't get used to the idea that a woman's crowning glory is a shaved neck. Bobbed hair makes women look uniform. They lack individuality. There are millions of styles and manners in which a woman may dress long hair, but there are only few kinds of bobs.

LEW COMY:—Bobbed hair? Bah! I'm against it. It's doing more to cause domestic unhappiness than any other single factor in American life today. And what is more, a woman takes unfair advantage in cutting bobs. How's a man going to sling her around unless he can get a leverage on her?

WILL ROGERS:—Bobbed hair may be all right as far as women are concerned—and the barbers—but it has made it tough on us men who sometimes have to get shaved in a hurry. Every time I try to flip into a chair at the studios, some of Hal Roach's female employees

Would You Like Prettier teeth—teeth without dingy film?

You see glistening teeth wherever you look today. You envy them, perhaps. Why not ask for this ten-day test and learn how people get them? Millions are now brushing teeth in a new way. You will adopt it when you know. Please learn now how much it means to you and yours.

Film mars beauty

That vicious film you feel on teeth is what makes teeth unsightly. Much of it clings and stays. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

Soon that film dissolves, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Hardly one in fifty escaped such troubles under old ways of tooth brushing.

Dental science has now found better methods. It has found two ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

A new-type tooth paste was created to apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere began to advise its use. Now careful people of some 100 nations employ this method daily.

The added effects

Pepsodent brings some added effects which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. These are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Each use of Pepsodent gives them multiplied effect.

These results are all-important. Together they are bringing to millions of homes a new dental era. Your people should enjoy it.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes within agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combant which contains hard grit.

You'll see and feel

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear. One week will convince you. Never again will you brush teeth in the old, ineffective ways. Cut out coupon now.

Only one tube to a family.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Pepsodent

REG. U. S.

You'll see and feel

SEND THIS COUPON FOR A 10-DAY TUBE.

THE PEP SOS DENT COMPANY

Dept. 948, 114 S. Walworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
JUNE—

The Month of Brides
Graduates
Anniversaries

—The Month of
Navarre Pearls

EXQUISITE Navarre Pearls are the perfect gift for every June event. Their soft, glowing depths suggest moonlit nights and romance. Every bride or graduate appreciates a Navarre Necklace. She can wear and treasure it through many years of happiness. Navarre Pearls—the finest indestructible pearls made—are guaranteed forever. They are truly “Gifts that Last.”

What the Hairdressers Say

The Hairdresser at Famous Players

We Can't Studio—Bobbed hair may be a little fad that doubles the work of the hairdresser. Many actresses are cut for long hair. In the new style, they say, the hair is cut out of nothing. It multiplies the difficulties of clipping, and they must be far more expert to do the work well. Miss May Parking has had her hair cut this way, and Miss Agnes Ayer cut hers this way.

MRS. RAYMOND. M. mother of Barber shop in Franklin Simon’s, Fifth avenue, New York. Bobbed hair will never become unhandicapped. It is the natural of the modern woman. Since the war, it has gradually increased in popularity. It is becoming more and more popular. The hairdresser is very busy cutting hair. It is the style of the modern woman. It is the style of the common woman. It is the style of the street woman. It is the style of the working woman. It is the style of the men in the street.

MRS. HALL. Grandmother of Barber shop in New York. Bobbed hair will never become unhandicapped. It is the natural of the modern woman. Since the war, it has gradually increased in popularity. It is becoming more and more popular. The hairdresser is very busy cutting hair. It is the style of the modern woman. It is the style of the common woman. It is the style of the street woman. It is the style of the working woman. It is the style of the men in the street.

SMITH, who originated bobbing with a razor—a Predict the bobbed hair will be popular for five years more. I am sure the average woman will love long hair, long hair will be worn by all in the next season of the year. But many women, knowing the comfort and convenience of the bob, will wear it. My hairdressers are the women who are in fashion—who do their own styles. Many are needed to bring long hair back is a fad that will be coming to an end.

WILLIAM. Congress Hotel beauty shop Chicago. Then there is a style of hair cut for every one. The hairdressers have cut all gray hair heads. They have made the hair look natural. It is not a question of color. No hairdresser shows hair for long-haired women. Only
the tiny cloche hats for dressed heads. I predict that, in six months more, the long haired women will be conspicuous.

Robert, of Fifth Avenue, New York—Women who once thought bobbed hair undignified, have come to believe in it. They have realized the common sense underlying the fashion. It is significant that a great number of the women who come to me for bobs are between thirty-five and fifty. The bob saves time in dressing, and, in this nervous age, that means a lot. Another thing, women with short hair can sleep more deeply and restfully than their long haired sisters and are, therefore, less nervous.

Anna Ryan, beauty expert, New York City—There must be at least four thousand women a day having their hair bobbed. The number would be greatly increased, I feel sure, if it were not for the fact that the beauty parlors and barber shops are already overworked. The art of hair-bobbing has progressed so far that almost any plain woman may acquire distinction by having her hair cut. No matter how old a woman is, she looks younger with her hair bobbed. And, looking younger, she is bound to feel younger.

M. Paul, hair specialist, New York City—To my shop come the older women of the city. I specialize in renewing the youth of the hair. And, in the last few years, I have noticed that many of these older women, searching as they are after youth, are going in for the girlish coiffures—the bob. Lately I have often followed the redeeming of color by a cutting. I feel that, in so doing, I am making tired scalps healthier—that I am really making the hair younger.

A Hollywood Hairdresser—My business was about to fail when bobbed hair came in. Since that time, my patronage has increased five times in volume. We have discontinued massages and manicures almost entirely and now the business consists entirely of marcelling bobbed hair. Our most popular girls have their time filled from two weeks to a month in advance. Nothing can stop the popularity of bobbed hair. When we tried to bring back long hair, we found it impossible.

What the Educators Say

Helen Mathewson Laughlin, Dean of Girls at the University of California, Southern Branch—We are just about 150 years behind the men in this human evolution we are growing more and more to realize that we have just got to keep up with the times. Only a few years are needed to separate woman from her long hair and mi-erable hairpins.

Dean Mary Ross Potter, of Northwye term University—I must confess, I rather like bobbed hair. It rather shocked me at first, but I come to realize that it is fitting that the girl who keeps stride with the men in science and art, and honestly tries to throw off the handicap that men have given of being the weaker sex, by seeking a uniform such as modern styles in dress and hairdress give her, is to be commended for her spirit. Besides, I really think it is becoming to a young face.

The Unreasonable Actor

Ivan Abrahamson, the celebrated producer, sent Wilfred Lytell South to make a picture. Wilfred registered a kick because the room given him had no bath. He finally succeeded in getting a room with tub. A few days later Ivan saw him bathing on the beach. "Look at him!" wailed the producer. "When he can bathe he makes me pay four dollars a day extra for bathing inside!"

"Oh! What Wonderful Teeth!"

The joyous strains of Mendelssohn— and the happy pair turned to accept well wishes from their friends. And one enraptured guest, as the radiant bride smiled in acknowledgment, was heard distinctly to exclaim:

"Oh! What wonderful teeth!"

Wonderful teeth are not a matter of good luck, but of good care. Good-looking people all over the world use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. It cleans teeth the right way — washes and polishes — does not scratch or scour. It is a safe, common sense dentifrice that makes your teeth glisten as nature meant them to.

Large tube 25c at your favorite store.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. 8 199 Fulton Street Name

New York City

Please send me free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream Address

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue


**THE NIGHT HAWK**—KLONDAIKE—From the story by Carlisle Graham. Directed by Joseph Torey. Adapted by Stuart Paton. Photography by B. H. Vorhaus. The cast:

**Miss Lessepin, Mrs. Mylne, Lieutenant Lefaneur, Major General Bellot, Captain Lestrange, Lieutenant Maille, Lieutenant Duval, Lieutenant Masson, Captain Le Picard, Captain Baudot, Major General Baudot, Captain Baudot, Lieutenant Le Picard, Lieutenant Maille, Lieutenant Lestrange, Captain Lestrange, Major General Bellot, Mrs. Mylne, Miss Lessepin**

**THE STORM DAUGHTER**—UNIVERSAL—From the novel by Edith N. Cartwright. Directed by George Archainbaud. Photography by Joe Cronin. The cast: Kaye Motorhood, Patricia Morison, Tom Sant, Robert E. Vershine, Ryan, B. Smith. A stormy, dramatic adventure, with much excitement and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.

**THE FEMALE LEADER**—Metro—From the novel by H. M. Bateman. Directed by Howard Hawks. Photography by Duellfert. The cast: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Claire Trevor, Charles Laughton, John Qualen, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, William Tabbert, William Gargan, and many others. Adapted by John M. Ford from the novel by H. M. Bateman. A time-honored story, with vivid, picturesque settings. A noble, loyal boy, a village hero, the story of a king's son who returns after years in exile to claim his rightful place. A thrilling, exciting adventure, with much interest and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.

**THE DAWNING OF ATOMOMORROW**—PARADISE—From the novel by H. G. Wells. Directed by Guy Maddox. Photography by Charles G. Clarke. The cast: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Claire Trevor, Charles Laughton, John Qualen, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, William Tabbert, William Gargan, and many others. Adapted by John M. Ford from the novel by H. M. Bateman. A time-honored story, with vivid, picturesque settings. A noble, loyal boy, a village hero, the story of a king's son who returns after years in exile to claim his rightful place. A thrilling, exciting adventure, with much interest and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.

**THE HILL BILLY**—United Artists—Adapted by Marion Jackson. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Claire Trevor, Charles Laughton, John Qualen, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, William Tabbert, William Gargan, and many others. Adapted by John M. Ford from the novel by H. M. Bateman. A time-honored story, with vivid, picturesque settings. A noble, loyal boy, a village hero, the story of a king's son who returns after years in exile to claim his rightful place. A thrilling, exciting adventure, with much interest and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.

**WHICH SHAVE IT**—Metro—From the novel by J. H. Reeve. Adapted by Raymond Hatton. Directed by Frank Reicher. The cast: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Claire Trevor, Charles Laughton, John Qualen, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, William Tabbert, William Gargan, and many others. Adapted by John M. Ford from the novel by H. M. Bateman. A time-honored story, with vivid, picturesque settings. A noble, loyal boy, a village hero, the story of a king's son who returns after years in exile to claim his rightful place. A thrilling, exciting adventure, with much interest and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.

**THE FIGHTING COALER**—Metro—From the novel by J. H. Reeve. Adapted by Raymond Hatton. Directed by Frank Reicher. The cast: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Claire Trevor, Charles Laughton, John Qualen, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, William Tabbert, William Gargan, and many others. Adapted by John M. Ford from the novel by H. M. Bateman. A time-honored story, with vivid, picturesque settings. A noble, loyal boy, a village hero, the story of a king's son who returns after years in exile to claim his rightful place. A thrilling, exciting adventure, with much interest and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.

**THE FORGOTTEN WIFE**—Fox—From the novel by J. H. Reeve. Adapted by Raymond Hatton. Directed by Frank Reicher. The cast: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Claire Trevor, Charles Laughton, John Qualen, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, William Tabbert, William Gargan, and many others. Adapted by John M. Ford from the novel by H. M. Bateman. A time-honored story, with vivid, picturesque settings. A noble, loyal boy, a village hero, the story of a king's son who returns after years in exile to claim his rightful place. A thrilling, exciting adventure, with much interest and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.

**TRY AND GET IT**—Fox—From the novel by J. H. Reeve. Adapted by Raymond Hatton. Directed by Frank Reicher. The cast: Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Claire Trevor, Charles Laughton, John Qualen, Jean Hersholt, Donald Crisp, Edward Arnold, Charles Winninger, William Tabbert, William Gargan, and many others. Adapted by John M. Ford from the novel by H. M. Bateman. A time-honored story, with vivid, picturesque settings. A noble, loyal boy, a village hero, the story of a king's son who returns after years in exile to claim his rightful place. A thrilling, exciting adventure, with much interest and suspense. A fine production, with the best in acting and direction. A story that will appeal to all ages. A picture that will be long remembered.
"THE GALLOPING ACT"—Universal.

"YANKEE MADNESS"—F. B. O.

"THE AVERAGE WOMAN"—C. C.

"ROUGH RIDING"—Approved.
—Story by Elizabeth Burridge. Scenario by Marion E. Harris. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Buddy Benson, Foddy Roosevelt; Larry Ross, Elsa Bennett; Dick Roe, Richard Horpe; Jack Wells, Joe Rickson; Edna Russell, Francis Bennington; Tunny, Arthur Scholl; Old Man Aloysius, Mike Ready.

"VIRTUOUS LIARS"—Vitagraph.

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER"—Koening.
—From the classic by Edward Eggleston. Scenario by Eve Sylvan. Directed by Oliver Selles. The cast: Pancho, Henry Hall; Hannah Thorsen, J. H. Thomas; De Soto, Frank Hume; Mrs. Ben, Mary Foy; Old Man, Walter; Ed, Nat Venditto; Melodie, Dorothy Men; Bill Mason, G. W. Daily; Spokesman, George Peters; Peters, Arthur Ludlow; John Pearson, Frank Riddle; Walter Johnson, Harold McArthur; Thompson, Tom Brown; Bridgeman, J. C. Link; Priceman, Harry Brown; Mrs. Sinclair, Nancy Harper, Dorothy Wells; Joes Phelps; Dick Lee.

"A MAN'S MATE"—Fox.
—Story and scenario by Charles Kenny. Directed by Samuel L. Schreck. The cast: Paul, John Hart; Elaine, Irene Avedon; Lina, Pauline Bowers; Marion, Mona; Sibyl, Virginia, Thomas Miller; Varda; James Daly; Lynn, John Giddings; Sylva, Patterson Hall.

"THE DANCING CHEAT"—Universal.
Story by Calvin Johnson. Adapted by Raymond L. Schreck. Directed by Irving Cummings. Photography by William Thomas. The cast: Bessie Bouchel, Herbert Leiser; "Poppy" Marie Andrews; Mike, Bobby Norton; Robert Nixon, Robert McWade; "Dollard" Eddie King, Helen Brady; "Aron Mike" Downs, Morton Q. Hart.

"AT DEVIL'S CORNER"—Arnon.

Is your letter paper evidence for the prosecution?

When a woman is compelled to acknowledge in court a letter which mars her career or reflects on her character, she wishes that she had not written it.

Mrs. Post, in her book "Etiquette," says: "Never write a letter to a man that you would be ashamed to see a newspaper above your signature."

But it is not only what you say in a letter that makes evidence against you. You may write on paper that does not concern your position, that may not reflect on you so that you are not there, a sentence of two words which does not belong.

Then this letter by the paper you have chosen to represent you does not seem to mean very much, but it does.

And "Mrs. Post" is wise. There should be some reason for us to believe that a letter is written by a person who is known.

You may be sure you are being right.

It is so very nearly the case. Nearly every government department has a Department of Written PAPERS, the High Court of which is recognized everywhere, and Eaton's High Grade Letters, in the correct style, shapes, sizes, and grades. For five cents I will send you my book on "Social Correspondence" and a sample of "Eaton's Writing Paper" at Eaton's High Grade Letters.

Caroline E. Long

Address me in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
22 HIGH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

If you wish to sell results please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

F E A R is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidiously or carelessly—the teeth.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they are once at a beginning of failure.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large tube—25 cents

"THE ARIZONA EXPRESS"—Fox—Story by Lincoln J. Carter. Directed by Thomas Buckingham. The cast: Katherine Keith, Pauline Starke; Lala Nichols, Evelyn Brent; Florence Bronza, Anne Cornwall; David Keith, Harold Goodwin; Steve Bulter, David Butler; Victor Johnson, Francis MacDonald; Judge Arch, Frank Beal; Henry MacFarlane, William Humphrey.

"GAMBLING WIVES"—Arrow—Story by Ashley T. Locke. Scenario by Leota Morgan. Directed by Dell Hender. The cast: Arv Forest, Marjorie Day; Baby Jane, Baby Dorothy Brock; Vincent Forrest, Edward Earle; A Friend, Lee Moran; Buddy, The Wonder Dog, Himself; Sylvia Baldwin, Betty Fran- cisco; Duke Baldwin, Joe Girard; Polly Barker, Florence Lawrence; Tom Meron, Ward Crane; Modam Zoe, Hedda Hopper.

"HIS DARKER SELF"—Hodkinson—From the story by Arthur Caesar. Directed by John Noble. The cast: Claude Sappington, Lloyd Hamilton; Bill Jackson, Tom Wilson; Uncle Eph, Tom O'Malley; Aunt Lucy, Lucille La Verne; Darbston's Cleopatra, Irma Harri- son; Bill Jackson's Sweetheart, Edna May Sper; Claude Sappington's Niece, Sally Long; Claude Sappington's mother, Kate Bruce; The Governor, Warren Cook.

"TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK"—Selznick—Story by Edgar Franklin. Directed by Harmon Weight. Photography by Harry A. Fischbeck. The cast: John Roser, George Arliss; Mabel Harr, Ethel Roberts; William Hart, Taylor Holmes; Chester Reeves, Ronald Colman; James Pettson, Ivan Simp- son; Little Arthur, Joseph Donohue; John Blit, Redfield Clarke; John Short, Walter Howe; Clancy, restaurant keeper, William Sillery; Butler at Hart's, George Henry.


"THE NIGHT MESSAGE"—Universal—Story by Perley Poore Sheehan. Scenario by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Perley Poore Sheehan. The cast: "Old Man Leifers," Howard Truesdell; Elsie Leifers, Gladys Hulette; Lee Langstow, Charles Cruz; Mrs. Langstow, Margaret Seddon; Hunny Leifers, Norman X. Runkow; Hank Leifers, Roberts Gordon; Lem Berman, Edgar Kennedy; Govern- or Pringle, Joseph W. Girard.

"PAGAN PASSIONS"—Selznick—Story by Grace Sanders, Michie. Directed by Cecil Burton. The cast: John Dangerfield, Wyndham Standing; Dr. Langley, Rose mara Theby; Dr. Trask, Tully Marshall; Sam Langley, Sam De Grasse; Billy, Raymond McKee; Shirley Dangerfield, Barbara Bed ford; Mrs. John Dangerfield, June Elvidge.

"THE BETROVED VAGABOND"—F. B. O.—From the novel by William J. Locke. Directed by Fred Leroy Granville. Photography by Walter Blakely. The cast: Gusto de Ner, Carlyle Blackwell; Bertisise Ald- ford Paro, Carlyle Blackwell; Joanna Rushworth, Phyllis Titmus; Simon Rushworth (the father), Alfred Woods; Mrs. Rushworth (the mother), Emily Nichols; Connie de Vermeer, Owen Roughwood; Mrs. Smith, Sydney Fair- brother; Astol, Albert Chase; Major Watters, Ernest Hilliard; Narisse, Too; Blanche Maguire, Stuart; M. O'neal; Charles Gable, Mme. DuBose, Mrs. Hubert Willis; Mme. Bla ire Tripod.

"FLAPPER WIVES"—Selznick—Author, Jane Murfin. Directed by Jack Murfin and Justin McCloskey. Photography by King David Gray and Connie De Roo. The cast: Stephen Carew, Rockcliffe Fellow; Claudia Bigelow, Mary Allison; Sadie Callahan, Vera Reynolds; Charles Bigelow, Harry Mastrey; Vincent Fluit, Edward Horton; Enoch McPhail, Wm. V. Mong; Helga, Evelyn Selby; Tbi Callahan, Tom O'Brien; Tony Eddie Phillips; Jimny, Stanley Goethal; Lena, Robert Dudley; Dr. Oliver Lee, J. C. Fowler; H'f, Brawn, Son of Strongheart.


"THE SILENT STRANGER"—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: Jack Taylor, Fred Thompson; Lillian Warner, Hazel Kener; "Dad" Warner (postmaster), George Williams; Laddie Warner, Master Richard Hendrick; Dick Blackwell, Frank Hagney; Sam (Sheriff), Horace Carpenter; Law Sherman (clerk), Bud Osborne; "Shorty" Turner (deputi-

Lewis Stone, as the hero of "Cytherea," sees in a casuallv bought doll the lost romances of life. Into a card of clyly smiling winter loneliness—growing in aitan frowery and tissue—he has moulded the semblance of a dream. Alma Rubens will create the title role of this Hergesheimer story.
This Armand Week-end Package will make you believe in fairies!

The price is 25c

ARMAND has searched the wide world over for the secrets of Beauty and has discovered hidden treasures of happiness. With the Week-end Package comes the "Creed of Beauty," a little book that relates the romance of Armand's achievements and tells you how to travel along the highway of happiness.

In the Week-end Package you will also find four purse boxes of powder, including the famous Armand Cold Cream Powder. There is a purse box of Cold Cream Rouge, tubes of Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream, and a cake of Armand Cold Cream Soap. These are all dressed in the attractive Armand fashion, pink and white checks, with the harmonizing blue thread. They always carry the silhouette head of the lovely Armand belle (Louis XVI period), a trade-mark you will learn to love.

There is enough of each of these Armand aids to show you how simple Armand makes the possession of a naturally charming complexion. Convenient for a week-end trip or a thoughtful touch for your guest room. A remarkable value too. Send it for 10c today. Fill out the coupon and mail it to-day. Address

ARMAND—Des Moines

425 4th Ave.

In cases: PINK, WHITE, BOXES

ARMAND—Des Moines

ARMAND, Ltd., 23, St. Thomas, Ontario

* At our store where you are indicating use and number. Cakes must be exactly the same as in the store where they are purchased.
The Beauty

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

One day while reading through the advertisements of books, one of the newspapers my eye lighted on the blurb, "Mrs. Otis says, 'This book interests me deeply.'" Whatever she wrote was in all probability a conscientious fruitless outspark or espirt. Everywhere the sky Phil encountered her pictures—on newspaper delivery wagons, on the covers of magazines, on the news-stands. One enterprising newspaper plastered the upper East Side with advance announcements of articles by Mrs. Philip Citi on "Life in High Society."

There was no such time or place for Phil in all these activities. He was mentioned, of course, as "Mrs. Otis's husband." For a after time she dropped the "Mrs." for professional reasons. As a philanthropist, he had secured her little intimate gatherings of celebrities—actors, producers, playwrights, journalists, many of them out and out social climbers, admiring her for no other reason. Phil didn't know how to get on with these friends and would spend his time sitting in a corner, a place in the noisy hub-bub, watching it with his slow life he was quieter than ever and had somehow lost his usual luster. Barbara was very kind to him when she had time.

For a time there was a great deal of talk as to what parts Barbara would take, as to playwritten especially for her; but save for one or two amateur performances at benefits and one semi-professional Little Theater out of town, there was no mention of an engagement.

A length I met her on the day at Fifth Avenue walking with a great police dog, looking more beautiful than ever with her eyes shining. "Oh, Tony," she cried, "walk a little way with me. I'm full of news."

We walked down the avenue while she unburdened her-aff, Passers-by stopped to stare at her and I heard more than one say, "That's Barbara Otis."

She was to spend the summer in a stock company in Washington, "to learn the tricks of the trade, to begin at the very bottom. Tony." But I wasn't to mention this to a soul. She was to open in the autumn as leading woman, or at least second leading woman (the first was an ingénue) "and of course I could never be that. My Joe, you see. I believe a work like that I've done seriously, thoroughly," she continued. "It was easy to be beautiful, but this is something I have to work for."

After the smoke had lifted a little, I asked her what she intended doing with Phil. "Oh, Phil. Why, you see Nancy is going to have a little flat in town this summer and she asked me to look after him." Always Nancy!

Barbara's debut in "Molly Flower" was set for early in November so that every moment of the time in Washington was taken up with training and rehearsing, reading, acquainting, meeting professional people, going to parties, entering talent and the entire last month in rehearsing Phil used to come to the club every now and then and sit about in that rather lonely way of his. Several times I met him with Nancy at dinner or at the play. Evidently she was still "looking after him."

One thing upon which all the critics agreed on the day after the opening of Molly Flower was its "Sweet Audience. "Everyone, which of course means everyone worth while, was there—newspapers, journalists, actors, producers, admen and society, all in their most gossipy formalities and costume. I have seldom seen such an array of jewels, fur wraps, exotic Spanish shawls and white shirt fronts, or heard such a babel of voices.
The play was light and rather amusing, the kind that has a moderately successful run. Barbara took the part of "the other woman" from whose life the heroine finally did rescue the hero—a fairly easy part if not a popular one, and her looks when she walked across the stage fairly took your breath away.

After that, well, there's no use making any bones about it. Barbara knew her lines and everyone else's lines (she was a great help to the prompter). She knew just where to start and when to go out, and she had an excellent voice. Of whatever quality it is that makes an actor, whether it be dramatic inspiration, temperament, exprel or none of them, she possessed not a trace. The terrible thing was that the lack was not negative: it was positive. She had no "flair" and you felt it. Even her beauty couldn't carry her through.

It was during the first entr'acte that the man with me suddenly exclaimed, "Who is that extraordinarily lovely woman with Phil Ott?"

Two rows behind me were Phil and Nancy. She was in black velvet, absolutely plain, without trimming, her hair done very low on the neck, long crystal earrings in her ears. In her eyes was the light I had seen on that first afternoon when Phil came to the house.

I LOOKED for them in the second entr'acte, but they had disappeared, pre-eminently to congratulate Barbara. After the play I could find no trace of them, but I caught a glimpse of Barbara hurrying off to supper with a group of admirers. She waved gaily to me.

"I don't know who, but there's something in him that prompted me to call on Barbara the other day for the first time after the play. I received her in her boudoir, dressed in the most exquisite of pink negligees and a beautiful lace cap. Before I could speak, on her beside her chair was a breakfast tray, which her maid had just brought in, piled high with letters and newspapers. I stumped through my congratulations as best I could. Fortunately she was so eager to read the opinions of the critics that she barely listened to my blundering and insincere protestations.

She asked the notice. She read them to me. I read them to her. We read them together. I shall never know whether, deep down in her soul, she realized that they were really quite pretty. If she did, she had made allowances enough by the time we finished to emerge with her usual air of carrying all before her.

"Now let's read the letters," she said and I gave them to her.

On the top was a note from the "Cherry Blossom Beauty Parlor" asking for her "frank opinion" of their creams. She smiled and told me to send it aside for her secretary to answer. Underneath was a note in Nancy's handwriting addressed hastily in pencil.

Barbara tore the envelope, "How sweet of Nancy to write to me," she said, "she's been so wonderful and unselfish, you know." Her eyes began to travel down the page.

The change which came over her face is almost impossible to describe. Have you ever seen that numb, hurt look of a little child whose most cherished toy has been taken away? Well, it was something like that, only more poignant—the look of one who finds the foundations of his whole existence suddenly crumbling.

She handed the letter to me without a word. "Dear Nancy," I read, "I don't know how to tell you. Phil and I are going away together tonight. I have nothing to say in defense of what I am doing except that I loved Phil long before you ever saw him and have never stopped loving him. Also I am more believe that after falling in love with you he could never again come to care for me. But he has. You did have your change."

"Nancy,"

When I looked up Barbara was twisting the little bundle of press notices round and round in her hands until it became a shapeless little ball of paper.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies
Bell System
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Distinctive Stationery
$1 Postpaid—200 Sheets
100 Envelopes
Unusually fine stationery—just the correct size for distinctive personal letters. Each sheet—gold rule, smooth textured, with a perfect writing surface. Your Name and Address beautifully printed in deep rich blue on every sheet and envelope; add to your letters the touch of your own personality—all at a surprisingly low cost. Just write or print your name and address clearly. Mail to us with $1.00, if desired. We will ship 2,000. Order now. If you are not fully pleased, we will return your money.

U. S. PRINTING CO.
3241 Dearborn St., Dept. 3
CHICAGO, ILL.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Kiss That Shocked the Sheiks  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

After the bond had been devastated, the season started. Gay Bickel with a lot of Arab beauty from Duncan, told me, that the moment he entered in the room that Ingem was the screen's greatest director, and that Alie Terry was America's sweetheart. Rex, in accepting the key of the desert, replied he was at heart Arab and that he would return for further film endeavor.

He contends that the Irish and Arabs speak from a common stock. The only time he veen from this opinion was when he saw a couple of Arabs kid-fighting.

They Fight like a couple of second-hand longhorns making a large leap to get away from the bull. The only people she thought was Irish people. The red I don't seem to know.

A ride from this one disappointment, the Ami's hurter, Rex was enthusiastic about the actors of Allah. He declared they make better men than the goody of Hollywood. Certainly he had found some winning results in a comparatively short time. His company consisted not only of Arab's, but of French, German, Italians, Roumanians, Cilicia, Englishmen, and Englishwoman. And he used a little of the language of each even Arabic. "When I turn this picture," he boasted, "I'll be able to build the Tower of Babel."

Of his Arab discoveries he is proudest of "Sheirty," an Arab dwarf, whom he adopted as a son. The picture, Shorty was cast jocket to the Bey of Tunis, but got censored because he had asthma. The rest of the court had much worse ailments, but it was just Shorty's luck to get the asthma.

He wore ripped Rex and for his sake would defy Mohammed and all the prophets. He even led hi-lead and rattle into a mosque from which all Christians were barred and kill the man in the pain of death. When the a crowned worshipper of the Propekt ratted on, Shorty merely tossed off lightning bolts, which Rex tried to explain that he might be a dog, but by no treal of the imagination would anyone call him a Christian.

Rex's chief diver ion can possibly gifts for Shorty. He gave him a wiz with the picture clock, a fez with a tassel, a rug, and a suit of English tailor-made clothes. But the thing he prized above all was this suit.

A few days after receiving the uniform the jockey appeared at the hotel dressed in his ride. "For the love of Mike!" exclaimed Rex. "Why did you carry your uniform?"

Shorty gave a grand of surprise and pointed to the window. "It's raining—it get spoiled!"

The Arabs now were appointed good actors as any of our native Cinemese, but they equalled the best of our movie magnetism in genius for grafting. The sheik who had charge of the Arabs showed twenty frames a day for each player. He, in turn, generally paid each of them five francs.

If you happen to walk into a shop of Tunis with an Arab he collects a commission on whatever you buy. Rex promised a sheik a gift-shock as a gunshot if the collection of the picture. When he presented the picture the sheik showed bitter disappointment. The gun was all right, but he wanted to attend to the purchase so that he would receive a commission.

I was that I could not really employ 500 doctors as to the narrative character of the sheik. He is, after all just a tired business man, avers to banquet, temperature in his blood, and he is without style.

On a cruise of the Mediterranean I heard several honest-looking matrons whispering about the hand-onesome dragoons who serve as guides for tourists. The only hand-ones Rex saw was Federal, in our picture who cost a letter from Master Selwyn and party of New York, bringing him to see the prettiest women in the world—very bad he happened to be Mexican. He was out of range and the dragoon in a foreign uniform young families coming to Africa in quest of June. But it is just as well to warm them against going to Mexico with their own money, as they might come up to Hollywood for a little action turn up in Hollywood sooner or later.

As for the picture that drew the Aral, I order the Prince of Wide's style. Every Arab I've seen look as thought he had been draped by a second-hand roumer. When he talked like a sheik, and held fond of old rags rolling down the street, but on his clock he certainly was reading to fear from the Prince of Wale's. I left on a white charger with his white boots flying behind him and his gun strapped across his bosom to picture to cut out and frame.

The Bedouin of our company staged a last visit in honor of Ingem that was not the thrilling spectacle I've ever seen. As Ingem's motor approached the camp they came riding out to meet the motor. Fifty-hand sheiks who had trimmed the sand like birds. And as they came they whipped their guns out of their pockets and caught them as they fired them into the air. With the Ingem in the middle of a center they dashed around in a great circle leaping on and off their horses, standing on their heads in the saddles, and performing all kinds of stunts. I thought it was wonderful to the weird rhythm of drum and the screams of Arab flutes. It was pelting. And when, later, they repeated it for the picture, I cried. I was turned in his turn riding single in the eye of the camera, the effect was just as I'm retaking. Even the stiff-hardened camera crew let out a cheer.

More thrilling, too, than any posed picture was the breaking of encampment at sunset. Like true Arab's, they swiftly folded their tents and silently away. We bought them good for the sheiks, the calif the kaliph little Zina, Mazakra and the McGregor of Maf. After Alie Terry presented the girls with a fish, they laid red hands across it to the God of Arab. They all had toleet of Arab exalted in the manner of his race by touching his breast, his lips and his forehead.

The fierce camp and the departure of the Bedouin forms the closing scene of the picture. Then I was ready for my next shot, but none of the Arabs were available, so I shot the Barry substanced in the manner of his race by touching his breast, his lips and his forehead.

They fire a few shots at the Bedouin and the departure of the Bedouin forms the closing scene of the picture. Then I was ready for my next shot, but none of the Arabs were available, so I shot the Barry substanced in the manner of his race by touching his breast, his lips and his forehead.

As Alie Terry presented the girls with a fish, they laid red hands across it to the God of Arab. They all had toleet of Arab exalted in the manner of his race by touching his breast, his lips and his forehead.

This little nomad will stand unique among Ingram discoveries in that he wound up herself on the screen. She may one come a sheik's wife. If the doe she is irreverently lost to the screen, there's sure. No Arab would ever allow his wife with his little nomad to persons after the kiss that I learned out from Gabes and rolled thunderously over the desert. It was the first movie scandal in the S. breer. While the sheiks embraced Rex, they never understand how he could direct his beautiful wife in such an estate moment with another. And yet I feel that there will be happier homes in Mexico since the sheiks learned how to make love from Ramon.
The Autobiography of
Harold Lloyd

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

Street I was pretty down, for I'd just heard a rumor that the Monogram company was going to close for a few weeks.

Dad said, "Harold, why don't you see if maybe you can't get some work in those movies? 'Course that isn't the stage, but it's acting, and you might learn to like it. Any- way, it'd keep you busy till you can get back on the stage.

The next day I saw Hollywood for the first time.

There may be some tougher things than trying to break into motion pictures. I suppose there are. But I haven't happened to come across them. Of all the sheer, discouraging, heart-breaking games in the world, that's it. Nobody will pay any attention to you. If they do, they give you a cold look as much as say, "Now what could you do?" The walls of their clubs are as hard and smooth as the walls of a bank safe.

I couldn't get anybody to listen to me. The few directors I trapped gave me an indifferent glance and told me I wasn't a motion picture type. Everybody who spoke to me at all, told me that. They still do. Only the other day in New York a big critic looked at me and said: "Well, Lloyd, if I were picking a comedian, you're the last man in the world I'd ever pick," but I guess that is because I'm entirely different on the screen and off. It is true that nobody ever recognizes me off the screen.

Well, I stood outside the walls of the Christie Studios and heard X Christie's voice coming within. I once saw D. W. Griffith come out of his studio and get into an automobile. I watched Mack Sennett directing a cop chase around Echo Park. That was all.

When I had reached the end of my string, I got a few days' work down at Balboa with the Edison company. I put on quite a front and said, "I used to be with you folks down in San Diego and I thought you might have something for me." They put me out extra. The swellest thing about that was the free lunch they used to serve on location. I can remember it yet. A great big table, spread in a tent, and hot food piled all over it. Gee, nothing I've ever since tasted so good, and I did just eat it.

That time, I had come to the conclusion that I must concentrate. I looked the field over and selected Universal. The "U" had more companies working and its pictures were the biggest and best. I concentrated. For three weeks my concentration consisted of walking back and forth in front of the gate for eight hours a day.

The gate man was kind but firm. I couldn't get inside any more than I could have broken into Buckingham Palace.

It's easy to tell about that now, but those long hours outside, the endless waiting, the dwindling hopes as afternoon began to fade, the long journey back to our room only to say, "Nope, I didn't get anything today"—were enough to break your heart.

There was a little cigar stand and soda fountain across the road where most of the extras lunch. I hung around there, too, talking to them. Sometimes I bought money enough to eat lunch. Sometimes I didn't.

One day, it dawned on me that I could get through that gate, I had my make-up box with me, the black leather one I'd used in the theater. I sneaked out and chined building out on a make-up, turned my hat into a new shape, and when the gang of extras swept me back through the gates after lunch, I was with them.

My heart was so heavy that when I passed that gate man I thought he'd hear it, and I never breathed once but he went on calmly smoking his pipe. I was inside at last.

But that was all. I didn't seem to be much nearer work. Soon, hoever I discovered that...
Dancing That Brings Health and Beauty

Ned Wayburn Method of Training for the Stage Has Started Many to Stardom

Do you dance merely for the pleasure of dancing? Do you ever realize that this ancient and wonderful form of expression, so universally regarded today as merely a pleasant pastime, can be made to yield you dividends beyond your dreams, not only in pleasure but in health, beauty, fame and fortune?

The first requisite for ultimate success as a stage dancer is health—and health leads invariably to beauty—to a radiant, vibrant personality.

The Ned Wayburn System of instruction in stage dancing opens up a wonderful vista to the girl who seeks to carve out a career for herself through the medium of dancing. Under the personal supervision of Ned Wayburn, the man who stages the “Follies,” hundreds of girls are today undergoing an intensive training in stage dancing that will enable them to scale the heights of success. They are the stars of tomorrow, in the making.

Many of the Wayburn graduates have leaped to stardom in an instant. Many have been placed in profitable engagements with productions where their talent is sure to win advancement for them. All have gained in health, grace and poise far more than can be measured in a material way.

Do you want to know more about the System that developed such stars as Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray and Evelyn Law? Do you want to let the magic of the Ned Wayburn Method teach you how to win health and beauty, glory and influence?

Then tear off the coupon at left and mail it today to

NED WAYBURN

Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc.

1841 Broadway

New York City

(Entrance on 66th Street)

Call personally between 9 A.M. and 10 P.M. (except Saturday evenings and Sundays)

SPECIAL CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

No guarantee of result is made. Your name is entered in our Merchandise Trade Journal.

Advertising

Note: This advertisement contains images of actors and actresses.
Like to laugh and there's always much for real comedy.

I was terribly impressed, though, I couldn't show it through my make-up. And when I do, Harold; he said, 'you'll be in it.'

I was a couple of weeks later he called me up and said that some distant relative of his had died and left him some money. He requested him to call while he had nothing to do, but I understand eventually that it was on the level. It was only a few hundred dollars, but it was the beginning of things for us.

The first picture out two hundred color and it was exclusively exteriors.

We didn't have any studio. Something was ready and Westlake Park was big and money. Finally, we found a vacant house and we worked in it for a week. I don't remember that we caught us and threw us out. At last we found another old house, unfurnished, where some other little company had worked. The only place we could think of was the yard. I'm sure everybody had to pass back and forth, and I thought it was pretty wise.

We had a lot of funny up-and-comers for that, but we started and they eventually headed us. We hired Roy Stewart and Jane Novak and mapped out a situation. First, we made a comedy. I was the lead and Roy was the comedy. Then we made drama, and Roy was the lead and I was everything else—the heavy, the juvenile, the old father, and sometimes even the old mother. It was my only attempt at feminine impersonation. For my comedy stuff, I was always trying new characters. I invent, try new madcap, and I tried them out, reaching for just the right one.

One day I found out that Hal was paying Roy Stewart ten dollars a day and me only five. I thought about it for a few days and I felt pretty bad. Then my book began to get filled up. So I went to Hal and told him I understood he was paying Roy ten dollars a day. He said he couldn't get him unless he paid him more, but he couldn't possibly afford to give me that.

Money was low. 'Well, I would have stuck for five if that was all you paid anybody. But if you can't get him for less than ten, you can't get me for less either.' I agreed.

That's when I went to key-stone, but they had a lot of big comedians over there and it didn't seem much of a place for an unknown kid who was trying to get along. However, I learned an awful lot from Ford Sterling about working and timing—and I learned, as all did, from the great, natural genius of Mabel Normand.

Then Hal had an offer from Pathé for his pictures, and I'd come back. They wanted us all—Roy and Jane Novak and me—but I was the only one Hal couldn't get. He offered me fifty dollars a week and that was more money than I was in the world or ever had been since. They were one-reelers and Pathé allowed us fifteen hundred dollars apiece to make them. Hal asked me if I had a character and I said I thought of one. We called him Lawrence Lake.

On about the third or fourth one they fought over a girl named Bebe Daniels to see what I thought of her for a leading woman. She was only fourteen then, and she had skinny little legs, but she was sure pretty. We could get her cheap and she'd have stage experience, so we decided to take her.

For a year I didn't see much of Bebe. I was working myself to a thread, and suffering all sorts of tortures. Everybody thought I was just a poor imitation of Charlie Chaplin. That turned me up. It sure did. I got so I was afraid to wear a hat, or move my feet, for fear they'd say I was trying to copy Chaplin. And I began to look for some other character that would be just as far away from the Chaplin one as possible. Our comedies weren't so good, anyway.

At the end of a year, I suddenly fell head over heels in love with Bebe and for four year-

Honeymoons last longer when hair keeps its charm

Why do honeymoons wane?

Careslessness is usually the answer—carelessness about one's disposition and carelessness about one's looks.

And care of appearance is not the job of the woman alone. He must also use care—to keep himself from getting bald, for one thing.

No—nothing will cure baldness. But proper care will probably prevent it. Even if he already has dandruff, Wildroot Hair Tonic can eliminate it— if he acts now.

Naturally, he does not know as much about the care of the hair as you do. You realize what most American girls know—that Wildroot Hair Tonic will keep the scalp healthy, and will also lend a lustrous luster to the hair itself.

You who have studied how to make yourself attractive—you realize that your chance to deserve a continuous honeymoon depends upon the attractiveness of your hair, as well as your teeth and your face.

You probably have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Bring it out and keep right alongside of the tooth paste. The care of the hair is almost as important as the care of the teeth. Use Wildroot regularly, and see that he does likewise. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC
Agnes Ayres, charming star, says:
"To me the fragrance of Day Dream Perfume is enchanting."

Agnes Ayres

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and address to the Acquaintance Box, containing Perfumes, Powder, Cold Cream, Pouder Crema and Soap, five of the Day Dream Boudoir Creations. Address Dept. S.

STERN'S—PERFUMER
Creator of
Sadira and L'Amusette
Detroit, Mich., Windsor, Ont., Sydney, Australia
Established 1895

Day Dream

Boudoir Creations

SLENDER ANKLES CAN BE YOURS

TWO DIAMOND ANKLETS

THICK or swollen ankles can be restored to their normal state, sooner than you ever dreamed possible, by new discovery of special preparation and beautiful holder. Ten nickel Ankle Holders and Ringer, Black, eight cents. White, ten cents. Ten diamond ankle holders, eight cents. Black, eleven cents. White, twelve cents. Ten diamond ankle holders in both colors, twenty cents. Send $2.25 and we will send ten diamond ankle holders in both colors, postpaid.

LEON MFG. CO. Dept. V-5, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

A New Scientific Discovery

A substance, which cleans and harmonizes the skin, and removes all spots and imperfections, even those of a kind that can be removed by no other means. The Youth-Ami Skin Peel is the only preparation that will remove these dark spots and blemishes, and get the skin into a better condition than it has been in for years.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. C1, 30 E. 28th St., New York.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

CARTOONISTS ARE WELL PAID

We will not allow any outside pressure of any kind, if you do not wish it. But if you wish to try your hand at cartooning, we will be glad to have you write to us, telling us what you can do. We cannot make you an offer, send your experience and what you can do. We will then give you all the information you need to get started, and let us explain.

The L. Evans School of Cartooning
850 Lower Blvd., Cleveland, O.

A bump - a bruise - then quick relief!

With Absorbine, Jr. a mother is wisely prepared for emergencies.

To cleanse tender skin so that infection may never have a chance — to quickly soothe pain that tears may as quickly disappear — to help nature heal so that no blemish may be left — that's why Absorbine, Jr. occupies a never-empty place in so many thousands of medicine cabinets.

A few drops of this clean, safe, and reliable antiseptic liniment, with its soothing ointment, suffices in most instances.

At all drugstores. 10 cents. postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 10 cents. prepaid.

W. P. YOUNG, Inc.
218 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.

The Truth about Hair Coloring

Nothing equals genuine B. Paul's Henna

B. PAUL Dept. C21 W. 39th St., NEW YORK

Banish Wrinkles!

YOU are as old as the lines of your face. Banish wrinkles, lines, crease, while you sleep — with Mabel L. Lloyd's Dream Lotion, Cream and famous system of face movements. You can build up normal tension with the skin, and make your complexion rival velvet in its softness. Blend (ahead tomorrow may bring another wrinkle.)

La Favorita Wrinkle Cream, ••••••• 1.25  
La Favorita Clay Mask, ••••••• 1.50  
La Favorita Skin Tonic, 1.25

Other preparations for use after wrinkles are removed. Prance, prance. Several offers. A free and easy way to a new face. Mabel L. Lloyd's Dream Lotion, Cream and system of face movements. No one else offers system of face movements. You can build up normal tension with the skin, and make your complexion rival velvet in its softness. Blend (ahead tomorrow may bring another wrinkle.)

La Favorita Wrinkle Cream, ••••••• 1.25  
La Favorita Clay Mask, ••••••• 1.50  
La Favorita Skin Tonic, 1.25

Other preparations for use after wrinkles are removed. Prance, prance. Several offers. A free and easy way to a new face. Mabel L. Lloyd's Dream Lotion, Cream and system of face movements. No one else offers system of face movements.
Almost every skin blemish and fault is fundamentally from this one cause

"Is there really any one cause back of all skin blemishes and faults?"

The question was asked recently of a prominent skin specialist. The answer he gave means a new hope to thousands.

"Every skin," said the specialist, "would normally be clear and unblemished. It is only the abnormal condition of modern life—the dirt and soot, the lack of exercise, the rush and worry—that cause blackheads and blemishes—that bring even the more serious skin affections."

And then he went on: "If one cannot change these conditions of daily life, one must at least use some corrective to start the skin again acting normally, and keep it so."

To keep the skin functioning normally

Many people do not realize that to make any skin clear and beautiful, you have only to restore its own inherent health.

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to gently restore the pulsing of the capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infections, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the daily care of their skin.

Often in a few days, blackheads, blemishes, and even affections that appear to be more or less serious, will yield to this gentle treatment.

Start today this simple treatment

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your druggist's. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of cold, clear water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate tissue of an infant's skin.

The Disappearing Cane

HOLLYWOOD has another deep, dark mystery—and it has to do with the camera.

It is the disappearance of Dimitri Buchowetzki's handsome walking stick—a far more vital prop to the Russian director than is the megaphone to the average man behind the camera.

When Buchowetzki arrived at the Lasky lot he had been carrying a heavy cane. And when the production of "Men" was started, the fat little Russian made his appearance on the set with the cane instead of a megaphone.

He could shout loud enough in at least six languages without the aid of a megaphone, but the cane—no, never, he could not do without it. He flourished it, brandished it and even threatened with it.

And then came the tragic day. An intense close-up had just been taken.

"Good! Fine! Rotten!" shouted the Russian. "We take it over, Pola. I show you how."

Dimitri laid down the cane for a second and it has never been seen since on his set. It simply vanished and kidnapping is suspected.

Did Pola take Buchowetzki literally and think he actually intended to break her—and that the cane was to be the instrument?

It's hard to tell. Pola couldn't have taken it for she was with the director himself at the time—under his very eyes, in fact. But then there are many admirers in Hollywood who would do more than kidnap a defenseless cane for Pola's smiles.

For a time Buchowetzki was a broken man. Then he recovered and finished the picture and he and Pola are on the best of terms.

Helpful Criticisms

MALCOLM McGRATH's other, a multi-millionaire manufacturer of New York, makes it a point to clip out and send to his son all adverse criticisms of the latter's work. We've heard a lot about movie mothers helping their offspring to success, but here is a father who is performing a real service. If there were more such chastening dads there might be more good Scout such as Mal in the business.
FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

THIS is the month of brides and roses and sweet girl graduates. It is the month of flowers and fluffy frocks—of trousseaux and gay home furnishings. It is the month of beginnings.

Now it is that the loveliest of summer dresses are being considered prayerfully. Now it is that dainty slippers and sheer linen hose are being purchased. Now it is that the summer stock of creams and powders—of rouges and perfumes are being selected. Now it is that furniture is being joyously bought—the trappings for some little home o' dreams.

The graduate goes mostly in white. In girlish white—usually organdi or voile or embroi-dered batiste. The bride, unless her wedding is informal, wears white, too. But she usually walks gnawed in silks. Crepe de chine or georgette, crepe satin or chiffon, or the stately, heavier satin of tradition. The graduate wears a slipper with a moderate heel and a youthful bow or buckle—but the bride revels in French-heeled slippers of the softest white kid, or the sheeniest of satin.

Rugs, chairs, aluminum wash dishes and an electric iron! They all belong to this wonder month—for they go into the making of the new home. They spell magic and mystery. They stand for excitement and adventure.

New launchings into the world of business, Preparations for school or college in the fall. Plans for the vacation and hopes for the future. They are all a part of the delightful hurry—the vivid pulse beat of June. The month of blossoms and bewildering finery—the month of brides and sweet girl graduates!

Susie Ann Marie, Texas.

I think that, for ordinary use, you will find a drop powder more satisfactory than a liquid powder. Rouge—paste, liquid or dry? That must be a matter of individual taste. Frequent shampooing and the use of a good hair tonic, as well as a massage, will keep the hair glossy. I can recommend Stellman's Freckle cream—follow the directions carefully; in-u-ing it. Skirts will be a trifle shorter, for spring—and hems a bit higher. And—to answer your last question—screen actresses often head their lashes. Mascara and many other preparations are better than the heavy holding, for home use.

G. R. L., Chicago, Ill.

I only suggest that you submit your photoplays to the reputable companies that are listed under the heading, "Studio Directory" in this magazine. Address them in care of the Scenario Editor. Perhaps you would do well to try selling through a reliable agent.

X. Y. Z.

No, indeed, you are not overweight. Don't try, foolishly, to reduce when it is unnecessary. It is possible to remove warts by means of a number of patent wart removers. But it is best, I think, to go to a skin specialist in regard to such a matter. Milk, cream, butter—wheat bread, sugars and starches—they are all fattening. Lettuce, spinach, green vegetables, fruits and fruit juices—they will tend to keep the body slim.

Bessie, Vancouver, B. C.

I think that you would put yourself in a very silly position if you asked the young man in question to send you a ring. He has not made you a definite proposal of marriage—in fact, he has written to you, mo-fly, in a rather laughing vein, and your acquaintance with each other is very slight. Wait until you have met a second time and then the prop—a come from him; if, in fact, it is forthcoming at all! Women should not be the pursuers. They should be sought after.

Miss M. H., Appleton, Minn.

A good complexion clay will aid you wonder-fully in giving your complexion the appearance and texture of youth. Creme Damascus will, I am sure, help to remove the troublesome wrinkles. So will Elizabeth Arden's wrinkle cream. And, to prevent the coming of new wrinkles, I should suggest that you use a good morning cream before applying powder or rouge.

Jeanne, Ottawa, Canada.

I think that, because your face is inclined to be round, you should wear your hair back from your forehead, or parted in the middle. While you are wearing your hair straight—the straight line, on either side of your face, will make your cheeks seem less plump. And, anyway, it will be better for your hair to leave it uncurled. Wear straight line frocks, they will make you seem taller and more slim. Avoid ruffles and frills. Do not have your dresses made of stiff fabrics, such as taffeta and organza. You will be better in clingy crepes and satins. With fair hair, dark eyes and an olive complexion you will look well in midnight blue, dark brown, red, cerise, rose, flesh, gold, green (all shades except olive), violet and deep yellow.

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

Carolyn Van Wyck is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive circles. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or sisters and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clashes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every young woman. She has not wished to talk to 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
Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

the queen, she refrains from exhibiting one.

WHERE there's laughter there's also tears.

Amidst the gales of laughter at the preview of Harold Lloyd's "Girl Shy," I heard pitiful groans from theater exhibitions. "Ah, achii," they said, "we're going to pay high, they're all laughing at it." As I say, behind the smile the tear.

NITA NALDI has been hurt to the depths of her artistic soul by indelicate references to her avoidable lapses. "I'm not fat! I'm firm," she claims. "I don't wear any trick harness to hold me in. I'm a woman as God made one. 1 can walk into any museum and look the classic dames straight in the eyes without blushing!

After meeting Nita I know she speaks the truth. The classic dames would blush before Nita would.

I RECENTLY visited friends in Westchester who said they never went to the movies except when re-issues of old pictures were advertised. "They're not so sexy and self-conscious as the new ones," they said. I went to see a re-issue of a Mark Sennett comedy, "Nick of Time Baby," featuring Gloria Swanson. True, it wasn't self-conscious.

MUCH has been written of the reckless extravagance of movie stars. Directly following the premiere of the film "The Thief of Bagdad," Doug Fairbanks went out and bought a fifty-dollar shaving brush. I certainly thought the height of recklessness. Yet figure it out for yourself. Doug has to shave twice a day. A shave costs twenty-five cents. If he does the work himself, he owns the brush within four months and can sell it for at least twenty-five dollars to a friend or valet. Not so reckless!

CHARLIE RAY'S return to Thomas II. Ray's is the first wise business move he has made since he left E. Ray, a great actor to me, the greatest actor of the screen—put a great actor cannot hold his place in pictures without business ability. It's a commercial game. Thomas Meighan says that it's less than fifty per cent acting, the rest is sound business sense, if you want permanent success. And Meighan has proved it. Di Brough is another star who found out. He said he bet that two hundred years ago Dick was exchanging wampum with the Indians for large tracts of Manhattan. Dick is an excellent actor, a sound merchant. If only mistake was in failing to insist upon better exploitation early in the game. Doug Fairbanks has kept on the crest for years through shrewd showmanship and business sense. Mary Pickford has had the combined business ability of herself and mother. In contrast with the two find such fine artists as Henry B. Walthall, Nazimova, Besie Love and others have failed to hold because they lacked the proper management.

THE motion picture may not be an art but it is performing an office for art. Oddly, it is cultivating a taste for fine music. Exhibitors are realizing more and more that music has power to charm. It enhances the best picture and, sometimes, redeems the worst. Who can hear the haunting melody of Beethoven's "Minuet" without a vision of the lovers in "Scaramouche"? I heard a girl playing the "Minuet" recently. She told me it was a new piece that a friend had sent her from Los Angeles. Paste up another star for Rex Ingram—the discovery of Beethoven!

On one thing ministers and lawyers agree: marriage is a great institution.—Towne Topics.

A Beauty Secret

of the Old French Court

There, among this magnificent grandeur and multitude of beautiful women, was born France's fame for beauty. A fame destined to live forever. In the midst of this splendor, Gouraud's Oriental Cream played its part, a beauty secret, closely guarded for the chosen few. When gathering clouds foretold the doom of this spectacular reign and scattered its attachés, this secret found its way to the chemist shop of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud. From there its popularity quickly spread to all parts of the world.

Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM

is today the cherished beauty secret of many women. Let it be yours, as well. Know the wonderful, fascinating complexion and soft, velvety skin it renders. An appearance glowing with radiant beauty. Gouraud's Oriental Cream exerts a strong astringent, antiseptic action. Blemishes, wrinkles and other complexion ills are greatly discouraged by its use. It gives beauty to the skin instantly. No messy treatments or periods of waiting. Its use is going to open a new world of beauty to you that will mean added joy and happiness. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes

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

SPECIAL OFFER

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

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
439-A Lafayette Street
New York City
In use over 35 years
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

Illustriated history of the development and growth of the motion picture, from its early days to the present. The book includes over 200 illustrations and photographs, as well as detailed accounts of the key figures and events in the history of the film industry. It is a comprehensive resource for anyone interested in the history of cinema.

Just What You Have Always Wanted

Here is a possession any woman would covet. A SUNBEAM Set is iron, cord and stand—all compactly housed in an indestructible steel case. You really must see this SUNBEAM Set. Just the thing you've been waiting for. The iron itself is a delight to look at. It is recessed in a handsome blue enameled case with glistening nickel bands, moisture-proof, tarnish-proof, amazingly durable. The convenience of it! Iron, cord and stand—all kept together. Ready for instant use. Immediately replaceable, in the heat-proof case, without waiting for the iron to cool. The wonderful SUNBEAM Iron has all the late improvements. Year after year it will enable you to do your ironing easier and quicker and better. Once you buy a SUNBEAM you will never need to purchase another iron, for it is practically everlasting, and it will always do wonderful ironing.

As fine an iron as the SUNBEAM should be kept in a permanent steel case. It deserves that protection. In the SUNBEAM Set, at $8.50, you get the iron best kept at its best. Truly, THE IRON OF IRONS.

100% GUARANTEED BY CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY

5441 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill. 24 Years. Sucker Quality Protections

We also make the "DOMESTIC" Electric Iron, known everywhere as "the best $5 iron made." These iron will not burn out.

Best Way To Remove Superfluous Hair

The dainty miniature Electro Death De- crochet Safety Razor, with its patented CURVED RAZOR HANDLE and attractive handle encircling in a safe and effective manner a simple and easy way to remove superfluous hair.

Quick—Safe—Norand

No matter discomfort from power-tulnida used in many depilatories, no matter the color of your hair, no matter if your hair is fine or thick, you can safely and easily achieve a neat and tidy look with the Electro Death De-crochet Safety Razor. The Electro Death De-crochet Safety Razor is the only razor that will give you a complete and permanent removal of superfluous hair.

The Electro Death De-crochet Safety Razor is now available in every drugstore and general store.

Best Model

A few pennies and you are free

The Electro Death De-crochet Safety Razor is available in every drugstore.

Razors and Blades

Barbers, Drug Stores, and Drug Stores

Beauty Parlors and Beauty Parlors

Get your Electro Death De-crochet Safety Razor at your nearest drugstore or beauty parlor.

FREE Samples

FREE Samples are available on request.

Send for Samples!

Send for Samples today and discover the secret of smooth, silky hair.

The Pathé Weekly Attracts Attention

In the recent few years a whole new field of publication has developed to fill the drawing of the two forms of publication together. The Pathé Weekly was employed by R.A. Farrelly, the head of the Hearst wire news services, to take up the task of organizing the photographic department of the newspaper. This department now covers a world-wide photographic service and is in touch with the syndication of its photographic news products. It was the autumn of 1910 when Hearst established over-all control of the business of photographing news, brought the Pathé Weekly, distributed by the General Film Company, under ceration. He discovered that it could not only produce the specialized news expert would demand in topical news, reflecting on the advantages of his organization, he in- 125 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

“Norma Goes Into the Movies”

One of the fascinating topics in this most fascinating book

The Talmadge Sisters

An intimate story of the world's most famous screen family

Illustrated by many hitherto unpublished photographs

How can you get into the movies? Achieve screen success? What will be required of you? How does it feel to be for the first time in a motion picture studio?

The mother of the world's most famous film family. Mrs. Marie Garet Talmadge, has answered your question for you, and many more, in her intimate and vitally revealing narrative on the careers of the three famous Talmadge Sisters, Constance, Natalie and Norma.

The price of this delightful book is $1.50 net plus 10c postage. (Price to Dury P.

Cinema Art Magazine

Exclusive Sales Agents

Land Title Building

encourage any such possible competition as might evolve out of a well-financed invasion.

The newsreel of the day was considerably less of a novelty than now, and even today actual news is seldom an important component of the so-called newsreel. In 1914, the Pathé Weekly, with a worldwide camera representation of sorts, was easily the best of the newsreels. It was, of course, the first of them. To competition came the Motion Picture Distributing & Sales Company Weekly, which subsided with that concern and was followed by the Gamma Weekly for Mutual and the Universal Weekly for Universal, the two dominant offshoots of the Sales company. But the vastly important aspect of the newsreel of the day was that it was sold by the makes to the exchange systems for a higher profit than drama, which cost often a great deal more. As long as the newsreel was controlled entirely by the motion picture business as a business, it was sure to do nothing daring and perhaps unprofitable.

No wonder this first tentative step of the aggressive Hearst newspaper organization met with rebuff. The idea went into hibernation for a while. The junction of press and screen was not to come yet.

"What Happened to Mary?"

The first working contact was to come in another quarter. Edward A. McManus and Gardner Wood, in the year of 1912, were engaged in the promotion of circulation and advertising for "The Ladies' World," a McClure monthly. Out of the editorial department came a plan for a continued feature to be built about a mythical girl to be known as Mary, to be introduced with a cover design drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, with an introductory story of the girl and a one hundred dollar prize offer for the best three hundred word answer to "What Happened to Mary?"

To McManus came the inspiration for a motion picture tie-up with a monthly release of a one reel picture that should tell the Mary story on the screen. In the eyes of the out sider the name of Eddie on its own was conspicuous among the makers of motion pictures, so the idea was taken to the Edison studios and presented to Horace Plympton, then in charge of Edison motion picture affairs. It was received with reluctance and adopted only under the force of strong salemanship.

Mary Fuller was cast for the title role and the project went into production under the direction of J. Scrlre Dawley, who had succeeded E. S. Porter as the director in chief. In June, 1912, number 1 of "The Ladies World" the picture weekly rapidly pay its way by presenting a pretentious article, entitled "The Photoplay, an Entertainment and Occupation," by Sarah Helen Star. In this manner the publisher sought out to establish the re aility, acceptability and correctness of the art of the motion picture. It was a case of "Mrs. Public meet Miss Film; now you are properly introduced and may speak to each other." In September following an editorial announced that, to the great surprise of the editor of "The Ladies World," Mr. Horace Plympton, the great Edison campaign had called up and simply insisted on making motion pictures of the "What Happened to Mary?" story. "The Ladies' World" was deliciously surprised and flattered. Somewhat previously, however, the entire project had been discussed in detail in "The Moving Picture World."

The Escape from Bondage, chapter one of the series, was released July 26, 1912. The story was by Banni ter Merwin. It was followed August 2 by "Mone in New York." It was the first of a string.

Mary Fuller, who had gone to the Edison company from Vitagraph some years before, was cast for the title role of the series. It was, moreover, a device that her name and that of the heroine of the stories were the same. But the identity of title and name was of large value to Miss Fuller in building her name within the

Just a little spot may ruin all your loveliness

And you, yourself, may be quite unconscious of it

By Ruth Miller

Do you find it hard to understand why some women, otherwise so lovely and dainty, can be so blissfully unconscious of what neglect of the underarm does to them?

Listen to this letter, an example of many which I receive:

"Dear Ruth Miller:

I have been trying to conceive a way whereby I could suggest to a young woman that she use Odorono, without offending her.

Would it be possible for you to write to her, enclosing possibly a sample bottle of Odorono, and suggest that she use this preparation to remove the odor of perspiration (stating that most people suffer from this annoyance)? Do not indicate in your letter to her that anybody wrote to you, as this would humiliate her.

How embarrassing for this girl if she knows that others are aware of a weakness she may consider a danger to her,

And yet whether we wash our hands daily or not, we should be able to maintain a personal cleanliness which would be a credit to any family.

Whether we use the deodorant or the antiperspirant, the one or the other, we should be proud of the correct method of self-preservation, just as we would be ashamed to speak of a girl's face as having the "blush of an apple" or a boy's face as having the "red of a rose.""
What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!

—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

END FOOT TROUBLES
IN NATURES WAY

Makes feet smaller

Fallen Arches, Diabetics, Foot Pains
relieved by shock-proof boots. Artificial
feet made to order. Elastic insoles.

You bring back sockets to our store and
we will make up any size you desire.

Foot trouble and Nature will help you.

Send for free circular to: CHUNG WONG CO.
121-5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Double Chin

Utterly, quickly and simply reduced. Supple
flesh restored to, beautiful neck and face.

You take off that double chin and places
where it belongs. Placed on chin and
brought into the line. Placed and left in
place. Send free circular.

Davis Chin Strap

Placed and left in place when you take it off, supple
flesh restored to, beautiful neck and face.

Chin harness—keeps cheek and face supple. White or black
with black or white elastic. Made to order.

All three articles for $2.00 or when bought together.

For sale at all stores without exception.

DEPT. 10, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Make Your Nose Perfect

Support Your Lax Muscles

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA
Nose Adjuster, in a few weeks, in the privacy of your own
room and without interfering with your daily occupation. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER
is the ORIGINAL NASAL SUPPORTER absolutely guaranteed. Highly recommended
by physicians for misshapen and flattened noses.

ANITA - The Genuine—Patented - NOSE ADJUSTER

Shape while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. Self-adjust-
able. No rubber. No metal parts. Gentle, firm and perfectly comfortable. No nervous. No metallic taste. Gentle, firm and perfectly comfortable. A rubber of instant effect. Write today (just your name and address) for free booklet, "Happy Days, " which explains how you can have a perfect nose and our enlighten to fill out for size. No obligations.

The ANITA Company, Dept. 628, ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.

The Exit of "Mary"

The fame that Miss Fuller acquired as the star of the series led to her departure. In January, 1913, on the advice of the Universal where she concluded her screen career one day by abrupt departure when C. L. Laemmle refused to increase her salary. She had invested her earnings and was independent.

Each installment of the Edison "What Happened to Mary?" series was independent in construction and did not directly conflict with any that had gone before or that were to follow. It was distinctly a series and not a serial. The motion picture versions and the magazine publication did not synchronize with any regularity, and the series got little in the way of advertising in the motion picture trade, but in spite of that it was something of a success for both the Edison company and "The Ladies World."

Meanwhile the news pictorial idea was still simmering in the mind of Edgar B. Hattrick. He was driven by the urge toward picture that told the story better. He had put the still camera to the limit of its capacities. The next step was into the motion picture, the camera with narrative ability. The pressure of a desire to do something important and impressive in the handling of a big story broke out in a project to make a motion picture news-record of the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson, March 4, 1913. He went to the Moving Picture World seeking information that would guide him to a motion picture concern sufficiently unhampered by the trammels of screen prejudice and trust practice to join in the venture. It resulted in an introduction to Harry Warner, of the old Warners' Pictures concern, then melding into United Film Service, in a process of disapearing.

The Development of the News Reel

A one-reel picture was made and rushed to the screen, though Warner distribution. It was a double take and brought the Hearst organization a profit of $2,000. Farrelly leant to take notice. Hattrick resumed his argument for a newswed. They conferred with Horace Plympton of the Edison company and got no encouragement. There were many reasons, including the internal politics of the General Film Company.

At about this time Selig in Chicago released a two-reel picture of "The Burial of the Battleship Maine. The old warship had been raised in Havana harbor and towed out to Drury's locker."

"That Selig company has the idea, let's try them," Hattrick suggested.

Karnow, knew of the Hearst papers' acquaintance with Selig and wired him in Chicago to get in touch with the film man on the project. Koenigsberg, now no longer an editor, was a sale-man of the Hearst wire and syndicate services.

Meanwhile some other important movements had taken place in the Chicago newspaper field. Max Amundson, who had made an outstanding success of his efforts as circulation manager for the Chicago American in the days of its history, was elected to the great news bronze of the Tribune. He had been the old line orthodox newspapers, but the new voice in Chicago journalism was having its effect, developing completely.

The circulation struggles which arose in Chicago led to the organization of rival camps. It became a complex and sometimes violent competition of new-papers on the stands.
The Battle of the Newspaper

Owing to the ever rapidly increasing cost of a newspaper, it is, of course, an immeasurable saving to publishers to get the papers printed as quickly as possible for any further delay means extra cost.

The Chicago Tribune, under the able direction of Walter Howey, has, as a matter of fact, been one of the ablest staffs of any newspaper in the country. The Tribune is not so much concerned with the revenue as with the circulation. The Tribune is a forceful, well-told story, and the Tribune is a daily paper, and the Tribune is a daily newspaper.

At the time of their first meeting with the Tribune, James Keeler, then the most prominent figure in American journalism, held the office of publisher of the paper. It was found that the Tribune was an ideal for the public in his range. But for persons outside of our present consideration, the Tribune star was declining, and when the Tribune was on the market, it was bought in connection with the paper, the forceful influence of the old school school journalism both thought of the Tribune and the great child of telling. To both the Tribune offered itself.

An old friend of Howey and Anson, notably with Howey, the conception of a novel picture and newspaper serial to run unobtrusively on the printed page and the Tribune was a stronger, more easily knit evolution of the "What Happened to Mary?" idea.

The path of proprietorship led to the Selig Polyscope Company, located in New York. Here they found the "Old Union Camera" table discussed with Kobersberg had repaired the way in the name of Colonel Selig, though there is some evidence that he had forgotten some of the details.

Out of this came the novel famous title, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," a genuine serial story, not a series written on for the Selig name. It was an idea, and the Selig picture and the novel picture were to appear simultaneously and with a view toward sensational proclamation. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.

The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture. The Tribune was to be given a portion of the sale of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," the novel picture.
Make Your Little Girl Happy with an

Add-a-pearl NECKLACE

A splendid gift for a little girl's birthday, or any occasion. Start with a small strand, which is added to on all gift occasions each year—until she has a necklace of genuine pearls. Your jeweler will supply you.

The family and friends will keep it growing

Buy additional pearls for your Add-a-pearl necklace on this card. It guarantees perfection.

Ask Your Jeweler
The Add-a-pearl Co., Chicago

"BLUE BIRD" PERSONAL PRINTED STATIONERY

YOU are judged by your stationery. Make it represent your taste and sense of good form. Any name and address printed on our superior quality linen finish white bond paper gives you that distinction.

$1.00 delivers to you

100 sheets note paper
100 envelopes, each printed
100 sheets plain note paper

Printing in rich dark blue on top center of sheets and on center of stylish special-cut long flap envelopes. Copies limited to 1 line in special style type. A welcome gift for a friend. Money refunded if not satisfied. Send dollar bill or money order. West of Mississippi 10c extra.

NEW ENGLAND PAPER CO.
1066 Pine St.
Barton, Vt.

local stage, subsequently appearing in stock company productions in various parts of the West. The abilities of the comedy Miss Williams aroused the enthusiastic interest of Senator Clarke, the Montana copper king, who was instrumental in her taking a course of instruction at the famous Sargent Dramatic School in New York. From the Sargent School, Miss Williams stepped into an important part in the William Morris production of "When We Were Twenty-One." After the New York run she went on the road with the production and, in the course of the Chicago engagement, she was seen and employed by Colonel Selig. She appeared in many Selig pictures prior to "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

Colonel Selig Rides to Power

Things were coming thick and fast for Colonel Selig. He was sitting in the seats of the mighty and holding partnership conferences with the two overlords of Chicago newspaperdom, with ramifications of power that stretched from the City Hall on Randolph Street to the big building with a dome overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. It was a long way back in memory to the little work-shop and dark room in Peck Court where he had labored through the nights with his photographic efforts of the middle '90s.

Came the day, as the title writers say, when Colonel Selig went down to New York to close the contract with the Hearst organization for the production of the Hearst-Selig Weekly, with the news negative gathered by the best photographers and the motion-picture production and distributed by the Selig Polyscope Company through the General Film Company, the great combine exchange system.

Moses Koenigsberg and Colonel Selig met to close the contract with a luncheon appointment at the Cafe des Beaux Arts, a few doors down Fortieth Street from the Republic Club where Colonel Selig stopped, and so often the focus of motion picture negotiations deep and obscure.

The papers of the newsworthy deal were spread out between them and the table was cleared of everything but the coffee cups, when Colonel Selig interrupted with an intriguing idea:

Selig's Proposal to Hook Up with Hearst.

"Now, I'm about to hook up with Hearst on this thing, and it reminds me that I have had a deal on with the Tribune about a serial," Selig opened. He described "The Adventures of Kathlyn," plan in detail.

Koenigsberg's face clouded with anger. He was getting set to storm out his rage. Here was the perfectly original idea of the Union Cafe conferences of years ago, getting away from him and, worse, being delivered into the clutches of the opposition. Selig, oblivious, went on. Koenigsberg twisted his fork, swallowed his wrath and listened.

"Now," Selig continued, "Annenberg insists that I put up $20,000 for billboard advertising of the thing in Chicago."

This was the breaking straw of the negotiations in Selig's mind. The proposition was tossed on the table before Koenigsberg. Here was the great chance to seize an opportunity and to deal a blow back to grand surprise blow, to the old Chicago rivals.

Koenigsberg glanced at his watch.

"Can I have forty-eight hours on this?"

"Yes."

They proceeded to the closing of the Hearst-Selig newsweekly contract.

When Koenigsberg had that executed document before R.A. Farrelly of the International News Service, he also unfolded the great serial opportunity in Chicago.

Farrelly was interested, but he had not been a part of the Chicago conflict. He did not have the same fire of interest. Koenigsberg wanted the idea put before William Randolph Hearst right away. Farrelly objected.

"No, not now. Of course he'll like the idea...

Let the children have all the Beamens they want — it's healthful and tasty — its use is "a sensible habit."

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICHE CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR PHOTOPLAY

will be found on page five below the table of contents.

Gray Hair Banished in fifteen minutes

The new American Inecto Ramb is guaranteed to color gray, brown, or streaked hair any desired shade in 15 minutes and is preserved all the beauty and texture. The result permanence cannot be detected from Nature's coloring under the closest scrutiny. Inecto Ramb, Name, comes in 18 shades from bluish blonde to raven black.

Inecto Ramb, Natara, does not affect the hair in its growth. It never rubs off and the color is not affected by household, sulphur, soda water, Russian, or Turkish baths. After an application the hair may be permanently waved or given any other hair treatment.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send us your name and address and we will send you full details and our brochure absolutely free. With this you will receive a bottle that makes your hair lighter or darker. You keep the bottle that makes your hair lighter or darker.

INECTO, INC.
115 West 49th Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, gratis, full details of Inecto Ramb and the "Beauty Analysis Chart," form ASO.

Name __________________________

Address _________________________

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Beautiful Women of Stage and Screen

Use Angelus Lemon Cream

Volga Dana, like many other beautiful women of the stage and screen, entrusts her beauty to Angelus Lemon Cream. The lemon characteristics so soothingly blended in this fragrant, lotion-like Angelus Lemon Cream are the secrets of this wonderful way to whiten the skin and keep it healthy, youthful and radiant.

Send the Coupon Below

Let us send you a guest size tube of Angelus Lemon Cream. Use Angelus at night and then note immediate improvement in your skin next day. Angelus penetrates so quickly into the pores, cleanses them so thoroughly. It gives your skin a chance to breathe naturally. It leaves it so soft, with such a delicate translucent texture—the natural bloom of youth and beauty.

At Drug and Department Stores

PARK & TILFORD DISTRIBUTORS
NEW YORK - PARIS

FREE TRIAL OFFER

In the Little Red Box
Beautiful Women of the stage and screen use Angelus Rouge Incarnat (paste) exclusively because it looks so natural, resistance, moisture and gives a beautiful glow to the lips and cheeks. Four shades—light, dark, medium and orange.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Your Hair Is Your Fortune

A woman can have no greater legacy than a wealth of luxuriant hair, but the basis of its beauty lies in the care bestowed upon it. Whether you shampoo your own hair or have it done, there is nothing that brings out its natural beauty, texture, evenness and lustre like Canthrox SHAMPOO

Simple to use—a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water is ample. Quickly effective—it dissolves and removes dandruff, dirt and excessive oil, cleanses and invigorates the scalp, dries quickly and never leaves the hair streaky. Costs but a trifle—a Canthrox shampoo may be had for about three cents. You will be charmed with the soft, fluffy appearance of your hair after use. Ask any druggist to supply you.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most delightful shampoo in the world as well as the most beneficial for your hair, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.
214 W. Kinzie St. Dept. 466
CHICAGO, ILL.

Photoplay
Photoplay Dept.
the ready-ness
significant
BROOKLYN

Hair
shampoo
charmed
dandruff,
that
hair
hair,
Simple
To
woman
of
or
the
free
shampoo
it
use
easy
Nmo
manddla;
Hair
and
Kalamazoo,
INSTRUM
tar
fluffy
The
Chicago.

removes
high
strength
the
world
hair,
like
Chicago.

It
held
Kathlyn
theaters

occurred.
The
picture
and
its
income.
and

The

and

picture

Newspapers Discover Revenue in Screen Ventures

The motion picture might now easily have been abandoned by these newspapers, but the life of "The Perils of Pauline" carried the earning period well past the original August of 1915 and the beginning of the World War. Under normal conditions probably even the very large earnings of this picture venture would not have been held especially important in the vast area of Hearst operations. But for the period, even from the beginning, put extraordinary demands on every newspaper publishing establishment and its finances. The income from "The Perils of Pauline," coming in next chunks of fifty thousand dollars at a time, was welcome at the offices in William Street. Participation in the motion picture boom was possible while on its own account, despite its failure to produce circulation.

Meanwhile the Chicago Tribune was able to use serials through the purchase of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" plans which were being made for a follow-up.
Many Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Users Thank Mr. Nestle They Curled Their Hair At Home Permanently With This Dainty Invention, and Write, "It Came Up To Expectations"

"Waving my hair was interesting,"—Miss Adeline Lipman, 34 State St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"My LANOIL Wave improved my personal appearance 1905\(^*\)," Mrs. G. T. Alcott, Main St., Platteville, Wis.

The Home Outfit is Simple To Use—And the Waving Is Quick, Safe and Comfortable."

Send for Our Free Illustrated Booklet

The Syndicate Film Corporation

Out of this came the Syndicate Film Corporation, financed through John M. Burnham & Company, who sold the stock of the enterprise largely to Chicago investors. The subsequence of this adventure had many far-reaching effects. Twice in after years ambitious projects were planned in LaSalle Street for gigantic film-financial operations which might well have revolutionized the industry. Both aborted, one in part because of a premature newspaper story resulting in staff changes that plunged Madison Street into a new era.

The Syndicate Film Corporation was merely a financing company. The making of the serial picture devolved on the Thanhouser concern in New Rochelle, where things began to happen rapidly. J. M. Sheehan, fast becoming a football coach and handsome idol of the gridiron, in the days of his glory at the University of Chicago, became president of the Syndicate concern through college association with Burnham.

Big Events Turn on a Chance Conversation

Two weeks later, Finn, riding on the Twentieth Century Limited, fell into a smoking car conversation with an interesting stranger. The stranger proved to be full of information about the motion picture. He presently admitted that he was a scenario writer and, by his name, Lloyd Lonergan, might be observed on the screen without much difficulty. Lonergan, as the head of the scenario department of the Thanhouser company at New Rochelle, simply exuded motion picture ideas. They erupted like headlines in the Chicago American. A second stranger approached the bubble, and Lonergan was introduced by Lonergan—Charles Hite, president of the Thanhouser company.

When, presently, Hite discovered that the Chicago Tribune wanted another serial, he held his watch on the progress of the Twentieth Century to Chicago lest it lose one golden, fleeting second.

There is nothing that women and girls appreciate more than a useful invention which adds to their daily comfort and beauty. But we doubt if any other invention ever aroused such spontaneous approval in thousands of American women, as has the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit. For this invention gives freedom to slaves.

"What a relief Mr. Nestle has brought me," they write. "I have not had a nightly curler, nor a hot iron in my hair since I used your marvelous Outfit."

"It does the most wonderful thing on earth," others tell us. "Every straight-haired woman should hear about it."

And they are right. Every woman should know of the Nestle invention. No other form of hair curling, whether nightly curlers, curling fluids or hot irons can possibly approach the results of the Nestle PERMANENT Wave by the LANOIL Process. A single waving gives you permanently curly hair. And so simple and fool-proof is the Home Outfit that children can handle it.

On 30 Days' Free Trial

Send for your Outfit with free trial supplies today, and if you are not satisfied with the results, return the Outfit, and every cent of its $15 cost, deposited with us or with your postman will be refunded to you immediately. Just imagine your hair, naturally curly. Imagine how free you will feel when it looks pretty ALL THE TIME, and rain, bathing, perspiration and shampoo only make it look prettier.

If you have any doubt as to the Nestle Company's responsibility, write to this magazine, or the Harri man National Bank, or the Equitable Trust Company of New York City. Nestle's have been established in Berlin, Paris, and London since 1905, and since 1915 in New York, where in their two establishments, every day, several hundred prominent women of fashion and the stage get their Nestle Lanoil Perma nent Waves.

You have every assurance that you will either get satisfactory, naturally curly hair, or your money back promptly, and without question, so send this coupon or a letter or postal for your Home Outfit today.

Nestle Lanoil Co., Ltd., Dept. Y

Established 1905

12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City

Just off Fifth Avenue

(From foreign countries, send $16 check, money order or cash equivalent in U.S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 618 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Canada, $20 duty free.)

[Fill in your order and mail coupon today]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
On with the Dance—
Here's Real Music!

Why run out to a cabaret every time you want to dance? There's an evening's fun right at home—provided there's good music. And there's always good music where there's a Hohner Harmonica—

The World's Best

If you want to be a popular host, be ready with your Hohner at impromptu parties, after dinner dances and social gatherings. Produce your pocket instrument, announce a good fox trot or one step, and surprise your guests with some real snappy harmony.

Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play tonight. 50c up at all dealers. Ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 183, New York City.

Hohner Harmonicas

LOSE A FOUND A DAY

Science has discovered that fat can be eliminated without diet, without strenuous exercise, in the comfort of your own room.
Wayone easy, pleasant way to slim down is and Relax. That is the secret. From 3 to 9, in a few days, away as if by magic.

FLO-RA-ZO-NA

This is the treatment that is doing so much. Simply apply every morning and night. Your money refunded if not satisfied.

FLO-RA-ZO-NA Corp., Dept. 73
150 Fifth Ave., New York

How To Obtain Velvety Skin

Any skin, tender, or hard, dry or oily, may be corrected and kept beautiful by the daily use of Almomeal. Its beautifying effect is a revelation. Use it like soap. Look for the attractive blue package at your dealers.

Dr. Palmer's

ALMOMEAL

A New Remedy for
SKIN COMPLAINTS

Send 5c for large sample packets.
HOLTON & ADAMS, 25 East 22nd St., New York

ValaSun has
Windproof Balm

Protects the skin from sun and wind, Freckles and Tan

ValaSun and Windproof Balm: a

valuable protection during unusually
Mild weather, prevents freckles, sun and sandburns, and prevents Kotch or snow windburn.

$1.75

If the skin has become tanned, the
ValaSun Bleaching Cream: 15c.

10 c. vials, and larger sizes.

Helena Rubinstein
42 W. 37th St.
New York, N.Y.

Have Baby Comfy

In a Gordon Motor Crib. More pleasure for you when baby is with you at home. The Gordon Motor Crib automatically rocks the baby up and down or side to side, like old-fashioned cradles, with or without springs. Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name.

GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO.
1519 Wabash Ave. Dept. 26
CHICAGO
The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress-story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developmentally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On this subject, the paper is supplemented with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence La Badie issued by the Tabloid company, except that it was not near the silver credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on his picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.
A Snowfall That Saved the Day

The wires between Chicago and New York spilt blue fire.

It must be done.

It can be done.

Do it anyway.

Fleeting the pressure of making hourly reports, Jay Cairns went to New York to attend to social interests. When he tipped off an early-morning commuter at New Rochelle station he was overwhelmed with an emotion that the entire landscape was white. How wonderful it is to see and to know that it was snowing. But with the emotion of the true reporter he awaited confirmation. A milk wagon on its early rounds rattled up on the Cairns oatmeal, the driver was asked if there was snow.

"Yes, you sure," Cairns remarked. "This is very important to the world's greatest newspaper, two film corporations, and the United States Government, to say nothing of my many personal friends." "Gladly," said the driver.

The sequel was shot at 10 o'clock. It was directed by Jay Cairns and James M. Shenley whose credit rights have ended with the publication of this issue. Miss Damon was presented with her thousand-dollar check on the stage of a St. Louis theatre by the mayor, who be the best of her friends played the part of Tombstone's Wild Bill. It was an emotional performance and then was promptly dispensed by her employers, a routine matter covered nationally by all manner of offices. Because of the picture publicity involved the week's total sales were made.

But the ten thousand dollars bought a cozy cottage home and she lived happy ever after.

There was an amazing sequel to the sequel. It was written in another story, to be told in another chapter, a tale of more romance, some mystery and many stars.
Loyalty and pain and faith and hope and charity. My God, what more do you want in a song?

So, since she was Paula Swayne, her friend nodded brightly and later confided to one another that "dear Paula was a little difficult, you know?" Living so much abroad, of course.

She was difficult and imperious and impatient to the last degree.

And because even the greatest woman friend does not refuse to be painted by Paula Swayne, Cleveland Brown went to her studio at her command, rather timidly and quietly, and entirely sharing the amusement of her friends that she should want to paint him. There was nothing about him to paint. Besides, she was a female and it seemed to him that whenever females invited or commanded or inveigled him to appear before them, it meant trouble.

He had trouble enough just then.

He knew nothing about Paula Swayne except her reputation, which was various. If he visualized her at all, it was as an old lady, who looked like a witch and bore a long white goatee.

In some ways, Cleveland Brown had a simple and direct mind.

At any rate, he was not prepared for Paula Swayne. Not that she was a beauty. She had never been beautiful and the years had clawed many marks upon her face, intemperate face. She had always been squat and heavyset; and flesh had creased and sown her.

But she was as full of color as a Turner sunset. As full of life as a young stallion. As dynamically, vividly potent as a draft of the Merchant of Venice.

Nearly every man I caught once by a woman's intellect.

Paula Swayne's brilliance fascinated Cleveland Brown completely.

He had a sad, misdirected, passion, emotional mind. But it was not the mind of a woman. In the house, her look never did one of her invitations such as he began to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. Shepared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine.

During the painting, after one look from her hazed eyes, smiled deceitfully and took him to herself. She would stir that dormant intelligence, she would fix and delve with all her great artistry and knowledge, and find out exactly how the wheels went round and that—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

Where her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She pared none. She would neither honor nor respect the confidence of her requesters. If he decided to have daily and hourly with Paula Swayne. She delighted in the talk, of real conversation, were new and fine. 
Sun, Wind and Water
Have no Effect on Pert Rouge

THE outdoor exposures of summer hold no fears for the girl who uses PERT ROUGE. For the delight of PERT is that it stays on—even in spite of perspiration and constant powdering. Only cold cream or soap and water will remove it.

Pert may be had in orange—which changes to pink when applied—or in the deeper shade of rose. Its cream base acts as a protection against enlarged pores. At drug, department stores or by mail, 75c.

Use the Pert Waterproof Lipstick
Like Pert Rouge it changes to a rich natural color as soon as applied. Moreover, it has been designed to harmonize with Pert Rouge, and thus secures an unusual naturalness of effect.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of Pert Rouge. (State shade desired.) For another dime you will receive a sample of Winx, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street, New York

And she took Cleveland Brown by the hand and led him gently through the history of painting, which is the greatest history of the development of the Human Race. She introduced him to canvases painted long ago by strange people bearing such names as Tintoretto and Velasquez and Leonardo da Vinci. And in spite of his new-shiny shoes, perhaps because he was an artist and a creator himself, she actually succeeded in making his heart beat faster over them.

He had already sacrificed himself upon the altar of civic pride and social decency and gone to several concerts at the Hollywood Bowl. Once he had gone to sleep and the other times the music had been too far for that.

But Paula Swayne made a different thing of it entirely. She took him to the topmost seats, where you could reach out and touch the brown breast of the hill-side with your hand.

Then she turned her back upon the stage and the orchestra and the audience, and sat facing the screen. It was a new and dainty moon, a moon that danced teasingly among a thousand cloudy ruffles of cream and silver, as a girl dances amidst the laces of her bedchamber.

The hills all about them wore a thousand shades of black and blue and gray and brown that had never seen before, and there was a row of little trees along the crest that stood out against the pale, live sky like delicate richings.

A glorious fragrance of sage and eucalyptus and earth and some mingling of distant flowers pervaded everything—the trilled and suavile essence of their music.

This hilltop became a fairy-land. The music below, unseen, blended into the night and became part of it. until Cleveland Brown could have slept with the emotions that raced through him.

It was all very splendid. He was a little bewildered. But he felt the surges of a thousand impulses, a thousand new dreams and desires. His inherent fears of being high-row or effeminate she swept aside, as a prairie fire sweeps the dried brush in its path.

Sometimes, as they talked together in the evening, she told him of countries she had seen, and places she had loved, and people she had known. She could paint with words, too, a crowd.

Cleveland Brown began to realize how wide the world was, and to long to see it all, and to conceive of some of the things he might do in the future with that great wealth of his.

"Only you must not go alone first time," said Paula Swayne. "It takes deep wells within yourself to enjoy things alone. You must take someone to share it."

And she looked up at him with her eyes narrowed and aghast. For an instant he felt a deep thrill of the thought came to him—perhaps it might be to see them for the first time with her.

But she shook her head at him, maliciously aware of his thought.

"It wouldn't do," she said, half-laughing, "I'm too old. I know too much. I couldn't talk the language."

He turned away, and was pleased.

"I see," he said, "you are in love."

And she fell to musing.

The next afternoon he came to the sitting, white and nervous and on edge.

Paula Swayne painted for half an hour, then she threw down her brush and came over to him.

"Come," she said briskly, "come, my son. Tell me all about it. There's always a way out if one has courage and imagination."

He smiled, and accepted the brain.

"So he told her, beginning with that night when Grete Morrison had asked him to marry her."

On his way home, he thought very seriously
Let Ingram's Dermascope Show You Beauty's Only Secret

So that you can learn in a few minutes what years of scientific experience in the care of the skin has taught him, Mr. Ingram has devised the Dermascope. He believes you will join the millions who are now using Ingram's Milkweed Cream when you make the fascinating Dermascope test.

A few minutes with the Dermascope, following Mr. Ingram's instructions, will show you how and why Ingram's Milkweed Cream develops a healthy, beautiful skin—how it successfully wards off the signs of age which are creeping in, unnoticed, every day.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, used over thirty years, is a real beauty cream and the only one you need to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature—certain remedial properties that relieve redness, roughness, and irritations, increase freshness and suppleness. No other cream is like it. No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy it today and see the immediate improvement it brings. 1.00 and the great value all dress and department stores—our dollar size contains twice the quantity.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.,
2517 Three Street, Detroit, Mich.

Established 1885

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's American Blush Rub

Appears clean and smooth; its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not cover the pores and because it is doing no harm even to our sensitized skins will not stick to our clothing or paper. Used daily for a delicate and manera skin. In this model, with a box of cotton and pad. Also, in two sizes: a smaller size for day work and a larger size for evening work. 30 cent and 50 cent sizes, sold by Ingram's, in all stores for seventy-five cents at the seat.

Photo Play Magazine, Advertising Section

See for yourself—
how a beautiful skin is developed and kept lovely

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's American Blush Rub

Ingram's Secret

Send for this interesting test today:

If you want to know how to remove pet stains, scorch, spots, or burns from your clothes, write to Mr. T. W. Harris, Ingrams, Detroit, Michigan, for his booklet describing fully the EZA LEE insect and the remarkable manner in which it will reduce you and your family to conform to the fashions of today, without any effort on your part.

MME. LEE, Suite 1104, 1270 Broadway, New York

BANISH YOUR FAT

BY THE EZA LEE RUBBER INSETS

No Drugs, No Creams, Diet or Exercise. Worn with your own comfortable corset or wrap-around. Attached and adjustable, self-fitting. 4 ounce quality flesh-colored medicated rubber. Guaranteed harmless and effective. Reduces abdomen, hips, thighs and waistline. Write for your free illustrated booklet describing fully the EZA LEE insect and the remarkable manner in which it will reduce you and your family to conform to the fashions of today, without any effort on your part.

MME. LEE, Suite 1104, 1270 Broadway, New York

Published by project; please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
alone—

THE PENALTY OF BROMIDROSIS

Beautifully attractive, she has become a social outcast. Her friends slight her; they seek other company; she stands at a distance. If she would eliminate the offense of perspiration, she would be the most popular girl of the evening.

How easily we detect this annoyance on others and how seldom we consider our own short coming. With AB-SCENT you can be sure of yourself, for it not only remedies excessive perspiration, but destroys odors harmlessly.

AB-SCENT
(Contains no irritating artificial odor)
AB-SCENT, formulated by a physician, and absolutely harmless, effects the condition of which you may be accompanied, and does not burn, itch or irritate. Ideal for personal use. It is used by men and women for preventing tan, armpit and perspiration odors.

Prepared by the Makers of 21 PIPERS BAKED IN A CAKE

Address:

City and State.

CREATIONS JONATHAN NEW YORK

$3 Brings you a Genuine UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL Your $3 deposit automatically refunded at end of trial.

GREAT PRICE SAVING Direct to you from largest typepewriter factories in the world by our saving methods.

FREE BOOK OF FACTS Full descriptive information.

Send name, address and $3 to:

Shipman Ward
Mfg Company
A201 Shipman Building
Montrose & Racine wood
Aves., Chicago

Name:

St. and No.

City:

State:

Please send me a genuine Underwood Typewriter with 5 year guarantee, explaining bargain offer.

Act Today! Mail Coupon

1655 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Cleveland knew, in spite of Janice’s loyalty, something of the cross her mother had been going through. In the confidential moments, she had poured out a little of her difficulty to him.

“Hello, Mrs. Reed,” he said, as he came into the pretty gray room beaming at Mr. Reed.

“How are you? How’s Janice?”

“Janice is always well,” said Mrs. Reed, smiling a little nervously. “And I never am.

How is your mother?”

“Great,” said Cleveland, with an air of immense cheerfulness. “All the family’s well. We haven’t seen much of you lately.”

“No. The truth is, I have had something on my mind and the circumstances haven’t thought it quite fair to see much of you or your family. That is why I sent for you.”

Cleveland Brown swallowed his Adam’s apple. He knew it was going to be unpleasant and he hated unpleasant things. He never knew how to cope with them. But there didn’t seem any way out of this.

He made up his effort to keep everything nice and pleasant. “I don’t think I quite get you, Mrs. Reed,” he said, “but here I am. If there’s anything worrying you, I’m the man to talk it over with.” He always made it as old friends.

“We have been good friends,” said Mrs. Reed and began to cry.

It was the last thing in the world that Cleveland had expected. He held a book at his head, he wouldn’t have been so surprised. But she was crying, softly and pitifully, and he looked old and broken and miserable. For the first time in his life, he felt sorry for her.

“Cleveland, I’m not a very good woman,”

stayed awake and cried all night, after you got mixed up with Leda O’Neil. She thought I was asleep, but I wasn’t. And when she told me how you saved her from the ice, her face was just red, that’s all.”

Cleveland’s heart turned unpleasantly cold. It was all very well for the others. But he didn’t want Janice mixed up in any funny business like this. Janice was different from anything else in the world.

“And Cleve, there just isn’t anybody like Janice,” said Anabelle, as though she had echoed his thought. “Anyway, her mother wants you to come over to the house when you get through shooting. Janice is going to Pasaden-a for dinner and Mrs. Reed wants to talk to you alone.”

“What does she want to talk to me about?”

asked Cleveland Brown.

Not since her own mother’s voice had interrupted him and spoiled in their most nefarious schemes had he felt so guilty.

“I don’t know, but you’d better go.”

“Of course I’ll go,” said Cleveland Brown with dignity. “Kindly don’t be ridiculous, Anabelle.”

Nevertheless, he went with much trepidation.

He had never quite been able to like Mrs. Reed. She was a small, quiet woman of aristocratic face, and rigid, old-fashioned New Englandism. Boston was still evident in her speech and manner. But for some deep-seated bitterness, some dissatisfaction with life which twisted her tongue to caustic comment and her lips to a supercilious smile, she might have been a charming, high-bred lady. As it was, Cleveland was always glad to hear Mrs. Reed’s oft-repeated statement that Janice was exactly like her father in other things.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Reed was a widow of many years’ standing who had always desired to marry again. Her unexplainable failure, and the strange ways in which her husband had deserted her and only her child, had enmured her opinion of men in particular and the world in general.

Probably she had been a pretty woman once. Now, an expression of discontent and envy veiled her delicate features. A shrewd judge of human nature like Paula Swayne might have seen in her a handmaid of pleasure deserted and grown old.

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, or—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots.

Simply get an ounce of Oilsome from any drug or grocery store, and mix it with a large 1 cent dime 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 said that more than an ounce is needed to completely sun the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion. You are sure to like the double strength Oilsome, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

White Genuine-Facet Cut Diamond. After 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. No C.O.D., No Return. 10 DAYS’ TRIAL. No C.O.D. No Return. No Delay. We save you 15c to 50c on each and every article you want to buy. Amazing Bargains. Prices far below retail. Send 5c for Free Report on Par Value, Signed by Famous Stock of Diamonds and Watches.

Write for FREE Catalog and Illustrated Pamphlet. Examine the claims, compare the prices, explain credit plan which makes it easy for you to own high-grade jewelry of course. Get this free book TODAY! R.N.W.

KLEIN & CO.

Dept. 1290, Chicago, Ill. Nearly One-Quarter Century in Same Location.

How Many Pounds Would You Like To Lose in a Week?

If you are fat and want to lose weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Rid-O-Fat treatment absolutely free. Do Not Send Any Money—just your name and address to The Byrne Company, 513 Cocoa Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

WHY NOT IMPROVE YOUR PERSONAL APPEARANCE?

Send for booklet about how to improve your figure and without the PERFECT LEG FORMS for BOW LEGS and KNEE KNICKS. Also BRACES for childhood permanent cure.

Perfect Sales Co., Dept. 56, Chicago, III.

BEAUTYPEEL
"UNMASKS YOUR BEAUTY"

CREATES BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION BY PEELING OFF

Fac, Freckles, Hyperchromia, Pigment, Shuckeyract, Sun, etc.

TREATMENT COSTS NOTHING. Write today for Special Offer. Also, for Home Kit. Mailed同城.

BEAUTYPEEL LABORATORIES, Dept. 104, 1658 Broadway, New York.
A BRUSH FOR WAVING HAIR!

Bristles Arranged in Curves

Brushes in Waves and Fosters Natural Curliness

Every stroke with this new type of hair brush imparts a gentle wave. Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl. If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the Wavex curling hair brush.

The scientific principle of this new design is effective on any head of hair; the most stubbornly straight hair yields to the rippling strokes of Wavex. Every woman is invited to prove this by her own test; read the offer!

Any Hair "Brush Waved"

With Ease

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No special skill is needed; just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curlines in a perfectly natural and harmonious way. If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that rippled and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have no effect that all the dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate.

For women have done everything and anything to make waves in their hair—only to brush them out! The hair brush with straightened hair that rippled the soft hairs: how could it be otherwise? But now, those who wish wavy hair may have it. Your hair will be straight if you brush it straight; it will wave if waved in the brushing.

To get a Wavex brush for your approval—for actual proof of its wonderful wave-inducing properties—act now, while the introductory trial offer is open. See Coupon.

Special Free Trial of WAVEX

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. Until we can supply all the stores, we will forward one brush to any individual making immediate use of coupon, at the introductory price of only $3.00. Wavex has genuine Chinese hair brushes, hand-set in strong back with rich ebony finish, and will outlast several cheaply made brushes; so the waving feature really costs you nothing.)

Pay the postman, or send $3.00 now and save postage: either way the trial is free, with money back if not delighted. Use coupon now:

The Da, EGAN Mfactuery, Dept. 20A
22 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's free demonstration which must tell me, or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman $3 and postage. (Or enclose $3 now and get brush prepaid.)

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

P.O. ____________________________ State __________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Whiten Your Skin—Almost OverNight

No more blackheads, pimplcs, freckles or muddiness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, sallowness, liver spots or any blemish.

Make This 3 Minute Test

Three minutes before bedtime smooth some of this cool, fragrant creme upon your skin. The next morning you will be astonisned at the way your skin had been cleansed. Send for a jar now for only $1.00. If not delighted and amazed your money will be instantly refunded. Just enclose a $1 bill and address

Paris Toilet Co., 100 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course in 2 years, and you will be graduated. The thousands of our graduates in this course are attested to by letters and testimonials. The courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY!

Dept. H1171, Chicago Ave., & State St. (See 2601)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
At Last! Musical Instruments to play with

MAKE LEARNING INTERESTING!

Now you can enjoy a toy that will
emotionally interest the little boy or girl—

The Sovereign

This Sovereign is the complete instrument, having an arm ready and waiting to
let each one of the notes or keys to be heard. The Sovereign comes complete
with a box of strings, a case, a bow, and a music book full of simple songs

Three musical instruments in one.

At $2.50 and $5.00,

CALIFORNIA TRADING Co.,

23 W. 42nd St., New York,

Send for catalog.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT

Free Trial Treatment

From the research of the world's greatest Medical authorities, I have devised a
method of reducing the surplus of pounds in a week. A reduced diet is a necessary
part of the plan but in addition to diet you receive a treatment that will
keep the pounds from returning. For further information, come in person,
write, or phone the office.

R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician

State of New York, 262 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
But remarkable brew will was To NEW Ul-a-i-thing. It, jassionately. Careful. I warn you that everything you say will be used against you. The papers, Jack Dalton. Look ‘em over.

He held them tightly in both small fists, for him to see. Cleveland Brown switched on the headlight in the big limousine and gazed pon them with the same sensation he would have experienced if he had produced a couple of white rabbits from her cigarette case. One was a check for three thousand dollars, payable to Ray Connable and signed by Cleveland and Brown.

The other was a letter of the same date, on his own engraved stationery and it read—

"Dear Ray—Here is the check for the first payment on the bungalow. Please do not thank me because I don’t know when anything as given me more pleasure. I feel almost like a family man already.

"Yours always,
"Cleveland Brown."

As simple as that. He wet his lips. How ever she had been.

"You didn’t cash the check," he commented. "I’m no taker," said Ray Connable.

It didn’t seem possible that he had been such an idiot.

His motives had been the purest. It had been in fun. They had kidded so much about their fake engagement. It was her favorite joke. And she’d always seemed grateful and sweet-spirited. Could she have dreamed! Would anyone else have suspected?

That check for the bungalow, the California bungalow to which she was to bring her mother and the two kiddies. He looked at her sternly. "Why, Ray," he said, "you know what I meant. You couldn’t make me—my—kindness, and use it to injure me."

He saw her wince. Her eyes dropped. And then she flung her head up with a quick, hard glance.

"Why not," she said, half-impudently, half-passionately. "Why not? It’s all I’ve got to fight with. Oh, I’ve been watching you. Other girls have mothers, or great names and positions. You have nothing, or even children. You do it all so intimately, it looks beautiful. But they’re playing the same game I am. This is the only chance I’ve ever had. Money’s the only thing that’s good to a gift. The only thing she can protect herself with. Money—or a rich husband. I advise you to marry me, Cleveland."

"But—you never—you didn’t really want to marry me?"

"Oh, yes, I always meant to. And I’d have done it, too. Long ago if Leda O’Neill hadn’t come along."

Later, when he talked to Scoop Wilson about it, Scoop said: "Of course she’ll do it. I know the lawyer she’s hired and he’s a bearcat of that kind of stuff. Why shouldn’t she?"
What do you tell, according to her what you're just one, and therein another from every minute. What's more, she can take a very tolerably man. It's utterly unfair, for she can.

I've never written anything alive.

But at the moment it seemed almost incredulous.

As I sat thinking it over, at the car old song.

It was not only the dread of public opinion and its possible effect upon his pictures that was worrying him.

The picture industry was passed through its dark period of trial.

But that moment, that moment.

No one was more fault, most - of the many, and captions and gossip within that had felt the flames without.

So that Hollywood, that bright and powerful and charming cradle of the great artists - to which the world owed so much to happiness and education, had been pillaged until its name was a byword.

It aroused Cleveland Brown's ire. No one detested riotous living more than did he.

But this wholesale conflagration, this hysterical fever of silly rumor, this unjust accusation of the casts of the stars and mistresses of the few... it was not fair. The naming of every cheap girl of the streets a movie queen, the moment she got into trouble, was a veritable insult to girls like you and me.

It was not the famous American fair play. But it had swept the country like a cyclone.

His own name was and must remain, it seems.

He was held up as an example. He had a torch to carry.

He held his great position as a duty and the love of the people as a sacred trust. All that he had been bound to and had been accused of had conceived to be.

His name and quarters had created his fortune. He had, however, to him to keep faith, not only by making the best pictures he could all the time, but by living the sort of life their children could see without damage or disillusion. He had to do this - to belong to them - as private life as well as his public life.

He never talked about that feeling, except occasionally to Janie, he said, because he supposed it was youthful and provincial.

And that was the way he felt.

LIKE most men who have had no reason to come much in contact with the law, he knew very little of what Ray Connolly could or could not do. And for years, even if the reverence that had taught him to time and to estimate public opinion. If Ray Connolly said he could not, he meant it.

As he helped the right little figure out of the car under the portico, he said:

"Wouldn't you rather have money, Ray?"

"No, really," she said, sweetly. "I'd much rather marry you, old beau. Think that one over.

And, then, as he turned away from greeting her pretty hostess in the over-decorated drawing room, he came face to face with Leda O'Neal.

It was the only time he laughed. As he stood facing her, all the loveliness of her, brightened by her was his eyes, he laughed so loudly that several people turned around to look at him.

He should have left then. He knew it.

But something held him. Partly, the old, sweet, irresistible fascination. Partly pride and a deep and ancient stubbornness. He would not run away any more. He had run and dodged enough.

He might have been a court jester, or Ray Connolly, but he...
Today's Fashion

demands low cut gowns and waists of the sheerest materials, revealing arms and shoulders. This makes Del-A-tone a toilet necessity for all dainty women.

DEL-A-TONE

is a water-soluble preparation made for the purpose of

cleaning, toning, nourishing and protecting the skin. Del-A-tone is renewed every morning and evening. It cleans, tones, conditions the skin, and makes the complexion the organ of life. Del-A-tone is the original and only preparation that has been found to do all this. No other product in the world has this combination. Del-A-tone is easy and pleasant to the skin. It leaves the skin so soft that you may kiss it and it will not leave any marks. Del-A-tone comes in a four ounce bottle. A four ounce bottle is used daily by all who use Del-A-tone. The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

New Liquid Instantly Beautifies Eyes

WON'T RUB OFF!

Just a touch of solid liquid beautifies your eyes. It cleans, tones, conditions and leaves them perfectly clear and graceful. The eyes appear naturally bright and attractive. It cleans, tones, conditions, and leaves the eyes free from all dirt and foreign matter. Del-A-tone is easy and pleasant to the skin.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes we will send you a free sample of Del-A-tone. Liquid and liquid only. A few cents each. Satisfaction guaranteed.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful glossy, silky hair, do all means get rid of dandruff, for it will grow your hair and ruin it if you let it alone.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, use a little liquid arnica on the nape of the neck, and the dandruff will come down and not remain on the head.

By morning, most of not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four applications will completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arnica at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

The good old swimsuit dress are back—yes! But it's great to rig up that old suit, or new suit and—SPLASH! Hey, what a rush to some of the poor souls when they see their shortcomings come out with it. It costs and claims away instead of the big, bony frames they expected to see.

You Are Out of Luck

A Physique to Be Proud Of

It's not too late. Send me in to you and I can save your reputation. I teach the art of work and plenty of it, but want tell you the results.

THE MUSCLE BUILDER

My job is to build muscle. That is why we call this book The Muscle Builder. If you are 30 days I am sure to add on and keep my word. Yes, and I wish you success, but you must have the patience and persistence and use the proper methods. I will give you a short course for the price of a week's subscription to this magazine. You will find it interesting and profitable. The muscle builder will not give you a false impression of what it is. I do not promise that you will gain size and strength, but I will tell you all about it in the book.

Send for My New 64-Page Book

"Muscular Development" IT IS FREE

It contains forty-four full-sized photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning models I have trained. Some of these cases in mine not at present. I wish to help you in building up your muscles. This will give you a beautiful and a real satisfaction to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing, and it is yours to keep. This will not oblige you in any way, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEBERMAN

Dept. 106, 305 Broadway, New York City

Earle E. Lieberman, Dept. 106, 305 Broadway, New York City.

This size, I enclose herewith $1.00 for which you are to send me, without obligation on my part whatsoever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

(please write or print plainly)
SPECIAL OFFER
To those who rush their order for any of these diamond rings or free watch, we will give absolutely free the two 14-14 inch diamond rings and a 14 karat gold filled watch in the Bon Marché folder for GEM MONO. This offer is limited to the number of these select customers and when offered, we will give this rare opportunity.

Genuine DIAMONDS
Each of these rings in set with a very clear, perfect color, one white, genuine diamond of first quality. Only five are available at this rare opportunity.

\[ $2.00 \]

Down
Just send $2 and ring or watch you select beside with the FREE pearl will be sent free of charge as a keepsake for ten cent's free trial. If you are not satisfied you have received more than your money's worth, send us a check back and the $2 will be refunded to you without any question asked.

NO RISK, EASY TO PAY
Did we ever measure another so remarkable as this? Free money, not out of a rent! It is easy to pay if satisfied. You will have the presentew of a beautiful diamond ring or watch and pearl necklace without ever paying the money.

No. 2828
Man's diamond dress, suit, or gold filled belt
$57.50

No. 2828
Woman's diamond suit, or gold filled belt
$57.50

Established 1890
Write Dept. 628

BAER BROS. CO.
6 MAIDEN LANE—NEW YORK

FREE

Pearls!

I have seen in—oh, in years. I am delighted. You do not entirely believe Leda's promises?"
"I—I don't know, I want to.
"It is lovely. How... You haven't chipped her brow and a malicious little smile on her lips. Long, powerful hands turned a magnificent bracelet of sapphires on her wrist, the only jewel Cleveland Brown had ever seen her wear.
"You like my bracelet?" she asked suddenly.
"It was given me by the only man I ever loved.
"He was killed in the war. He was a very lucky man, but he was a great lover. He gave me—many things."

With that, something flashed into her face and she gave a swift exclamatory. "Tell me," she said, "what trait in others please you most? Don't talk platitudes. What makes you happiest? The lack of what trait seems to you most unattractive?"

He said slowly: "I think the trait I love most in others is—the ability to be made happy. I don't put it well, because I don't understand very well. It seems to me that the greatest happiness is in giving. I suppose it's purely selfish, in the end. And I adore people who are made very happy when you do things for them and who can show you that happiness.

"But of course. To give pleasure— to give beauty—to give one another nothing else. Now— I have a great inspiration. We will test a few of these ladies who desire to marry you. And you will choose the one who best passes the test. That is fair, eh?"

"You see the bracelet? He brought it to me the day before he went to France. He was an Englishman. He said: 'Paula, I give you the very gift I bestow before I go away, because of all the women I have known, it is the most pleasure to give to you. So I love you. You see?'"

Cleveland Brown nodded, fascinated by her face.

"Now—we will go with you and—buy four bracelets. Rubies for Leda. Emeralds for that little miss, Ray Constant. Fine white diamonds for Gertie, and sapphires for Janice. Perhaps I will let you buy me one of pearls for my—abstinence. If I were ten years younger—but I am not.

"THEN you will take these and you will present them to the four ladies. And you will know—I tell you, you will know. Watch, and you can judge for yourself that quality, which you love most, which is most worthy. The one who gives you the most happiness when she receives from you so beautiful a gift—so expensive a gift—who receives it with most joy and graciousness, she is the one. I promise you that, as I know women—and men."

"It's— it's madness," breathed Cleveland Brown, but some recklessness born of despair exulted and urged him on. He would, of course, never have done it alone. But he was not alone. Paula Swayne was beside him.

When they came out of the jeweler's, hours later, her face still held that look of delighted emotion and there was some reflection of it in his.

"Go," she said. "I know which it will be.
"You know?"
"Of course.
"Tell me."

"No, you must find for yourself. Then you will see. I would not rob you of those sensations. Good—bring me back a brick!"

And remembering, you have given me your word of honor you will go through with it."

"I will go through with it," said Cleveland Brown.

END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.
AThis new Kenton baby—second of Butler Kenton and Natalie Talmadge—Kenton has a name. It's a serious name, unlike the baby's long-time name,欧内斯特, for many weeks, all because his aunt Norma Talmadge couldn't find a name that suited her. Norma was in Florida with her husband, Joe Schenck, vacationing when the new addition to the family arrived, and everybody agreed that Norma was to be his godmother and must name him. So they didn't give him anything even re-encoding a name until Norma got a name. Then Aunt Norma began reading the biographical pages of the dictionary in such a leisurely manner that she couldn't decide on a name. The other day she came down and said: "I've settled it. It's Bob. I love the name Bob. We'll call him Bob Talmadge." So that's it. His older brother now is Joseph Talmadge Kenton, after his uncle, Joe Schenck.

Pauline Bush, one of the first and most popular of the screen stars, is returning to the screen. After an absence of several years, she is making a highly welcome return to the world and a long residence in China. Miss Bush has just completed an important role in the new Janne-Criee production, "The Salamander." I remember also, during the first days of pictures, seeing a group of good-looking young stars at a table in a fashionable and famous old hotel in Fo. Angeles. Nobody knew much about them, and screen stars were almost nameless, but they were Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, and Pauline Bush and Allan Dwan—newly wed.

Pauline Bush never led them to quite as promising as Mary Pickford, though of a different type. Now she has turned "intellectual" and knows more about Chinese art and religion and has read more himself than any of all the strange and noble possibly Mitchell Novarro and the fam il h in the back.

This picture does—apart from the studio and the make-up and the brilliant setting—the story of a girl who becomes a fashion victim. Monogram Pictures. She has just arrived in the other, and alone he is a handsome but rather fey young man. We feel she should always try young men and not beautiful girls.

The girl is—or rather was—also Luke and the young man an actor, Robert Williams. Alice's leading man for life, she vows. In fact, they have just been married by Poli Judge Fine Pope, whom they elected to use her too, live in Hollywood.

While in Paul, Ramon Novarro is being a concert engagement, to be followed by an appearance in opera. The offer was made by an impresario who had Novarro play and sing a, recital given by Marguerite Nolan, the young American singer who served this season at the Opéra Comique in Paris. He appeared in "Hall, London.

Novarro has a magnificent baritone voice which is being taught by a noted teacher. He is also an accomplished pianist. At his time is the London Symphony of English, French, Spanish, and Italian radio. and he has prepared a program of Mexican compositions for use in concert. Although he has received several offers from managers in this country, he wisely refuses to make any personal appearances during the course of his picture contract.

Here's more work for the censors, so let's get the scissors out and sharpen them up a bit.

A real, true-to-goodness master of the pool has turned actor between scenes and will be seen on the screen (the censors being willing) when Mickey Rooney's "Tea of The Others" is released. He is the Rev. Neil Dodd, famous the country over as the rector of Hollywood's "Little Church Around The Corner," where many of the screen colony worship.

Marrying a couple of Hollywood celebrities, no noveltv for Rev. Dodd, but to do it with the camera grills is a little an experience.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, on April 1, 1924

Return to and subscribe before this 20th of March, 1924.

164 E. 60TH ST., NEW YORK
(Miss commission expires January 3, 1925)

BATHYRM DOURHETTI
Daniel Maybush.
that knows how to take from its environment the wherewithal to build the body of the organism it animates. From the little seed you place in the ground this something sends roots into the earth, blades or branches into the air, and takes from the earth and the air that with which it builds.

Within the egg this something is wooed to life by the warmth of the brooding mother’s breast.

**CHIROPRACTIC**

teaches that this something knows the secret of converting food into flesh and blood, and carries on all the processes of life, in the human body, by means of impulses sent over the nerves. It teaches that when a nerve is impaired by a vertebra becoming misaligned, these impulses do not flow over the nerves normally, and the result is what we call dis-ease. To get the dis-eased member to function again it is necessary to adjust the vertebra that is pressing on the nerve, to normal alignment, thereby permitting the normal flow of impulses over the nerve.

To adjust the vertebra to normal alignment is the work of a competent chiropractor.

A trial will convince the most skeptical of the correctness of these principles.

**DEFINITION**

The practice of Chiropractic consists of the palpation and adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the imprisoned impulse.

**Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the**

Universal Chiropractors’ Association
Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
REGINALD DENNY, "Leather Pusher" and regular fellow, wears a Bradley Swimming Suit because it gives him comfort and freedom, and because he knows it will stay good looking. Your dealer has Bradley's for men, women and children; fast colors and permanent shapeliness guaranteed.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY, Delavan, Wis.

Free Swim Book!

Write for Bradley Style Book of Knitted Bathing Suits, Sweaters and Jerseys.

Slip into a Bradley—and Out-of-Doors!
Your first pair of Holeproof silk hose will be your introduction to wearing quality that is amazing in comparison with the service of ordinary silk hosiery. But extraordinary durability is not the only feature for which Holeproof is famous. It offers all of the style, lustrous beauty, and perfect fitting qualities that well-dressed women demand.

Made in a wide variety of regular and fancy styles in all popular materials for men, women and children. If not obtainable locally, write for price-list and illustrated booklet.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA (Limited) LONDON, ONTARIO