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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

Vol. XXIX  No. 2

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WHAT IS IT?

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St. Johns’ impressions of her friend

Norma Talmadge
the woman and actress

Julian Johnson
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CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Athas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made in a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Distributing.—A good boy and girl in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. Good. If you can believe it. (September.)

BELOW THE LINE—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. Johnny Harron and Jane Moulton are pleasing. (August.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—So-so. Strongly favored by James Flood to be one of the most amusing of the year. (August.)

BLACK CYCLONE—Pathé.—Re znaleźć, King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BLOODHOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. And—that's the plot. (September.)

BOBBED HAIR—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, ably assisted by Louise Fazenda, put plenty of pep in a skitskap melodrama. (November.)

BUSTIN' THROUGH—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a greedy land company. A good Western with plenty of action. (December.)

CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—The last Westerns in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts. (December.)

CALL OF COURAGE, THE—Universal.—Art Acord as a half-cay cowpony, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal.—An ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST—Associated Exhibitors.—(Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (September.)

CIRCLE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak ten society drama that is neither interesting nor real. Complete failure at a translation of Somerset Maugham's clever play. (December.)

CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

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DARK ANGEL, THE—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. You'll want to see it. (November.)

DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A—Davies Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

DESERT FLOWER, THE—First National.—Colleen Moore's unflattering vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

DON Q.—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has lots of comedy, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (October.)

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.—It's boxum but it's good boxum and splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

DUPED—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Helen Holmes and William Desmond. Not so good. (July)

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones, but weak on story. Motion Picture is a pleasing treatment. (December.)

EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE—Fox—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff with druggy action. (December.)

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox—Marking the wel-coming of a new member of the company. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

EVE'S SECRET—Paramount.—Wherein the Duke educates a poor-witted girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Pickford and Betty Compson. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. Nothing extra as a picture, but Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples during early with the four old mar-riage tie. Good entertainment. Lew Cody, Creigh-ton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Rease Adore shine. (December.)

FAINT PERFUME—B. P. Schulberg.—Paint is right. A jumbled movie-lized version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTY-FIFTY.—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American rogue marries a French girl. Lloyd Burrmore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very clever will like this one. Richard Talmadge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

FIGHTING HEART, THE—Fox—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

FINE CLOTHES—First National.—A subtle and human story ably acted by Percy Marimon, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (Octo-ber.)

FLOWER OF THE NIGHT—Paramount.—Jo Hengheamer's special story for Pola gives a dink. Negro fans will like parts of it. (December.)

FLYIN' THROUGH—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wil-son, the stunt aviator, provides a deck of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods.—Pulled out of its grave for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July)

FRESMAN, THE—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It's the liveliest and the most youthful comedy now on the screen. (September.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing.—Weber and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July)

GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. Good work by Marguerite de la Motte and Lionel Barrymore. (October.)

GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE—Paramount.—A charming story of Columbia in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (Continued on page 14.)
HOW DOES CECIL B. DE MILLE MAKE HIS STARS?

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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 pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we will publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 150 words and should bear the writer’s full name and address.

Twelve Greatest Screen Performances of All Time

New York, N. Y.


A.FAN.

Foreigners Not Eligible for “Ten Most Beautiful”

Pittsburgh, Penn.

I think Herbert Howe should have left out the foreigners in his choice of the ten most beautiful women of the screen, especially if it is argument he is looking for. According to standards of beauty in Europe entirely different from those in this country? And we know only American beauty. Pola Negri, without her striking personality, would be simply a typical Polish girl, maybe a beautiful one in Poland, but not here. According to American standards of beauty, her face is too wide and her upper lip too short and thin. And I think she shows her guns when she laughs.

Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi fall short of beauty by the American standard, too, because they do not look natural, and an American beauty must be natural. Who ever saw anybody look like them?

I think the reason foreign films are not popular in this country is because the women are odd looking and not beautiful to us.

MRS. MARY REID.

Vilna’s First Brickbat

New York City, N. Y.

Vilna Banky is good looking and a capable actress, but she will never be a star. She is not star material like Gloria and Pola and Corinne Griffith.

I think she lacks distinction. She’s just another beautiful blonde. She hasn’t anything definite about her personality to make her a star.

ALTHEA.

Live and Let Live

Boston, Mass.

I read a great many letters in your columns by readers extolling their favorites and knocking the others. Why cannot there be room for all?

I have my favorite in Valentino, but I go to see Colman, Cortez, and Gilbert, and enjoy them.

Also I read many statements such as—why let Conway Tearle play romantic parts? I thought everyone knew that the directors are responsible for the parts played by actors and are to blame when a fine actor is cast in a role in which he appears ridiculous.

Can’t we all live and let live? There’s so much room for all our tastes.

EMIL HARLEY CORNING.

[Continued on page 127]
What Will You be Earning One Year from Today?

A practical plan that is doubling men's salaries

You have said good-bye to Yesterday, with its failures and disappointments. A new day is opening up before you. What are you going to do with it?

To the man who gives little thought to his business progress, one day is much like another—filled with routine work, rewarded by routine pay. He has no right to expect great things of the future.

But—how different the outlook of the man who is training for promotion, and what a difference a mere twelve months can make in his earning power!

Give a thought, for instance, to the experience of S. N. Williams, a Kentucky man, who has specialized—with the co-operation of LaSalle Extension University—in Salesmanship.

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Again, consider the experience of Arthur W. Weber, now Assistant Secretary of the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, one of the largest and most influential banks in the state. One of his letters reads as follows:

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GOLD RUSH, THE—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A genuine bit of comedy—a gem of a film. (September.)

GOOSE WOman, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a stricking but repellent character. In another version of the old story. (September.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schulberg.—A crock story dressed up with some off-the-cuff views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

GRAUSTARK—First National.—A nobly produced, splendid story of the Orient. A ship explosion adds a much-needed thrill to a commonplace movie. (October.)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitaphone.—The story of the Oriental martyr is moved up in high moments. Malcolm McGregor is good as the hero. (September.)

HAUNTED RANGE, THE—Davies Distributing.—An unknown western newsboy joins the "heavy" in big franchise. Just another of those "Westerns." (September.)

HAVOC—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drain is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairy interlude that is fun to the last second. Virginia Bruce, Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm McGregor. (September.)

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—But Jones in a riot of hard-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal.—A nice little entertainment. Frank McHugh is good as a clown with Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

HELL'S HIGHROAD—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille's best villainthis side of "The Ten Commandments". (August.)

HER SISTER FROM PARIS—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the finest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, not! May be rented. (September.)

HER BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors.—An amusing little story of the life of a housewife, superbly acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (September.)

HER MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined by a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore does his worst with the title role. (November.)

HOME MAKER THE—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent and thoughtful plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Brothers. Mary Healy may be worthy a word here. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

HUMAN TORNADO, THE—F. B. O.—Wherein the amiable Westerner establishes his place in a lot of westerns. (September.)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS—F. B. O.—Another one of those revolting family melodramas. A heavily advertised film. (August.)


I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Deas. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture. Reprising his good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (August.)

KEPT OF THE BEES, THE—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stat- ton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors.—In this first American film try to prove that he's a conman. (October.)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox.—The biography of a great man with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (October.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox.—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a love romance. (July.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—A good picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and rather original. Called "The Little Blue Bird." (August.)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Ross.—Like "Nanook of the North," another fine picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (November.)

KNOCKOUT—The First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a Stonecutter at last. If not, well, here's your warning. (September.)

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably produced by Jack Cullen. (September.)

LAST EDITION, THE—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the rise and fall of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the pressroom. Good. (December.)

LAW OR LOYALTY—Davis Dist. Co.—Again one of those strongly moralistic pictures. (September.)

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount.—A study in the life of Zane Grey, one of America's most interesting authors. With Noel Neill doing his stuff as a swell villain. (September.)

LIGHTNING—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the real stuff finds its way into this version. It's rather mechanical and routine entertainment. (November.)

LITTLE ANNE ROONEY—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (September.)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount.—A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the American home. Alice Joyce and Mary Brown take the acting honors. (August.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

LIMITED MAIL, THE—Warner Brothers.—Six days on a train throughout very colorful melodramas that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

LIVE WIRE, THE—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "eats" and roughneck comedy. (October.)

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

LUST—A Woman—Paramount.—Adelita Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those dull French films. Fairly amusing. (September.)

LOVE HOUR, THE—Vitaphone.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

LOVERS IN QUARTAINTE—Paramount.—The young lady will be pleased with Percival. Their eldest may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount.—Ralph Morgan through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE—Fox.—Wherein Talmadge and Tom Tyler win hands down. That's the story. Just another Miss success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (September.)

LYING WIVES—Abramsom.—Lots of intense domestic melodrama. One of those characters who seem to be half-witted. (July.)

MAD DANCER, THE.—Jans.—A man trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Look out, kids. (November.)

MAD WHIRL, THE—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see May McAvoy in this story of the evils of cocktail drinking. May loads the charge against the women. (November.)

MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy Mackaill is the rich school teacher who remains true. (September.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
MANNITAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors — a good time in the making for the old fairbanks success. Who is going to be silly enough to say anything against that charm? (Sept.)

MATURE GIRL, THE — Paramount—be tried, but not likely to become a real Roman success, Helen Daniels in a pet comedy. (September.)

MAN OF IRON, A — Chadwick—Lionel Barrymore and John Boles can be great in business but a dab with women. He does. (Sept.)

MAN ON THE BOX, THE — Warner Brothers — Spend a good evening with Nvd Chaplin and get a lot of laughs. (Sept.)

MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE — Thomas Meighan gets to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE — First National—An amusing and serious version of the romantic love affair with Mar. Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Ruby. Showed trace of the finest performances of the year. (October.)

MIDSHIPMAN, THE — Metro - Goldwyn — A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro fans for most films. (December.)

MY LADY'S LIPS—B. P. Schulberg.—A crock melodrama that is lively and often amusing. But we dare you to try and believe in the plot. (October.)

MYSTIC, THE — Metro-Goldwyn—Allene Roberts gets a good performance in this melodrama of a false fortune-teller. (November.)

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National—Im- pressive showing by Pauline Lord, Viola Dana and Bcn Lyon to save the day. (July.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart gives a piquant performance of the queen who loves the man and loses — but wins in the end. A colorful and popular picture. (October.)

NEVER WENK—Associated Exhibitors—A welcome addition to the opening of Lloyds' comedy series. (September.)

NIGHT CLUB, THE — Paramount — Which proves that Raymond Griffith is one of our foremost young comics. Great amusement. (July.)

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK—Paramount — A living picture of the gay and gayest of New York's hotels and night clubs. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, with Wallace Beery and Ernest Torrence. It's lots of fun. (September.)

NOT SO LONG AGO—Paramount—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is the finest effort of Manhattan in its Age of Incocncce. (October.)

OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount—A Grade A Meighan picture—his best in a long time. George Arliss is in it. (September.)

ONE YEAR TO LIVE—First National—Allene Pringle hurries the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out right. (September.)

ON PROBATION—Steiner.—The escapes of a rich flapper. It's fair enough if you are not tired of gowns and jewels. (August.)

OPEN THE DOOR, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

PAGEantry, THE—First National—Very good with Bcn Lyon. Beautiful Mary Astor is wasted in this silly story. (December.)

PAINT AND POWDER—Chadwick.—The good life is no longer a dream but a career and the marriage of the romance of an Apache girl. Not for the children. (October.)

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Truant—Now, really, after this what did you expect from the title? (Sept.)

PATHS TO PARADISE—Paramount — Ray- mond Griffith again proves that he is a real star in this rousing crock comedy. (September.)

PEACOCK FEATHERS—Universal—An intelli- gent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Voden and capably acted by Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. (November.)

PEAK OF FATE, THE — Frank B. Rogers—A five-week screen love story—filmed in the Swiss Alps. (September.)

PLASTIC AGE, THE — The celluloid set—at carving on an age. The usual sage drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith, Helen Daniels in a pet comedy. (September.)

PONY EXPRESS, THE — Paramount—James Cagney-directed another great story of the West. Wonder- ful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence. (October.)

PRETTY LADIES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good human interest story plus the Ziegfeld Folies and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye. (September.)

PRICE OF LUSTRE, THE—Universal—It is what Cinderella is high-lighted by Patrice Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Hoy Barnes. (November.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing—A charming story of small town life, accurately pre- sented and well acted. (September.)

PROUD HEART (title changed from HIS HEART)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emancipation that childcraft has done. It contributes a great performance to the screen. Don't miss it. (October.)

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crock story marred by some slow direction. Hone Pears heads the cast. (July.)

RANGER OF THE BIG PINES—Vitagraph.— A successful story of the forest, with a brand new performance by Eulalie Jensen to recommend it. (October.)

RED HOT TIDES—Warner Brothers.—Just a mediocreups and downs of the life of a crook, with Monte Blue and Patricia Rush Miller. (November.)

REGULAR FELLOW, A—Paramount.—(Re- viewed under the original title, "He's a Prince"). A gay horseplay of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

RIDIN' THE WIND—F. B. O.—Fred Thomason disappoints. A fitte story. He rescues his brother from the crooks, turns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

RIDIN' THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cattlemen and rustlers. (July.)

RUGGED WATERS—Paramount.—Outside of a few good stunts and stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists. D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. It's his first fine serial since "Intolerance" and the performance by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

SANAT IN SABLES—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman and Pauline Frederick as a little rose from Montmartre. Pretty good. (December.)

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox—The story of one of those dear people whom the great masses sympathi- cally acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

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

SEVEN DAYS—Producers Distributing.— The famous fairy tale given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gibbon is very amusing. (No- vember.)

SHE WOLVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris cafes as pictured by a movie mind. (July.)

SHOCK PUNCH, THE—Fun on a skyscraper with Richard Dix and John Halliday as New York's skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

SHORE LEAVE—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess third screen triumph. (September.)

SIEGE—Universal. Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (August.)

SGIEFRIED—U. A.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the Hollywood screen, a long and slightly dull version of the Siebenbund legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

SILENT SANDERSON—Producers Distributing; A really first-rate story with our old friend, Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (August.)

SLAVE OF FASHION, A—Metro-Goldwyn.— Whence a guideless Cinderella gets her man. A silly, but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

SMOOTH AS SATIN—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking her prettiest in an ingenue crock story. (September.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

SON OF HIS FATHER, A—Paramount.—One of the duller pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December) Need acted by Len Clark, Huntley, and Maria O'Sullivan. (November)

SOULS FOR SABLES—Tiffany.—A great display of romance and poetry and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. The costumes are by Richard Arnold. (January)

SPEED, WILD—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed-demon thwarts the usual crook band. (July)

SPOOK RANCH—Universal.—A mixture of melodrama and comedy is fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (July)

SPORTING VENUS, THE—A lady of high degree marries the son of a poor country school-teacher. A prosing story made passable by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman, and H. B. Warner. (October)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—A good racing melodrama, with plenty of speed and pep. (September)

SPORTING LIFE—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of the same title. It is in the fishing and spending circles of London. (November)

STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vitagraph.—This time it's Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (December)

STELLA DALLAS—United Artists.—An almost perfect sentimental melodrama. The acting is fine and the story is without the slightest fault. It is a shining day for the American screen. (October)

STORM BREAKER, THE—Universal.—A prowl story coming out of an interesting character, and excels in atmosphere making this a fine picture for adult entertainment. Not strong, but well above the average. (February)

STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE—Paramount.—A wonderful story of a professional beggar, a typical New-England character, and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October)

SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Madeleine Carroll, and Walter Starke. And beautifully photographed. (October)

TALKER, THE—A dull story of domestic misfits that is better than the acting of Alice Brady, Lionel Atwill, and Shirley Mason. (July)

TEASER, THE—Universal.—A comedy skilfully acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE—Another Western and that's about all. Bob Custer and Sally Rand are in. (May)

TEXAS TRAILER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Harry Carey in that rare treat—a really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September)

THANK YOU—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis in a small town horse racing picture is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December)

THAT MAN, JACK—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again—just as loyal and brave as ever and full of life. (September)

THREE WISE CROOKS—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from sordidity by some good acting, but to no avail. (November)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor and an excellent cast. (December)

TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vitagraph.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Marsh ought to know better. (July)

TICKER WOLF, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones does his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November)

TOWER OF LIES, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A bit of murder, mystery, and crime, piled up with the usual mysterious atmosphere to achieve art. Consequently, a human story suffers and is lost among the mazes of lies. (November)

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-Tin-Tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October)

TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE—Paramount.—This is a well-made melodrama with Doris Lloyd and Francis Ford. (November)

UNDER THE ROUGE—Associated Exhibitors.—While it isn't for the children, it is an ingratiating and exciting crook story. (September)

UNIJOHLY THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A striking and unusual story beautifully directed by Tod Browning, and with Lee bowling and John M. Busch. It's the thriller of the year. (July)

VANISHING AMERICAN, THE—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is one of the best looking pictures of the year. (November)


WANDERER, THE—Paramount.—It's a pretty little comedy and musical film. Made by an independent producer. (September)

WELCOME HOME—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented. (November)

WHAT FOLKS MEN—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lewis Stone. Introducing a new type, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December)

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—Universal.—A real comedy, with Reginald Denny, Marion Martin, and Zasu Pitts. Plenty of suspense. (December)

WHEEL, THE—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Marshall Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (September)

WHITE DESERT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp with some fine spectacular scenes. (September)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National.—A modern version of the old story by Edgar Rice. (November)

WHITEOUT, THE—Universal.—Jack Holt, in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and a dog. Better than the latter by far. (November)

WHITEN THUNDER—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August)

WHY WOMEN LOVE—First National.—A good story of a woman with a number of thrilling episodes. You won't want to miss it. (October)

WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum ever presented. (December)

WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the cinema. (October)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—A dazzling melodrama, with fine scenery and elaborate color. Well acted by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Beery. (September)

WILD, WILD SUSAN—Paramount.—A sprightly and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (October)

WILD-FIRE—Vitagraph.—Old-fashioned and badly acted race-track melodrama. With Allen Pringle. (July)

WINDING STAIR, THE—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. Better than the latter by far. Edwin Lowe is good and handsome in his French officer's uniform. (September)

WINDS OF CHANGE—First National.—Plenty of thrill, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama worth your attention. (October)

WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox.—A modern mother reforms her flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Clayton. (October)

WITH THIS RING—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November)

WOMAN'S FAITH, A—Universal.—A dull and boring affair that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October)

WOMAN HATER, THE—Warner Brothers.—Clette Elliot, and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly serious love. (September)

WRECKAGE—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made workable by performances of Mabel Allston and Holmes Herbert. (October)

ZANDER THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn.—An amusing picture, in spite of too much hokum. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July)
A WARNER STAR—IRENE RICH is America's outstanding emotional actress—best loved because she best portrays the emotions of her millions of admirers.

Miss Rich is a queenly ornament to the Screen—her manner captivating—her art flawless and realistic. The most truly feminine of all feminine stars, she typifies the highest type of American womanhood.

Miss Rich's recent triumphs in Warner Classics have won for her a unique position in filmdom. In her latest Warner picture "Compromise," her genius soars into the highest realms of artistry and dramatic power. "Compromise"—the newest Warner screen sensation—is coming soon! Watch for Warner announcements!

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The Lake Placid Club has been called "a University Club in the wilderness." It numbers among its guests some of the most distinguished men and women in America. It is unique in this country—rolling, in its wonderful winter sports, the great Alpine resorts of St. Moritz and Chamonix.

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

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for common skin defects. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

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New Pictures

TWO beautiful Days in Hollywood, Marceline Day and Alice Day. One of these Days, Marceline, (left), is in "The Splendid Road" while the other Day, Alice, is the only girl besides Mabel Normand whom Sennett has starred. She is head pie stop of the Sennett team.
A PERT pupil at Prof. Sennett's aquatic academy, Alberta Vaughan, got fired when she asked for a raise. Mack said she wasn't worth it. She did the "Telephone Girl" series and proved him wrong. Now she's playing "The Adventures of Mazie."
EUGENE O'BRIEN, the screen's perennial bachelor. Every time it looks as though Eugene were snowed under a series of mediocre films, he stages a come-back like his magnificent "Graustark" performance. His next is "Simon, the Jester," with Lillian Rich.
SYD CHAPLIN had been at the photographer’s all day long, smiling politely as the corner picture reveals. The camera caught him napping when he relaxed for just one moment. His next is a sleepy role, anyway, in “Nightie, Night, Nurse.”
ERNEST TORRENCE seems to be giving his handsome son, Ian, a new hat and a dirty look, both at the same time. Ernest, when you appear in "The Golden Journey," won't you please change the style of your acting a little? You are too good an actor to become lazy.
WHERE other actresses have sat around and demanded star parts, Anna Q. Nilsson has taken every role offered to her—and run away with the picture. She is now on the top of the wave. This picture was taken when she was filming "The Splendid Road."
DISCOVERED during the sheik series, Ramon Novarro has founded his popularity on genuine ability. A fine and sincere actor, his characterization of "Ben-Hur" in that gigantic spectacle is eagerly awaited. Rex Ingram was Ramon's Columbus.
GOODNESS! Another suitor?" And the lovely Princess frowned severely on the handsome young stranger.

"Why not?" replied the youth pleasantly.

"Well," said the Princess, "do you see those three rather cross-looking Princes? They came from Egypt and India and China with perfectly splendid gifts—magic beauty soaps and magic beauty lotions and magic mirrors. I've just refused them!"

"Ah, but I bring you truth," smiled the youth. "With this mirror," said he, pointing to the pool, "and this lotion," collecting a little clear water in his palm, "and this!" drawing forth a cake of Ivory Soap, "your Royal Highness needs no magic—oh, lovely Princess, nothing can make you lovelier, but these will help keep you lovely. Will you marry me?"

"How charming!" said her Highness, in great excitement. "You are absolutely the first sensible man I have interviewed this week. I should like to see you often."

MAGIC never did hold beauty's secret. Always, lovely complexions have depended upon two things—good health and perfect cleanliness. If your skin requires special treatment, you should consult a physician. Ivory does not agree to bestow health, but it does promise you safe cleansing. It contains no drugs, no medicaments, no strong perfumes. It is a pure soap—the best friend your delicate complexion can have.

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DAINTY NEW GUEST IVORY PRICELESS—5 CENTS

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A VASE of roses on my desk reminds me that it is eleven years ago today since I walked into two little offices in the Hartford Building, in Chicago, as publisher and editor of Photoplay. It was then emerging from the theater-program stage. Its circulation was 13,000 and its only power seemed to be in the accumulation of debts. I was in the optimistic twenties, and the world was my lollipop.

The bliss of ignorance I had. Optimism, instead of good judgment, was my guide. Then Julian Johnson came to help me, the Julian who became, I believe, the greatest constructive critic the motion picture ever developed. The films won him away and he is now one of the executives responsible for the splendid product of the eastern Famous Players-Lasky Studio.

ONCE in a while we get together and sigh for those old days when we reveled in pictures, good and bad, mostly bad. We reviewed "The Birth of a Nation" together. Francis X. Bushman, then in his glory, and Blanche Sweet, and Henry Walthall, and D. W. Griffith would drop in, and we would borrow the bookkeeper's chair for the guest. And Warren Kerrigan came in one day and, while Julian and I were out in West Madison Street seeing "Traffic in Souls," brought in sandwiches for Miss Dougherty, then our high-priced $15.00 a week keeper of the books, who insisted on being called accountant. Now she's known as Kay Dee in picture and publishing circles from coast to coast, and is the only woman business manager in the business. This morning she told me we were printing 700,000 copies of this issue.

WHAT a difference those eleven years have wrought in motion pictures. Instead of the dingy, smelly, little improvised theaters of those days, we now have great palaces with symphony orchestras instead of stringy pianos. Instead of the "Traffic in Souls" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn," we have "The Covered Wagon" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Even a few years later, when Chaplin appeared, respectable folk went surreptitiously to witness Chaplin's antics. Today the pastor and his family make a fete of "The Gold Rush."

AFEMININE reformer has just discovered that "Films are being propagandized by organized vice, that the movies are worse today than ever before, and that films are breaking down the standards of civilization and undermining the moral welfare of our youth." She announced this epochal revelation to a Chicago ministers' conference.

Lady, lady. You must go and stand in the corner. You forgot to give the full recitation. You omitted "Sinister Influence," "Tool of Satan," "Dastardly Effort to Destroy Christianity," and "Greatest Evil of All Times."

Now, little boys and little girls, we shall all stand and sing "London Bridge Is Falling Down," and next week you shall each bring in a paper on the care and feeding of orphan sparrows.

AND just the week before, the American Humane Association and one of the greatest child welfare organizations adopted resolutions thanking Mr. Hays for the interest the motion picture industry had proven in these movements.

I SUPPOSE next month Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler will go into the courts and enjoin Herbert Howe from writing any more stories like his Christmas Carol Manual on page 34 of this issue.

AND in the meantime these folks glory in their achievement of turning pure Kentucky bourbon into synthetic gin, and with one wave of the handkerchief transferring the flask from the hip pocket of the drunkard to the reticule of the high school girl.

HERBERT BRENON has done it again. He has repeated his artistic success of that beautiful fantasy of Barrie’s, "Peter Pan," with an equally delightful and more gorgeous one in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

I have known Brenon since he started in pictures, and have always believed in him. A student, a splendid actor and stage technician, he brought to the screen a vision far in advance of the motion picture of those days. His sensitive nature chafed under the difficulties he encountered and he deliberately dropped out for years. Then one day he walked into the office of Jesse Lasky and said he wanted to make "Peter Pan." Critics shook their heads. Brenon was temperamental. Brenon was a dreamer. They were right—but so was Brenon. Without these

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]
Can Barbara Come Back?

This scene with Lewis Stone, in "The Girl from Montmartre", is the last one Barbara La Marr made before illness forced her to retire.

BARBARA LA MARR has had a complete nervous and physical breakdown and has temporarily retired from the screen into the mountains for a long period of absolute rest and quiet ordered by her doctors.

That her condition is extremely serious, if not acutely dangerous, none who saw her in the last days of her stay in Hollywood could doubt. How she managed to finish her last picture, "The Girl from Montmartre," nobody will ever know. Three or four hours work a day was all she could stand, and even then she fainted from sheer weakness on the set many times. Personally, I think Bobby's fight in the mountains is a fight for life, and she needs the earnest prayers and sympathy of everyone of us who have loved her on the screen in the past if we are ever to see her there in the future.

THERE was something terribly pitiful about Barbara—to see the gorgeous, exotic woman as thin and pale as some ghost of herself, trying to smile her old, mesmeric smile. To see her driving to the studio in her Rolls-Royce, acquired at the height of her sudden fame, when I don't suppose she has given a thought to such commonplace things as savings accounts and rainy days. To see her get rid, one by one, of all the staff of paid and unpaid slaves and admirers, and cling at the last to her old Dad, who has stood by Barbara through all the ups and downs of her wild youth and dazzling fame and prodigal generosity.

Barbara knows—that is the strange thing about Barbara, she always knows—what it means to give up your place in the sun even for a little while. She knows what it means to let them forget you. She knows that she will have to take up the battle all over again.

The doctors call it overwork, and that in some measure it undoubtedly is. Barbara has worked terribly hard, she has never considered herself if anyone needed her in any way; she has always lived in the day with no thought of the morrow.

[continued on page 112]
I made Ronald Colman talk.
Life will never be the same again.
From now on I shall know that I am one of those fatal women. A Circe. One of those gals with Lure. I never dreamed it before. After all these years of keeping quiet and sitting back, to find out that I have what Madame Glyn so succinctly calls IT. Gosh!
I made Ronald Colman talk.
It was this way. Nobody knew about Ronald and everybody seemed to care. From men and women alike came the tide of interest in him. Everybody was, and is, asking questions about him, and nobody had the answers.
A particularly efficient and hard-boiled New York newspaper woman confessed to me that she had talked with Ronald for two hours, had a wonderful time, and learned nothing. In Hollywood, where nobody retains any privacy, Ronald has it completely tamed. Ivan St. Johns announced flatly that Ronald was a Sphinx and conversation with him was impossible. Even the distinguished editor of this family paper, from whom no secrets are hid, admitted he knew nothing about Colman.
And, after all that, I made Ronald talk. My life has not been lived in vain.

It was Saturday afternoon at the Ritz, the Ritz at mid-season. Every table in the place was crowded. All the glitter and glow that makes New York loved and hated was there.
T HIS article introduces to Photoplay readers a new screen writer. Before joining the Photoplay editorial staff she was one of New York's most brilliant newspaper writers. Her first assignment was a difficult one—to make Ronald Colman break his long silence about himself. How well she did it you can judge for yourself.

We had discussed his childhood and it sounded like a merry, healthy one. A bunch of children in a big, old house in London, a quiet English father, a Scotch mother. He has three sisters and several brothers and it is his own name that he uses.

"I was quite mad about the theater always," he explained. "No actors in the family or anything of that sort. It would have made it so much easier if there had been. As it was I felt rather a fool for such an infatuation. I had only my mother for encouragement. She's a rather remarkable person. Anything that any one of her children might do, she'd think all right. I'm sure if I were to commit murder, her only comment would be to say, 'Well, Ronnie must have had a good reason for doing it, or he'd not have done it.' That sort of thing, you know."

THE deep Colman smile flashed. It made you aware of what such maternal faith had meant to a sensitive youth.

"There was no family pressure upon me, but I was quite aware that they rather wanted me to join my uncle in his business. That was out in China and it was a good chance. But I wanted to go into the theater. So I kept putting China off.

"Then came the war. I went out for three years and when I came back, in common with two or three million other Englishmen, I had to look for work. I went about the theaters, feeling very shy, but somehow I got a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]
"I Wouldn't Wish it on a Dog"

By Joseph Jackson

For every Cinderella there is a thousand who miss the Silver Slipper

A GIRL who had been a fairly successful motion picture actress for several years and then retired was telling me the other day what she thought about it.

"I wouldn't wish it on a dog!" she said emphatically.

I couldn't help but think of all the little girls all over the country who think that Hollywood is right next door to Heaven, and all the little girls who think that Hollywood is right next door to Hell. And want to be there all the more.

For the greater percentage, Hollywood is Heartbreak House. You hear a lot about the Cinderellas, and there are a lot of Cinderellas to hear about. But for every Cinderella there are a thousand failures.

Hollywood stimulates the ambition, but doesn't always satisfy it. And there is no canker that gnaws more hungrily at the soul than an overweening and unfulfilled ambition. Dotty Twoshoes rides by in a purple limousine. Three years ago she didn't have a thin dime—or a thick one either. Lily Dimples of what a girl can do if she tries hard and is true to her art.

Robert Browning, who used to be to poetry what Babe Ruth is to baseball, said:

"A man's reach must exceed his grasp,

"Or what's a Heaven for?"

In other words, there should always be something beyond for us to hope for. That's a beautiful thought, but it doesn't apply to Hollywood. Not by a purple limousine, a couple of police dogs and a private yacht.

If I were getting out a Hollywood edition of Mr. Browning's works—I have no intention of risking [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

The return of the "Rocking Moon" company from location resulted in three romantic reunions: John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte; Edmund Lowe and his bride, Lilian Tashman; and Director George Melford and Diana Miller, to whom he is engaged.
Ten Handsome
By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Upon Enid Bennett's declaring she thought So-and-So the handsomest man on the screen, her husband, Fred Niblo, said that personally he much preferred Farina. Mrs. Vidor having admired such and such a gentleman's personal appearance, Mr. Fitzmaurice called attention to the fact that his mouth opened endwise like a fish. While one and all, male and female, contended violently for some favorite who, while qualified as an actor and even perhaps as a gentleman, certainly had no place in any list compiled solely upon my idea of good looks.

Bearing all this in mind, and with the private conviction that to be good-looking a man must have strength, cleanliness and intelligence combined with artistic symmetry of features and body, I present the following list, which is the result of several months of concentrated thought:

Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, John Gilbert, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Reginald Denny, Ben Lyon, George O'Brien, Lewis Stone, and Ronald Colman.

Why?

I t is no longer considered quite the thing to speak of manly beauty. I don't know why. The word beauty need not necessarily be effeminate. If a woodland spring is a thing of beauty, so is the storm-tossed ocean. If a violet is beautiful, so is a mighty oak. The Greeks and the Romans and the Vikings of old had a standard of masculine beauty and they played Olympic games, fought wicked battles and conquered vast and unknown depts in no mean fashion.

In the animal world, the male of the species is always given ornamentation in the way of mane and bright plumage and such like.

S t i l l , if I tried using it now, the very men I selected would arise and call me very far from blessed. And as I shall probably be in enough hot water without that, I shall simply call this my choice of the ten handsomest men and let it go at that.

Herb Howe, as you will remember, picked the ten most beautiful women on the screen and he has been in hiding ever since. He built himself a monastery in Beverly Hills with a white plaster wall twelve feet high across the front of it and you have to stand outside and shout your conversation at him. When Herb included Nita Naldi and left out Norma Talmadge it was like shouting "Long Live the Czar" in Petrograd.

When it came to picking out the ten handsomest men I had no idea there would be so much excitement. But I brought the mere idea up at a quiet and supposedly friendly little dinner at George Fitzmaurice's the other evening and in a moment soup and rolls and caviar were flying all over the place; to say nothing of words and phrases more poignant than polite.

George O'Brien
— The most irresistible thing that walks the globe
—a black Irishman

Ben Lyon
— The way football heroes should look in their street clothes

Ramon Novarro—
The perfect troubadour, lyric charm and the beauty of a Greek boy

Lewis Stone—The man-of-the-world, the aristocrat, the diplomat, the seigneur

Jack Gilbert—The fiery Slav—that stirs your pulses with the wanderlust

32
Men of the Screen

Wow! This is going to start some battle. Mrs. St. Johns is a brave soul to attempt it—and she gives her reasons why

Well, let me see.

Richard Barthelmess is the embodiment of the way every man looks to a woman when she is really in love with him. He is the picture a girl carries around in her heart and fits on over the sandy hair and commonplace countenance of the man who wins her heart. The mouth whose clean, young lines melt into that crooked little smile, the dark, fine, intelligent eyes—oh yes, quite, I think, the handsomest man on the screen.

John Barrymore—leave it here just as a matter of line, just a sculptor's ideal. Classic simp-

licity, like the heads of the old Greek gods in the museums.

The splendid blaze of a prairie fire, a forest fire, a gypsy fire, that stirs your pulses with the wanderlust—Jack Gilbert. Every way you turn for description, explanation, comparison for Jack, you find the thought of fire flaming madly. Black hair, black eyes, dangerous white teeth in a lean, dark face, he is the perfect thing of his kind, the fiery Slav, not the Latin.

For the typical young American, as story-tellers have sung him, as the world pictures him, you can't do better for that than Richard Dix. If you asked a little French girl, a pretty English girl, for her description of an ideal American, I always imagine she could answer in two words, "Richard Dix." One of the men other men don't mind their women calling handsome. And to me, there is always a breath, an intriguing breath, of the Viking ancestors somewhere.

Ramon Novarro, the perfect troubadour. Lyric charm, poetical charm, plus the beauty of a Greek boy. Think of him when you read of Keats, when you read of Byron, when you read Romeo and Juliet.

Twenty pounds overweight, and Reginald Denny might cease to be even good-looking. Trained fine, trained down, he has the strength, the complete masculinity, the grace of the perfect athlete. The well-set head, the fine shoulders, the slim waist, the long, tapering legs, the smooth, steel, undulating muscles—from toe to crown, for proportions of a statue. Reggie has it on any of them. The Roman gladiator of our century.

Ben Lyon—the way football heroes should look but almost never do. The way you think the [CONT'D ON PAGE 109]
How to be Merry

By Herbert Howe

And yet avoid being poisoned

After listening to after dinner jokes until one A. M. all I got was a tin horn.

Prior to that they had given me so many champagne glasses that I couldn’t blow the horn, and so started crying, thinking it was broken.

But when I asked Scott Fitzgerald to see if he could blow it he said he would if he could see it. So, after all, I was luckier than he who couldn’t even enjoy seeing his horn, which was a pretty bright red.

Christmas morning Ramon Novarro dragged me down to the Trastevere quarter—or somewhere spelled something like that and smelling worse—to distribute candy to the poor little Italian children, who are not to blame for being Dagoes.

When I arrived among the cildyes in the whatever-it-was quarter I was a perfectly immaculate, though slightly unsteady, Santa Claus. Five minutes later and I looked like the official finger print bureau.

Instead of hailing me as Santa the dear little kiddies seemed to take me for a practice football dummy until I picked up an antique fragment in the form of a paving block and said, "The next little boy or girl who knocks off Santa Claus’ hat is going to take a nice big bump home to mamma.”

If Ramon wants to distribute candy to the poor little Hollywood children this year he will do it alone. Can you fancy giving a sack of peanuts to a Hollywood kiddie? He’d yowl: "Lookit, he gave me a rotten sack of peanuts and I wanted a little Lincoln roadster.”

As for Ramon trying to get by as Santa Claus with a bunch of little Hollywood wise-crackers, they’d hoot. "Oh, look, Santa Claus has a black beard this year, mummy. He must have been taking gland treatments like papa.”

I’d like to tell my readers just how I will spend Christmas in Hollywood, as I realize that having a merrie Christmas is a problem for all and many look to me for a way out, but I haven’t decided just which invitation to accept.

You can’t be too careful because the revenues are predicting an unprecedented toll of casualties owing to the difficulty in getting the stuff that makes Christmas merric.

It’s a horrible thing to suspect Santa Claus, but the fact remains that many people after emptying their stockings last Christmas spent the remainder of the day in funeral parlors.

My secretaries are filing all
on Christmas Day

The holiday problem of a
Hollywood bachelor

invitations in their numerical order. Those that are not ac-
cepted will be promptly returned with courteous rejection slips
and, where future promise is shown, with little notes of encou-
gragement.

Novarro has invited me to spend Christmas in the Mexican
style known as—(oh, well, I can't be bothered calling him up
for the spelling, and anyhow you couldn't pronounce it, let
alone spell it). It consists of marching around the patio in a
procession carrying a plateau of snowwhakes (any grade of cotton will do) with statues of Mary, Joseph and the Child.

At each door in the court you stop and sing a request for
lodgings. The people inside then sing six stanzas back meaning
"No," or maybe if they're real mean they sing something worse
and throw something hard at you.

After making the rounds asking for rooms in about thirty-six
different verses and getting nothing but wisecracks, you finally
hit one where the door is thrown open and you're welcomed
with candles and music and kisses from relatives.

Gifts are thrown onto the pavement outside and you
scramble merrily until you get something which probably has
been stepped on.

Unfortunately I'm not gifted for singing, or marching either.
At about the second door where they sang out, "Nothing do-
ing." I'd be looking around for a bicycle or else take a park
bench as on previous occasions.

Regarding the merry scramble for presents where
you get your bridge work knocked out and come up with
a broken doll that says, "Ma-
ma!" I haven't participated
since a Sunday school event
when I accidentally kicked the
superintendent's child and he
said "Mama!" and I got
drummed out, with a motto
reading, "Suffer little children."

**Corinne Griffith** has
invited me to turkey dinner.
Every day while I was on an
orange juice diet trying to get
handsome like Malcolm McGe-
gor, Willis Goldbeck, Ramon
Novarro and all the other boys
who take them, Corinne would
call up and invite me to a
chicken or turkey dinner.

Now nobody can have turkey
or chicken as often as that and
be honest, no matter what their
salary may be.

The only people I ever knew
who had chicken every day
were some colored folk and they
died suddenly one night in a
friend's hen roost, of acute
indigestion, the coroner said—
due to inability to digest lead.

I've also found that people
who talk turkey usually serve
canned salmon.

"When friends file by they'll say, 'A smile on
his face—how lifelike!—Oh, well, he's prob-
ably better off.""
Here are the Winners of Photoplay’s Cut Puzzle Contest

First Prize—Miss Maenae Nichols’ entry was symbolic of the famous personalities pictured in the contest. She submitted a book, star-shaped, bearing the title, “Stars of the Silver Screen”

Here are the correct names of the thirty-two stars whose pictures appeared in the contest.

JUNE
Thomas Meighan Jack Holt Mary Astor
Harold Lloyd Pola Negri Gloria Swanson
Dick Barthelmess

JULY
Tom Mix John Harron Lois Wilson
Noah Beery Frances Howard Betty Compson
Lewis Stone Mildred Davis

AUGUST
Betty Bronson Constance Talmadge Pat O’Malley
May McAvoy Rod La Rocque

SEPTEMBER
Johyna Ralston
Bessie Love
Norma Talmadge

Mary Philbin Ramon Novarro
Adolphe Menjou Ricardo Cortez
Syd. Chaplin

Photoplay’s second cut puzzle contest is decided! From the more than thirty-five thousand solutions received in the Cut Puzzle Contest that appeared in the June, July, August and September issues, Photoplay has now selected the winners of the fifty prizes. The names of the winners are published herewith.

Selecting these winners was almost the most difficult problem Photoplay has ever handled. Puzzles to right of us, puzzles to left of us, hundreds of them perfect, nearly all ingeniously worked out, Photoplay was deluged with them. They were so numerous that an entire extra floor in Photoplay’s New York office building had to be leased to hold them. In every way these thousands of entries far exceeded every anticipation of the management. A special staff of employees worked on them constantly, sorting and listing them. Every puzzle was carefully examined. Every one was acknowledged.

In our first cut puzzle contest, held two years ago, the thousands of solutions were finally sorted down to those that were perfect as far as proper fitting together and identification were concerned.

It took more than a month, however, to eliminate the incorrect puzzles, to search the others for minor errors, misspelled names and other slight defects. Every prize winning solution was one hundred per cent perfect.

The terrific task of picking out the fifty best puzzles of all of choosing the ones revealing the greatest neatness and imaginative detail, the ones that were in every way superior in arrangement and presentation, was still to be done.

They were all so excellent. That was the hard part of it.

The judges selected from Photoplay’s staff had many long and heated arguments before the final decisions were made. Each and all of them feel that the awards published here are entirely fair and just.

Every form of presentation was submitted. Stars in picture

The Prize Winners

1st Prize $1500.00—Hand Colored Star
Miss Maenae Nichols
215 South C Street, Arkansas City, Kansas

2nd Prize $1000.00—Theater with Lights, Music Box, etc.
Walter R. Bollinger
706 Ohio Street, St. Paul, Minn.

3rd Prize $500.00—Cow Boy and Farm Girl Dolls
Mrs. Andrew J. Wolf, Jr.
Alexandria, La.

4th Prize $250.00—Pink Lamp Doll with Long Train
Mrs. J. K. Hunt
273 Plaza Drive, St. Louis, Mo.

5th Prize $125.00—Pink Lamp Shade
Mrs. A. H. Schurmer
2510 Foothill Boulevard, Pasadena, California

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 39]
hats, hats in lamp shades, stars in old copies of Photoplay, stars in theaters, on bridge tables, in fans of soft ostrich, in gaily painted treasure chests, in theaters, on screens, on parasols, on bridal veils and ballet dresses. There were hundreds upon hundreds of albums, all of them extremely neat.

Every state in the Union was represented among the answers and many countries outside of ours. In the foreign mail were puzzles from the Argentine, Costa Rica, Holland, Hawaii, the Philippines, Spain, Mexico, England, Brazil, Australia, France, Sweden, Norway, Egypt, India, Japan and China.

It was all amazing and revealing. It was flattering to learn from the number of replies and the distances which they came, the strength and prestige of Photoplay’s circulation. It was inspiring to witness the beauty and novelty of the work submitted.

On the day before the prizes were definitely determined, Photoplay gave a party to the motion picture and the journalistic world to let them see just what the movie fans could do in the way of creative work. The judges wanted to have the party to help them in their selection of the winners.

What a party it was! Every star in the East was present. Tommy Meighan looked very young and handsome talking to Norma and Constance Talmadge. Natalie Talmadge, making one of her rare public appearances, came along, too, with her husband, Buster Keaton. Bosie Love romped about in a smart little tailored suit and showed Richard Barthelmess how to do the Charleston. Samuel Goldwyn accompanied his charming wife, Frances Howard, and kept a watchful eye on his young star, Lois Moran, who looked just as unspoiled as her contract demands. Ronald Colman drew the eye of every woman present, and beautiful, blonde May Allison drew the eye of every man. This was all right, however, as Will Hays was there. Carleton Monterey, representing her husband, Ralph Barton, talked to Douglas MacLean. In and out among the stars and the cut puzzles moved the writers from every New York daily, distinguished editors and representatives of every producing company.

All were unanimous in their praise of the entries in the contest, which unearthed many young poets and several dozen clever pen and ink artists. Marad Serro of Miami, Florida, accompanying each star’s portrait with a cartoon of him in one of his principal roles, wrote a rhymed character sketch of each. Here is his appraisal of Pola Negri:

“Pola, the gypsy, with slumberous eyes,
With tumultuous, turbulent soul;
Who’s likely—if she wants to—
Kiss beggars, snub kings,
Or bathe in her own fingerbowl.”

In a neat album Betty Solman of Tama, Iowa, wrote:

“If I had cut the proper caper,
’Twould not be made of wrapping paper.
Yet why with riches attempt to compete
When this recommends it—’tis cheap and neat,
I’m hoping and praying to win a prize now,
Oh for a Herbert to tell me Howe!”

In a large frame with the stars’ photographs pasted on gold stars against a grey background, Anne B. Tyndall, 58 East 102nd Street, New York City, wrote:

From month to month the “stars” come out,
To take their little whirl
And please the folks who still possess
Much of the boy or girl.

Now one is high above the rest
And then he takes a flop,
I trust that none will sink so low
We’ll need to call a cop.

I love to see them twinkle
They wise and wane and set
(I hope this humble effort
A handsome prize will get).

On the chest of the prize-winning cowboy, Mrs. Andrew Wolf, Jr., Box 717, Alexandria, Louisiana, printed (maybe to hide his polygamous heart):

Fourth Prize—Mrs. Jasayle Hunt made this exquisite lamp. Her blonde highness, eighteen inches tall, wears rose silk encrusted with pearls. In her train, framed in lace, are the thirty-two stars.

Second Prize—Walter Bollinger built a movie theater. It has lights, peopled boxes, a thirteen-piece music-box orchestra that actually plays, and a screen, which turned by the knob at the side, reveals the stars.

Third Prize—Mrs. Andrew Wolf, Jr. created this gay couple. The cowboy has eighteen feminine stars in his heart, while the simple gingham maiden, holding his hand, keens the men in hers.
I'm a cowboy movie fan
From the land where the cactus grows
And there's nothing I like better than
The moving picture shows.
I have my favorite actresses
Numbering sixteen in all,
Some of them are short, some plump,
Some of them are tall.
Now you just take a little time
To look into my heart
And you will find that each star
Holds her own separate part.

Miss Eileen Block, Route 5, Plymouth, Michigan, sent a great square of soap, three feet high by three wide, with hand-carved likenesses of the cut puzzle stars. Each picture was carefully tinted and a remarkable likeness. Here is the verse that accompanied Miss Block's entry:

Upon opening this you'll see some soap,
I've made a "clean" solution, that I hope
I trust it's correct in every detail
If it's not, well, I'll not set up a whale
For without puzzles life would be a bore
So all I'd do would be to carve some more!

Letters received from the two first prize winners written in response to Photoplay's notification of their success, indicate that the awards will be well spent.

Maenae Nichols, winner of the first prize, says: "I recently resigned from office work, due to poor health. The death of my father compelled me to work. I am going to use the prize money to further my education."

Walter R. Bollinger, winner of the second prize, writes: "I find it rather hard to say to just what of many worthwhile uses I could put the award, but Mrs. Bollinger has solved the problem by saying: 'A home.'"

To the thousands who sent in answers to this puzzle, Photoplay wishes to say that even if they did not win a prize, their
viewed these solutions to the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

them! Look at them all and you will understand the gigantic task that confronted Photoplay's judges. Clever-35,000 of them from which to choose fifty!

time and labor mean more than just the effort to win. The solutions are to be used, as they were in the first contest, to delight the children in the hospitals in and around New York. These little children, some too ill to leave their beds, some
crippled, some convalescent, will receive your bright and ingenious answers. So your work, even if it did not win a prize, will gladden the days of one of these little ones.

Finally, Photoplay wishes to thank every one of you who participated in the contest. It was in every way a remarkable contest. To the winners, Photoplay sends congratulations. To the less fortunate, Photoplay says, "Try again, and better luck next time."

The Prize Winners
[continued from page 36]

20—Fifty Dollar Prizes

MRS. EILEEN BLOCK, Route 5, Plymouth, Mich.
MRS. E. E. TEVIS, 3377 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
MRS. MAE COUPLAND, Box 407, Dallas, Texas.
MISS HELEN ASHFORD, Watkinsville, Georgia.
MARY RYAN, 248 E. Main Street, Somerville, N. J.
MRS. J. M. MACKENZIE, 933 Lipton Street, Winnipeg, Canada.
JUET D. BURNES, 827 West 223 2 Street, Austin, Texas.
MABLE M. MEYER, 7622 Bellevue Avenue, Augusta, Georgia.
MRS. J. LEE KUHLMAN, 2903 Woodburn Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
BILLIE MCCARTHY, 531 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
JACK KIELSEN, 483 Seneca Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MRS. HILDA GRAY, 2317 Malcolm Avenue, "Westwood," Santa Fe, New Mexico.

MRS. J. N. PROCTOR, R. F. D. 1, Bethel, Conn.
MRS. A. D. RAMSAY, P. O. Box 934, Charleston, W. Va.
MRS. FRANK C. BOTTER, 5303 Nation Avenue, El Paso, Texas.
MISS LYDIA ENGI, 1335 Bond Street, Los Angeles, California.
THOMAS PRICE, 723 Lawton Place, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
ALEXANDER BLEEDING, 200 North Byers, Joplin, Mo.
CORNELIUS HILKER, 742 1/2 Oliver Street, San Pedro, California.
JENNIE A. TAYLOR, Railroad & Warehouse Commission, No. 18
State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.  [continued on page 115]
No, this is not a halothesis guard. It is a flirting fan that demonstrates what the old Spanish sheiks were up against. It was handed down to Louise Fazenda by her great-grandmother.

Matt Moore as a big rough man of the great open coal holes in his latest picture, "The Cave Man." Quite a change from the timid youth of "How Baxter Butted In." This picture will not be popular with barbers because of poor health. He has managed to exist on funds given him from time to time by relatives.

NOT since Gloria brought home the Marquis, has Hollywood been so excited about anything as the arrival of Michael Arlen, author of that famous chronicle of a "lovely lady" who wore "The Green Hat." Nor has any other topic been discussed, before and after, with such zeal.

Mr. Arlen came. Just what people expected, after reading "The Green Hat" and "Piracy," I don't know. Whatever it was, they seemed a little disappointed in Mike. He is a pleasant little chap, almost too well-groomed and a trifle overdressed, but he goes about his work in a business-like manner. If the admiring feminine contingent hoped to see him live perhaps a Purple Hat in Hollywood, it has been badly stove. The creator of Iris Storm seems not at all interested in women. He dires very frequently with his much admired Rex Daniels—he knew her in New York—plays bridge with her friends, goes with her to dinner at the Harold Lloyds, is in his office at nine and prepares manuscripts for Pola until six.

Nothing terribly exciting. But I do think it was a little unfair of some of the men delegates to call him the perfumed rug merchant. He may be Armenian, but he has all the earmarks of an English gentleman. Men are so jealous.

And Hollywood has been a trial to him. "If anyone asks me once more what I think of women," he said, distractedly, "I shall go crazy."

MISTAKEN identity is always good for a laugh.

The other day Leatrice Joy was returning from the beach with her publicity man, where she had been posing for some pictures. A hot dog stand on the by-road flagrantly flirted its sign and the odor of sizzling dogs permeated the air. They paused to indulge.

The proprietor was a jovial Irishwoman who was not remiss in tendering compliments with her wares. Turning to her attendant, she said in tones audible enough for Letty to hear:

"Dearie, don't you think this young lady looks a great deal like Priscilla Dean?"

At last Mary and Doug are to get their much-anticipated trip around the world. Upon the completion of "Scraps," Mary's current production, she will make a story of a little shop girl in a big city. This will be finished in March, when she and Doug will leave for their tour of the world.

After doing the four corners of the globe, they will linger in Europe long enough to make a picture in which both Mary and Doug will be featured.

The Fairbanks itinerary at present schedules their return to the States in the spring of 1927, when Mary will do another picture with a New England locale, similar in character to "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." This picture will be followed by a crook story. After this, probably, Mary will be so hopelessly aged and bent that she will be forced to play adolescent roles.

BRONCHO BILLY, the first two-gun man of the films, is down and out, broke, ill. For seven years the ex-star has been unable to work the story of a reconciliation between Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, recently published and circulated in Los Angeles, seems to be without foundation and is being vigorously
EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

Gwen Lee of the Metro Studios demonstrating the latest thing in London bridal bonnets for the boyish bob. There's really only one step beyond this—to shave the scalp and paint on the orange blossoms.

Those were not the good old days, for Tommy Meighan made $7,250 a week less than now when he played in "The College Widow" twenty years ago. Evelyn Vaugh, later Mrs. Bert Lytell, played the widow.

denied by both of them. It grew out of the fact that Jack recently paid his first visit to little Leatrice II.

Even without the denials of the principals, I should have said it to be a false rumor. The breach between these two is a wide one, and rilled still with bitterness. Nothing could surprise Hollywood, which is not easily surprised, more than to see these two reunited.

What strange tricks fate plays. When Leatrice broke with Jack, she seemed about to enter into the highest honors the screen can bestow. Jack was in comparative obscurity. Many people thought that Leatrice's divorce action would doom him much damage. But it seems to have been a boomerang.

Today, Leatrice is not progressing. She seems to be failing in the great promise of her charm and ability in "Manslaughter" and "The Ten Commandments," while "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" have swept Jack to dazzling heights.

Gives one something to ponder, doesn't it? Is it just luck? Has justice merely leveled things out in its own way? Or does the dinner flourish like the green bay tree? Funny—isn't it?

THERE is a certain young actor in Hollywood who is a devout believer in the sincerest form of flattery, "imitation." His worship of Jack Barrymore is apparent in the choice of his cravats, haircuts and gestures.

The other day a little office girl, at the studio where he was working, unintentionally blocked the exit from the set and with his best Hamlet gesture the actor swept her from his path. But she had her revenge.

Timidly approaching him later she said: "Pardon me, you are Mr. So-and-so, aren't you?" Admiration was mingled with awe in manner.

"Indeed, I am!" spoke the actor, rising wonderfully to the occasion, and hand hastening to its accustomed place beneath the left lapel.

"Where could one get some of your fan pictures, please?" asked the girl.

The actor told her—grandiosely.

"Thanks. I just wanted to know in case someone asked me!"

REFLECTED glory seldom satisfies. Now it is Leni Lubitsch, wife of Ernst Lubitsch, the director, who wants a little glory of her own. She has signed a contract with Warner Brothers to play stellar roles in a number of productions.

Mrs. Lubitsch was a stage star in Germany before her husband came to this country to direct pictures. She is pretty and blonde, slightly resembling Agnes Ayres.

RALPH GRAVES fell heir to a good joke the other evening. It was during a dinner at the Ambassador Hotel and the woman on Ralph's left was an out-of-town visitor. Turning to him with her sweetest smile, she tapped him lightly on the sleeve:

"I should think you would be a very good screen type, Mr. Graves. Why don't you try to get in pictures?"

Ralph gulped—and replied: "Perhaps you didn't hear the name correctly. I am Ralph Graves!"

The woman smiled again and airily said:

"Oh, that's all right! You could change your name. A lot of them have!"

MAY ALLISON is one motion picture actress who has both feet on the ground—to stay. She was scheduled to take the air in a small airplane for a sequence in "Men of Steel." There was not room in the machine for more than three people—the pilot, Miss Allison and the cameraman—so a system of "still" cameras was worked out whereby Miss Allison could press a button and take the "still" pictures of herself.

Before going up George Archainbaud, her director, suggested that he take a short flight to tell the pilot where he wanted him to go. Miss Allison watched him leave the ground at one o'clock in the afternoon. She was still waiting when night fell. About 8 o'clock a battered old Ford car deposited the bedraggled director at her feet.

The plane had broken down and had landed in a muddy field miles away. No one was hurt, but just the same Miss Allison decided that another system would have to be evolved for the photographing of that sequence.

BILL POWELL, that estimable heavy man who is getting absolutely dizzy from running back and
A private showing of the film was arranged for President von Hindenburg. He put the official Prussian stamp upon it and opened it to the public.

Old thrillers and melodramas are banned in Prussia, but nudity—never.

YOU just cannot keep Michael Arlen out of print. Charlie Chaplin was showing him around Hollywood shortly after the author's arrival. They were just leaving a studio when a huge truck, loaded with rock, crashed into the rear of Chaplin's Rolls-Royce, demolishing it.

In an instant a crowd gathered. "Any casualties, Mr. Chaplin?" queried a solicitous onlooker. "None," replied Charlie, "except to our itinerary. And I guess we can save that with a taxicab."

NUDITY—"pour le sport," as Michael Arlen is so fond of saying—will not cause the barring of any motion pictures in Germany, the State Board of Censorship ruled recently. The picture which started the controversy is a propaganda film for the naked culture movement that is breaking the hearts of German tailors, and gaining great popularity in Germany, Russia and Austria.

Old Dame Rumor has been working overtime lately. Her latest effort—that of a separation between Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor—was given a knockout blow when the champ returned from his Eastern trip and the two flew into each other's arms.

And this, too, in spite of the fact that there are some who think Jack has plenty of grounds for leaving Estelle.

You see it was like this. While Jack was away his little actress wife got lonely and so amused herself by painting a portrait of her fighter husband.

Now Estelle is a capable little actress, but no one ever told her she was an artist—I mean the brush and oil kind—and what she did to Jack—in the picture—well, I won't even try to tell you.

Some who have seen the portrait say—well, never mind. But just to show you how far apart this happy couple is, Jack took Estelle in his arms again when he saw the picture and said—"WONDERFUL."

Aren't love grand?

Gloria Swanson discovered beautiful Arlette Marchal (above) in France and cast her for the Queen in "Madame Sans Genre." Gloria had Paramount bring her over. Brave gal—she imports her own competition.

LOLD you imagine Aileen Pringle, the striking, the gorgeous, ever an ugly duckling?

Well, she was—the prize Ugly Duckling of the little town of Newcastle, California, which never tires of talking of the wonderful transformation of the little girl who grew up in Newcastle.

I had it from a friend with whom I went to college. He dropped in for a chat one day—visiting Hollywood from a northern city—and the first question he asked was if I knew Aileen Pringle.

"You know, Cal," he says, "I knew her when she was just a little kid with pigtails down her back. And plain, why we didn't think she had one redeeming feature then. And now just look at her."

We suspect Gloria Swanson of a conspiracy with the hairdressers. This is her newest bob. The effect is obtained by cutting the top shorter than the rest and curling it over in a soft wave.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN and his wife recently went to New York via the Panama Canal, thinking that the delightful boat trip would give them a pleasant rest.

"And it did," says Douglas. "Furthermore, if I was a betting man I could easily make my expenses off the trip on the information I got. I haven't found anybody yet in New York or
When Herbert Henley introduced Bebe Daniels to his stenographer, Bebe never recognized Norma Shearer in her "Free Lips" make-up. If Norma can look like this, maybe you can look as Norma really does. Maybe!

Hollywood that wouldn't argue and offer to bet on the following proposition: that the Pacific Ocean side of the Panama Canal is east of the Atlantic Ocean side, or, to put it the other way around, that the Atlantic Ocean side of the Panama Canal is west of the Pacific Ocean side. But it is—they are. If you don't believe me, get out the atlas. Really, I ought to get a take-off from the atlas company on the number of them I've sold since I made that trip."

YOUNG Gloria Lloyd, only daughter of Harold and Mildred Lloyd, is walking all over these place these days, and talking, too. There is an amusing little story about Harold and Gloria and the dogs. Harold is a great dog lover, and he especially likes big dogs. He wanted the baby to have a dog to grow up with, so he spent considerable time hunting one. Finally, he came home with a Great Dane. The thing, even at puppy age, was as big as a small pony, and Gloria, after one look, literally turned and fled. Harold scratched his head, looked some more, and acquired a full-blooded St. Bernard of majestic proportions. Gloria, not to be taken off her guard a second time, welcomed the St. Bernard cautiously and was willing to try to get along. But it couldn't be done. He knocked her over every time he tried to be playful, and after the second time, little Gloria had had enough of that.

"What she wants," said her grandmother, wistfully, "is a little dog." Harold accepted defeat, brought home a fuzzy, ordinary little cocker spaniel, and now Gloria has a dog that she delights in.

CAN you imagine an actor or actress fleeing from publicity? If you have ever been an editor, you can't, but I have really seen it happen. A short time ago a Jewish daily paper, published in Los Angeles, wrote to all the studios and asked all actors and actresses of their persuasion to communicate with the office—they wanted to send a man out to interview some of the stars.

The letter was pasted on all of the studio bulletin boards and I became interested. I called the office of the Jewish daily several times, and up to the time of PHOTOPLAY's going to press there have been no customers. Not a single Jewish artist!

THESE little girls certainly get away with murder. Patsy Ruth Miller is the latest diminutive one to perpetrate a crime in rompers. One of Pat's recent pictures gave her an opportunity to wear pig-tails and short dresses. It must be known that Pat in her grown-up attire is something of a wit and the gems of conversation that fall from her lips are often quoted and requested in cinema circles.

A celebrated Britisher was visiting Warners' Studio where Pat was working. Eventually Pat—in pig-tails and calico—was introduced to him, and commenced her usual sure-fire line. The Englishman was dazed but bore up wonderfully. Finally Pat was called to the set. He followed her with his eyes and then said:

"My word! Aren't these film youngsters precocious!"

FRANCES MARION and Fred Thomson, who, besides being respectively the screen's leading scenario writer and the most promising Western star, are also husband and wife, are living over the garage.

It's like this. Having bought a magnificent estate in Beverly Hills, they built the stables and garage first. Then, as the house—which has twenty-nine rooms— took shape, they got so interested they moved into the servants' rooms above the garage.

"It was easier," says Frances. "We camped there all the time anyway. It's a great vantage point from which to watch things grow."

Frances, by the way, has just finished her first production, which she wrote and directed. It is William J. Locke's "Simon, the Jester." It should be a knockout. Miss Marion has given more directors great scripts from which they have made pictures which boosted them to success, than anybody else in the business. She ought to do it for herself now.

BIG-HEARTED Tom Melghan recently donated a thousand dollars toward the $12,000,000 drive being made by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. He also offered to give his services in any way possible to help.

And there's a little Catholic church in Hollywood that is grateful to Tom for many generous gifts.

THEDA BARA, the originator of the fictional character known as the screen vampire, is in New York consulting with the leading publishers. Miss Bara has written a book called "The Things That Women Won't Tell."

We'll bet you Elinor Glyn will write with envy when she hears that title.

DOUG FAIRBANKS tells this one on Harold Lloyd, and Harold admits it's true—so it must be.

The two stars had been down to watch the filming of the great chariot races for "Ben Hur," and on their return stopped at Doug's studio, where there were three kids waiting whom Fairbanks had promised to let go through the studio and see all his pirate stuff.

Harold was without his glasses, of course.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
Growing Old Gracefully

“Look for youth in the heart. Make the change from youth to age, as you would make it from one country to another. And I tell you that you will lay up for yourselves treasures where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves cannot break through nor steal.”

By Myrtle Stedman

This is the Myrtle Stedman of ten years ago. When this photograph was taken Myrtle was the bright particular star of the old Bosworth and Morosco companies, organizations long since extinct.

I KNOW two women who are growing old. One of them is fighting Time with little white jars full of this and that, with gold topped bottles of fragrant lotions, with visits to specialists and beauty surgeons in immaculate white aprons. Whenever I meet her she tells me rapturously about some new beauty shop she has just discovered.

Her face looks young enough, there are no wrinkles in her smoothly stretched skin, and her hair is a glossy henna. But her eyes! Those tortured, harassed, old eyes, and her shrill, nervous, frightened voice.

The other is not fighting Time at all. She is making Time her ally. She goes hand in hand with Time, and asks him for his gifts.

Whenever I meet her she tells me of some new book she has just read, of some fine picture she has just seen, of some young thing in whom she has discovered talent that she hopes to aid.

There are laugh lines aplenty about her eyes and strong, deep lines of courage and character about her mouth, and her dark hair is frankly going very gray. But oh, the understanding light of those eyes, the deep sweetness of her voice, and the jewel of serenity upon her brow against age, who cling with overmanicured hands to the semblance of youth and wear the garb of sixteen as an ostrich hides his head in the sand, are on the wrong track altogether.

In the last two generations, women have risen above most of the outworn laws that held them in bondage. It is time they put the heel upon this last tyrant — the dread of getting old. I do not bring you any new “beauty secrets.” I have no new magic of weight-reduction or wrinkle eradication.

But I believe that I have found Ponce de Leon’s fountain of eternal youth in these great words of a great poet—

“Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be—”

GROWING old isn’t something to be dreaded. It is something to be enjoyed. Age isn’t a thief and a robber. He is a friend. It is only an exchange — growing old.

An exchange of the fevers and ferments of youth, for the ripe delights of maturity. An exchange of the hot delights and wild joys and sorrows of young manhood and womanhood, for the appreciation and wisdom and wide understanding of a mind stored full of experience and a vision grown broad with years of loving and watching life.

We are so hurried in youth. We dash from this to that. We go from the mountain peaks of mad joy to the very deepest depths of pain and misery.

But as life unfolds there are no mountain peaks and no deep pits, but only the pleasant meadows of proven love, tried friendship, and time and intelligence to enjoy the real things of life. Only the shallowest mind can claim that those real things are taken from us as we grow older.

For, after all, what grows old?

At most, the body. Need the mind? Need the heart? Need the spirit that is in man? No, a thousand times no. Instead, don’t they grow and deepen and come into

And from those two women, one of whom I pity deeply and want to get away from, one of whom I love and long to be with, I can point you all my philosophy of growing old gracefully:

People—fans and friends and critics—have been kind enough to say that I am growing old gracefully and accepting my position as the mother of a young man many inches taller than I am without losing either my poise or my personality. I take that as my favorite compliment and hold it very dear in my heart.

For I tell you that we women should arise here and now and get rid of this bugaboo of age — this cowardly, silly fear of growing old. I tell you that women who fight that they have been unable to do anything save flatter her.

Every girl and every woman reader of PHOTOPLAY should read this remarkable article. Not yet forty, the mother of a 20-year-old boy, Myrtle Stedman is one of the most beloved and respected women of film colony.
full power as the years add wisdom? What do you lose with youth? Physical vigor, maybe, though I have known men and women of sixty who could outride, outwalk, outplay their own sons and daughters. But let us grant the loss of physical vigor.

**What** else? Do you lose love? Only that phase of it which is most fleeting, since it is most tied to the earth, and has most of the elements of that dust from which mortal man was made. I have seen in the eyes of a man and a woman on their Golden Wedding anniversary love that would put to very shame the blaze of passion in the eyes of young things. And is that mother love, that father love, that grows apace as the years bring our kiddies to manhood and womanhood to be ignored, when we speak of love? Do we lose friendship? Not real friendship. The years leave by the wayside those ephemeral attractions of the moment, whose roots were planted in the shallow soil of vanity, but they only strengthen the oak of true friendship. Do we lose our joy in good books, in exquisite paintings, in music, in travel, in our home? Certainly not. That joy increases.

Now need we lose our place in the world. Florence Nightingale was forty when she went to the Crimean war, and she lived to be ninety and during those long years worked incessantly and gave us the foundation of our entire modern system of nursing and hospital administration. Mary Baker Eddy was fifty before she wrote the book that was to make her the great religious leader of her time, and she was eighty-seven when she founded one of the great newspapers of modern times. Our two greatest actresses, Duse and Bernhardt, at sixty and even seventy, were still infinitely greater than any of their youthful rivals. The golden years of Queen Victoria's reign came when she was an old, old woman, and had ruled her people for generations. Madame Curie was growing old, I am sure gracefully, when she astonished the scientific world with the discovery of radium. Who ever thinks of age, or of youth, in connection with St. Elizabeth of Hungary?

Happiness is eternal youth.

You can't keep your face young. No one in the world can do that. You don't fool anybody but yourself, with vain pretenses and mud packs, false curls and rubber girdles.

But even beauty does not depend upon youth alone. There is a beauty beyond that of a pretty, smooth, peach-bloom face. The sort of beauty Whistler painted of his mother. The mellowness of old lace, the deepening richness of a masterpiece, and shine and sheen of silvery hair—these all have a beauty of their own. It may not inspire desire, but it will create love and devotion in every heart. I have heard... [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

**PHOTOPLAY** considers it a privilege to publish this article by Myrtle Stedman. The next time you have an opportunity to see her in a picture do not fail to study this wonderful woman who has found the secret of eternal youth. **JAMES R. QUIRK**

Myrtle Stedman has given her maiden name of Lincoln to her boy in loving honor of her father. She is one of the finest actresses on the screen and her son is also in pictures.
THE KING ON MAIN STREET—Paramount

THE story isn't a knockout. It's the suave personality of Adolphe Menjou, who enacts the rôle of the King of Molovia, that puts it over. It's a Menjou picture from the start to the finish. His subtle and captivating charm acts as a pivot on which the plot of the story rotates. The picture is centered around a series of spicy and ultra-sophisticated situations which Monta Bell, the director, has logically developed with skill and freshness without shocking the censorious.

The story shows in a humorous and entertaining way the life of a bored king who longed to be loved as a man. Bessie Love is the sweet little young girl with whom the King has a delightful romance. Greta Nissen's beauty and gowns are a treat for the eyes. We're warning you—don't miss this.

THE BIG PARADE—Metro-Goldwyn

WAR, not from the cushioned seat of a government job but the mud-splashed perspective of a cootie-bitten private, has been brought to the screen by King Vidor's masterly direction of "The Big Parade."

Bitter, grueling, muddy strife in all its tragedy and ironic humor has been superbly interwoven with rollicking comedy, captivating love episodes and tender romance. It is not make-believe. It is war as war actually is, with soldiers and women playing their parts bravely as plain human beings.

The story is simple—but the telling is great. A French maiden, an American doughboy and his two modern musketeers. But Vidor's vast sympathy with the subject, his utter lack of mock heroes and flag-waving and the genius he displays in sweeping his audience with him, even to the shell-pocked battleground, is unsurpassed in any war picture ever filmed.

John Gilbert, as the wealthy private, gives a splendid interpretation of the character's evolution from pampered youth to soul-shocked veteran. Renee Adoree, as the charming Melisande, wins the hero and the audience by her great performance of the French peasant girl. The laughs and many of the tears go to Karl Dane as the gangling member of the wartime trio, and Tom O'Brien garners his share of glory as the third musketeer. Claire McDowell's mother rôle is illuminated by the beauty of her sincerity and Hobart Bosworth. Claire Adams, Robert Ober and Rosa Maristini are excellent.

This is a truly great picture, for it blends the color and feeling of a war canvas with the homely intimacies of a doughboy's kodak record.

THE EAGLE—United Artists

RUDOLPH VALENTINO changes his personality three times in his new picture, and each one is dashing and fascinating and very Valentine. First, he is a young lieutenant of the Czarina's regiment, brave and handsome and desired of Catherine. When he deserts because he objects to "boudoir service," young Dubrovsky becomes a bandit, the Black Eagle, seeking to avenge a wrong done his father.

Next we see Rudy impersonating a French tutor in the house of his enemy, teaching the enemy's beautiful daughter, Dubrovsky falls in love. Shall he break his oath of vengeance?

The story really begins when Dubrovsky becomes the Black Eagle. The finish is weak and the characters not well drawn. Vilma Banky is Sam Goldwyn's gift to the screen. You will like Rudy and Vilma and the picture, in spite of its faults.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE BIG PARADE
THE SKYROCKET
THE KING ON MAIN STREET
THE EAGLE

The Six Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "The Big Parade"
Corinne Griffith in "Classified"
Peggy Hopkins Joyce in "The Skyrocket"
Rudolph Valentino in "The Eagle"
Percy Marmont in "Lord Jim"
Karl Dane in "The Big Parade"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 116

THE SKYROCKET—Associated Exhibitors

DECIDEDLY the best picture about motion picture people that has been made to date, and also brings to the screen an interesting new personality in Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Marshall Neilan has caught the glamour and fascination of Hollywood, and with the valuable aid of Miss Joyce, who is apt to prove quite as irresistible on the screen as she has in real life, we think, has transferred them to the screen. While he has missed some of the bigger and deeper moments of the stirring novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and considerable of its unusual psychology, Mr. Neilan has substituted for them sequences of delightful comedy and very moving "kid stuff," of which he is past master.

Miss Joyce proves the surprise of the picture, for she not only photographs exquisitely, and wears superb gowns and jewels as well as anyone has ever worn them on the screen, but she gives an excellent performance as Sharan Kimm, the little girl from the other side of the railroad tracks, who becomes a great star. Her fragile, blonde loveliness literally illuminates the film, and under Mr. Neilan's able guidance, she acts with creditable naturalness and often with deep feeling. Every woman in America will undoubtedly go to see "The Skyrocket" for a look at this most famous "vampire" of our age and probably a good many of the men, but the surprising thing is that they are bound to find Peggy Hopkins Joyce not only a beauty, but a thoroughly competent actress.

Of the men, honors must go to Earle Williams as Dvorak, the star-maker director. This is Mr. Williams' first attempt at the polished villain, and it is a triumph. Owen Moore is as usual attractive self, Sammy Cohen gives some great comedy, and the two kiddies of the first reel deserve unstinted praise.

CLASSIFIED—First National

CORINNE GRIFFITH as Bab, the beautiful but smart New York working girl, gives a surprisingly clever performance in this Edna Ferber story. She is so human and real that you forget it is Miss Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful."

It takes Edna Ferber to write about the folks who work every day, eat "supper," and buy radios.

Jack Mulhall is a garage mechanic with the independence of a big butter and egg man. His rival, Ward Crane, is a very human silk hatter from Fifth Avenue. Elythe the Chap-man and Charley Murray as Ma and Pa, are perfect. Oh, yes, Corinne gets a chance to wear gorgeous clothes. How she gets them is where the plot, if any, comes in.

Some of the smart cracks in the subtitles are priceless.

LORD JIM—Paramount

SINCE Lord Jim was bound to come to the screen. Percy Marmont is the only motion picture actor who could have made this drama of conscience appear even remotely real. The soul struggle of the man Jim, as Conrad created him, was obviously extremely difficult to visualize, and Director Victor Fleming deserves great credit for the result of his effort to translate mental operations into pictures.

Although the picturization of Conrad's finest work is sometimes disappointing to the student of Conrad it is good entertainment and is replete with drama and romance. There is an unhappy ending to Conrad's story. We must thank the producer for flying in the face of so-called box-office showmanship and not changing it, but it is done with such feeling that it will be and ought to be appreciated.
**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Paramount**

A CORKING comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean as a negligent author who has to write a book in twenty-four hours or lose his sweetheart, the publisher's daughter. It has one of the surprise finishes that the management requests you not to divulge to your friends who haven't seen it. For this reason you should see the picture from the beginning.

**THE BEAUTIFUL CITY—First National**

A DECIDED drop from the recent Richard Barthelmess offerings. Besides the weak story there is nothing that calls for any of the emotional acting that Dick can handle with such feeling. Something is lacking through the entire picture and that little something is PEP. Dorothy Gish isn't particularly impressive, and, as usual, William Powell gives a polished performance.

**THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY—Producers Dist.**

BEAUTIFUL photography forms the background for a muddled story. It starts with Joseph Schildkraut defying God with a broken arm. He is married to Jetta Goudal, one of these wives in name only. Involved, in a train wreck, they go back to a dim past where almost everything happens, entirely without visible reason. What it all means you'll have to find out from Cecil De Mille, who created it.

**THE CLASH OF THE WOLVES—Warner Brothers**

AGAIN Rin-Tin-Tin has us all enthused over his splendid performance. This dog is the most sympathetic and human creature on the screen today. There are times when we think the dog actually sheds tears—and if he doesn't make you—. A splendid story enhances the acting abilities of Rinny and the other members of the cast including June Marlowe, Charles Farrell and Pat Hartigan.

**LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn**

WELL, well, what happened to Monta Bell here? His direction places this in the mediocre class. Where are all his clever touches? And as for Marion Davies—she's had much better vehicles in spite of the fact that the p.a.'s report this her best role since “Little Old New York.” Marion plays a dual role—sounds intricate—but it isn't. One of them could have been cut out—that's how important it is.

**THE BEST PEOPLE—Paramount**

MILD entertainment. Sidney Olcott has turned out better pictures than this—but what could he do under the circumstances?—this has no story backing. The plot deals with the conflict between the parents and children of a blue blood family. The parents insist on a marriage to aristocracy and the children prefer people from the ordinary walk of life, and all that sort of thing.
THOU Shalt Not Doubt. Sorry, I can't inform you who the Lawgiver is. A romantic story of a wealthy boy who falls in love with an artist’s model. Through a misunderstanding he doubts his sweetheart. And then the war came and amidst the clearance of the smoke of battle the lovers are reunited. Tweet, Tweet. The sets, photography, and the war scenes are splendid. Excellent entertainment.

Buck Jones gives a splendid characterization that is quite different from his usual wild and woolly Western he-man stuff. It is rather doubtful if this will please his fans who like Buck when he is shootin' up the town. A story of small town people which is told in a direct and wholly unpretentious manner. The supporting cast consists of Madge Bellamy, Jane Novak, ZaSu Pitts and Leslie Fenton.

EVIDENTLY William de Mille had the idea he would sweep us off our feet with this comedy-drama. Instead, it impressed us as a mildly amusing affair with everyone in the cast overacting, with the exception of Bessie Love. The story is woven around the son of a broom manufacturer who thinks he can run the business better than his father, and as a result he almost ruins it.

IT'S rather a sad state of affairs when our old friend Buster Keaton can't put over the laughs. He prances around with that frozen look on his face trying to be funny and with the aid of a big cow does his best with an improbable story. The gags are not what they should be and they don't come fast enough. But all tastes are different—you will get a few laughs out of it, anyhow.

NOW, ladies and gentlemen, we have a rush of log jamming and it looks as though they will be as popular as the cattle stampedes. The hero helps the heroine from a scheming villain who is trying to obtain her timber lands. Naturally, he accomplishes the impossible and bye-bye Mr. Villain. Oh, by the way, the villain is none other than the old time favorite, Montagu Love. Passable.

THIS picture will not bring Jackie Coogan any new fans. He is frankly homely, with a homeliness that lacks charm. Still without a haircut, he appears to be in a state of arrested development. When the thin story gives him a chance to act, he overacts.

Joan Crawford, a newcomer, is interesting.
“Cowboy” Ed Warner, whose cauliflower ear bespeaks his calling, fought Jack Dempsey twice when both were doing preliminary stuff. He also “shows his stuff” on the mat.

DOUG FAIRBANKS is “the perfect athlete” of the pictures.

Doug is a wrestler, a boxer, a swimmer, a gymnast, an expert swordsman.

Keeping fit is more than a religion to Doug—it is a pleasure—and nothing could keep him from his daily workouts in the gymnasium, or his fast and furious sets of “Doug”—a sort of indoor tennis game he has invented—at the close of his day’s work on a picture. When he is between pictures most of his time is devoted to athletics.

In Doug’s Gang are athletes of all kinds, descriptions and nationalities. There are wrestlers, box fighters, and swordsmen, strong men, gymnasts and swimmers. If Doug lived in the feudal days they would certainly be called his henchmen. Today they are called his trainers, sparring partners, opponents and playmates.

And these retainers of Doug all double in brass. Like the star, their exercise and athletic prowess are their life, their happiness, but none of them are lazy. Now, with Doug making “The Black Pirate,” they are as villainous a band as one could hope to see—for all are acting in the picture. Within a few months they may be a band of Mexican Bad Men. Not so long ago they were a part of Robin Hood’s loyal Merry Men.

Bob Roper, terror of the prize ring, is a college man (Tulane), and probably the best read and best educated man belonging to the boxing fraternity. After leaving college he entered the army, serving in the Philippines and World War. He has 132 fights to his credit, among which he knocked out Frank Moran and fought two no decision bouts with Tommy Gibbons and Bill Brennan.

Chris Michael was light-heavyweight Champion of Canada not so long ago. Then Doug took a look at him, and Chris got a movie job.

Dave Kashner hoisting a hundred-dollar check he received from Doug because he was able to hoist an iron stanchion which has floored every fellow that ever tried it.

Jimmy Dime, whose name sounds like ready money, left fighting to act. Jimmy was once Jack Dempsey’s sparring partner.
"Meet the Gang"
Says Doug

As fine a lot of men as ever scuttled a ship

"Chuck" Lewis is Douglas Fairbanks' coach, and also his team mate in the game of "Doug." Chuck in his college days made the All-American football team. He won the Pentathlon at the Penn relays several years ago and won the Decathlon for the last Olympic try-outs in Los Angeles. "Chuck" was graduated from Cornell and did postgraduate work at Stanford. He is one of the best all-round athletes in the world.

Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, who is now a pirate bold, was Johnny Weissmuller's swimming partner and was twice a member of America's Olympic swimming team. He holds the world's record for the back stroke at six distances, and also the world's record in the 300 yard medley. Kruger succeeded in beating Duke Kahanamoku in the mile-and-a-quarter swim.

Jerry Girard was formerly on the Los Angeles County motor patrol, but Doug saw him get off his bike and walk one day and Jerry immediately became a pirate. "A guy with a walk like that is a born pirate," said Fairbanks to his director, Al Parker. "Go over and hire him right now."
And Al did.
Photoplay's Intelligence Test

NUMBER TWO

Are you movie wise? Here is a test of your film knowledge and memory. Get up a party, have a contest and send out your prizes next month when the answers are given.

Compiled by E. Lyle McMullen

HOW much do you know about motion pictures? Are you a real fan?

Here is an intelligence test, patterned after the mental and psychology tests used in many of the large universities. Get a pencil and try your luck with it. You ought to be able to answer all the questions in twenty or twenty-five minutes. Naturally, you must play fair with yourself and not consult any magazine or newspapers.

If you make less than ten mistakes, you may rate yourself as having an excellent knowledge of the movies. If you make from eleven to twenty errors, you are only a casually good fan. With from twenty-one to thirty, you are just fair. And if you make more than thirty, you may mark yourself as poor and go to the foot of the class.

In the February issue of Photoplay you will find the correct answers. Now let your conscience be your guide and go ahead.

GROUP ONE

Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions that indicate the correct answers. Some, all, or only one may be correct.

1. The following players have met with phenomenal success in the past year: (1) Barbara LaMarr; (2) Raymond Griffith; (3) Thomas Meighan; (4) Norma Shearer; (5) Betty Bronson. 1 2 3 4 5


3. Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels have played together in (1) “Men and Women”; (2) “The Shock Punch”; (3) “Sinners in Heaven”; (4) “The Crowded Hour”; (5) “Unguarded Women.” 1 2 3 4 5

4. The following players have appeared on both screen and stage: (1) Norma Talmadge; (2) Elliott Dexter; (3) Eugene O’Brien; (4) Laurette Taylor; (5) Milton Sills. 1 2 3 4 5

5. The following players are Metro-Goldwyn stars: (1) Jackie Coogan; (2) Reginald Denny; (3) Mae Murray; (4) Lon Chaney; (5) Ramon Novarro. 1 2 3 4 5

GROUP TWO

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

6. Emil Jannings has never appeared in an American-made picture. ( )

7. W. W. Griffith has joined Paramount and is now one of that company’s leading directors. ( )

8. “The Gold Rush” is Harold Lloyd’s most recent comedy. ( )

9. Lois Wilson is a featured player, but has never been starred. ( )

10. John Barrymore has decided to leave the screen entirely. ( )

11. Tom Owen and Matt Moore are brothers. ( )

12. Ernst Lubitsch is best known as a good director of sophisticated comedy-drama. ( )

13. Tom Mix’s efforts in the past year have been confined entirely to Westerns. ( )


15. Viola Dana is the smallest well-known actress on the screen. ( )

16. Rex Ingram’s latest production is “Mare Nostrum,” which was made in Europe. ( )

GROUP THREE

The following names and titles are arranged in groups, such as directors, comedians, and pictures of a certain star. Which name or title in each group does not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number at the end of the questions corresponding to the misplaced name or title.


22. (1) Charles Chaplin; (2) Ronald Colman; (3) Harry Langdon; (4) Buster Keaton; (5) Raymond Griffith. 1 2 3 4 5


24. (1) Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks; (2) Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis; (3) Maurice Flynn-Viola Dana; (4) Jack Holt-Betty Compson; (5) Jack Dempsey-Estell Taylor. 1 2 3 4 5

25. (1) Wm. Collier, Jr.; (2) Ben Lyon; (3) Hobart Bosworth; (4) George Hackathorne; (5) Robert Agnew. 1 2 3 4 5

GROUP FOUR

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

26. The star of “Soul-Fire” was (1) Richard Dix; (2) Rod La Rocque; (3) Bert Lytell; (4) Richard Barthelmess; (5) Ramon Novarro. ( )

27. Fred Niblo is a prominent director of (1) Metro-Goldwyn; (2) Warner Bros.; (3) First National; (4) Universal; (5) Paramount. ( )

28. “Sally of the Sawdust” was produced by (1) Frank Lloyd; (2) John Robertson; (3) D. W. Griffith; (4) Cecil B. DeMille; (5) Rex Ingram. ( )

29. “The Devil’s Cargo” was (1) a picture in which a prominent individual was starred; (2) a foreign-made picture; (3) a Western; (4) a “Special” produced by a famous director; (5) had a featured cast of good players. ( )

30. Sam De Grasse is a (1) director; (2) comedian; (3) character actor; (4) scenario writer; (5) juvenile. ( )

31. Lillian Gish’s leading man in “The White Sister” and “Romola” was (1) John Gilbert; (2) Ronald Colman; (3) Charles de Rochefort; (4) Harrison Ford; (5) John Bowers. ( )

32. “The Iron Horse” was (1) a foreign-made picture; (2) a race-track story; (3) a comedy; (4) an epic railroad picture; (5) a domestic drama. ( )

33. Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter were featured in (1) “The Silent Watcher”; (2) “Shore-Leave”; (3) “Merton of the Movies”; (4) “The Necessary Evil.” ( )

34. Mack Sennett is a (1) director; (2) character actor; (3) comedy producer; (4) heavy; (5) comedian. ( )

35. Marie Prevost is married to (1) James Remar; (2) Monte Blue; (3) Kenneth Harlan; (4) Cullen Landis; (5) Warner Baxter. ( )

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
How Pola Was Tamed

But strangely enough she tamed herself by her own sense of humor

FOR three years they tried every means to tame that fascinating tiger-cat—Pola Negri.

And now the funniest thing in the world has happened. Pola has licked herself—with her own sense of humor.

You probably remember the tales that went forth when Pola burst upon Hollywood and scared the whole darned industry out of its wits—and that wasn't the half of it, dearie.

As the years rolled by, they imported directors and diplomats, they employed force and diplomacy, and succeeded in teaching Pola to purr lazily and keep her claws sheathed as long as she got, literally speaking, all the raw meat she wanted.

But let anyone cross her, or try to make her do anything she didn't want to, or take anything away from her that she did want to do, or count her as less variable than the winds of heaven—and the old, flaming Pola arose in her wrath and cowed them once more into submission.

Say what they will and put the best face on it they can, the Lasky lot has never known a really peaceful moment since Pola was turned loose there until the last few weeks.

But now Pola is tamed, beyond any question. But man alone didn't achieve it. Pola's own delicious sense of humor has proved her only master.

Where once Pola came to the studio when Pola felt like it, and not one second sooner, the entire executive staff to the contrary, now she beats the janitor down and is smiling sweetly on the front step when he arrives. Where on all of her previous pictures Pola gave the business office heart failure every few days by calmly saying for maybe a week on end—and the overhead going on all the time—that she didn't feel like working, on this picture she hasn't missed a day.

Why?

"Because," says Pola, with a giggle, "we have such fun."

Mal St. Clair, the young director who came to Paramount via the newspaper
cartoonist-Mack Sennett route, and is being acclaimed everywhere as the coming Griffith of the new generation, is the little boy who brought the miracle to pass.

When they selected Mal to direct Pola's latest picture, "The Tattooed Countess," they called him into conference and explained the matter to him in detail. It was a good deal like asking a man who kept a cat and dog store to take the lion-tamer's place in the circus. As soon as it was announced that Mal was to direct Negri, everybody rallied around. He got so much free advice on how to handle the untamed and untamable Pola that he was dizzy with it.

The first clash came when Mal broke the news to her that he was going to get Chester Conklin to play in the production. Pola raged and raved, and sparks of the well-known Negri temperament flew from her black eyes.

Now she adores Chester. He tickles her to death. Mal, who was a comedy director and cartoonist, makes her laugh from morning till night. Pola is entertained—that's the answer.

One thing Pola had never done and would never do. She had never been on location. I mean to say that was just one of those things that couldn't happen. Well, in her new picture they had to go on location to Pleasanton, which is a small town about three hours out of San Francisco. Pola lifted her eyebrows, shrugged her shoulders and said, "Certainly not. Maybe I might go to San Francisco and stay there—maybe not. Build a set here." The company, viewing thousands of dollars taking unto themselves wings, groaned.

Mal St. Clair, genius of comedy, didn't groan. He said, "All right, Pola. Don't you do it." Then he and Chester Conklin got together. Every time Pola came on the set, they had their heads together, whispering. Pola eyed them. She sidled over, and listened. They were talking about all the fun they were going to have on location in Pleasanton. "Gee, Pola," said Mal, "You got no idea what fun you can have. The villagers all turn out to see you, and everybody plays jokes on each other in the company. It's great."


Mal never said a word. The morning the troupe was to leave, Pola appeared on the platform with her maid and a large, bonneted woman who looked as though she didn't speak English. "Who in the world is that?" said Mal St. Clair.

"That," said Pola, "is my cook."

"Now where in the world are you going with a cook, Pola?"

I AM going to Pleasanton, for location," said Pola. "You think you can and leave me out of all that fun? Not Pola!"

And let me tell you that Pleasanton belongs to Pola now. She romped all over that little town, made friends with everybody in it—the unapproachable Pola—and they ended up by declaring the last day of her stay a legal holiday.

More than that they gave the kids a day off from school to go and watch Pola work. Now in the Lasky studio, as you may or may not know, Pola's set is usually muffled in black. No one—and when I say no one, I mean no one—is allowed to enter the sacred portals while Miss Negri is working, without her consent. If somebody gets in by mistake, he he admiral, vice-president, or just Adolph Zukor, who owns the company, Pola may throw a tantrum that makes him think the battle of the Marne was a Fourth of July picnic.

But the kids all came and watched her work all day, and adored her, and she played games with them, and when they left she knew every one of them by name.

[Continued on page 125]

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HERE are pearls of wisdom for young mothers.

They fall from the lips of Mildred Davis Lloyd when she was discussing Mildred Gloria, Harold Lloyd's little daughter.

Like most other mothers, Mildred had been having trouble to get Mildred Gloria to eat, and here is how she solved the problem.

"I got a lot of dishes with pictures in the bottom. Mildred Gloria loves pictures—especially of animals—and now she empties her dish in a hurry just to find out what the picture is."

---

We doubt that girls are as high flown as this even in Hollywood. Instead we suspect the camera of being on the ground. The girls are jumping at the chance of being in "Sally, Irene and Mary," which Edmund Goulding is filming from the musical comedy of that name.
Happy Daze
Proving that blood is sometimes thinner than water

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by
Harley Ennis Stivers

Rodney Archer
Director, Superb Pictures Co.
Windermere Hotel.

May we remind you that this company and yourself are supposed to be in the motion picture business Stop So far we have enjoyed your letters and obeyed your requisitions but the miles of negative you must have been sending have evidently gone astray Stop Or is it possible that you are absent minded and have forgotten what you were sent to Alabama for Stop It was to shoot location stuff on a novel named Coal Dust which we hope to release under title of Passions Paradise Stop If not too much trouble kindly advise your company we desire some foot-

"I'm afraid you misunderstand my relations with your wife," "The devil I do. If I misunderstood I'd shoot you."

As Jimmy Claxton perused the missive, his eyes crinkled at the corners and a slow smile creased his lips.

"I should judge," he hazarded, returning the telegram to his superior, "that Elbert has taken occasion to become peevish."

"He has! And that makes it unanimous because I'm twice as peevish as he is. And if you get off any of your famous wise cracks in the next sixty minutes, Jimmy, one head cameraman is going to be found murdered."

"Why me, Roddy? Why a poor worm of a camera chaperone? Why not perform this little job of manslaughter on your estimable cousin, that scintillating star of the silver sheet: namely and to wit, Mister Cyril Waring."

Roddy clinched his fists. "I'd like to. The way that guy has been carrying on—"

"Can you blame him, son? This is an old story, but a delicious one, with Cyril. One might even guess that women are a weakness with him. He can't resist them and he isn't particularly keen about trying. You see, with his contract he doesn't have to worry about release dates and such minor things. And as for a mere six thousand dollar daily overhead—"

"Sure! Kave on, Jimmy. I can see that you're going to help me a lot. But let's turn the record over on the other side and see what tune it plays. Can you guess?"

"Uh-huh. A somewhat mournful ditty entitled: 'Death of a Boy Director'.

New York, N. Y.

age Stop Remember your overhead is about six thousand dollars per day Stop Hoping you are enjoying your vacation
ELBERT CARLISLE President

Jimmy Claxton, head cameraman of the Cyril Waring unit, Superb Pictures Corporation, looked up interestingly as the door slammed behind the somewhat disheveled figure of a very young and earnest gentleman.

Jimmy, who was an owlish person, blinked amusedly behind unconscionably heavy lenses and addressed a remark to his visitor—

"And now," he inquired, "what all the Boy Wonder?"

"Plenty!" The word cracked across the room as Rodney Archer probed into a pocket of his sport trousers for the documentary evidence. This was a yellow slip of paper bearing the insignia of a large and popular telegraph company, and Roddy slammed it on the table before Jimmy.

"Read that!" he snarled. "Read that and help me weep." Jimmy Claxton read the annoying wire from the home office:

New York, N. Y.

"I'm afraid you misunderstand my relations with your wife," "The devil I do. If I misunderstood I'd shoot you."

"Can you blame him, son? This is an old story, but a delicious one, with Cyril. One might even guess that women are a weakness with him. He can't resist them and he isn't particularly keen about trying. You see, with his contract he doesn't have to worry about release dates and such minor things. And as for a mere six thousand dollar daily overhead—"

"Sure! Kave on, Jimmy. I can see that you're going to help me a lot. But let's turn the record over on the other side and see what tune it plays. Can you guess?"

"Uh-huh. A somewhat mournful ditty entitled: 'Death of a Boy Director'.

New York, N. Y.
"Exactly. I'm him. And where do I get off? If I wire Carlisle that my estimable cousin is gallivanting around performing his best society tricks and squiring many ladies and one in particular: if I state baldly that I cannot make him come out on location—what then? The caustic Mister Carlisle will wire back notifying me that he is sending a director who can assemble his company for direction and I will become of less importance than one noodle in a bowl of soup."

"Keno!" grinned Claxton. "The ayes have it! Looking at the situation from each and every angle, my friend, it seems that Cousin Cyril has you on that portion of your elegant anatomy popularly known as the hip. Being the foremost star in the Superb constellation he secures for his young cousin that person's first assignment as a director. Being said director's cousin and benefactor, he proceeds to come a thousand miles from New York and let that young cousin go to. Am I right?"

"Right—yes. But listen—" Roddy Archer leaned across the writing table "—You aren't talking anything but words. It's all old stuff to me. You can't say anything about the whole rotten mess that I haven't said to myself a thousand times. I've got to get results and I can't. Why? Because I'm an untried director and my great star refuses to act. For everything which goes right he gets the credit—for all mistakes, I'm the

That night Mrs. Gould gave a bathing party
at the river. Cyril couldn't resist her coaxing

game. And he hasn't been out on location for three days—for eighteen thousand dollars' worth of hours. New York is screaming. The treasurer has probably had a nervous breakdown—and we're precisely ten days behind schedule. So the reason I have come to you. Mr. Wise Jimmy Claxton, is to ask you for God's sake what can I do?"

Claxton ceased to smile and his eyes glowed with rare warmth.

"Thanks, Kid. I'd like to help. My personal opinion is that Cyril Waring is dealing marked cards and giving you all the deuces."

"Yeh—that's no news. If he'd only work—"
"Have you talked to him?"
"Sure. Sure I have. A dozen times. And he pats me on the shoulder and tells me to run along and not worry."
"Isn't that thoughtful of him?"
"He tells me to finish all the shots where he's not needed—he'll take care of schedule. And usually he winds up by asking where we're shooting the next morning and promising to be on the set by ten o'clock sharp. You know what that means?"
"Oh certainly. I've burned many lights waiting for Cousin Cyril."
"I can't kick and I've got to kick. I can't get film and New York is yelling for it. It seems [CONTINUED ON PAGE 18]
Billy Bennett's Mother

One of the screen's greatest tragedies written by one of the screen's greatest writers

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Billy Bennett as she appeared eight years ago when she played star roles in many Triangle pictures

BILLY BENNETT'S mother. That is her proudest title. Those are the words she listens for above the empty plaudits of the multitude, just—Billy's mother. She does not even see the flaming signs that at last proclaim her greatness. For her eyes strain always to see beyond the valley of the shadow, that she may find there some proof that she is Billy's mother still.

Fame has come to Belle Bennett, and gold, and glory. But what are these things to Billy's mother now? They are saying everywhere that her performance of Stella Dallas is the great screen performance of all time.

But when you know the price she paid for it, you will know with her that it is dust and ashes unless it may be that its distilled tears fall upon the heart of the world and soften it toward all motherhood.

It tears the very heart out of you to see Belle Bennett as Stella Dallas, that poor, cheap creature whose motherhood alone was great. It is the best mother story, the best mother part ever produced. Beautifully acted, beautifully directed. But that alone would not move people to such tears as I never thought to see follow any motion picture. That alone would not wring sobs—sobs—from men and women.

No. It is something more than stirs your very heart and soul to cry forth that no mother should be crucified, as all mothers are crucified, that makes you suffer when Stella Dallas gives up her daughter as though your own child had been torn from your breast.

And that something is the sorrow of Billy Bennett's mother. The ache of her heart beats through it. You feel the emptiness of her arms.

For you see, five weeks before Belle Bennett was to start upon the picture of her golden opportunity, Billy admitted that he didn't feel very well. Just a tummyache, he said. But then, Billy was always like that. When he broke his arm at football, nobody knew it until the coach discovered it ten days later. A week before he was to begin work, Billy gave up his gallant young fight, put his hands in hers and said, like a tired child, "I'm through, Mummy."

And so only two days before she played the great scene where Stella Dallas gives up her sixteen-year-old daughter, Belle Bennett had kissed her sixteen-year-old son upon his quiet, closed eyes for the last time. "I worked on in the picture," said Belle Bennett, quietly. "I had to."

As she said it, somehow, do you know, I saw her doing it. I saw her playing that heartbroken mother, standing outside in the rain with the mob, staring through the window for just one glimpse of her baby in her wedding gown—and fresh in her heart that hospital window that had been the first thing and the last thing to which her eyes flew when the nurses persuaded her to go out and get a little fresh air. I saw her in the bedizened finery of Stella Dallas, touching that fine pillow upon which her daughter's head was to rest though she would never see it there—and going home to touch the bright-striped blazer and the new Oxford bags that had been the pride of Billy's heart.

"You—miss them so," she said to me. "You sort of—feel for them, early in the morning, before you're really awake. And when you are awake, you remember that—I don't know whether I should have had the courage of Stella Dallas. It's quite difficult to say. To give them up, even for their good, when you could have them—I don't know."

It stood on her table, in a little silver frame.

"The little toy dog is covered with dust, but sturdy and staunch he stands, and the little tin soldier in red with rust, and his musket in his hands."

[Continued on page 111]
THERE are, fortunately, few stories as poignant as that of Belle Bennett. A struggling actress, she was finally awarded one of the biggest parts ever written, the mother role in "Stella Dallas." She realized the character magnificently, but her triumph came late. On the opposite page, Mrs. St. Johns tells her story.
ONE of the newest and loveliest photographs of that charming young matron, Mrs. James Cruze. Betty Compson finished up her contract with Paramount when she played the leading feminine role in "The Pony Express." She will freelance now.
We're sure you wouldn't guess in three guesses or thirty, so we'll tell you right off. That's Patsy Ruth Miller up there. The photographer told us. Patsy Ruth was figured in a lot of reported engagements lately but no man seems able to change her name.
PRETTY Shirley Mason has been at the business of acting since her babyhood. A wise little trouper, she early learned the advantage of hitching her wagon to a star. The star was her sister, Viola Dana. On the opposite page, Jim Tully gives her history.
The Girl Who Kept Step

By Jim Tully

It's awfully hard for a little girl to follow her sister's footsteps—if her sister walks very fast—and anyone will admit that Viola Dana has hiked far in pictures. But this article ain't about Viola Dana—it concerns her little sister with a happy smile who has finally managed to keep step.

You see it was this way. Viola had quite a start—she was a clever little actress when Shirley was two years old. Shirley tried to keep step then—and she turned her ankle and sat awfully hard on the floor—in the manner of a two-year old. Shirley's real name is Flugrath—and may the Lord have mercy on us for sayin' it—it's no wonder she changed it to Mason. She acts and talks like a cute little Irish-American girl—but the main factor of the article is the fact that her real name is Flugrath. She may be German—or French—or Swedish, or a mixture of all of these—but she is not Irish-American.

Shirley's father was a printer. But her father's wife decided that the little Flugrath tots should have careers. Now when a woman by the name of Flugrath decides that her daughters should have careers, it is well for the Keepers of Destinies to make a note of it. Sometimes I feel that not enough is said of the heroic mothers of girls in films. If I could get all the readers of Photoplay in a tent on a meadow in Ireland, I could many a tale unfold of self-sacrificing devotion, of women who worked till their fingers were raw, who telephoned to the studios day after day, who have the undying faith that is only possessed by Motherhood—but I cannot tell these tales now—you will all know what I mean.

This Mother worked hard for her daughters—and for her dreams of them. She was always with her children.

There are no doubt a million children in America whose parents would like to get them on the stage. Mrs. Flugrath had her little daughter Shirley playing with no less

Baby Bruce Guerin, who has been acting in pictures since he was two years old, started to kindergarten this term.

When his mother asked him how he liked school, Bruce said, "Fine, mother; we had three fade-outs today."

This was his impression of recess periods.

So that is why I tell here for the first time to a palpitant and eager world why Shirley followed Viola Dana—instead of Marguerite Clark.

Now, when Shirley was eleven years of age, she again played the part of a boy [continued on page 108]
How to Spoil the Effect of

No doubt you have heard the epigram about "It's not so much what you say, as the way you say it." You may even have used it yourself, a sort of "when-you-call-me-that-smile" idea. And I've heard tell that a woman may say "No!" and mean "Yes," and that she may even say "Yes!" and intend all the time to act "No."

And now this has become a perfect illustration of the truth about women's clothes.

For there has arrived in Hollywood a famous designer, one of those chaps whose slightest word sways the length of skirt and the position of the waistline, if you know what I mean, and says, "It isn't so much what you wear, as the way you wear it."

He goes even further. He says that it doesn't make any difference at all how stunning, how exquisite a frock may be. If it isn't worn well, it might just as well be a table cloth or a sheet.

And, says he, a gown of the most extreme chic may look like a work of a small-town seamstress and the simplest little house frock look like a model from the smartest house in Paris—all because of the way they are worn.

This designer is young Travis Banton, direct from Paris—and though of course it's Paris, France, he looks as though it might be Paris, Texas, because he has the outward appearance of a cowboy or prizefighter rather than a male dressmaker.

And in truth Banton was born in Texas, later going to France to achieve fame in the style capital.

They brought him over to design costumes for Leatrice Joy and the fourteen beauties of "The Dressmaker from Paris," Paul Bern's picture.

And the first thing he did was to upset everybody by these startling theories. "I don't care so much about the clothes," said Mr. Banton, harshly. "But those women have got to learn to wear them. That's the main thing."

He even insisted to the complete horror of everybody on the Lasky lot, that the girls take the gowns home and wear them around, so they'd learn to be comfortable in them.

"Never wear a frock in public until you've become thoroughly acquainted with it," he shouted. "It can't be done. Learn how to sit and stand and walk in it. Learn how to give it the best angles."

And they do say that there was almost a riot when one of the girls leaned up against something.

"Don't lean on the furniture," said
Beautiful Clothes

It isn't what you wear, it's how you wear it

The same gown properly worn. Compare it with the other pictures. The train should be caught up and worn loose. One reason why a woman must become "well acquainted" with a gown before she can wear it to advantage.

the dictator of fashions. "That's a dress you're wearing, not a piano drape. If I'd wanted it draped on the piano, I would have draped it there myself. Stand up. What is the use of laboring for hours to create a line, if a woman slouches over or slinks over or stands like a wooden soldier, or leans on things?"

He also insists that in the wearing of hats, every woman should follow this positive rule:

Keep at least one eyebrow concealed at all times.

As to jewelry, Mr. Banton says it's better to wear none than too much, and that simplicity should always be the aim and end of all effects achieved by jewelry.

"Kings can be worn on but one finger of each hand," says he, "and if you wear more than one ring upon one finger, they must be of the same stones, unless you want to look like a five and ten cent store."

"You can wear many bracelets, but they must all be on one arm."

The two things everyone who wants to be well dressed must possess, according to Mr. Banton, are perfect self-consciousness, and an infinite capacity for taking pains in the little details.

After reading this, the wise woman will take herself in hand and see what's what. Get out your dresses and study their lines. See where you can take off some useless trimming here and drape the skirt more becomingly there. When you finish, it's ten to one your gown will be twice as smart.

If you have a new evening gown, purchased especially for some important function, wear it around the house a few evenings before you appear in it in public. Try walking in it and, what is more important, try dancing in it. If it has drapery, see that you learn to manage the drapery.

Remember you are never at your best if you are "clothes conscious." Try on your hats and study the effect before a mirror. See whether that new hat looks best with the hair drawn down on the checks or with the hair pushed back of the ears.

And remember, too, that ease and simplicity are the greatest assets of the woman who would be well dressed.

The habit of studying the mirror doesn't always arise from feminine vanity. It may be the perfectly natural—and also feminine—desire to look well.

Your mirror, if you ask its candid advice, will prevent you from wearing clothes that aren't your type. It will also tell you the good points to accentuate and the bad points to conceal.
CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOTS
Satire, Humor and Some Sense

W ITH Christmas so close at hand I'm decidedly handicapped in airin' my views. You never can tell when a friend may start reading your stuff and get offended, and there's no time when people take offense so easily as just before Christmas. Practically all my friends were offended last Christmas judging by the receipts. Of course I was abroad, which gave them the opportunity to pull, "We didn't know whether anything would reach you or not." It did not—save for some postal cards from a few brave souls marked "insufficient postage."

But there, there, we can't expect everything. Put on a bright smile and no doubt this year Santa Claus will fill your cellar to bulging.

E V E R Y once in a while some kind soul will say, "The thing I like about your wit is that you never hurt anybody's feelings." Well if I don't, it is certainly unintentional.

M I C H A E L ARLEN, the writing sheik from Armenia, via London, made his first Hollywood appearance (in person) at Wednesday luncheon in Montmartre. Mid-week déjeuner in Montmartre is a regular feature boasting more stars than there are in Heaven—or the Metro-Goldwyn place.

Charlie Chaplin was the first to transfer to Michael's table. He talked, and Michael nodded.

Adolphe Menjou was the next in turn, and Michael continued nodding.

Later Michael was presented to Pola Negri, and the nodding took on the semblance of a chronic affliction.

Michael had arrived in the land of the silent actors to find that it's only their own art that renders them speechless.

Alice Terry sat at a table adjacent to Michael's. She said nothing, but she wore a green hat which was a tactful way of saying a great deal.

Two luncheons later and Michael was talking to Alice. And Alice was nodding.

"What a beautiful day!" exclaimed Michael enthusiastically, whereupon three local reporters jotted headlines: "Arlen Charmed by California Sunshine."

"Just the sort of a day," continued Michael, "on which one gets married by mistake."

Certainly no climate in the world can vie with California's for mistakes.

C H A P L I N declared opportunely that Arlen's "The Green Hat" is the greatest love story written since "Romeo and Juliet."

When this impressive edict was referred to Michael he showed signs of requiring the smelling salts. It seems a trifle exaggerated, he said, deferring politely to Shakespeare. "I suppose my story is an extraordinary romance—two people loving one another for eighteen years. But it is quite plausible. They didn't see one another during the eighteen years."

B E F O R E arriving in Hollywood Michael's coat received as much publicity as Joseph's, though by no means as colorful. Publicity hounds went on the scent for a descriptive statement.

"Really there's nothing unusual about my coat," insisted Michael, drawing the frightened wrap a trifle closer, "except for the fact that it happens to be well-made."

Yet what could be more sensational, when you think about it, than a writer with a well-made coat? And if so, why hasn't it been returned to the owner?

A L A D Y of cropped hair and Charleston oscillations, but a face of an earlier period, asked Michael if it were true that women fascinated him terribly. Very calmly he replied, "Not just at present."

Evidently Michael had met up with what Novarro calls "one of those sex-distractions."

A n ardent admirer recently wrote me that I somehow suggested Arlen, or vice versa. I forget which. Doubtless the similarity was a matter of salary rather than style, yet ever since I've been quite an admirer of Michael. I'm moved to further agreement by his opinion of Florence Vidor as "The Grand Duchess," the first screen royalty to make me bend a knee since Alice Terry was the lovely queen in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

He says that in Malcolm St. Clair's picture Florence is the most exquisite creature he has seen in pictures. Furthermore, that she deserves "The Green Hat."

I once suggested Florence for the rôle of the Virgin in Parini's "The Life of Christ." Fancy that. Hedda, a madonna in a "Green Hat!"

But such, I'm learning, is the versatility of woman.

I N the gayeties of the Montmartre lunch hour there is now and again a tragic note. Corinne Griffith and Alice Joyce were visibly agitated as they sat awaiting their friend Anna Q. Nilsson, who was downtown getting a divorce. They were afraid she wouldn't get it in time to make the football game. But the tragedy was averted. Anna, true heroine, dashed up in the nick of time with "the papers."

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The spirit of Christmas overcomes the screen's most humorous writer and he tosses verbal presents hither and yon with cheerful but discriminating abandon.

Of all the actresses who have played in pictures, Fanny Ward, I'm told, could cry the longest and loudest.

All you have to do is tell the orchestra to play "NearER My God To TheEe" and Fanny's feelings are hurt. She doubtless feels that they're getting personal.

No sooner does a player triumph on the screen than a frantic search ensues for carboil copies of him.

A youth recently was thrust from the pavement into leading roles for no other reason than a resemblance to Novarro.

"But I don't look like Novarro," he corrected haughtily. "I look only the way Novarro photographs."

"Well, here's hoping for his sake," laughed Novarro. "That he doesn't photograph the way I look!"

A CYNICAL colleague's definition of a film star: a chamber maid with three fur coats.

If you think cynicism confined to us patriarchal critics, listen to this query from a flapper of sixteen: "Do the wide open spaces mentioned in pictures refer to the craniums of directors?"

Those who have complained about the dullness of this page during the past few months will be glad to learn that Alice Terry is back at her old post on the paper.

I paid Alice twenty-five dollars a month and let her work in pictures on the side, but when she was told by an old scandalmonger that I received almost twice as much (which is a lie and I can prove it) she became temperamental and left for France to play in "Mare Nostrum."

"Mais non," she exclaims in French (having all but forgotten her native tongue during the three months abroad), "art counts for more than ze jack."

She returned from France the godmother of the French army but looking well. She gave the Blue Devils her blessing, before departing, and sent them to ruin the Rifis in Africa. Now the Rifis say Allah is not so good, and wish they knew Alice.

Swathed in furs from the Rue de la Paix she stepped from the train wearing the sunlight. On closer inspection the sunlight are proved to be a trifle from Cartier's weighing twelve karats.

"A gift from an admirer," explained Alice starrily.

The admirer, I learned, is Rex Ingram. This no doubt will cause talk.

When a reporter asked if she were separating from Mr. Ingram Alice showed him the diamond and said, "No, I've just been re-engaged."

"Anything confidential you'd like to say?" he asked.

"No, nothing confidential for publication," said Alice.

"How does it feel to play a bad woman on the screen?"

"You never know you're bad," said Alice, "until you see the rushes."

"Au revoir!"

Alice says that "Mare Nostrum" is Rex's greatest work. In this production he achieves the desire of his life. He kills off all the actors.

The heroine is shot and the hero is sunk by a submarine, thus leaving only Rex.

No less than five octopuses, employed for the underwater shots, actually died of exhaustion. It takes a hardy fish to stand up under Rex's direction.

No power could move Rex to change the original title of the Ibanez story from "Mare Nostrum."

"All right," said Alice calmly. "Wait and see. They're going to look at it and say, 'Oh, another one of those horse pictures.'"

"Oh, God!" wailed Rex, and permitted the translation "Our Sea" to be used in parentheses beneath the title.

Now the only chance for confusion is between Rex and the wild horse of the same name.

We all play parts on screen and off. And the one we invariably pick for modish day wear is furthest from ourselves.

There's a glint-eyed ogre in a studio who frightens canary-souled actors by day and by night writes exquisite poetry, some of which has been set to music. Watch-dog of the treasury abroad and at home a lavish nightingale . . . .

The world's all Jekyll-Hyde.

A NEW medical term—Screen-fright.

It does not apply to an uncomely actress, as you might suppose, but is a sensation exactly comparable to that which vocal actors experience on the opening night of a speakie. Screen fright grips many a heroic abdomen on the first day's work in a picture.

Lew Stone, with all the graven poise of Michelangelo's Moses, says he all but faints on the initial day of each production.

Malcolm McGregor, likewise a gentleman of savoir-fair, is so sensitive to the first shots of the camera that he invariably spends the preceding night in a contemplation of suicide. Many is the evening, indeed, that I've saved him from his own hand by thrusting a highball into it.

SENSITIVENESS is the mark of the artist. Blatant self-confidence may carry a player more speedily to the heights, but just as speedily overthrows him.

Show me a fallen idol and I'll show you one who has tripped over his own union of conceit.

PEGGY JOYCE was lunching with Mme. Adela Rogers St. Johns (surely Our Adela rates a Madame if does the Mme. Glyn, whose fiction, if served alongside, would be sent back to the kitchen for warming).

"I've read your stories," said Peggy (Countess Morner) to Adela (Madame St. Johns). "I am [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]"
Uncle Sam's Adopted Children

Little Pauline Garon was born in Montreal, Canada, but she came to the States for a neighborly visit. And she likes it so well that she has decided to stay and become one of the family.

Below: Dorothy Mackaill, of Hull, England, is now a full-fledged American. She has even lost all traces of her English accent. What greater evidence could she show of her deep patriotism for her new country?

Pola Negri will soon be entitled to vote. This new citizen, formerly of Poland, has taken out her first papers.

Lillian Rich is the newest recruit. Lillian has been torn between loyalty to England and love for America. America won out and Lillian has taken first steps to join Cal's subjects.

Anna Q. Nilsson, born in Ystad, Sweden, married John Gunner-son, an American. And that made Anna an American, too. However, Anna is divorcing John but keeping her citizenship.
Some of the strangers within our gates who have decided to stay. England, Germany, Poland, Greece, Sweden and Russia lose some fair citizens. As President Coolidge said: It doesn’t matter how they came over, they’re all in the same boat now.”

Below: Constance Talmadge is in the strange position of asking for citizenship in her native country. According to the law, Constance is a Greek. You see, she married John Pialoglou, once of Greece. The marriage was brief, but laws are laws and so Connie, as an alien, must ask for naturalization papers.

Ernst Lubitsch, once a German, is now learning the words of “The Star Spangled Banner.” Can you repeat them?

Praise be to Alla for becoming an American citizen! Just before she made her recent trip to Paris, the Russian Nazimova signed her first papers. So Alla is rescued from the Bolsheviks.

Mary Pickford, born in Toronto, Canada, used to be a subject of King George. When she married Douglas Fairbanks, she assumed American citizenship. It goes with the wedding ring. We are duly grateful to Doug.

Enid Bennett is another star who is married to America. The fair lady from Australia became a Yankee in good standing when she decided to change her name to Mrs. Fred Niblo.
In its new topaz glass bottle Bathasweet makes a gift that may be appreciated for more than an expensive one: These fragrant bath salts sell for $1.50 a bottle.

This Bouquet Set makes a strikingly attractive gift — perfume, toilet water, lipstick and compact — all neatly packed in red, blue and green holiday boxes, lined with yellow silk — in odors, Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal and Mon Boudoir. Price $12.50.

A gift that he will appreciate is a Hickok belt and bellogram. In distinctive designs and materials these may be obtained from $1.00 to $5.00; sterling buckles, of course, are more expensive.

Dupont Pyralin sets or single pieces for the boudoir not only make attractive gifts but are always in excellent taste. They come in many styles and patterns to suit every purse. The pieces shown above are the decorated La Belle patterns.

Here is a delightful and inexpensive gift by Tre-Jur — purse size with powder above and rouge below in the famous sliding drawer. Scented with Joli Memoire — and with a separate puff for each. Tre-Jur costs $1.00, or with lipstick, $1.25.

This happy little fellow has many feminine admirers and, both for its decorative appearance and unique perfume, Goldkowog is particularly popular as a gift. Two ounce size, $7.00. Goldkowog Jr. (1 oz.), $3.00.

A gift that is a new kind of make-up — Tanger, that's orange in its chic little containers, but changes to blush-rose as you put it on. Tanger lipstick, $1.00; cerise rouge, $1.00; and rouge compact, 75c.

Cheramy presents the "Perfumes of Youth." Illustrated is a four piece Cappi perfume set in a gaily flowered box, perfume, toilet water, compact and face powder, for $5.00.

These Big-Lo Baby Dolls are popular with both youngsters and oldsters. A perfect reproduction of a three-day-old baby — it both sleeps and cries. May be had in many sizes with long or short dresses — from $3.00 up.

Enchanting names and intriguing perfumes from France by Clio — Chevalier de la Nuit, 1/2 oz. for $10.00; Parfum Muscree $2.00 and $5.00; Doux Jasmin, 1/2 oz. $2.50; 1 1/4 oz. $8.50; and Bouquet Antique at $12.50.

Here is a gift that is most acceptable not only for the man in the cascbut for the girl as well — Kumi-A-Part cuff buttons. They click open and snap shut and come in a wide variety of styles and prices to fit all tastes.
EARLY THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR

The smart, felt hat sketched on Dorothy Mackail is trimmed with a “black pearl” pin. All colors. $5.00. Scarf of “selfwood” plaid, price $2.95.

Vera Reynolds’ evening frock is of crepe chiffon in two tones of pink, orchid, green or white. $20. Price $39.90.

The pleated panel, tuxedo collar and cuffs of this heavy flat crepe semi-made dress are completed. Blue, green or brown with tan; black with white. $32-4. Give length from shoulder. Price $10.95.

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Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these smart costumes for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. Returns permissible only if articles are sent direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.
Keeping cool with Claire, or the freedom of the knees. The winsome Miss Windsor does not stoop to roll her own but buys them already bobbed.

New Knee Knicknacks

Pictures like these make us mourn that poor guy who got beheaded for insinuating that the Queen of Spain had legs. Talk about living before your time!

Now here is one you must have, a fur garter to match your fur coat. This one is made of ermine, tipped with monkey fur, to match an evening wrap. But they come in sports models, too. Highly recommended to overcome the wallflower tendency and to start slow conversationalists. These particular knees are Gwen Lee's.

Crossing ahead. Look out for the signs. Joan Crawford comes right out in public and lets the world know that her heart is not in the right place. As if that weren't strong enough, she puts an icicle next to it. A fine fad, but suppose Joan got knock kneed?
Wouldn't you like your living room to be as luxurious as this set from "The Song and Dance Man"? Below Mr. Chapman reveals just how it can be done at a moderate price, with a romantic shopping tour in the bargain.

A Beautiful $1,000 Living Room

By Charles D. Chapman
Art Director, Eastern Paramount Studios

The third of a series on how to use the motion picture to suggest furnishings in your home

You can have a smart, sophisticated living room of comfort and charm, furnished from carpet to ceiling, for $1,000.

The set shown above from "The Song and Dance Man" is proof of it. I designed and furnished this room in its entirety for exactly that sum.

And I'm proud of it. It's done in the New York manner. Its colors, which no photograph can show, are delightful. It is a homey room, adaptable to almost any type of entertaining. Its furnishings are of lasting value and bespeak cultured taste. But with furniture priced as high as it is, I couldn't have created this room at its price without extensive shopping.

Every time I adopt a typically feminine institution to my own masculine uses, I discover anew how innately wise women are. Shopping is entirely woman-made. It has created bargain counters, beauty and progress, but most important in this case, it has created values. In every city there are springing up small antique and decorators' shops, all holding treasures to be unearthed. In shops of this character, I picked up the pieces illustrated.

No movie studio attempts to cramp its designer's style by demanding cheap fakes be used in settings. I look for bargains for the fun of actually finding real ones.

I wanted to select for you a room suited to almost every home. The room here used is certainly most correct for the town residence, where formal tone and restful atmosphere must be combined with chic. This is, as a matter of fact, a copy of the individual drawing rooms in one of New York's most luxurious and fashionable hotels where $20 a day is considered a moderate room rent.

I am glad to let the movies and Photoplay bring it to you, and to tell you how you can have it for your own forever for $1,000. At the end of this article you will find an itemized statement of exactly what each piece cost.

First, consider the colors. The walls are a warm gray, a putty colored gray which has quite a bit of yellow in it. You will find this a livable color. It blends with most furnishings and is a charming background for colorful, feminine clothes. The carpet that covers the entire floor is the same shade. The hangings at the windows are of old rose and gold damask.

This series of articles on home furnishing is designed to enable American home managers to take advantage of the experience and ability of one of our greatest authorities on home decoration. Next month Mr. Chapman will advise you on how to make the most of pictures and mirrors to make your home livable.
and against the French doorway in the center background, the curtains are of ceru tinted seco silk, a practical, inexpensive material. 

The tables and commodes are of antique walnut, while the overstuffed pieces are covered in soft green with flowers of old gold. The mirrors are framed in silver and the five color Chinese jars, the tiny, blue pleated shade on the Checoslovak china lamp and the yellow flowers in the flat bowls provide the needed warmer tints.

This use of color is in response to the latest demand in home decorating which calls for a quite lively blending of various shades. Now for the shopping end of it,

A rule I always employ and which might prove valuable to you in interior decorating is to draw a small plan of the way I want my room to look when finished. I do this before I go out to buy. You don't need to draw well for this purpose. Just enough to show yourself whether you want a table or a piano under the windows, for instance, is sufficient. This prevents coming back with four kidney shaped tables and three bridge lamps for which there isn't a bit of space.

The proportions of this room are slightly larger than those of the living room in the average home. It was necessary here for proper camera range. These furnishings, however, are adaptable to the room of medium size, if you find it necessary to save space or money, the Queen Anne chests or the Italian commodes might be left out without destroying balance.

In this set the first thing I drew in my diagram was a two piece sofa. Every living room should have comfort and the new two piece sofa is the smartest and best way of guaranteeing comfort. Thus I started my shopping by looking for such a piece, covered in materials and colors that would go well with the smooth, gray walls of the room. I purchased the sofa and chair here shown at an excellent auction room. They are covered in beautiful damask but cost only $250.

**HERE'S one Richard Dix tells. Seems he caught it while on a visit to the publicity department to look at some stills.**

She was a new girl—had just been signed—and was filling out a biographical blank for the department. She was putting it on thick, too—fine old Southern family impoverished by the war and all that, when she came to the line marked EDUCATION.

For a second she hesitated and then after Education she wrote "PRIVATE TOOTER." Ain't it great to be educated?

Then I looked about for a comfortable chair to be used with those two. It had to be somewhat formal and I preferred that it be beautiful. The ordinary, large overstuffed chairs in the retail shops being too costly, I unearthed an old Queen Anne chair in a little second hand furniture place. It was pretty terrible there, covered in dingy denim, but its original lines were perfect. I took it to an upholsterer who covered it in old English chintz, all for $80.

Down town in New York, in the foreign settlements, there is a little lane called Allen Street. It offers the finest and most inexpensive brass in the country. There I picked up my fireplace fixtures, solid brass but costing only $10. Near there I also discovered the two mirrors. They were unframed and speckled but I knew what to do with them. They were mine for $20. Having them resilvered cost $3 a piece. A frame maker did the frames, painted in old silver, for $24. I matched these with the Dutch silver cigarette boxes on two of the three occasional tables.

In Chinatown I found the twin temple jars and the mantel vases. The latter were actually Sevres china, but the dealer didn't know it. Thus I got them for $5 each. For the same price I bought the flat crackle wear bowls for cut flowers. The thrill of the voyaging shopper being upon me, I journeyed back to the Armenian neighborhood to hunt carpets. The one I purchased was far too large for the average room and, therefore, reduced in price. I had it cut to the size I wanted for $60 and the three imitation Oriental rugs, in which this case cover the carpet's worn spots, cost another $60. New carpeting of this kind retails from $4 to $6.50 the yard. An out of the way print shop yielded up the two English prints you see hanging on either side of the doorway. They were beautifully obscured by dirt, but look at them now! The same was true of the two Italian commodes beneath them. I saw those at an antique dealer's, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]
"Laughs," says Douglas MacLean, "are like firecrackers. The fuse must be just the right length and they must be thrown at just the right time."

By Herbert Howe


THE monthly "keeping up appearances" prize goes to the handsome and utterly jobless young actor who gaily dines at a leading cafe in greasepaint and costume. If some producer doesn't offer him a part, perhaps a tourist will think him a star. Heartbreak business pictures!
Those Elusive Dimples

They are the trademark of beauty

The classes in geography that attend the courses conducted by Professor Ziegfeld have tried for years to estimate the number of dimples on Ann Pennington’s twinkling knees. Now this vital problem is put up to movie fans. Count ‘em if you can!

There is a star on Patsy Ruth Miller’s knee. Now can you say that there is no truth in astrology?

"A dimple in the chin—a devil within"—and yet it’s hard to believe it when you look at Lilian Rich’s trusting blue eyes.

Dimples add piquancy to Laura La Plante’s smile. In her case, they are Nature’s flashing diamond—and invaluable assets to her career.

According to fortune tellers, a dimple on the shoulder means that the owner is destined to wear many decollete gowns. And, sure enough, Carmel Myers does!
The Duchesse de Richelieu tells how to keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely

"Care of the skin, in my opinion, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

As a young girl growing up in aristocratic Baltimore, there was that about the future Duchesse de Richelieu which caused all who saw her to predict for her a great career.

Patrician she was, even then—though in the best American tradition. The head was finely-modeled with its crown of golden hair. The blue eyes looked out from under delicately level brows. Her skin had the exquisite fineness, the fragile delicacy that bespeak centuries of breeding, yet with the freshness, the bloom of a young race.

As if beauty and charm were not enough, nature bestowed upon her yet another gift—a soprano voice of rare lyric quality.

When by her marriage this favored young American added to her native endowment the heritage of one of the proudest names of old France, she was drawn at once into the glamorous whirl of international social life.

Asked how, through all her exciting social and musical activities, she continues to retain her freshness and bloom, she replied:

"Care of the skin. It is an obligation always to appear with a complexion fresh and radiant, never betraying the least trace of any weariness or imperfection. And this care, in my opinion, can best be had by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Hundreds of beautiful and distinguished women everywhere have found in these same two delicate, fragrant creams made by Pond's the perfect equipment for keeping their fragile skins just exquisite.

Before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lightly over and letting it stay on several moments. Now with a soft cloth or tissue remove all the cream and the loosened dirt and dust which its pure oils have brought to the surface from the roots of your pores. Repeat the process. If your skin is dry, pat more cream on and leave it over night.

Several times by day, especially after you've returned from hours out of doors, cleanse your face, throat and the V of your neck with Pond's Cold Cream the same way—and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores.

After these daytime cleanings, smooth over your refreshed, invigorated skin ever so little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its soft protection against wind and dust and chapping cold makes it delightful to use just before going out. But what pleases you most of all is the even, exquisite tone it lends your skin. Flick on your powder and see with enchantment how evenly it lies, how natural is the glow it gives your skin, and how long it stays just so!

When you buy your own Pond's creams ask for the large-sized jar of the Cold Cream which lasts so well. Both creams come in two sizes of smaller jars and in tubes.

Among other beautiful women who have praised these famous creams for the care of the skin are:

HER MAJESTY, MARIE, THE QUEEN OF Roumania
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS
THE PRINCESSE MATCHARELLI
THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two Famous Creams and directions for using them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. A, 147 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.
Name

Street

City.......................... State
A Top Rider

That's Buck Jones, and it means he ranks with an army general

By Jim Tully

This—on paper—hardly means a thing. But some western actors are so important that even the Pope could not talk to them without a letter of introduction written in Cowboy Latin. Buck has been everything that a runaway lad could possibly be. A laborer, a hiker on the road, a soldier in the United States Cavalry.

Leaving the Army, in which he served three years in the Philippines, Buck again rode ranges all over the west from Montana to Texas. The turn of a card brought him to Ponca City, Oklahoma, where is located the famous Miller 101 Ranch. The Miller circus wintered there—and with it was the greatest aggregation of bronco busters, bareback riders and ropers ever assembled under the sun. Each spring every one on the ranch is given a chance to try out as a performer with the circus. Each man trying is given a horse and a rope and a steer—and God's great out of doors to roll around on. Buck Jones entered the lists with a thousand riders looking on. He made good and went on tour and opened in Madison Square Garden.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114
"After four years spent as a detective, I became subject to indigestion. On account of irregularity of meals I was troubled with gas on the stomach, pimples, constipation and loss of appetite. I went to my physician, who recommended Fleischmann’s Yeast. After two weeks, the gas on my stomach ceased and gradually my condition returned to normal. My appetite is splendid, my skin has cleared, and my intestinal tract functions perfectly. And on my new job as building contractor I still eat my Fleischmann’s Yeast to keep fit."  
John W. Hemmerle, West Philadelphia, Pa.

True Tales about Health

They tell how thousands conquered constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders—found glorious vitality—by eating one natural food.

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann’s Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on "Yeast for Health," Health Research Dept. 13, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"My duties as a moving picture stunt man require a great outlay of bodily vigor and always striving for a more perfect physical condition, I began taking Fleischmann’s Yeast. As a result of this lucky leap, my muscles have not only increased in size, but every organ in my body has been fired with new vitality and new energy, enabling me to perform stunts more efficiently and enjoy perfect health."

Littleton Savin, Los Angeles, Calif.

"About a year ago my face, neck and arms were covered with pimples. I was a bundle of nerves. One day my mother told me to try Fleischmann’s Yeast. I took two cakes a day for two months. Then the miracles started to happen. My pimples vanished. I no longer jumped at every little noise. Today, thanks to Fleischmann’s Yeast, I am a new girl."  
Anne M. Cremin, New Haven, Conn.

This famous food tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today!
They’re All Talking About This

"THE Big Parade," King Vidor's production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, made good as a really great picture. The story was everything, and Vidor, with an extraordinary cast headed by John Gilbert, has mirrored it all. It is a record of beauty and romance woven against the heartbreak, the burning idealism and the gruesome reality of the World War.

The men, too, are real, weary, dirty, hard-boiled fighters. "Bull" and "Slim"—two modern muskeeters—are played by Tom O'Brien and Karl Dane. O'Brien's comedy performance of "The Big Swede" was so perfect as to nearly run away with the whole picture.

This is no usual movie war scene, but an absolutely faithful visualization of the way the doughboys went forth under cover of a barrage to do battle.

A machine gun nest. The Heinies hidden within their trenches sending forth over No Man's Land the deadly message of their fear and their hate. Here again is perfect accuracy of detail.
Don't you know?

His desk was so placed that in taking dictation she had to sit quite close to him. And each time she dreaded it.

Finally one day she thought she could stand it no longer.

"Couldn't we move this file," she suggested, "so I can sit opposite you?"

The question puzzled him. He wanted to know why.

"Don't you know?" she said.

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. —Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

By the way—
In using Listerine to combat halitosis you automatically combat sore throat and often avoid more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.
Where Corinne Griffith is at Home

Why Corinne Griffith likes to work in California. Her charming home in Beverly Hills.

The breakfast room, with its beautiful view, is flooded with sunshine and color.

The comfortable arrangement of the fireplace gives the living room a restful and hospitable air.

From the hall you can catch a glimpse of the dining room, through the grilled gate.

Corinne's bedroom is extremely simple—almost sedate.
HIS MAJESTY, KING ALBERT, IS ENTERTAINED

DURING the recent visit of King Albert of Belgium to Brazil, the magnificent banquet hall of the Palacio Real was completely equipped by the Brazilian Government with a special service of Community Plate. Each of the three hundred and eleven pieces used was engraved with the national Coat of Arms of Brazil. Thus the vogue of Community Plate spreads from continent to continent.

A Few Distinguished Patrons of Community Plate

Princess Margrethe of Denmark       Baroness Huard
Duchess of Rutland                   Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The War Drama of the Gayest City in Europe

"The Viennese Medley," a story of the fall and rehabilitation of Austria, promises to be one of the achievements of the season.

The outbreak of the war and the departure of Austria's dashing army. May Allison, as Corinne von Hartig, bids farewell to the man she might have married—Pauli Birbach, played by Ian Keith.

The death of the aristocrat, Tante Ilde, played by Lucy Beaumont—one of the touching moments in June Mathis' First National Production. Corinne (May Allison) and Fanny (Anna Q. Nilsson) receive her last blessing.

Tante Ilde forgives the outcast Fanny von Hartig (Anna Q. Nilsson)—the victim of Vienna's demoralization. Curt Rehfeld, technical director of "The Four Horsemen," was responsible for the direction of "The Viennese Medley"
All over the world well-groomed women use this method of manicuring...

WELL-GROOMED TO HER FINGER-TIPS—
and at her finger-tips!

The woman of today simply must be
perfect in every detail of her toilette.

At home, in business, engaged in active
social life—she knows that she will never
be excused a moment for neglected, un-
tidy finger nails—dull, lusterless, bordered
by split or ragged cuticle.

For it is such a simple matter nowadays
to keep them always lovely. Today every
woman knows how to have nail-tips white
and dainty, nails pink and gleaming, cuti-
cle smooth, shapely. Cutex has taught
her—hundreds and thousands of her!

AND NOT ONLY IN AMERICA. All over the
world women have learned this won-
derful way of caring for their hands.

The familiar little pink and black
Cutex boxes are seen everywhere. On
the theatre dressing table of a tal-
ented actress. In the toilette case of the
traveler In the hand bag of a
business woman. From New York
to San Francisco—in the capitals of
Europe—charming and accomplished

women give Cutex manicure prepara-
tions a favorite place in their vanity
kit. And the Cutex method has won their
unqualified approval.

KEEP YOUR HANDS LOVELY THIS EXQUISITE
WAY. First wash your hands thoroughly in
warm, soapy water. Dip the orange stick in
Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end,
and keep it wet as you work gently around
the nail base. The cuticle is quickly freed from
the nail so it can't split and cause unsightly
hangnails. The old dead skin that is so un-
tidy you simply wipe away with a soft towel.

PASS the wet stick under the nail-tips to
clean and bleach them—and smooth a tiny bit
of Nail White under each. For the loveliest of
finishes, first buff the nails lightly with Cutex
Powder Polish and rinse your hands again.

Now with the soft little brush spread a drop
of Cutex Liquid Polish evenly over each nail.

How charmingly it accents the beauty of your
finger-tips. Best of all its rose pink brilliance
lasts as long as your manicure!

How exquisitely groomed your hands look!
You resolve never again to let a week slip by
without giving your hands the same delight-
ful care that so many women depend on. Buy
one of the attractive Cutex Sets—from 35c to
$1.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Separate
preparations 35c.

Mail 10c
with Coupon
for Intro-
ductive Set

Northam Warren, Dept. Q 1
114 West 17th St., New York City
I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for Introductory Set.

OR SEND 10C WITH COUPON FOR INTRO-
DUCTORY SET containing everything for the
manicure—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid
and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush,
emery board, orange stick, cotton, and help-
ful booklet. If you live in Canada address
Northam Warren, Dept. Q 1, 200 Mountain
Street, Montreal, Canada.


When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCAP MAGAZINE.
"Ben Hur" is Completed!

The Six Million Dollar Production of Lew Wallace’s famous novel will be ready for the public about the first of the year. The great chariot race scenes, witnessed by all the screen celebrities of Hollywood, are said to be the most thrilling ever made, and the picture may prove to be the greatest spectacle of all times. It cost enough anyhow. Ramon Novarro has justified his selection to play the role of “Ben Hur.”

The most wonderful things in Hollywood seem to come to Betty Bronson. Metro honored her with the role of the Virgin Mary in “Ben Hur” and this picture reveals how well she justified their choice.

A section of the distinguished gallery that watched the filming of the famous chariot race. From left to right are Doug and Mary, Sid Grauman, West Coast theater magnate, Harold Lloyd and Enid Bennett.

The country was searched for the magnificent teams of horses that were used in the chariot races, and 80,000 people are shown in the Circus Maximus, although in reality only 6,000 extras were used.
This Gives Back the Days
Women Used to Lose

—This remarkable NEW way supplants
the uncertainty of makeshift hygienic methods
with a security that is absolute by providing
3 unique features unknown before

You'll appreciate
these 3 factors

1. Utter protection—Kotex
absorbs 10 times its own weight
in moisture; 3 times that of
the ordinary cotton pad, and
it deodorizes, thus assuring
double protection.

2. No laundry. As easy to dis-
pose of as a piece of tissue—
thus ending the trying prob-
lem of disposal.

3. Easy to buy anywhere.* Many
stores keep them ready-
wrapped in plain paper—sim-
ply help yourself, pay the
clerk, that is all.

By Ellen J. Buckland
Graduate Nurse

A GAY frock to be worn!—a dinner, a
dance, perhaps an hour's motoring
each way!

Yesterday that would have been a prob-
lem. Today, to the modern woman, it
comes only as an incident. Unlike her
predecessors, she no longer spends almost
one-sixth of her time under a hygienic
handicap.

Modern science has discovered a safe
hygiene for women. A way which eight in
every ten women of the better walks of life
have adopted. A way that, once you try,
will make a great difference in your life.

Three important advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanita-
tory pad. Nurses in war-time France first
discovered it. It is made of the super-
absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially
processed, soft finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times
its own weight in moisture, five times as
absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new,
secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing
protection this feature alone gives!

There is no bother, no expense, of laun-
dry. Simply discard as you would waste
paper—without embarrassment.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do.
It will make a great difference in your
viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your
health.

60% of many ills, according to many
leading medical authorities, are traced to
the use of unsafe and unsanitary make-
shift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice,
millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its ad-
vantages beyond all question. No other
method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in germ-proof packages of
twelve, in two sizes: the Regular and
Kotex-Super. At all better drug and de-
partment stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the
improvements, mental and physical, that
it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene"
booklet. Sample mailed free on request.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in
women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mary Pickford’s Holiday Gift to Everyone whose heart is young-

SCRAPS
'Her latest production
In writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.
A scene from “La Boheme,” the tragic story of the little consumptive lace maker of the Paris Latin Quartier, which Metro-Goldwyn is making with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. Gilbert is the penniless poet who loves and loses—at least Mimì dies in the Puccini opera in which gorgeous gowns and fashionable trappings will be lavishly displayed. It will be made in the East.

“Know who that is?” asked Doug of the youngsters, pointing to the comedian.

The three gave Harold the once over and then turned away, all admiration for Doug.

“Naw!” was thechorused answer.

“Take another look! Now do you know?” Again they answered “Naw,” and with a laugh Fairbanks said:

“Well, that’s Harold Lloyd.”

“So is your old man,” said the boys, and promptly turned their backs on Harold.

I was talking to one of our very best cameramen the other day. I won’t mention his name or he may never get a job again.

He had had a hectic day—the lights all wrong, the actors troublesome and the director peevish.

Suddenly his face lighted up and I asked why.

“Oh, I just had a vision of Heaven.”

So I asked what it was like. I’m really terribly interested in heaven—so many different people have so many different ideas of it.

And here is this cameraman’s idea of Heaven:

To sit in his front room—his parlor, I believe he called it—a highball in each hand and his feet on the windowsill, and watch a procession of actors’ funerals go by—one every minute, I believe he said.

Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, known professionally as Natacha Rambova, has signed a contract to star in F. B. O. pictures. Her first film will be, naturally, a society drama

[Continued from page 43]

Following hard upon this announcement is the statement that Rudy and Natacha have come to the parting of the ways. A Paris divorce is in the offing. There doesn’t seem to be very much the matter, except a case where two careers can’t get along very well in double harness.

Rudy has been scampering around the village with Vlma Banky and Pola Negri, and gave an interview saying he was enjoying his bachelor life.

Natacha doesn’t seem to be exactly heartbroken. She has developed into a very regular sort of person, and life with the original sheik was all romance.

Good luck and good pictures to both of them.

The two Busters—Buster Collier, who is Constance Talmadge’s most favored suitor, and Buster Keaton, who is her brother-in-law—got together the night before Connie left for New York and gave her a small but very hilarious party at the Keaton mansion in Hollywood.

It was a gingham and overall party, and everyone who came had to wear said habiliments or he was denied admittance.

Connie herself wore a little checked gingham pinafore of bright yellow and white, and an enormous yellow bow in her hair. Buster Collier borrowed the overalls from his chauffeur, who must weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, so some of the guests had hard work finding their boat, but it started the fun off in the right direction.

Marion Davies was the hit of the evening, appearing in her “Zander the Great” orphans costume, and you know Marion is as good an impromptu comedienne on the screen as she is on. Bebe Daniels wore a Baby Peggy frock, Viola Dana returned for the evening to the rompers that made her famous, and Eileen Percy wore black gym bloomers and a blue and white middy. Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Lee Cody and Mrs. May Ayres, his fiancée, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Ray—Charlie looked exactly as he did in the “Swimming Hole” picture—Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle, Ulrich Busch, [Continued on page 94]
The truly distinctive perfume which has pleased a famous star

"Ben Hur perfume, so exquisite, so delightfully different, is truly distinctive and pleasing."

Carmel Myers

Many women love to vary their perfumes. Others, equally smart, prefer to choose some one delicious scent and, crowning it their very own, to identify it in a subtle way with their own personality.

For the changing festivities of the mid-winter season it is important to choose this very personal perfume with especial care. It should be just a little thrilling for the dance, subtle and yet lingering for the theater, and for a hundred social occasions, not too heavy to be cloying, nor too delicate to lack distinctiveness.

Because Ben Hur Perfume so fully meets all these exactions, Carmel Myers—a woman of taste as well as an accomplished artist—admires it. Her words of praise for Ben Hur echo the opinion of thousands of women everywhere who always choose this fragrance because it is "so exquisite, so delightfully different."

Ben Hur is sold by leading druggists and at the toilet goods counters of leading department stores. Extract, toilet water, face powder, both compact and loose, toilet powder and dusting powder for the bath—all may be had in this unusual fragrance. Its packages are delightful in shape and design, its gift boxes artistic, its bottles graceful in shape. They make charming gifts for all occasions at $1.00 to $10.00.

The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in charming little purse size bottles, deftly shaped to take up the least possible space in one's purse. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Carmel Myers— as the beautiful Egyptian princess, Ira, in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacle, "Ben Hur," by her interpretation of the role, more than justifies the prediction of success voiced by her thousands of admirers.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Corinne Griffith in “INFATUATION”

AND they say that the sands of the desert grow cold! Not for Violet Bancroft, vivacious wife of a middle-aged official, who suddenly found her interest aroused in an aggressive young diplomat. And then—in the lustrous glamor of Cairo, against a background of intrigue and dazzling military figures—reason and obsession grapple in a death grip.

Corinne Griffith, whose “Classified” has delighted hundreds of thousands, strikes an equally powerful chord of entertainment in this dramatic adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham’s “Caesar’s Wife.” Irving Cummings directed for Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc., and the supporting cast includes Malcolm McGregor, Percy Marmont, Warner Oland, Martha Maddox, Leota Lorrain and Claire de Brey.

Frank Lloyd presents “THE SPLENDID ROAD”

THE SPLENDID ROAD” is a glorious drama of a woman’s battle against man’s odds with the California Gold Rush as a background of sweeping action.

Frank Lloyd revives memories of “The Sea Hawk” in his reincarnation of “The Colonial Dame,” the old three-master that carries Sandra Dehault and her three adopted children around the continent in 1849. Whether on silv’ry seas or in the gold canyon, the drama carries on—a splendid tribute to the early pioneers.

Anna Q. Nilsson (above) plays the lead supported by Lionel Barrymore and Robert Frazer, featured players, and a cast that includes Edward Earle, Gladys Brockwell, Pauline Oarcon, Marceline Day, Russell Simpson and George Bancroft. From Vingie Roe’s novel of the same name.
Photoplay

Barbara La Marr in
"THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTE"

THEY searched 2,000 stories, books and plays and then selected this (from Anthony Pryde's "Spanish Sunlight") as the plot to afford the broadest scope to Miss La Marr's exotical talent.

They reproduced every atmospheric detail of the far-off island of Majorca, provided sterling character parts and then told Director Alfred E. Green (who made "Sally") and his staff of featured players to go to it. And what a picture of drama and emotions they made! Already "The Girl from Montmarte" is being hailed as Miss La Marr's most entertaining picture.

Lewis Stone (in insert above) and Robert Ellis are featured. Eve Unsell wrote the continuity and June Mathis was editorial director for this Sawyer-Lubin production.

Edwin Carewe presents
"JOANNA"

THREE men differed on the dominating characteristic of the average American girl. They gambled a million dollars to prove their contentions and then chose Joanna, a working girl whose heart craved cake while she ate bread, as the subject for their experiment. And no scientific investigation was ever pushed so relentlessly to its conclusion.

From this unusual premise of H. L. Gates' widely read newspaper serial, Director Edwin Carewe has built a picture of unfailing interest. Dorothy Mackaill of "Chickie" fame (above) typifies the American girl whose emotional reactions are placed on observation. Jack Mulhall (insert) who has won immense success in recent First National Pictures, plays the male lead.
Give Her Traveling Comfort For Christmas

Give her the universal utility bag that has freed thousands of women from the burden of heavy hand luggage—the smart, light-weight DAISY BAG.

The DAISY BAG may be packed in a few moments with one or two extra hats, a dress or two, slippers, underrthings and toilet articles. Though the average weight is but 20 ounces, it will safely carry 20 pounds!

Rainproof and dust-proof, the DAISY BAG is made of best patent leather fabric, attractively lined, and has an inner pocket. The handle has a handsome silvery-plated clasp which cannot come loose, although a slight pressure of the finger releases the catch.

DAISY DE LUXE MODEL, with patented hookless clasp, 16-inch, $5.50; 18-inch, $6.00;

DAISY BUTTON MODEL, 16-inch, $3.50; 18-inch, $4.00; 20-inch, $4.50.

At leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, giving us his name and address.

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

Constance Bennett and her husband, Philip Morgan Plant, heir to millions, in the correct pose for newlyweds. The marriage ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace at Greenwich, Conn.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

Lefty Flynn, Jack Gilbert, Larry Wheat and Mr. and Mrs. Lou Anger completed the list of guests. Mrs. Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge assisted the hosts in receiving.

WITH film celebrities turning out en masse, the annual public revel of the Maskers Club—to Hollywood what the Lambs' Gambol is to New York—went over big, as was a pronounced success in fact. Like most other big openings, a cordon of police was necessary to keep the entrance to the theater clear, so great was the crowd on hand to see the many stars. Robert Edeson, baritone of the maskers, was unable to make the opening speech of the entertainment, being detained on location at Lake Arrowhead. Earle Fox made an admirable understudy.

Fatty Arbuckle, on whose account the show was held at the Philharmonic auditorium instead of the Hollywood Memorial auditorium, because of protests against letting the big comedian appear on the high school stage, received such tremendous applause when he appeared that he stopped the show.

In "When Men Are Men," written by Earle Fox and Robert Edeson, Creighton Hale made an adorable little heroine, who managed to dodge a bullet fired by her handsome husband Cyril Chadwick, at the villain who held her as a shield. As the sheriff, Tom Mix settled affairs in the great open spaces by kicking the dead bandit on the shins and bringing him back to life again. J. Farrell McDonald won a number of laughs as the Irish protector of Chadwick and his wife.

As the shy lawyer who had planned the death of Bert Lytell's sweetheart in a hijacking raid, Montague Love presented the most dramatic character of the evening.

Said Bebe Daniels to Lew Cody at the Montmartre: "Who was the pretty girl you were dancing with? You were most attentive."

Lew: "Which one? I danced with two."

Bebe: "Both!"

HOLLYWOOD is like a youthful swain. It loves to rush those it is enamoured of. And now Lina Basquette, who recently left the Folies to become Mrs. Sam Warner, is the rush. She is nothing but a child with great brown eyes—her most attractive quality.

The other day I saw her at the Montmartre
We have found the only way ever known
— that removes Cold Cream thoroughly
— that removes it safely
— that removes all dirt with it

Will you accept a 7-day supply to try?

This offers you a test of a beauty means that, in justice, must be named a great discovery.
The first and only way ever known that removes cold cream safely... that ends the annoyance of old ways and their dangers to the skin.
We want to send you a supply without charge. Then to get your opinion.
It is not a cloth, but an entirely new kind of material.

A scientific discovery
We are makers of absorbents. Are old authorities in this field.
On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically light material for removing cold cream. For removing it as it must be moved to keep the skin flawless.
It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents several years' scientific research. There is no other like it.

Ends oily noses and dark skins
stops oily nose and skin conditions naughtily. For these come from over-sized pores... cold creams and oils left nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.

No more oily skins
Your "make-up" holds hours longer than before
Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!

First
Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

Then
— pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

Then
You discard the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.
Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes failed in absorbency. Infections—dirt accumulations—were rubbed back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often appear.
Why your skin may look distressingly dark at times.

Multiply skin benefits
Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected.
Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.
It is 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. 25 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.
It does what no other method yet has done... removes ALL the cleansing cream, all dirt and pore accumulations gently from the skin.
And that means much to you.

Send the coupon
Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.
Or... obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x16-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables... a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.

Kleenex
Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

7-Day Supply—FREE
KELENNX CO., P. H. 1
147 Quincy St., Chicago, 111.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.
Name: _______________________
Address: _____________________

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Last minute beauty touches
determine your beauty for hours afterwards!

In those last few, fleeting moments, effect a dazzling transformation with Helena Rubinstein's highly flattering cosmetics. Scientifically compounded—in perfect harmony with the skin—subtly responsive to varied lightings—and remarkably adherent! Your make-up box should include these—

Helena Rubinstein's aids to the perfect daily make-up

Valaze Pasturized Face Cream—the 'wonder cream.' Removes all impurities admirably. Frees and revivifies the skin. Soothes, protects, mends out lines, brings new life and beauty to the skin. (Also an excellent powder base.) 4 oz. $1.00, 1/2 lb. 2.00, lb. 3.50

Valaze Complexion Powder—for normal or oily skins—is deliciously fine and soft, moisture-proof, subtly fragrant and very flattering. Tints to match every skin tone. $1, 3, 5.50

Valaze Novena Powder—for the dry type of skin—is made on a Pasturized Cream base to prevent further drying of the skin. Exact tint for every complexion. 1.00, 2.00, 5.50

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Madame Rubinstein's latest shade—is vivid, youthful, sparkling—all smart Paris now using it. A perfect day shade for blondes, and a charming evening shade for every type. Compact 1.00

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—the stunning shade originated by Madame Rubinstein. Very flattering to every skin coloring. It may be blended lighter or darker as desired. Frosting, brilliant, richly colored. Compact $1

Some captivating shades in Valaze Rouge-en-Crème—for both cheeks and lips—exquisitely smooth-blending. Excellent for dry, sensitive skins. 1.00, 2.00, 5.50

Valaze Lipsticks—in the same dazzling tones, Red Raspberry (light, dark, medium) and the new Red Geranium. Delightfully adherent. $1

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener—as darkening and beautifying lashes and eyeshadow—at the same time promoting their growth wonderfully.

Valaze Persian Eyelash (Mascara)—gives lustrous effect to eyelashes—lends a fascinating illusion of depth and intensity to eyes. Adhesive. 1.50

These flattering and protective make-up aids may be purchased at any of Helena Rubinstein's Salons de Beauté Valaze or at the better class department and drug stores.

If you are not in your particular vicinity, and desire to have a sample or a sample at any post office, we will send it at no extra charge.

If you are not a member of the beauty society, and desire a copy of "The Fine Art of Making Up"—just write to us.

Salons de Beauté Valaze

Helena Rubinstein

PARIS

14 W. 57th St., New York

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
No. 1 in 1940.

An old Colony.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Towns, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Carmel Myers, Dr. Daniel Carson Goodwin, Lew Cody and Mrs. Ray Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. John Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mr. Irving Thalberg, and Miss Sylvia Thalberg, Eugene O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Han. Kraly, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wagner, Ama Christina John, and Frank Daze and Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Oren.

CHARLES RAY'S bankruptcy proceedings—Charlie was forced into bankruptcy recently by his creditors—have caused a feeling of real sadness among the members of the star colony. And the dinner party which Ray gave just after the news became public—a sort of formal splurge, we take it—had a faint of funereal gloom.

During the days of Charlie's stardom, the days lived in the most lavish style of any screen celebrities. Now things are changed; they can face the music—and certainly they are standing by them loyally—it may be Charlie the balance and understanding of which he seems to have lacked.

He is working now for Metro Goldwyn, and doing wonderful things, we hear. He can be content to do the one thing he knows how to do—and leave directing, screenwriting, producing and selling pictures to others, we may see again the great Charlie Ray the old days.

Mrs. Sidney Drew, one of the first of our screen favorites, died recently in Los Angeles after a long illness. She will always be remembered for the pictures she made with her husband, whose death a few years ago ended the happy and clever set of domestic comedies with which they delighted the world.

Those Winning Smiles

Which mean so much . . . commercially, socially, are gained this new way with gleaming, white teeth

Don't believe your teeth are "naturally" dull. Just accept this 10-day test. See how dazzling white teeth and healthy gums come when film coats go.

HERE is a new and radically different way in tooth care. A way that quickly restores "off-color" teeth to attractive whiteness and that leading dentists of the world are urging.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be clean and gleaming; your gums firm and of healthy color. Just mail the coupon. A full 10-day supply will be sent you.

FILM . . . it hides pretty teeth, and imperia'l gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, vis- cious coating. The film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It does two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FREE Mail this for Pepsodent

10-day Tube

THE PEPSODENT CO.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Dept. 112, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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

Address ............................................................................... Only one tube to a family.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOSTRAY MAGAZINE.
A T last Eric von Stroheim is learning something about American efficiency. His case is not hopeless, after all.

Mr. von Stroheim has just purchased one dozen monocles in preparation for his villain role in Constance Talmadge's next picture, "East of the Setting Sun." Because a monocle—without which no Continental villain could be convincing—is such a fragile prop, Von decided to stock up on the single eye-glasses before shooting starts. He will direct this George Barr McCutcheon romance, as well as play the menace.

Claire Windsor became so enthusiastic over football that she induced Coach Howard of the University of California team to give her a few lessons in punting. We'll leave you to judge from the photograph just how far she perfected her technique scene in which he was hit on the head with a dumb bell.

"And she wasn't a blonde one, either," said Lane, as he lovingly caressed the bump.

TOGI GALLERY, film actor and husband of ZaSu Pitts, has just won the national squash championship, competing with such famous athletic stars as Bill Tilden, tennis champion, and Harvey Snodgrass, ranking tennis star, and several big squash players.

No matter how this rumpus about Gloria's husband's title of Marquis comes out, I think Gloria made a great error and lost a great chance when she sent for a lawyer to look into it and all that.

She should have given him an adoring look and said, "I don't give a hang whether he's a marquis or not; I love him, and I married him for love and not because he had a title."

Her attitude of annoyance and her determination to defend Henri's claim to the title are probably nothing but wifely pride, but it would have gone better with the atmosphere of a great love affair if she'd taken the other angle.

As far as the title is concerned, people who know France and its aristocracy very well, tell me that La Falaise has a perfect right to call himself a marquis. Of course no titles are recognized in France now, and the title is only one by courtesy. He could not use it on any civil or state papers, such as a marriage certificate, because titles have not been recognized since France became a republic. But the family is a very old one, and Henri is its direct descendant and would be the marquis if they had them nowadays. So his title is probably as authentic as any French title can be, since they were all abolished by the Revolution.

SEEMS to me leading a dog's life—or even a horse's life—as they are lived in Hollywood, wouldn't be so bad after all.

Recently Harry Carey, the "Tammany

WOMEN have known for thousands of years that their beauty and charm attain the utmost power only in an atmosphere of mystery and romance. Vantine's Temple Incense creates this atmosphere with all the subtle potency of centuries ago. In six exquisite fragrances, at all drug and department stores.

How will incense interpret you?

Samples of six odors sent on receipt of ten cents.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 3
71 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
cowboy," pensioned his white horse, Pete, put a nice little nest egg in the bank to care for Pete the rest of his days—in case anything happens to Harry. "Sandy" is Carey's new mount. "Sandy" is to have a dressing room—or stable as they call it on the lot—as comfortable and spacious as any of the stars.

"Sandy"'s dressing room is to be steam heated, too. It will have sanitary removable floors and the walls are to be padded. Air ventilators will also be part of the equipment.

No, Carey doesn't plan to put in any furniture in the dressing room, for while "Sandy" is a right smart critter, he hasn't learned to sit on chairs or sleep in beds as yet.

Michael Arlen is the latest great author to arrive in the Hollywood studios, to write for the screen. If he succeeds, he will be luckier than some of the best of them have been. Elinor Glyn and Rupert Hughes may be said to be the only ones who ever really came out on top, and now Elinor has abandoned the films for a while, and Rupert has given up directing and will only write.

Sir Gilbert Parker, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Atherton, Lenny Scott, Rita Weiman, Clayton Hamilton, Kathleen Norris, Maurice Maeterlinck, W. Somerset Maugham, Frank Adams and Katherine Newlin Burt are only a

Peggy Joyce is astonishing Paris by wearing nothing but white, defying the dictates of the fashion creators. While out in Hollywood she has knocked them for a row of powder puffs by her fine performance in "The Skyrocket." We hereby present the famous beauty at the age of twelve, before her name ever appeared in even her home town weekly.

Read What Richard Dix Says About The

**All-Pullman**

**Golden State Limited**

*NO EXTRA FARE*

Underscore that sentence, "The service and cuisine are excellent," and, in planning your next transcontinental trip, remember that is why the GOLDEN STATE route has become the path of the stars.

Rock Island Travel Bureaus in all principal cities at your service, or address

L. M. Allen, Vice President
Rock Island Lines
792 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.
Now, too... when rooms are overheated, clothing heavier... you will want to use Deodo every day!

By Lucinda Halley

CLOSE heared rooms—the intimacy of the dance and bridge table—winter problems! It has been so difficult to preserve the immaculacy that social contacts demand!

You may have hesitated to use a deodorant—but now I bring you a product that prevents and destroys body odors! A fine, delicate powder, as exquisitely feminine, as delightful to use as talcum.

Just apply Deodo while dressing in the morning—or before going out. Rub it under the arms and dust it over the body. It acts immediately. No waiting or repeated applications. And it continues effective throughout a whole day.

Deodo does not seal the pores or prevent essential perspiration. It simply absorbs and neutralizes the odor. It is soothing to the skin, and tends to heal. And it's entirely harmless to clothing. It will do much to preserve the freshness of your winter frocks—cloth and silk and velvet that can't be washed successfully.

Try Deodo on sanitary napkins. A most distressing problem has been solved! Deodo is sold at druggists' and toilet goods counters. Or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Mail the coupon today!

Deodo
A MULFORD PRODUCT

prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY
Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name ____________________________
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PHO 1-28

Of course you don't believe it. Neither do we. But if the camera can lie, it does not in this case. Jack Duffy is thirty years of age. He plays the rheumatic old gent in Christie Comedies. Either the press agent and cameraman are guilty of collusion, or Duffy is a wizard at make-up.

few who tried and gave up, whether in despair or disgust, who shall say?

Whether it is difficult for authors of plays and books to write motion picture stuff, or whether the producers have been too afraid or too blind to attempt the new and good things given them, will always be a matter of dispute.

But Mr. Arden is a businesslike person, young and very adaptable, and it may be that he will succeed—better, we hope, than did Joseph Hergesheimer with Pola's "Flower of the Night," which was sad.

ONCE telling time was a luxurious rite for Dick Bennett's beautiful young daughter, Constance, whose $600 watch was the envy of everyone on the lot where she was working.

Now telling time is a deep pang for this young screen actress, for while she was working on the stage in "Sally, Irene and Mary" someone stole the beautiful timepiece!

It was of platinum set with diamonds, had a wristband of pearls and a diamond onyx clasp.

Maybe by now she has another one, for she just married one of the gay young bloods of Gotham, Philip Plant, heir to several millions, more or less.

If there is a falling off of pictures before long, you can lay it to the football season. Being as how all Hollywood spends the entire day Saturday on football, it is bound to cut down on the production schedule a little.

Colleen Moore has managed to get Saturday afternoons off by agreeing to work Saturday nights—that much I know. Rod La Rocque, having been told he had to work the day of the Stanford-U. S. C. game, didn't fuss about it. But when they started to look for him he just wasn't there, and I certainly saw someone who looked distinctly like him accompanied by a lady very much like Pola Negri, in a box that afternoon.

Douglas MacLean, with two or three ex-football heroes in his productions, has given up and declared it a holiday for everybody. Edmund Lowe, Bert Lytell and their respective wives, Lilian Tashman and Claire Windsor, haven't missed a game this season, while Ann May and Gardner Sullivan are probably the best rooters out of the rooting section, especially Ann. What a yell leader she would make!

Marion Davies, done up in a bright sweater, looks like a co-ed, and acts like one for that matter, and knows as much about the fine points of the game as some sporting writers try to make you think they do.

Tom Mix and his wife are always on hand, and Tom's effort to stay in the grandstand is pitiful—you know he was a great football player once himself, and Andy Smith, coach of the California Wonder team, is a buddy of his. While as for Harold Lloyd—well, it's a good thing nobody recognizes him without his glasses. He really acts like a first-class lunatic, Mildred says she's almost ashamed to go with him, but forgets about it when she gets there because she gets so excited herself.

Yes, it's a good director that can get a company all before the camera on Saturday—but I guess they don't care, because they go too.

COLLEEN MOORE tells this one:

At the Stanford-University of Southern California game, she sat right in the back of the father of young Ted Shipkey, Stanford's phenomenal end, who is being touted everywhere as a coming All-American. Ted had a lot to do with Stanford's hard-won victory, and when the gun had finally ended the suspense, old man Shipkey said:

"Well, I'll go down to the garage in Anaheim tonight and collect that ten dollars I win. I bet a fellow down there ten bucks Stanford 'ud win, and he took me and says, 'Why, Mr. Shipkey, your money's just as good as good money already: it's just gone.' I says, 'Say, young man, I heard a rooster crow right loud one mornin' and he got his head chopped off.'"
Lillian Rich awoke the other morning to read in the papers that she was the sister of Sally Rand, a player in the same company that "Billie" is contracted to. Of course, it was a terrific surprise to Lillian. And I guess Sally was equally as astonished when she read the announcement over her morning cereal. It all happened this way.

"Billie" Rich is playing in "Braveheart," and Sally is cast as her sister—in the picture. So when the publicity department of the studio sent out a story to this effect, some ruthless individual grabbed the line that read "Sally Rand is Lillian Rich's sister" and sent it out as news. And then the fun began. It happens that "Billie" has a sister who has just arrived from England with Mother Rich. Her name is Cecilia and she is as pretty as Lillian, in a more statuesque way, so it looks as if another Rich might be added to the roster of the reel.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick are the latest members of the film colony to buy in Beverly Hills. They have just purchased a beautiful five and one-half-acre building site on Angeleno Drive, opposite the Ince estate, and plan to build.

It is rumored that William Randolph Hearst recently offered to Nell Ince more than a half acre in Sweden and you may be a hit in pictures. You are a Swedish but not a stylish invasion. Next time you get your picture taken, button up to your throat and wear your collar and tie. That's done over here, Einar. Hanson is as Hanson does, Einar. Don't forget next time. Good luck to you, Einar.

She spoiled a perfectly good proposal!

Pretty girl. Ardent young man. Everything all set. And then—she powdered her nose in public!

"I'm through," said he to himself. "I'd never marry that girl in a hundred years! Great Scott! how she'd get on my nerves!" For, like most men, he intensely disliked to see a woman powder in public.

Now, if at home before leaving she had used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, things might have turned out better. Because Hinds makes the powder cling—for hours. No need to fuss everlastingly with a powder puff. The powder has a proper base.

Also—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on the face morning and night will keep the skin soft, smooth and healthy. Try it and see.

Suppose we send you a sample of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Just write to the address below.

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A DIVISION OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY
What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

Buster Keaton Studio, 1025 Lillian Way, Inactive.

Charles Chaplin Studio, 1146 La Brea Ave. Production will soon commence on "The Dandy" with Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale.

Cecil B. De Mille Studio, Culver City, Calif. Also Hale directing "Braveheart" with Rod La Rocque and Lillian Rich.


Paul Sloane directing "Made for Love" with Edmund Burns and Learie Joy.

Cecil De Mille directing "The Valen Boatman" with Victor Maroni.

Film Booking Offices, 780 Gower St.

Noel Smith directing "So This Is Mexico" with Richard Talmadge and Louise Lorraine.

Harmon Weight directing "Flaming Waters" with Malcolm McGregor, Pauline Baron and Mary Carr.

Wesley Ruggles directing "Broadway Lady" with Evelyn Brent and Theodore Von Kots.

Fremenn Cook directing "The Phantom Pilot" with Kotlar, McCuthe.


Tony Duren directing "Midnight Flyer" with Cullen Landis and Dorothy Devere.

Harry Garson directing "Between Men" with Lefty Flynn and Helen Lynne.

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rowland V. Lee directing "The Outsider" with Len Tolken, Jacqueline Logan and Walter Pidgeon.

Frank Borzage directing "The First Year" with Matt Moore, Katharine Perry and John Patrick.

J. G. Blalock has completed "The Best Bad Man" with Tom Mix and Clara Bow.

Lasky Studio, 1320 Vine St.

Rudolph Walch has completed "The Golden Journey" with Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr. and Creta Nilsen.


James Cruze directing "The Moving Finger" with Zahe Pitts, Alice Joyce and Walter Baxter.

Allan Dwan directing "Men of Honor" with Jack Holt, Florence Vidor and George Bancroft.

Whitfield Cook directing "The Ace of Cads" with Adolphe Menjou.

Edward Sutherland directing "Miss Brewster's Millions" with Brie Daniels.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

Paul Bern directing "Paris" with Charles Ray and Pauline Starke.

Tod Browning directing "The Machine Gun" with Lon Chaney and Reeve Adoree.

Kluge Vidor directing "Bartley the Magnificent" with John Gilbert.


Metropolitan Studios, 6614 Santa Monica Blvd.

Edward Dillon directing "The Danger Girl" with Priests Jeann.

Harold Lloyd Prod., Sam Taylor directing "For Heaven's Sake" with Harold Lloyd and Jodyna Ralston.

Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, 719 Santa Monica Blvd.

William Beaudine directing "Sorrows" with Mary Pickford and Roy Stewart.

Albert Parker directing "The Black Pirate" with Douglas Fairbanks and Billy Dove.

United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.


"The Savage" with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

"Modemistete Modiste' with Corinne Griffith.

Erie von Strudelnli directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge, Walter Pidgeon and Erie von Strudelnli.

Production will soon start on "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

United Artists Prod., Henry King directing "Partners Again" with George Sidney and Alexander Carr.

Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif.

Al Bresli directing "The Overland Trail" with Jack Beadle and Eads Gregory.

Harry Pollard directing "Poker Face" with Edward Everett Horton.

King Baggott directing "The Perch of the Devil." Cast not announced.

Warner Bros. Studio, 5841 Sunset Blvd.

Eric C. Kenton directing "The Love Toy" with Lewill Sherman and Helen Corliss.

Herman Raymiker directing "His Jazz Bride" with Marie Prevost and Matt Moore.


J. S. Blackton directing "The Gilded Highway" with Johnny Hares and Dorothy Devere.

EAST COAST

Biograph Studio, 507 East 175th St., New York City.

"Men of Steel" with Milton Sills, Anna Q. Nilsson and Mary Allison.

Compton, Studio, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Fred Newmeyer directing "Laundrie at Large" with Leon Errol, Dorothy Mackail and Jack Muhlhall.

Jackson Studio, Jackson and Westchester Ave., Bronx, N. Y.


Elmer Clifton directing "Wives at Auction" with Lida Murphy and Gaston Glass.

Paramount Studio, 6th Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon directing "Landing Mothers." with Betty Bronson, Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle.

D. W. Griffith directing "Sorrows of Satan." with Carol Dempster and Lowell Sherman.

Changes in Titles

"The Naked Corsage" will be released as "The Woman of Mystery.

"Mansions will be released as "The Novel Film." "Juno" will be released as "The Golden Journey."

"Magpie" will be released as "Help Yourself." Universal Pictures.

"He's People will be released as "Proud Heart."

Business Offices

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.


Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 356 Madison Ave., New York City.

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

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, 145 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventy Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Corporation, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.


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

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distribution Corporation, 459 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rochester Film Mfg. Company, 1229 Division Plaza, Rochester, N. Y.

B. F. Schulberg, 107 W. 45th St., New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

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

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
Leatrice Joy visited New York last month for the first time in three years. It took her all that time to press the ruffles in her new “French Pastry” negligence, which she designed herself. Besides the negligence, Leatrice brought along a new mannish haircut million dollars for her place, which was completed shortly before Mr. Ince’s death, but she refused the offer.

PEGGY JOYCE doesn’t follow the fashions. She makes her own. Even in Paris, where they are going considerably to colors in women’s wear in the new styles, Peggy wears nothing except the purest white. Her simple girlish gown and the absence of jewelry has made her notable among the crowd of fashionable women who are now exhibiting the new three-colored dresses launched by Pointet.

As a result of the adoption of novel goods, flaring skirts are considerably reduced in size, although assuring the same freedom of movement.

The innovation is due to the fact that in spite of dieting, sports and beauty treatments, seventy per cent of the women are too stout to look well in a short skirt which flares out at the hem like an inverted morning glory.

CAME down on the train from Del Monte the other night with Rod La Rocque, who had been up there making scenes for his new picture, “Brave Heart.” Rod is a likeable youngster, naturally exuberant enough to have the whole dining car looking at him when he gets interested in a topic of conversation.

Just then he was intensely exercised over whether the contractors had remembered to put the tile soap dishes in the walls of the bathrooms in his new house.

“This building a house takes all a man’s time,” he said. “You have to keep your eyes on them every minute.”

Incidentally, Rod has a rather exceptional

Marion Nixon and Bert Lytell in “Sporting Life”

Do you folks remember the old Drury Lane Theatre melodrama, “Sporting Life,” which came from England years ago and created such a sensation in this country? I remember sitting through it with bulging eyes and tangled emotions, and I got so much out of it that I went to see it again and again.

Those old English melodramas were splendidly written and perfectly constructed and this one, by Seymour Hicks and Cecil Raleigh, was one of the most famous of all those fathered by Drury Lane. In picture, as produced by UNIVERSAL, it becomes even more vivid because of the magnificent open-air action and scenery which were impossible on the stage.

“Sporting Life” is a big, exciting, kaleidoscopic drama, full of life, and featuring among other things the great derby at Epsom Downs, a thrilling fight for the championship between an English lord and the British champion—inimate back-stage scenes in a great musical comedy—a thrilling auto race and a rescue scene from the haunts of kidnappers. It involves high English society, is beautifully dressed and full of romance.

UNIVERSAL selected Maurice Tourneur to direct the picture, and he chose BERTLYTELL and MARION NIXON to play the leading roles, assisted by such favorites as GEORGE SEIGMAN, PAULETTE DUVAL, CYRIL CHADWICK, CHAS. DELANEY, TED “KID” LEWIS, OLIVER ECKHARD, FRANK FINCH, SMILES and CATHLEEN CLIFFORD. Watch for “Sporting Life” and ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get it.

It may interest you to know that “The Phantom of the Opera” is drawing greater crowds than even we dreamed of, and some of our dreams were very optimistic. You must not miss it. I wish you’d let me know in which theatre you’d like to see it in your town.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

If you want a copy of our new “White List” booklet—just say the word—it’s free—you can also have autographed photograph of Mary Philbin for 10 cents in stamps

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. New York City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
knowledge of looks and music and paintings. Whether his association with Pola has broadened and polished him in that respect, I don't know, but he can really talk with intelligence and with erudition about art, and he knows a Constable from a Turner, and a Reynolds from a Gainsborough when he sees one.

I WONDER if the New York Chamber of Commerce has had anything to do with the deluge of films having a New York background that have appeared on Broadway lately.

I saw no less than five big pictures with a New York locale, in which the elevated, the subway, Fifth Avenue, Broadway and other romantic spots of the city served as backdrops.

"The King on Main Street," "Annie Rooney," "Classified," "Proud Heart" (the new title for "His People," reviewed in the December 'Photoplay'), "Lights of Old Broadway," and "Jenny Lawrence" are the above-mentioned wagons and pony expresses to photograph New York City atmosphere for his new production.

One of the cleverest publicity stunts of the last few years is that put over by the First National press agent in publicizing "We Moderns," the company of leading women's colleges was asked to express an opinion on the suitability of placing the obvious term "flapper" with the more dignified word "modern," as applied to the college girl.

Needless to say the university girls fell for the stunt with collegiate enthusiasm, and Vanessa, Secretary to Miss Colleen Moore, get Colleen Moore's hearty approval of the idea.

The publicity that Colleen Moore and "We Moderns" will get from this stunt will be worth a lot of money.

A TOUCHING little example of sisterly love is being given in Hollywood every day by Anna Steward. Her brother, George, who you may remember as a handsome and promising young juvenile not so long ago, has been ill for months. And Anna's devotion and constant care of him is heartrending. She goes almost nowhere and spends every minute when she isn't working, at his bedside, and the doctors tell me if he gets well it will be entirely due to her cheerful presence and wonderful nursing.

RUPERT HUGHES has just been elected president of The Writers, which is the sort of intellectualism and learning in Hollywood. He succeeds Bob Wagner.

Funny thing about The Writers. Its chief function nobody seems to know what it all is about, and what will happen is nobody's business. This has happened at Universal every few months for the last six years. The wonder of wonders is how the place runs and makes pictures.

NOT content with the thirteen shiny cups the Harleys and Harbiels won at various dance contests in their pre-celebrity days, Bebe Daniels is now out to grab off all the amateur golf cups that golf intensely in her vision. Every spare moment finds Bebe rambling the links of some California golf course, determined to make it in eighty.

And speaking of Bebe and golfling brings to light a fact that lurks in the minds of many of her Hollywood friends. Truth to tell, they were afraid that after three years of New York life, Bebe might spurn the rustic pastimes of Hollywood. Not so. But it wasn't until the following occurrence was related that fears were allayed.

Some devotee of the bounding ball—I've forgotten who—was tramping the links when she sighted a bevy of girls in a muddy hole. Her skirt was torn and frescoed with mud—her shoes were smeared with mire—her hair blew in the breeze and she was wielding her mashie with a persistent hand. It was Bebe.

"Hi, there!" she called to her friend, "General Grant and I have a lot in common. I'm about to tell some of my friends that if it takes all summer to get this ball out!"

It proved conclusively to Hollywood that Bebe was not "high-batted."

THE "zoo" club has recently been started in Hollywood by Frank Elliot, who organized and put over the very successful and popular Sixty Club. The new club is for Sunday afternoon sort of tea and receptions, and is held in some beautiful gardens in the foothills. The opening Sunday was a huge success, and it promises to be a new feature of the social life of the picture colony.

SOMETIMES the lack of a jack costs plenty of jack. Take the case of Robert Frazer learned when he was stranded with a perfectly new but perfectly flat tire on the lonely road to San Francisco in the wee, small hours following midnight.

He didn't have a jack and had to have one. He stood in the road but the cars would speed up when they saw him.

Bob went back to his car and changed his cap for a derby, so he wouldn't look quite so much like a hold-up.

But evidently the public cannot be kidded with hand-guns.

After stalling around for an hour with fence posts and whatever he could lay his hands to, Bob gave it up as a bad job and drove to the nearest sporting-goods store.

It cost him one hundred dollars for a new tire, rim and tube.

BEWARE of "cane hands," advises Milton Sills. Now, cane hands, in case you are puzzled, is a malady that manifests itself in individuals addicted to carrying canes. It is a progressive disease, as we thought when we first heard of it.

It is the tragedy of not knowing what to do with your hands—when you haven't brought your cane. Milton Sills, actor friends warned him off canes when he first went on the stage. But at that time he felt that a cane was absolutely essential to the dignity and advancement of his career.

So he bought the thing.

Then he was given a part wherein he couldn't use a cane. On the opening night he got an attack of "cane hands." He knew his part perfectly, but didn't know what to do with his hands. He took hold of the arm of a chair. The arm came off. This heightened his confusion and in desperation he clung to the miscellaneous arm throughout the scene. But it was too short for a cane, but he used it as such. And he says the laughter of the audience nearly brought down the curtain.
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Questions and Answers

MRS. F. P., RENO, N. V.—You must be able to get the low-down on everybody living in your town. Here are the statistics on Irene Rich and Anna Q. Nilsson. Irene is 5 feet, 6 inches above the ground and weighs 130 pounds. Anna Q. is an inch taller than Irene and three pounds lighter. Her hair is blonde and her eyes are blue and she is Swedish through and through.

DOROTHY LEE.—So many girls call me daddy, particularly those girls down at the Folies. Still, you're welcome to join my family. You want to know how old Corinne Griffith is. Well, Corinne says she's 24. They couldn't put Corinne and Ronald Colman in a love scene together unless they used fireproof film. I as wise as a tree full of owls? Child, compared to me an owl is in the first grade.

A. S. ELMHURST, L. I.—This Griffith girl seems to be crowding this month. The beautiful Corinne is American-born, having lifted her petal like eyelids to the sun in the old city of New Orleans, La., during the year of 1906. After a sentence like that, don't tell me I couldn't write sub-titles. I know I couldn't.

MISS G. B., PANA, ILL.—When you want a star's picture, write to him at the studio where he is working and send him a quarter.

HARRY, THE BRONX, N. Y.—Harry, you've lost your bet. Your boy friend, Malcolm McGregor, did see the light of this world from Newark, New Jersey, during the month of October, 1896. One thing to be said for Mac, however. He went west.

Getting Laughs Out of Sticks

DOUG, on the other hand, knows exactly what every ingredient is and where it goes before he starts his production.

He reverses the practical scheme of the effete studio by spending six weeks on the plans and four weeks on the shooting, thus economizing in the salaries of players who are not engaged until every phase of the picture has been visualized and plotted.

He has that faculty which constitutes genius in the collaborative scheme of the motion picture—the ability to organize a staff and work it harmoniously as one man. That's the secret of great motion pictures. It's the secret few possess.

MacLean is not an actor. He's a master builder. I mean that as a compliment. He works like an architect, a scientist, a man of sanity.

Thought rather than action is his mode. His mind holds the image complete before he tries to perform it. Result: he is the greatest exponent of comedy-drama in the business.

He differs from Lloyd and Chaplin in that he tells a serious story humorously. That is, he keeps within the realm of reality. He's the supreme farceur.

In such independent young intellects is the hope of the motion picture.

The harmony and enthusiasm of Doug MacLean's studio makes me want to delve into the picture industry. A wilder comment I cannot make, for most studios send me forth with a feeling of having escaped something worse than the lower regions.

There is no pose to MacLean. He doesn't theorize of life and women and art. He talks his own stuff, and talks it so much more intelligenntly than the "commercial" producer and the "genius" star that you don't care a hoot for his ideas on other subjects.

Herein you behold the plausible harmony of art and commerce. It is plausible, though it doesn't seem so until you meet with a man of applied mentality who is equipped for the medium in which he works.

The Jew is considered the finest business man in the world.

But here's an instance where I think a Scotchman has him licked.

Growing Old Gracefully

Don't say, men of the world, that there is nothing so beautiful as a sweet old lady. There you have it—"Grow old along with me, The best is yet to be, The last of life For which the first was planned." Build. Build nobly. Build character. Build happiness. Build a warm heart and a serene countenance. Get ready for the joys of matur-ity. Look forward to the golden years and give thanks. Think about others and not about yourself. Stay vanity as early as you can, the vanity of things that perish, and must perish, and that act of yours or mine can keep from perishing needful. Keep busy. Develop interests that will last.

I know an old lady of nearly seventy who is the chosen friend and confidante of many of the young writers and beauties of Hollywood. Into her lap are poured the loves and laughs, and heartaches and romances, of our little city. Why, her life is fuller than most young women could ever be. Yet she is only a little old lady in a gingham apron and a woolly white shawl. Why? Why does youth go to her and keep her eternally young? Because she has the wisdom, the stored wisdom of a long, hard life, the deep understanding of a heart that has loved and suffered, the keen vision of age with the well-spring of eternal youth that always understands youth. That's why. And I tell you she wouldn't change places with the harveest maid on earth today.

Do you all forget Ninon de L'Enclos, who ruled the Paris of art and letter from her salon until she was ninety? She was a beauty in her youth, and she had her beauty as a conquest of hearts. But she had taste and wisdom, and foresight and intuition, and they revealed to her what was beyond the horizon of youth. She saw the sun of her beauty set without a tear, and gradually substituted for her affairs du couer, her flirtations and her toilets, her dances and her adorers, a wit and a charm that was mind triumphent over the
How to Be Merry on Christmas Day

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

bygers, chanting, "We Shall Meet in the River."

Or, then again, a dinner for press folk whose-scrumming ability in the presence of food is such that, unless you're in practice, you'll come up black and blue with nothing but the neck or, at best, a wing.

Tony and Daisy Moreno have a castle on the top of a hill that looks like Caesar's fortifications in their prime and is harder to scale. The house is so enormous that whole legions can have dinner there and make their getaway without being noticed.

Usually so many courses are passed in the drawing room that by the time dinner is served you don't feel you can eat another drop.

As soon as the last dish has vanished from your plate a Japanese gent appears in a puff of smoke and you find another one in your hand.

Little Japs swarm suddenly from everywhere. I don't know whether they get in through the plumbing or come out from under the rugs. Wherever they come from it's across the border.

Before the end of an evening at the Moreno's you see the same, and unless you're stopped will probably soar off one of the battlements and be picked up in the morning with both wings broken.

The place I go the most often unasked is the Malcoms McGregors'. It's one of those joints where you can yell as loud as you like for ice and then go get it yourself. If you want to grab all the way through dinner you can, and afterwards you can go to sleep on the floor without being annoyed by the host and hostess, who, as like as not, have been asleep for hours on the only comfortable divan.

When Alice Terry is in town you may count on her being there with her ukulele, singing, "That's all there, there isn't any more; stop, stop knocking at my front door, I'm through, and I'm through with you—oo."

Alice has invited me to spend Christmas in Nice on the French Riviera, knowing very well that I love everybody in town and couldn't make my getaway in anything less than a Lon Chaney make-up.

Another reason for not accepting is that Alice has the habit of eating out other people's plates, and as I'd be the guest of honor sitting on her right hand, about the only thing I'd eat would be potato, that being the only thing she doesn't.

When she was in London she was invited to lunch with the Prince of Wales, and the night before Rex had a horrible dream that she was eating off the prince's plate. She probably did, but if so there were no complaints from the prince.

No Excuse for Fat

Millions now grow slender in an easy, pleasant way. No abnormal exercise or diet. A method your own druggist guarantees after 18 years of proving

There was a time when fat reduction was hard and slow and risky. It called for strenuous exercise, restricted diet. It often overtaxed the heart or led to malnutrition.

That day is past. Modern research has found that the cause of this excess usually lies in a certain gland. It has found a way to correct that condition—an easy and pleasant way.

Now that method is employed by millions. The results are seen in every circle. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was. Users have told others, until people are now using 100,000 boxes of these tablets every month.

No over-fat person has any excuse when people all about are now reducing in this easy, scientific way.

The New-Day Method

This modern method is Marmola Prescription Tablets. It combats the cause of the trouble, which usually lies in a gland.

One simply takes four tablets daily. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Reduction is prompt, but not too rapid. It rarely exceeds one pound per day. Thus the body adjusts itself to the new conditions. Wrinkles are avoided.

The method is not secret. Our books state every ingredient. All users know just what they are taking, how it acts and why. They know why results come without any ill effects. Marmola improves one's health and vitality.

Marmola has been used for 18 years. It's use has now spread the world over. In every circle everywhere you can see what it is doing. Probably many of your friends have used its.

It has proved so reliable that results are now guaranteed. Your own druggist signs a warrant that within 45 days you'll be satisfied.

You owe to yourself an investigation of a method which has done so much for millions, and for 18 years. It must be right.

Beauty Is Slender

Fat is today an offense

Slenderness is now the vogue. All ideas of style and beauty, health and fitness now demand it. Fat does more than make one conspicuous. It crowds the heart, checks the circulation, reduces length of life. No one can be either attractive or fit if who carries this extra load.

Now it has no excuse. Multitudes control their weight in an easy way. Learn about it, for your own sake. The coupon will bring you free samples, our latest books and our guarantee. Investigate. Clip coupon now.

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Prescription Tablets

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The problem of how to spend a safe and sane Christmas and yet be merry is becoming more difficult every year.

It used to be the Fourth of July that elicited warnings, but since Volstead won the war the spirit of independence has been reduced to such a small percentage that there isn’t enough kick in it to set off a firecracker.

The only practical solution that I can offer is to spend it in Europe where Christmas can be merrie and yet be dry—Imperial Dry 1906 is the best.

Bon voyage, and if not, at least be merrie and face the inevitable with a brave smile, so that when friends file by they’ll say, “A smile on his face—how lifelike! Oh, well, he’s probably better off.”

The Girl Who Kept Step

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

with Richard Bennett and Charles Cherry in "Passersby," a Charles Frohman production. She next played many little boy parts in the Hudson Stock Company in Newark, N. J., for over a year.

Finally she went home to her mother and she says, "Mother," says she, "this is getting terrible. I’m playing so many boy’s parts, I’m acting like a man. . . . The first thing I know I’ll be wearing like some of the stage directors or scene shifters. I’ve got to get out of this way, Mother, I ain’t worth a girl’s clothes since Rip Van Winkle woke up." And the most he says, says she: "I got it all figured out, daughter dear. Us three, you and Vi and me, are going into pictures. We’ll settle down in a nice little home and I’ll cook nice things for you—and be the silent partner in the firm of Dana, Mason & Co."

At these momentous and stupendous words Vi ran in from the other room to hug her mother—but Shirley had beaten her to it.

"Mother," they both say in unison, "this is grandiloquent. We’ll do our damndest to knock em all dead in pictures."

"We’ll start in the spring," says the mother.

That winter Shirley played as understudy to Viola in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Instead of starting in the spring it was really two years later. They stayed together in the same company, then Viola went into pictures and Shirley played Gwendolyn (the part Vi had left) in "The Little Rich Girl" for another year. Then Shirley followed her sister into pictures.

Within a year, Shirley was offered the lead in seven pictures, called "The Seven Deadly Sins." They were not Shirley’s sins—as then were the days when a lady was a lady—a gent was a perfect gent—and pictures were not what they ought to be. In each of these pictures she played the lead for a different star.

In 1918 Shirley Mason joined Paramount as a featured player. She co-starred with Ernest Truex in "Come On In" and "The Winning Girl." She has played in scores of pictures since—really they are too numerous to mention. Among them are "Shirley of the Circus," "Treasure Island," "My Husband’s Wives," "Curly-Top," "Merely Mary Ann," "The Stardust Trail," "The Ragged Heiress," and many others.

Recently she followed Viola into the ranks of free-lance players, so that she may have her choice of roles. Among her successes since leaving the list of contract players are "The Talker," with Lew Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson, "What Fools Men" with Lewis Stone, and "Lord Jim" with Percy Marmont.

She became the bride of Bernard Durning. He was a great, naive, kindly and magnificent young Irishman, who has a year or two since gone to pastures rich with rest.

He was a director when I knew him—and I was a struggling writer. He encouraged me to keep on keeping on. He was one of the first to congratulate me when my first book was accepted for publication.

When I talked to the splendid little Shirley she said, "Bernie, my husband, was a great friend of yours—and of mine."

"Aren’t you, Shirley," I replied, "Bernie was the greatest encourager in the world to all the people who try to keep step."

I talked to both girls yesterday.

They were going along the road of picture fame together.

They have learned to keep step.

"I Wouldn’t Wish It On a Dog"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

my money on such a hazardous venture—I would substitute for Heaven a four-letter word ending in double L. It seems to me that the Devil dangles the purple louches as baubles to our Holy child.

The girl who started me off on these meditations by saying that she wouldn’t wish the life of an actress on a cat, even not a Pomeranian, is now an actress and comes in contact every day with dozens of girls who are making their living in the films. She had in mind the physical hardships, the long hours, the risks to life and limb, but more particularly she was thinking of the disappointment, the heartbreaks and the soul bruises.

I know a number of actresses whom the fans must envy and consider successes who have the bitterest attacks of despondency. I cannot believe that the business woman ever reaches such a state of despair.

A girl may play a big part and feel that her future is assured. Then she will be idle for three months. I know many such cases. The higher she has climbed, the harder the fall. She sets her heart on getting a certain part. She is encouraged to believe that she will get it. Then the producer decides she isn’t the type.

One of the toughest things about being an actor is that you have to be looking for a job all the time. Of course, many of the successful players have contracts and get paid whether they work or not, but I am speaking of the great majority.

As an actor the free-lance player finishes a picture he must start out to find another part. That means that he’s job hunting every two or three weeks. That fact alone would keep me from ever trying to steal Bull Montana’s honors. I hate to ask for a job. I hate to have to tell people how good I am. I just want them to admit it without argument.

The business manager of a studio said to me recently: "You’d be surprised at the well-known actors and actresses who come into my office and tell me that they are dead broke—people whose names are known everywhere, who are regarded as eminently successful."

There are several reasons for this. The most important is that employment, for most of the performers, is irregular. An actor may

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I am a Good Luck Mascot, the newest thing out—and a splendid Christmas present!

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But—best and most exciting of all, I have—

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Please mail me your Kitten Mascot as advertised, ($1.50 enclosed)

"I Wouldn’t Wish It On a Dog"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]
Isn't it worth it?

In the past twenty years, Fatima has been more widely imitated probably, than any other cigarette—yet today it is as distinctive as ever, in richness of taste, in mildness, in delicacy of aroma. A few cents more, yes—

but you get the real thing. That's the difference.

---

Ten Handsome Men of the Screen

[Continued from page 33]

young halfback in crimson who ran fifty-five yards for a touchdown last Sunday's game, would look with his short clothes on. He wouldn't, but we all have our illusions. Youth—the handsomest, I think, of the screen's year.

George O'Brien—a combination of Denny, Lyon and Novarro. What can you say about a black Irishman? They are neither the one thing nor the other. A black-ono Irishman, especially a handsome Irishman, is all the more irresistible and handsomest thing that walks the globe.

Of the men who have begun to get gray at the temples, it seems to me Lewis Stone is the most distinguished in appearance. The diplomat, with a ribbon in his buttonhole. The man-of-the-world, the aristocrat, the seigneur. What will she have—a kid who can manage a general? Where will you find him better drawn than in that military carriage, that marvellously shaped gray head, that aristocratic face and bearing of Lew Stone?

And Ronald Colman, not because you want to, but because he somehow makes you turn your head when you go by. Because he draws you against your will. His face is memorable, indelible. Soldier-man, explorer, adventurer—I don't know. Just because.

That's ten, bat, lest we forget, let's add the one man who was handsomest of them all, about whom nobody ever disagrees, whose claim no one ever disputes—Wally Reid.
"Can I Reduce?"

Ask Miss Crawford!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months! But this big reduction is not imaginary—Mademoiselle Crawford, 6710 Merrill Ave., Chicago, did it.

She used Wallace's reducer coupon to trim off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method:

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Anybody Can Reduce by This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with these records. Many more have used them for better reductions. Such cases ordinarily take less than a month. If you watch too much for comfort, health, or appearance's sake, you owe yourself this relief.

Free Proof to Anyone

Send name and address now and your first week's reduction, record and all, will come by return mail prepaid. Do not enclose any payment, don't promise to pay anything: this free trial means free.

You'll enjoy the use of this demonstration record. You'll commence to reduce the very first week. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! The coupon brings everything:

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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

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ART AND LIFE. Dept. 2610
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Betty Bronson—Sub-Deb of the Film Set

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

THERE are social distinctions among screen folk just as there are among the laity. The So-and-So's aren't on visiting terms with the So-and-So's and Mrs. Thing 'Em Bob is not awfully keen on meeting that Mrs. What Che May Call It socially. Anyone beyond the social pale has the dices of a time "crashing the gate" at parties where colossal decorum decrees the barriers shall be drawn. There are seats and coteries and cliques. For example Norma Talmadge and Lila Lee will be found among the more serious young matrons of the film world. Norma's younger sister Constance heads the gazers of the makeup set. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks entertain foreign nobility with all the pomp and circumstance of motion picture ducats. And then there are the simple girlish gatherings with Mary Astor and Julianne Johnson and all the sweet young things who play around together eschewing the more venturesome occupations of their more sophisticated colleagues.

But lately it is a sub-deb who has made her appearance, and stirred the hearts of the youthful cavaliers whose swagger sticks, and raccoon coats, and humble homage are at her feet. Sir James Harris took her from the school room, and made her famous. You know her. The harbinger of youth, Betty Bronson, the star of "Peter Pan."

She is now the toast of the younger film set both in New York and Hollywood. Many a young heart beats beneath his first tuxedo coat in admiration of Betty Bronson, filmmom's popular sub-deb.

College youths are at her doorstep. Her telephone rings all day long. Prep schools give haven to her latest photographs. She is invited to football games, the dance, informal sub-deb teas. She has the airs and graces of a little girl enjoying her first peep at the world, enjoying it hugely, in her Bremnley dresses, and low heels and boyishly bobbed hair.

All the film executives' growing up sons are vying with each other for her favor. All Hollywood's prep school lads are agog about her. She is being "rushed to death."

Do you know the first thing young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., did when he arrived in New York from the Coast? He called up Betty Bronson at her hotel and tried to make a date with her before he left for Atlantic City the next day. He has cherished a boyish admiration for her ever since she once "stepped out" with him on the coast.

One of her most ardent swains is Jesse Lasky's oldest son now in school in New York, a likable youth. Lasky Junior has such "taste" on Betty that his father gave him his first tuxedo to take her to a dance. The dance began at nine, but young Lasky was all tricked out in his new suit at six o'clock for fear, he explained to his dad, Betty's "boss, that he wouldn't be ready to call for her in time.

If you see a pretty girl not more than seventeen at the Broadway opening of a play or film (Betty's in New York now making a "Kiss for Cinderella") who claps her hands in girlish glee when anything pleases her, accompanied by a slim admiring beau in the throes of puppy love, you can bet your life on it, it's Betty and the boss's son.

Even the film reviewers have fallen prey to Betty's sub-deb charms, especially those just out of college. They take her to Coney Island on an auto bus, give her hot dogs, show her a good time on the shoot the chutes and deposit her on Mamma's doorstep at an early hour. Betty's Mamma is strict with her, and always knows who goes out with her. Betty can have her beauties, and her pretty frocks to match her pretty ways, but she is taught that old adage about "early to bed, early to rise, makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise."

Betty's swains never take her out in the evenings that Betty's mother doesn't say with every other mother in the land, "Yes, Betty may do this time, but you'll have to promise me to get her home early."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Billy Bennett’s Mother

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them, and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise,
So toddling off to his cradle bed,
He dreams of the pretty toys.

And as he was sleeping, an angel song,
Awakened our little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little boy friends are gone.

Yes, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of the little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

She put her finger on it and looked at me
And wished that she could cry. But I knew
that she could not. It is like that—with
mothers.

"I don't know," she said, "whether you
know much about the theater.
I nodded. I could cry, but I would not
have tried to speak.

An actress, with a baby—it's hard some-
times. Whenever I could manage it I
was a home. That's why I first went into pictures.
I had Billy with me. He worked in pictures,
too, when he was a little, little fellow. Cute—
he was—"

She showed me his picture, as a very small
Indian, in feathers and beads, and she smiled
down at it, and up at me.

"Wasn't he?" We were silent.

Then, she said slowly, "There are always—things, I suppose, after they are gone. I did
the best I could for him always. I travelled
miles in dirt trains on Sundays to see him for
an hour. I took him engagements so I could
have him with me. I worked eighty-six weeks
on end in stock, so I could send him to the very
best boy's school there is. I wanted him to
have things that would make him a good man.

"When I was in pictures as a star in the old
days at Triangle, I brought him and my
mother out and got him a little home in Culver
City. I stayed in pictures even when I was
very unhappy, because we were together.
And I refused New York engagements because
they were a chance and I could play in stock,
week after week, no matter how hard it was,
and keep some sort of a little home.

"But there is one thing that hurts. I was
so proud of him. He was very handsome, you
know. He was the hero of his football team
at the prep school back east. After one game,
they carried him around on their shoulders.
I was there—I waved to him, and he waved
back. He looked so embarrassed.

"Well, he came down to Chicago that year
to spend the holidays, because I couldn't go
to him, I was playing. And I was playing
a girl of twenty. Now I am not so very old.
Just old enough to be Billy's mother. But
of course that wasn't twenty. The company
I was with was English, and they didn't like an
American actress playing the part. They were
a little—catty to me. So when Billy came,
my aunt and uncle persuaded me to let him
pretend he was my brother.

"I wish I hadn't done that. I was so proud—
so proud—to be his mother.

"When he came to Hollywood after I got
settled here to go back into pictures, he was
six feet tall. Imagine! My baby—six feet
tall. And they wouldn't let me have my pic-
ture taken with him because I was playing

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made with oil of mustard. It has all the
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leads and they thought people would think I was too old. My son—as if as if—"
She took a little pink card tenderly from the box before her. One of those little pink cards you buy at the drug store—and that seem sort of silly—until you see them taken up gently like that, by empty hands. It said, "Dear Mother! in gold across the top, and there was a little poem, quite a bad poem, of course—

"Life does not hold enough of years,
In which I can repay
Your love, although I send you all of mine
And love you more each day."

Across it, in a schoolboy scrawl, "To my own dear one mother, With love, Billy."

And that, somehow, made the bad little poem, and the silly little pink card more beautiful than Keats and Rembrandt together.

"He sent me that on Mother's Day," she said, and put it back in the box with the baby pictures, and the little silver cup without any handle, and a crayon picture of a large and very crooked pumpkin.

"He wanted a roadster," she said. "I took my contract for Stella Dallas up to the hospital, to show it to him. He was so pleased. He knew how I wanted to play it. He was very happy because I had married again—he liked his new Dad. They were—chums. My boy needed a man to help him. But just the same when I said I'd get him the roadster just the very day he got out, he said, 'All right, Mums, but let's go slow at first. I can wait a while for the roadster.'"

Her eyes, big, soft, blue eyes, looked at me with that eternal question.

"It's a wonderful thing," she said, "to be a mother. Even if—well, it's wonderful to be a mother."

So it isn't very difficult after all to explain "Stella Dallas."

Just as Eugene Field, the sweetest singer we have known, wrote the deathless song of Little Boy Blue, which mothers hold so very dear across the empty trundle bed of his own small son, so Belle Bennett played this great mother role with her hand still in Billy's. Rooted in sorrow, watered with fresh tears, both of these tender, exquisite, aching sorrows grew to something beyond even the most perfect art.

But I am wrong about one thing. It was not Belle Bennett, fine actress that she is, who played "Stella Dallas."

It was Billy Bennett's mother.

Can Barbara Come Back?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

Yes, overwork will do as well as anything to name Barbara's utterly worn-out condition. But myself—and I have known and loved Bobby for many years now—I am reminded of a couple of little poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay's.

"My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light."

And:

"Cut if you will, with Sleep's dull knife,
Each day to half its length, my friends—

The years that Time takes off my life,
He'll take from off the other end."

That's Barbara La Marr. But there is something deep within Barbara that only the few who know her well can reckon with. There is a strength, an intelligence, a fire, that gave her so much more than a mere seductive siren on the screen, and more than a beautiful and impassive woman off. If that something brings her through this disastrous fight in the mountains, we shall see a new Barbara. I think, and one ready to face life as it is, and perhaps give us the first real fruits of the genius I believe her to possess.

Barbara La Marr's father is acting as nurse to the famous vamp in her illness. He accompanies her to the studio every day and watches over her as carefully as if she were still the little kid he used to spank. Barbara has just finished "The Girl from Montmartre"
The Phantom Jinx

Some of the troubles that beset the producers with "The Phantom of the Opera"

By Robert E. Sherwood
(.Editor of Life)

The fantastic, blood-curdling, spine-chilling tale, "The Phantom of the Opera," which has never been seen, has arrived with it a jinx as mysterious, as devastating, as fearsome as the very ghost which is its own leading character.

Following the enormous success of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the Universal Pictures Corporation cast about for another story which would give Lon Chaney a chance to use normal makeup and Carl Laemmle a chance to spend more money.

"The Phantom of the Opera" was suggested, and approved, so Universal acquired the screen rights to the Gaston Leroux novel — and, at the same time, acquired the Phantom Jinx.

That jinx has subsequently been wrapped around the necks of Mr. Laemmle and his able lieutenants, the Cochrane brothers, and has caused them to wish fervently that they had left the spirit world alone.

In his weird story, Leroux set down an old legend of the Paris Opera House; it seemed that the magnificent temple of music, built on a grand scale by the French Emperor, Napoleon III, had once been haunted by a grim specter, who terrorized everyone within the opera house and, still more, drugs his deep cellars to make a general nuisance of himself. This character provided good material for spook melodrama on the screen.

The production of "The Phantom" was entrusted to Rupert Julian, who had achieved recognition for his fine work in the completion of "Merry-Go-Round," and Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin, and Norman King were cast in the principal roles.

Then the energetic technical staff at Universal City set to work to recreate the Paris opera, which was an especially hazardous audito-
rium, its gilded lobby and its five tiers of bleachers complete. Having done this, Mr. Julian started shooting.

The production of "The Phantom of the Opera" was a terrific job, and for several months an enormous and expensive staff was concentrated on this one colossal enterprise.

Hundreds of extras swarmed through the magnificent scenes; color photography was used; bleachers were staged; the company was taken out on location for garden parties and melodies; and through it all moved the shadow of the phantom — grim, sinister, oppressive.

At last Mr. Julian's work was finished. He was at liberty to proceed with the film. The actors, cameramen, electricians, continu-

The Phantom Jinx walked into the executive offices of the Universal Corporation and started to add a few more dollars to the already sliver-thin budget of Carl Laemmle.

When "The Phantom of the Opera" was first shown at previews in and about Los Angeles, the critics were called in to appraise it. They voiced a vehement desire for more comedy relief. "There's too much spook melodrama," they said. "Put in more gags to relieve the tension.

So Chester Conklin was hailed from the Sennett lot, and the picture went back into production with Conklin prominent in the cast. He contributed a great deal of monkey business, and answered the demand for a few laughs.

Then it was found that new sub-titles were needed, so one of the most reliable writers of Hollywood, Walter Anthony, was summoned. Again "The Phantom" was completed, and sent to San Francisco for display. When it arrived there, it was received with some of the foggy chill for which the city is justly famed.

"There are some gorgeous scenes," was the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Crane. "But the story as a whole doesn't make sense."

Following this rather discouraging start, "The Phantom of the Opera" was created and shipped to New York, where it was viewed by Mr. Laemmle, K. K. Cochran, and P. D. Cochrane, the officials of the organization.

As a result, the film was turned over to a new staff of editors and cutters who proceeded to hack it into a new form, and new title-writers came in to account for the numerous revisions made in the continuity.

One of the elements that came out first was the comedy. Reversing completely the Los Angeles opinion, it was felt that the gags inserted at the ninth hour merely clouded the issue. "The Phantom" was essentially a spook melodrama, in which there was no legitimate place for "hilly laughs."

So Chester Conklin, and all his scenes, were put aside, and the venerable Karl May's ghost does not appear at all in the finished picture.

Another casualty was Ward Crane, who played an important part in the earlier sequences of the film. All the garden parties and melodies were removed and with them went Ward Crane. Thus two large salaries, and a great many incidental expenditures, were wasted.

The production of "The Phantom of the Opera" was again subjected to hasty revision, and whipped into final shape, so that Universal's foreign representative, James Bryson, could take the finished product abroad for presentation.

Mr. Bryson had done wonders with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" in Great Britain, and he had planned a tremendous promotion campaign for "The Phantom." Unfortunately, he planned a little bit too well.

He arranged for a military escort to accompany him and "The Phantom" from the dock in Southampton to London. His stunt worked beautifully, and occurred a loud and painful squawk throughout the British press. An American movie per-son had insulted His Majesty's uniform! It was a frightful offense.

British pride was heated to the boiling point, and scalded the unfortunate Mr. Bryson who, after all, had only done what any enterprising press agent would have done in his place.

As a result of this outrage, "The Phantom of the Opera" was boycotted by many exhibitors in England, and the picture was withdrawn from the British market.

It was possible, however, to write a happy ending to this tale of supernatural ill-luck. "The Phantom of the Opera" has finally reached the screen and is finding favor with the public. Critics may even turn into a better box-office hit than "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

It is improbable, however, that Carl Laemmle will make any further excursions into the spirit world. Ghosts are cantankerous creatures; they don't like publicity, they shrink from the spotlight.

Ghosts, therefore, do not belong in the motion picture industry.
Now we ask you—isn't this a luxurious home for a cowboy? Yet, he's earning it, so why shouldn't Buck Jones have it?

A Top Rider

[continued from page 78]

And along comes the love sequence and oh—how different. Buck, as all the ladies who gaze at pictures know, is a good-looking bird. There was a little red-headed fifteen year old girl with the show. She was some rider herself, later becoming a World's Champion. She would watch Buck do everything but recite poetry and talk about art in the movies on a horse's back. She had run away from home—which was the sticks of Pennsylvania. She used to go out in the meadows and coax the horses over near the fence and get on for a free ride. The neighbors would say to her folks—"Hi, there—if you don't keep that red-headed gal o' yours off our horses we'll fill her full o' buckshot."

Now how is a girl to express herself in a neighborhood like that? It just couldn't be done—so the girl ran away.

Buck would watch the red-headed girl do her stuff. Now Buck is more bASHful than a fellow who sells books on the installment plan. A social note.

Circus and western show girls are more carefully chaperoned than any others in the world. The little red-headed girl's charmer was the nicest middle-aged lady. The little girl told her how lonely Buck must be on his horse and everything. No woman could resist an appeal like that. Besides, Buck would go around looking like the kid who’d lost his last stick of candy in a muslin factory.

Now the charmer's husband was the foreman over the riders. His name was D. V. Tantlinger. Well, of course, reader, you understand such things. Now "D. V." as Buck calls him, is the foreman in charge of all the Buck Jones outfit in Hollywood—which consists of a hundred cowboys, horses, wagons, automobiles and other animals.

D. V. liked Buck much. He's as quiet as dawn in the desert. One time he and Buck took a ride of a hundred miles. After they'd gone ninety-eight miles they saw a farmer plowing corn with two buffaloes. D. V. looked and said—"Huh!"

Buck says—"Did you say something, D. V.?"

D. V. repudiated him with—"Don't you talk too much, Buck—people won't like you."

But leave it to the red-headed girls. This one married Buck in Lima, Ohio, right after the show—and in the circus ring at that.

That's been longer ago than yesterday, and they have a little girl who can ride a horse like a collector for a dollar down house can a furniture van.

NOW, it's customary for circus people to keep open house. Buck and the red-headed girl own coddles of acres and a large Spanish house that has no doors on it. Whenever a circus hits town they have to go out to Buck's house and corral everybody before they can hold a parade.

And, oh, yes—we left Buck at Universal City. He had a dollar with him. His old time pal numbed him for half of that. The red-headed girl had the other four. Buck bucked the extra list for six months. He had no more pull than a fly on a frosty morning. Big, silent, fine-looking—he has the pose of mighty self-control. His strong chiseled face stood out even in pictures of western mob scenes.

Flip goes another ace on the table. William Farnum attended a picture show with William Fox—he saw Buck's face on the screen—"There's the making of a great western actor, Mr. Fox," says William to William. The shrewd handler of picture finance listened well.

A wire went west—Buck was given one small part and then another—and a small contract and then a larger—and the red-headed girl and the ten-dollar dog and the other little girl were gladder than glad—they bought a little ranch in the Lankershim Valley and raised two chickens and two rabbits and nine-hundred carloads of dust. The rabbits ate the chickens—I think
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YOU must restore the gray—get back the original color—before you can bob your hair. Gray bobs won’t do, leading hairdressers say, because short hair is a youthful fashion.

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 Winners of Photoplay’s Cut Puzzle Contest

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"THE BIG PARADE"—METRO-GOLDWYN.
From the story by Lawrence Stalling. Scenario by Harry Behn. Directed by King Vidor. Cinematography by Victor Milner; art direction by John Gilbert; music by Melville Shavelson; costume by Renée Adorée; and special effects by Justyn Redd. Claire Adams; Harry, Robert Ober; Mr. Aperson; Hobart Bosworth; Miss Apperson; Claire McDowell; Twitchell, Miss Holby; Marsten; Bull; Tom O'Brien; Flynn; Carl Dane.

"THE SKYROCKET"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.
From the novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Continuation and adaptation by Ben Glazer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by Dave Kenyon, Production Design by J. P. King, Gladys Brockwell; Edward Kim, Charles West; Sharron Kim, Muriel McCormac; Mickey, Junior Coghlan. The cast: Sharron Kim, Peggy Hopkins Joyce; Mickey Reid, Owen Moore; Mina Moore; Gladys Brockwell; Mildred Ridout, Paullette Duval; Ruby Wright, Lilian Tasman; William Durack, Earle Williams; Sam Herifield, Bernard Randall; Stanley Craig; Arnold Grege; Peter Stanton, Benny Hall; Vladimir Sprogin, Nick Dandau; Marcus Pinca, Sammy Cohen; Film Command; Bull Montana; Comedy Director, Edna P. Petherbridge; Hand Mann, Sherton's Secretary, Joan Standing; Wardrobe Mistress, Eugene Besseker.

"THE KING ON MAIN STREET"—PARAMOUNT.
From the play by G. A. de Callavet, Robert de Flers and Samuel Arne. Adaptation by Douglas Day. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: King of Molvania, Adolpho Menjou; Gladys Humphreys, Bessie Love; Terese Manix, Greta Nissen; John Roebuck, Oscar Shaw; Arthur Treul, Joseph Kilgour, Jenson, Edgar Noyes, Kenneth, Mario Marjeroni; Mrs. Xash, Carlotta Monterey; Aunt Tabitha Humphreys, Marcia Harris; Bouldier, Edourd Durand.

"THE EAGLE"—UNITED ARTISTS.
Based on the story by Alexander Pushkin. Scenario by Hans Kraly. Directed by Clarence Brown. Photography by George Barnes and Dave Powers. The cast: Serge IV, King of Molvania, Adolpho Menjou; Gladys Humphreys, Bessie Love; Terese Manix, Greta Nissen; John Roebuck, Oscar Shaw; Anthony Treul, Joseph Kilgour, Jenson, Edgar Noyes, Kenneth, Mario Marjeroni; Mrs. Xash, Carlotta Monterey; Aunt Tabitha Humphreys, Marcia Harris; Bouldier, Edourd Durand.

"CLASSIFIED"—FIRST NATIONAL.
From the story by Edna Ferber and scenario by June Mathis. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: Baby Camel, Corinne Griffith; Lloyd Witting, Jack Mulhall; Spencer Clark, Ward Crane; Hunt Comet, Carroll Niles; Old Man Comet, Charles Murray; "Muz" Comet, Edythe Chapman; Jeanette Camel, Jacqueline Wells; Weinstein, George Sidney; Beresin, Bernard Randall.

"LORD JIM"—PARAMOUNT.
From the story by Joseph Conrad. Adaptation by John Rule. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by Faxon Dean. The cast: Lord Jim, Percy Marmont; Jael, Shirley Mason; Captain Brown, Noah Beery; Cornelius, Raymond Hatton; Stein, Joseph Dowling; Dain Harris; George Magrill, Sullivan, Nick de Ruiz; Stone Gunness, Danny Davis; Yankee Joe, Jules COWLE; Tumb Hau, Duke Kahanamoku.

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"—PARAMOUNT.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ONES"—FIRST NATIONAL.

"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"—PROD. DIST. CORP.
From the play by Beulah Marie Dix and E. G. Bannister. Directed by George Cukor. Jeanie MacPherson and Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: Kenneth Paulson, Joseph Schildkraut; Melena Paulson, Jutta Goudal; Belí Tyrell, Vera Reynolds; Jack Morland, William Boyd; Dolly Fowles, Julia Fayë; Adrian Tonmphy, Casson Fergurst, Harold Tyrell, Tricie Friganza; Billie Connors, Clarence Burrow; Anne Vener, Josephine Norman; Watt Earnshave, Charles West.

"THE CLASH OF THE WOLVES"—WARNER BROTHERS.
From the story by Charles A. Logue. Adapted by Charles A. Logue. Directed by Noel Smith. Photography by Joe Carlin. The cast: Edge, Cyril Ritchard; Tin-Tin, Mary Barstow, June Marlowe; Dave Weston, Charles Farrell; Alkal Bili, Heine Conkin; Sam Barstow, Will Walling; Borce Norton, Pat Hartigan.

"LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.
Based on the stage play by Laurence Eyer. Adapted by Agnes Ayres. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: Rex, William; Sherry Wilton, June Marlowe; Mary Barstow, June Marlowe; Dick De Rhonde, Conrad Nagel; Lambert De Rhonde, Frank Currier; Andy, George Brent; Constance, Virginia Weidler; Josephine, Margaret Lindsay; Doris, Lucille Ball; May, Jean Parker; Dorothy, Helen Twelvetrees.

"THE BEST PEOPLE"—PARAMOUNT.
From the stage play by David Grey and Avery Hopwood. Adaptation by Bernard McCor- nis and Melville Shavelson. Directed by Sidney Quinlan. The cast: Henry Morgan, Warner Baxter; Alice O'Neil, Esther Ralston; Mrs. Lenox, Kathleen Williams; Bromson Lenox, Edwards Davis; Arthur Lenox, William Tabbert; Flora Lenox, Elizabeth McHugh; Mrs. O'Tandy, Eleanor Lawson; Mrs. De Rhonde, June Swayne Gordon; Betty Blue, Mathew Bex, Fowler, Wlliam Higbee.

"THE NEW COMMANDMENT"—FIRST NATIONAL.
From the novel by Col. Frederic Remington. Adapted by Malcolm Stuart. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: Rone Durante, Bianca Sweet; Billy Morose, Ben Lyon; William Morrow, Hubrook Bliis; Mrs. Paris, Clare Eames; Marguerite de Val, Effie Shannon; Countess Stoll, Dorothy Cuningam; Picard, Pedro De Cordoba; Red, George Cooper, Edith, Diana Kane; Henri Dur- cier, Lucas Henderson.

"LAZYBONES"—FILM-CELEBRITY.
From the play by Owen Davis. Scenario by Francisco Manes. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: Lazybones, Charles (Buck) Jones; Kit, Madge Bellamy; Mrs. Tattle, Edythe Chapman; Dick Ritchie, Leslie Penfold. Ayres Fanning, Zsa Zsa Pitts; Mrs. Fanning, Emily Fitz; Jack Eriolle, William Newton Bailey; Kit as a child, Virginia Marshall.
"NEW BROOMS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Frank Craven. Adapted by Clara Betanger. Directed by William de Mille. Cast: Thomas Bate, Jr., Art Hamilton; Geraldine Marsh, Jessie Love; Florence Levinger, Phyllis Haver; Thomas Bates, Sr., Robert McWade; Williams, Fred Walton; Harriet, Josephine Crowell; George Morrey, Larry Steers; Henderson, James Neil.


"THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY"—Paramount.—From the novel by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by James S. Hamilton and Eve Russell. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: Cliff Bunt, Jack Holt; Antonioette St. Ives, Billie Dove; Joan Hard, Montagu Love; Vathie, Alan Forrest; Dapper Don, Jack Hoxon; The Adjutant, Stinton Hock; "Dynamite," J. Horse; Timothy Kelly, Jackie Coogan.

"ROSE OF THE WORLD"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Photography by David Abel. The cast: Edith Calhoun, Rose King; Neil Miller; Jack Talley, Alan Forrest; Edith Rogers; Pauline Garon; Clyde Bainbridge; Rocklife Fellows; Cecily Kirkby, Barbara Luddy; "Grump" Tallifer, Alec Francis; Mrs. John Calbalo, Helen Dunbar; Mrs. Kirby, Ethel Knott; The Boy, Edward Piel, Jr.; Sally Towsley, Carrie Clarke Ward.

"COMPROMISE"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Jay Geler. Adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by David Abel. The cast: Joan Edie; Ellen; George; Nell. Welch, Nell. Welch, Billie; Louisa; Fazenda; Nathalie; Pauline Garon; Cholly; Raymond McKee; Anna Cathrline, Helen Dunbar; Joan's Father, Winter Hall; James (Alin's Boy Man), Lynn Cowan; Commodore Smithson; Edward Marling; Of. Frank Butler; Nathalie (six years old), Murad Frances Duas.

"THE OTHER WOMAN'S STORY"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—Story by Peggy Gaddis. Adapted by John Goodrich. Directed by B. F. Stanley. The cast: Mrs. Colby, Alice Calhoun; Mrs. John Colby, Helen Lee Worthing: The Foreigner, David Torrence; Colby's Maid, Riza Royce; Assistant, Clive Brook; Hilda, Louise Fazenda; Nathalie, Pauline Garon; Cholly, Raymond McKee;Anna Cathrline, Helen Dunbar; Joan's Father, Winter Hall; James (Alin's Boy Man), Lynn Cowan; Commodore Smithson; Edward Marling; Of. Frank Butler; Nathalie (six years old), Murad Frances Duas.

"SCANDAL STREET"—ARROW PICTURES Corp.—From the story by Frank R. Adams. Directed by Whitman Bennett. The cast: Sheila Kane, Madge Kennedy; Harrison Ballin, Lewis Howard; Helen Lee Worthing: The Foreigner, David Torrence; Colby's Maid, Riza Royce; District Attorney, Charles Clary; Colby, Robert Frazer; Marshall, Mahlon Hallion; Counselor, Gertrude Short; Marshall's Cook, Joan Standing; Defense Counsell, Joseph W. Gurand."

"THE GOLDF ZI HUNTERS"—DAVIS DIST. Div., Inc.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by Paul Hurst. The cast: Roderick Deer, David Butler, Minnaha;

"NOW—SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK!"

"And in spite of my better judgment, the old superstition haunted me, spoiling my entire evening."

"But, Jane, why not use Rigaud's new Mary Garden double compact? It contains your favorite rouge, has a non-breakable mirror and most certainly you cannot buy a more natural rouge or powder. It costs only $1.50 and you can procure it at either drug or department stores."

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"TRIPLE ACTION"—UNIVERSAL—Story and continuity by Tom Gibson. Directed by Tom Gibson. Photography by William H. Thornley. The cast: Dave Munson, Peter Morrison; Doris Clayton, Trilby Clark; Dora Mendez, Dolores Gardner; Dom Pio Mendes, Lafayette Mc Kee; Pascho, Harry Belmont; Servant, Floyd Ames; Bandits, Leon Kent, Walter Patterson; Eric Prange, Harry Von Meter; Seapy McManigol, Milburn Morante; Chief of Rangers, Fred Burns; Assistant Chief, Ted Oliver; Dick Clayton, Chas. King; Deputy Ringer, Chas. Barton.


"HIDDEN LOOT"—UNIVERSAL—Story by William J. Neidig. Scenario by Harry Dittmars. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. Photography by William Nobles. The cast: Cranmer (Slippery Tongue)—Jack Hodes; Anna Hines, Live Hashbrook; Dick Hines; Edward Holl; "Big Bull" Inger, Jack Kenny; Buck, Buck Conners; Manning, Bert De Mars; Jordan, Charles Brinley.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

ROSE OF THE WORLD—Warner Bros.

In spite of sincere performances by an excellent cast, this story fails to be convincing. You know way in advance where everybody is going, and why.

Patsy Ruth Miller is lifted by Alan Forrest, whose father swindled her grandfather. Alan marries the wrong girl and Patsy Ruth marries the other fellow. She finds the missing papers that establish her grandfather’s claims, one husband and one wife file, and Miss Miller and Mr. Forrest are reunited.

COMPROMISE—Warner Brothers

It’s not the fault of the players if this bore you, neither is the director to blame, although in spots the direction leaves something to be desired through many improbabilities. Take, for instance, that terrible cyclone scene. We’ll place the responsibility upon the story—that’s as how we consider it. Again, Irene Rich suffers through six reels as the neglected lady who refuses to be compromised. The others in the cast—Clive Brook and Pauline Garon.

THE OTHER WOMAN’S STORY—Schulberg

A SUPPOSED-TO-BE mystery murder story. The picture is presented in real old-fashioned manner. So much so that it becomes very tiresome. A murder is committed.
and during the trial, as each witness is called, there are continual flashbacks—this constitutes the whole picture—and with the constant jumping back and forth it is only natural that one would lose interest.

**SCANDAL STREET—Arrow**

Here is a picture that will appeal to all fans of the studio atmosphere through the picture, it is sure to prove the interesting theme. The plot deals with the married life of a movie actress and her husband, who are both starred by the same company. Madden Kennedy and Niles Welch head the cast.

**THE GOLD HUNTERS—Davis Distributing**

A NOTHER of the James Oliver Curwood's famous stories of the wide open spaces. The plot is fairly interesting and is filled with plenty of action and melodrama. A trapper and a young lady try to locate the mine followed by adventurers. Of course, the hero battles them off, finds the mine, etc., etc.

**THE WALL STREET WHIZ—B. O.**

About the worst Richard Talmadge vehicle we have ever seen. An absurd story tops it off—then the role that Talmadge essays does not call for the gymnastics that he goes through. Hence the picture is quite ridiculous. However, we can safely say it will prove a winner with the boys—they're easy to please.

**TRIPLE ACTION—Universal**

ENOUGH action in this Blue Streak Western to make three pictures. There's all sorts of fights, rides to the rescue, acrobatic flights and a parachute jump. What else can one ask for? All about a sheriff who loses his badge because of the diseased cattle being driven over his patrol. He gets his man, saves the heroine, and decides to call it a day.

**THREE PALS—Davis Distributing**

AN uninteresting story starring Marilyn Mills. Why she is starred still remains a problem in our mind. She's not the least bit attractive and as far as acting goes, two very clever horses are featured, but some of the supposedly clever acts the animals do show signs of careless direction. Nevertheless, it may please you, but we hope not.

**HIDDEN LOOT—Universal**

A STRAIGHTFORWARD story, featuring Jack Hoxie, told with plenty of punch. All about a deputy who shadows a gang of crooks, proves his innocence to the girl of his heart and—the end. Only for the youngest.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

**T**he following, I feel, deserve a Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year in the same name of humanity, and accordingly I lift a class to—

Marcus Loew because he's the most lavish saton of art since Pope Julius wrote checks for Michelangelo, for it was from Mr. Loew's pen that "The Four Horsemen" flowed, "Ben Hur," "The Big Parade" and all the glorious pictures. But for all this, he maintains simplicity, kindness and an open door and is the only person connected with motion pictures whom I've ever heard say, "I don't know a great deal about pictures."

D. W. Griffith, because he's the little father of the motion picture and because his famed edora and open-faced watch testify to the fact that he's the one who has practiced art for art's sake.

Reilly Beaudin because he discovered the finest clor, married the wittiest woman and made her most beautiful pictures.

Charlie Chaplin because he is the motion picture.

Joseph Schenck because he has done right by Norma and by everyone else who ever had dealings with him, and because, therefore, he is becoming the greatest producing figure in Hollywood.

Adolph Zukor because from the first he has been the great showman—flying while all rest went down to dust.

Harold Lloyd because as a comedian and producer he keeps the world's digestion fit and because as a man his character is ever great enough to meet his achievements. James R. Quirk because he is the official tragedian to pictures, has all the eccentricities of genius, and pays me money.

Lubitsch because he's illuminated the genius of Pola and made two of our finest pictures, and because he's a genius even when growing2217291794wittier for Warner Bros.

Mabel Normand because she is a genius with the greatest heart in the world.

Ramon Novarro because he has genius as an actor and musician, and with it the character of a shining knight, but especially because he supplies me with copy, is the best travelling companion since D'Artagnan and does Ed Wynne, Patriota, Fanny Brice, Harold Lloyd, Alice Terry, Rex Ingram and Ramon Novarro better than they do themselves.

Polo Negri because though she's playing good women in Lindsay pictures she has the character and the genius to reform and become once more a bad woman in good pictures.

Marlon Davies because for all the extolling of her talent, her story, her shining quality is good sportsmanship.

Alice Terry because she glorifies Rex Ingram's pictures and, off screen, contributes wit and wisdom to their creation, and because she does the same for this page—when she's on the job.

Corinne Griffith because she has been elected the most beautiful woman on earth by a justifiably riled, and because she's just as charming.

Vilma Banky because she is the most precious find since Polo.

Lillian Gish because she makes me weep with her and not for her and because therefore she is the greatest of tragediennes.

Antonio Moreno because he is a gentleman, a cavalier, and the first of the Latinos, and because in "Viva Villa" he at last has a chance to prove the fine actor he is.

Douglas Fairbanks because he keeps rhythms bigger and better without shouting that he's going to.

Mary Pickford because her character, talent and wisdom have earned her the longest record of any star in pictures.

Jesse Lasky because he's leaving it up to the director to do his best or worse, and because though he's no more beautiful than other producers, he's easily the easiest to see.

Florence Vidor because as the grand duchess in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" she proves a contestant for the title of queen.

Besse Love because there's no finer actress or sweeter character on the screen, and because she can do the Charleston and look like a madonna (simultaneously and without change of make-up).

**Who is "The GREEN ARCHER"**

With ALLENE RAY and WALTER MILLER

From the book by Edgar Wallace Directed by Spencer Bennett

Out of the midnight silence comes a swift flash, the thrust of an arrow as it strikes into the wall. Abel Bellamy rises in his bed and fires; the weird apparition in his doorway vanishes. A green clad figure flies noiselessly through the corridors of Bellamy's castle, and across the moonlit lawn — the Green Archer... AGAIN! You'll thrill to the desperate heroism of a beautiful girl and the charming, reckless man who loves her. You'll be baffled, astounded, delighted by "The Green Archer," a super-motion picture in 10 weekly chapters.

Ask at your own local theatre when "The Green Archer" will be shown. Don't miss it!

A personal message to you from two movie stars!

Send for this FREE phonograph record and hear the voices of Alene Ray and Walter Miller, the stars of "The Green Archer!"

Both you and your friends will be fascinated by their unique, personal, spoken messages. For the record that Miss Ray and Mr. Miller have made for YOU! Absolutely free—sent postpaid to your home! Write immediately to "The Green Archer Department," \* PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc., 30 West 44th St., N.Y.C.

Announced PRIZE WINNERS in "Sunken Silver"

THE Judges of the Pathé "Sunken Silver" Beauty Contest have selected the following prize winners. Winner of first prize will make her appearance in the brilliant Pathé serial "Casey of the Coast Guard," which will soon be released. Watch for Miss Whipple in this picture.

1st prize, $1,000 cash; Irene Whipple, Freeport, Me. 2d prize, $750 cash; Laura Lasala, Natick, Mass., 3d prize, $500 cash; Myrtle C. Cain, Gen'Dle-Weaver, Miami, Fla. 4th prize, $250 cash; Gay Caution Ingold, 7235 Bloomington Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 5th prize, $100 cash; Mrs. Lane, 342 W. Boise St., Griffin, Ga.

Announced PRIZE WINNERS in "Sunken Silver" Beauty Contest!"
Norma Talmadge because she is the wife of Joseph Schenck and vice versa, and will spend every dollar down to her last million to make a fine picture, and because my mother insists that I say that she is the screen's most charming actress.

Richard Bartholomew because of "Tobad" David and "Chen Ilons" and other fine characters and because as an actor and producer he radiates intelligence, breeding and sincerity.

Charles Ruy because as a producer he is marked to make his first picture in the world for the Pilgrims, and because he's so great as an actor that he's coming to the top again.

King Vidor, because he has never made a bad picture and because, with "The Big Parade," he achieves the level of greatness.

John Gilbert, because some years ago he was blacklisted by the eminent producers, for refusing to play bum parts, and because, instead of starving to death according to their wishes, he fought his way to the present enormous popularity.

Emil Jannings, because I've never seen him do anything that wasn't great, and, especially because of the portrait he gave the world of Henry VIII.

Alice Joyce because she has come back to the screen and signed to star for Lasky, and because she is one of those charming people.

Raymon Hatton, because he and Wally Beery in "Behind the Front" are going to justify the war for humor's sake, and because he's the husband of a great artist named Frances Hatton who decorated my balcony for charity's sake.

May Allison, because she is an almost unbelievable combination of beauty, wit, and intellect, and because she has spent two years away from the screen, globe trotting, to enlarge her vision beyond Hollywood Boulevard, and because she has made a great come-back in "The Viennese Medley."

Willis Goldbeck, because he is the greatest scenario writer since Shakespeare, and because he is about to lend his superior intelligence the direction of pictures.

Malcolm McGregor, because he's easily the leadingest of leading men and the best company in the world with the exception of his wife.

Adele Rogers St. Johns, because she is our Adele and yet made good, and because she is the only great writer I ever saw with beautiful legs.

Ivan St. Johns, because he has made good as a writer, a politician and Western editor for Photoplay, but more especially because he has succeeded at the well-nigh superhuman task of managing over a million dollars.

Malcolm St. Clair, because he made great slapsticke for Sennett, a great actor of Rint-tiln for Warner Brothers, and now is making fine productions for St. Clair, Lasky, Zukor and General Public.

Richard Dix, because he keeps batting them higher and higher, and because he's regular without being sappy.

Raymond Griffith, because he is funnier in a silk hat than a congressman and that's funny as can be.

Barbara La Marr, because everyone who knows her can speak of her sincerity and kindness, and because during her illness she worked when she had to be carried onto the stage.

Addoie Menken, because, like Ernest Tor-rence, he's a bad man who has made good, and because he puts into his work the skill and subtlety that goes into champagne.

But Montanta, because he never makes me sick no matter how many quart's he brings me, and because he's probably the most beautiful man on earth, beauty being as beauty does.

A Beautiful $1,000 Living Room

(continued from page 74)

of beautiful walnut, but neglected and unpollished. They might have escaped the eye of the casual buyer, but not that of the ambitious shopper. With a little oil rubbed in them at the studio, they made fitting stands for the Chinese jars.

The Queen Anne chests, on either side of the fireplace, are modern, but we needed them to key in the covered Queen Anne chair with the rest of the room. Similarly I ordered the Italian walnut desk, which holds the telephone, to make the comodines feel they had companionship.

At least one straight, hard chair should be in every drawing room. For we all know people who remain formal under all circumstances. In the corner you can see the $25 chair I got for such folks.

Not desiring a period room, I lighted it by the use of the peasant china lamp with its gay painted chintz shade. Incidentally the peasant influence is a marked one today and has high artistic value.

In an old house which was being redecorated I made my final purchase of the rayon damask hangings edged in gold fringe. They were $50 the pair.

All these things, of course, were discovered in odd corners of that great market, New York City. Yet almost every American city is quite as productive of bargains as Manhattan, if you will only shop for them.

But then, I don't need to tell women that.

You already know all about it.

THIS IS THE MANNER IN WHICH THE THOUSAND DOLLAR ITEMS WERE EXPENDED

Overstuffed sofa and chair....$350
Queen Anne chair, covered in chintz....80
Two mirrors....20
Resilivering....6
Framing....24
Carpet....20
3 imitation oriental rugs....40
3 occasional tables....40
Hangings....50
2 Chinese bowls....26
Pair of Italian commodes....125
Copy of Italian desk....45
Dutch silver cigarette boxes and ashtrays....20
Andirons....10
Chinese temple jas....30
2 English prints....15
Copies of Queen Anne chairs....100
2 vases....10
Straight backed chair....25
Lamp base....10
Shade....10
Curtains for French doors....10

$1,000

Mr. Chapman's articles on home decoration appear every month in Photoplay. They contain invaluable information.
Some Jane
By Richard Crouse

SAID Janet Earth to her husband Joe:
"This marriage duel is much too slow.
To Hollywood is not so far,
I've decided to become a star!"

Poor henpecked Joe said not a word,
Of what he thought I best not hear.
He saw her leave—as in a haze,
Well bitten with the Movie craze.

Then in a trance she made the trip;
Fame's nestor she would surely sip,
"My temperament bids me aim high;"
She spoke with pathos and a sigh.

How fickle are the ways of Fate;
She came back to the garden gate.
Joe held her close and whispered, "Jane,
Welcome back to Earth again!"

Ronald Talks at Last

[continued from page 30]

chance at a juvenile role with a very prominent English actress. It was only a chance, though, nothing set about it. And all the time there was my uncle waiting. I wrote out to him for a job and I said to myself, "I'll take whichever comes first. I'll make fate decide for me." The day before I got a reply from him, I got my opportunity at the theater.

He stopped talking to that busily. It was two o'clock, but the meal was, for him, breakfast.

"I was tremendously lucky," he continued, "and for a couple of years I was by way of being a small hit. I must have been a pretty terrible person in those days, for I can remember being inordinately proud of myself. Then suddenly came one of those awful seasons which the theater frequently strikes in London and I couldn't get a thing. I did the weary rounds day after day. I got a chance at a couple of English movies, but those two engagements were separated by months. They gave me the idea to come here and try my luck at American films.

"I was able to secure letters of introduction to people in the movie colony here and I jaunted across very confidently. I arrived during that season that all the studios were closed. Everyone to whom I presented my letters was out of work. So was I for a long time. I could not walk in the streets.

"Here I was, stranded in America. I turned to the speaking stage. I didn't know a soul in that end of the theatrical business. But without introductions, or with them, I couldn't get anything there, either.

"I lived obscurely. I had almost no money. I knew no one. I was miles from my home and so lonely it was nearly unendurable."

"It was not a very good experience," said Ronald Colman.

"I remarked that from the Hollywood viewpoint, a hundred a week was almost poverty. "Hollywood is the most physical city in the world," he said. "I don't mean sex alone. Take motorcycles. They all go in for them. Fine things, of course, but entirely physical. And they all have motor cars and extreme luxury. Their homes are burdened down with it."

"It is incredible that he always said "they" when speaking of other movie people, as though realizing that subconscious entity is not a part of the Hollywood mind."

"I love California," he commented. "Its beauty, its warmth, its color. But it is almost impossible not to lose your perspective out there. There is something of the tropics about it."

"When I finish a picture, or whenever I can get a vacation, I go away. Down to the sea, usually, but at any rate, to some wild spot where I can be alone with my books and my dog."

"His charming brown eyes were upon me. "If one has his books and his dog, he can keep his head anywhere," Ronald Colman said."

I watched him disappear in a taxi. It was pouring rain and very cold, but I didn't know it.

I had made Ronald Colman talk. I had done it with my little questions. I could have licked my weight in vampires.
NEARLY a dozen letters have come to me this month all on the same subject—the married man who flirts. Invariably he seems to be an older man and the girl involved in the flirtation a youngster. Almost always his approach to her sympathy is the same—he wants the girl's advice, she underestimates her value, she is lovely. He says—if he had only waited. And too often it results in the girl, who desires love, accepting a sorry substitute.

It is such an old, old story. Yet when I find letters begging for advice on such problems, I realize it needs retelling.

This is a problem which modern life and its freedom is complicating. Modern wives do go about with men other than their husbands. Married men go about with other women. It has a certain charm, this social freedom, and a very definite danger. Where the partners in a fling home in that in such friendships, no harm may be done anyone. But where the two members of an unhappy marriage go about seeking sympathy and listening ears, it is extremely unfortunate. The girl who is really and truly thrilled by such attention, may unwittingly find herself occupying the disinterested position of being "the other woman."

Mantle has doesn't exist in every home in this country. We all know that, unfortunately. The proportion of divorces, the number of remarriages is too high to be ignored. Men do give up only when they really can't help themselves, and sometimes all parties are happier than formerly.

Sometimes, but very rarely. I cannot emphasize too strongly the dangers I feel in the pathway of the girl who starts any sort of a friendship with a man bound to another woman.

The predatory male, the man who kisses and doesn't tell his wife, is usually a subtile flatterer. He knows how much a young girl likes to regard herself as a pool of wisdom and understanding. He knows the lure the chaste tela has for her and the high adventure there seems to be in going against the accepted conventions.

Let me counsel you never to trust a man who wants you to sneak about with him. Don't deliberately cheapen yourself by being put in such a false position. If he tells you you can not afford to be seen with him because he is married, he is telling you no less than the truth.

You should not go anywhere with him, but if you do want to see him and talk to him, if you feel there is a basis for genuine companionship between you, go nowhere with him unless you go openly, chaperoned at least by the public of your movements. Don't, I beg of you, go out with a man whom you would not be willing to present to your parents. Never go to places from which your better judgment tells you to stay.

Remember, too, when you are indulging in such friendship how soon it may be he is betrothing another woman. Put yourself in her place for a moment. That moment may save you and your better instincts.

Even if the man acts only the part of honor with you, if he tells you of his wife and his family, the danger is by no means removed. You may be perfectly innocent, yet the day may easily arrive when you will be involved in a divorce action, your reputation ruined and your pride broken. Such friendships are as fraught with combustibles as an explosive warehouse.

Better, then, to avoid them altogether. The social law is very strong and it is only the most vigorous personality that can stand out against it for a moment. Men, underneath their bravado, are conventional and often when they see themselves in danger, when the social pressure gets too heavy upon them, they will run back to the home which they have pretended to hate. Every social law protects a man's wife. None helps the girl with whom he flirts.

When a married man begins to whisper "why includings how dear she is" may be he is not such a man. He talks of friendship, is extremely wary, and if he talks of love and you have every reason to believe his declarations sincere, be honest enough to face the high price you may have to pay for such love.

But long before this, believe, you will find the man not worth the scandal.

MARY E., NEW YORK CITY.

Nearly all cold cream has a lanolin base such as Miss Murray recommended in her article. All the better creams have, I know. You can usually tell by reading the trade marks. Or you can buy plain toilet lanolin, which is highly recommended by many complexion specialists and which has the advantage of being quite inexpensive. It comes in tubes and should be warmed slightly before using. Running the tube under hot water is sufficient.

Be sure the preparations you mention are satisfactory. I know no periodical devoted exclusively to beauty subjects, but most of the women's magazines carry authentic departments on beauty matters.

SCORES of letters come to me monthly asking for exact advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, the care of the skin, the hair, the best colors for blondes, the best for brunettes, and general health. These letters demand careful reply. My advice has, therefore, had printed for your use directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance. I shall be very glad to send you them on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. I shall in the future reply to such letters directly rather than through these columns.

If you write me now you are opening for advice in matters that need understanding rather than rules, matters of the heart, of work and play and personality. I think in this way I can serve you more.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.
Helene L., New York.

"If I'm going to be lying in "The Follios." It does sound as though you resembled her. She is a beautiful girl but several inches taller than you are. The coat models you enclosed were both beautiful, and I prefer the first. Small hands are still smaller than large ones, and felt more correct than velvet, though I don't blame you for being tiring of them. I am, too. Opera caps are always modified but velvet ones not. Our pump is of leather. Velvet dresses are most favored this season both for afternoon and simple evening wear. Why not a tailored tweed dress for street wear? It is extremely smart this winter.

Marie W., Chicago.

All advertisements in Photoplay are thoroughly investigated and our models carefully selected. You don't need to reduce. If you want to take off one or two pounds, exercise more. You are in a hard position about meeting other young people. What about the girls with whom you want to school? If you are too lonely, would it be possible for you to find work in some large organization where you could make acquaintances? Hilda Ferguson, you are still very young. You don't need to worry about boys, but I do feel that you should have some girl friends at least.

Jane, Providence, R. I.

You seem so careful of your skin I am amazed it continues to be faulty. I do not know the preparation you mention. With oily skin like yours I would judge that no matter what was needed. Why don't you stop using it for a while and watch the results? Drink more water and don't eat any candy.

Mrs. Gladys H., Connecticut.

You say your ankles and waistline are thickening. You need exercise. One of the very best exercises is the simple act of climbing stairs. For your waistline try bending and twisting. Touch the floor to the front and each side with your finger tips about three inches from your waist. Don't slowly. Also rotate your lower body from the waistline, trying to swing a complete circle with your upper body very relaxed, your lower body straight and tense. Any pedaling exercise, you are bicycle riding, is good. I think you can afford to lose about five pounds in weight, also.

A. D. M., Illinois.

Yes, I think you are much too young to go to dances. Twelve years old and worrying about boys! You should not wear high heeled slippers yet. Eat simple food and keep your weight down. Of course, you will want to change. Don't be in such a hurry to grow up. It isn't half the fun you imagine it is.

Miss R. C., New York.

Thinning hair is usually indicative of a loss in vitality. The time of year has nothing to do with it. If I were you, I would try to build up your blood and good. I think you can afford to lose about ten pounds in weight. Brush your hair thoroughly every day and when washing it be careful to remove all the soap before drying it. Try not to curl it with ironing tongs in any way lessen its strength. Encourage it a little and I am sure it will respond.

B. A. B., Colorado.

You are in an awkward position. I can only advise you to make up your mind whether you want to become a business success, a literary success, or a happy wife. You cannot be all three and while you are thinking about the other two, I think you should manage your life to the advantage of the most important one. Wisely, you do not wish to drift five years more. Look into your own heart and be honest with it. The love of a worthy man near your own age would bring you the greatest content, even if his grammar be imperfect. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

A Reader, New Jersey.

You have nothing to worry about. Your letter sounds as though you have a lovely, young figure.

Puzzled.

He doesn't sound like a very nice boy to me and I would advise you to forget him as soon as you can. No worthy chap would try to break up the friendship between two girl friends, or talk unhappily about you to another girl. Drop him by all means. You sound very young and I'm sure you will have an opportunity to meet a boy worthy of your friendship.

Dorothy, New York City.

Your letter was refreshing in its honesty. By your description, you must have made some mistake about her address. She's not at all the same, somewhere between blonde and brown. If your skin is pale, I'd advise you to wear black, in shiny materials like satin, the delicate chiffons, and the kind that will make you appear blonde. If you feel you are too "sensible" don't wear brown. It makes anyone appear settled. Quietness is no obstacle to popularity if you will make it an asset. Let men know you love to listen and you'll be surprised at all you'll hear.

Irene, South Abbey, N. J.

I know of no good book on both diet and exercise. The diet books by Lulu Hunt Peters are highly recommended. Doubtless your local Y. W. C. A. has on sale excellent books on exercising, or can advise you where to get them.

Black Eyes, Red Wine, Minn.

It certainly is harmful for a young girl to go on an absolute fast. You don't need to do that to reduce. Decreasing the size of legs and hips is as hard a reducing job as there is, but it can be done if you will persist. Lie on your back, arms stretched above your head and pedal an imaginary bicycle until your legs are tired. In the same position, bring the knees up to the chest, then straighten the legs in midair. Lower without bending the knees. Rolling exercises are helpful. So is walking. Avoid sitting as much as possible.

Miss Edythe M., California.

It seems to me you have treated your young man rather badly, Edythe. If he is really hurt by your conduct, as he might well be, I am afraid you have lost him. He seems to have been very much in love with you and he did you a great honor when he asked you to be his wife. If you meet him again, I would try to have him understand. Tell him you realize how unhappily you acted, that you are sorry, and that you do love him. I wouldn't write to him again since he ignored your first letter. Try to be natural at all times. It is the secret of real charm.

Aletia.

In other replies here you will find exercises for reducing your ankles and legs. I think you are worrying unduly. Your weight is correct for your height. If your boy friend admires you and likes your figure, why worry about pretty clothes his sister has? You sound like a happy, normal girl. Don't fret yourself into imaginary troubles.

Catherine P., Chicago.

You are too heavy. You can afford to lose five to ten pounds. You still have time to grow some more. Some people increase in height until their twenty-first year. Small hats do not prove you are smaller than large. Use a light rich powder in white or rbecue for your face skin. Yes, there are openings for women movie directors, but it's a long hard road to them. You seem to have an imagination. Writing is hard work and really has very little to do with "visions." If you are willing to toil at it, however, you will soon find out whether or not it is your vocation.

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Dorothy, Albany, New York
I wouldn't try to get my legs fat if I were you. Every woman I know is trying to reduce her hips, since slim legs and ankles are very chic. Your weight is correct. Don't add to it.

Gloria R., New York City
Use astringents on your skin. Witch hazel is excellent for tightening the pores. When you wash your face, rub it with ice at the finish. The soap and cream you are using are both good. Plenty of rest is the best wrinkle vanisher I know.

Violet, South Dakota
You told your friend to choose between you two girls, and he did. I see nothing for it, my dear, but for you to abide by your own advice and his decision. Since he is going away, try to forget him.

Helenn H., South Dakota
I think tailored dresses are charming and they are very smart this season. They would suit your type. The woolen fabrics in yellow and orange would be good with your coloring. Be careful of your diet. Eliminate pastries and sweets. Eat green vegetables and drink lots of water. Your complexion will bloom again under such care.

Mildred C., Detroit
Yes, you are too sorry. You should lose at least twenty pounds. Light green, very light blue, some shades of pink are all charming with aurora hair. Black is very becoming if your skin is fair.

Vicky, Rhode Island
Try a light yellow. The orange shades might be very becoming. I don't think you'd go wrong with your like flash powder ever. I prefer analph for your coloring.
GROUP SIX

Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions that indicate the correct answer. Some, all, or only one may be correct.

51. The following have appeared as leading men for Gloria Swanson: (1) Kenneth Harlan; (2) Ben Lyon; (3) Rod La Rocque; (4) Lloyd Hughes; (5) Monte Blue. 1 2 3 4 5.
52. Buster Keaton has made the following comedies: (1) "Seven Chances"; (2) "Our Hospitality"; (3) "The Navigator"; (4) "Hot Water". 1 2 3 4.
53. Eric von Stroheim was the director of (1) "The Unholy Three"; (2) "Greed"; (3) "The Merry Widow"; (4) "Foolish Wives". 1 2 3 4.
54. Some of Corinne Griffith's recent pictures are: (1) "Love's Alteration"; (2) "Lady of the Necktie"; (3) "Sicke"; (4) "De-classé"; (5) "The Marriage Whirl". 1 2 3 4 5.
55. Name all the actresses, now active in pictures, on the line whose first name is Mary. (Full credit shall be given if four are named.)

GROUP SEVEN

Which of the following does not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number at the end of the questions corresponding to the misplaced name or title.

56. (1) Monta Bell; (2) Irving Willat; (3) William Beaudine; (4) James Cruze; (5) Jesse L. Lasky. 1 2 3 4 5.
57. (1) "The Iron Horse"; (2) "Scaramouche"; (3) "The Sea Hawk"; (4) "Captain Blood". 1 2 3 4.
58. (1) Bradley King; (2) Madge Bellamy; (3) Clara Beranger; (4) Frances Marion; (5) June Mathis. 1 2 3 4 5.
59. (1) George Siegmann; (2) Tom Santschi; (3) Stuart Holmes; (4) Alan Hale; (5) Ralph Graves. 1 2 3 4 5.
60. (1) Portrait of "66"; (2) "Cavalcade"; (3) "Innocent Adultery"; (4) "Wild Horse Mesa"; (5) "The Thumbling Herd". 1 2 3 4 5.

GROUP EIGHT

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statement.

61. Hoot Gibson stars for First National. 1
62. William S. Hart is a gain active before the camera after a year's absence. 1
63. Marshall Neilan once acted in pictures before becoming a director. 1
64. Bebe Daniels does her best work in heavy drama. 1
65. Von Stroheim's "The Merry Widow" was a disappointment and similar in quality to "Greed". 1
66. Myrtle Stedman is the sister of Lincoln Stedman. 1
67. Wanderer of the Wasteland" was filmed in natural colors by the Technicolor process. 1
68. Kanunu Novarro, upon the completion of "Ben Hur," is now producing his own pictures. 1
69. Allan Dwan has directed many of Gloria Swanson's latest pictures. 1
70. May McAvoy plays Fisher in "Ben Hur." 1
71. "The Fool" is an original screen play. 1
72. "A Kiss in the Dark" was one of Constance Talmadge's comedies. 1
73. Claire Windsor plays ingenue roles. 1
74. Marion Davies starred in "Zander the Great." 1
75. Mary Pickford yielded to popular request in making a picture of the type of "Little Annie Rooney." 1

How Pola Was Tamed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

The only time she really got sore was when Chester Conklin—and remember that the screen hasn't got a funnier man on it than Chester—and Mal bought hot dogs and soda pop one day and didn't get any for Pola. "You know," said Mal shyly, "hot dogs are hot dogs. There are some people you can associate with them and some you can't. I never thought of offering Pola a hot dog."

And Pola's feelings were terribly hurt. She had never eaten a hot dog and washed it down with soda pop, and it looked fun. So they got her some right away and Pola beamed and was happy.

One day Pola went home from the studio. She said she didn't feel well and she thought she would probably be much too sick to work the next day. That was a well-known cue for one of Pola's week lay-offs. Chester began to rehearse some of the funny gag scenes they were going to do the next day, he began telling Pola what a great comedienne she was—and she is, you know—none better. Pola looked a little wistful.

"If you don't feel well," said Mal St. Clair, "don't try to come down tomorrow. We'll do some funny stuff with Chester."

The next morning, right on the dot, there was Pola.

"I am very sick," she said pensively, "but I can be seen here just as well as at home."

And when the company went on location to Laguna Beach, the times Pola and had re- fused the most impassioned and polished pleas of great directors to go to Laguna for just a few minutes—and Pola wasn't in any of the scenes—she went along anyway, for fear she might miss some fun. There was a roller skating rink there, and she'd heard them talking about it. The company thought it would be fun to try roller skating, most of them having been on very distant terms with roller skates for upwards of ten years.

Pola had never been on roller skates. But she was on them that day. At least they were on her. For it must be admitted that there were times when Pola was on the floor. She spent most of the time learning to roller skate, and on the way home from location she was as happy as a tired kid.

But the crowning moment came on the studio set.

One of the biggest officials, one of the official who had been cowed, beaten, scared to death by Pola the tiger-cat, who had mesh and yielded to her most unreasonable demands, was on the set. He eyed Pola a little nervously, but she noticed him not at all. She was busy watching Chester Conklin.

Chester had a large custard pie. He had bought it for afternoon refreshments.

Pola eyed him. She eyed the custard pie with curiosity. Then she went out to Mal.

"Molly," she said, and it was plain that she was torn between desire and dread, "are you going now to hit me with a pie?"

When the official had been removed by the hospital corps, "The Tattooed Countess" proceeded on its mirthful and harmonious way.

"We do have such fun," says Pola contentedly, and bows with laughter all day long. Licked, I tell you, by her own sense of humor, Pola, the tragedienne, was a devastating whirlwind. Pola, the comedienne, is a gentle summer breeze.
qualities, he could not have woven that gossamer story of "Peter Pan" into such a golden celluloid tapestry of everlasting youth.

BRENON’S lot in pictures was not an easy one. His finely wrought mentality was no match for the picture magnets, who shouted down his pleas for an opportunity to create for the public pictures of the glory and dreams of youth. Perhaps they are not to blame. Perhaps the public was not ready. I wonder if Brenon himself was. The talented Irishman was then unimat of obstacles, fiery in the tumultuous urge of his youth, a Galahad searching the Golden Grail in a boiler factory, a bomb-throwing revolutionary of the art.

I MISSED him for five years. Then I met him. Calm philosophy had replaced impatience, a mellow smile the scowls which reflected mental volcanic eruptions. His blue eye glowed again with the sense of humor which was his birthright. He was laughing with the world again.

And so he gave us "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella."

In his art he occupies today the place his friend, James Barrie, holds in his.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is back in "Hollywood after his trip to New York for the opening of "The Gold Rush." But he asserts he isn’t going to stay long. The doctors, he says, have told him that he has a very bad heart, and that he must retire from the screen for at least a year and take a complete rest, or else the consequences will be fatal. So Charlie is planning to go to Canada for a year or so—unless he decides to brave the thing out and work till he drops.

No doubt the doctors did find something the matter with Charlie’s heart. But I wonder if, maybe, after all these years of ignoring the public and living his own life without consideration of anyone—that has always been his philosophy—Charlie isn’t beginning to feel a little lonely.

Perhaps he feels that the love, if not the admiration, of the public, is cooling a little.

Somehow that story of Charlie’s about the heart trouble sounded to me like the cry of a lonely little boy. Genius is a darned lonely thing, anyway.

RECENTLY at a meeting of the Authors’ League I met a writer who has met with many disappointments in his efforts to sell his stories to picture companies.

"Why are you forever encouraging poor pictures and representing the film stars as the acme of human perfection?" he asked me, pushing his long hair back from his eyes.

"Don’t you realize that with the leading magazine of motion pictures you have a public responsibility?"

"Do you ever read it?" I asked him.

"Well—no—but," he started to answer, but I was on my way.
Small but aggravating stupidities. Although it is two months since I witnessed the opening of "The Vanishing American," I am still angry with the direction and editing, which are responsible for Noah Beery's over-acting, the mawkish titling, and the growth of Richard Dix's hair six inches in a few months. Why do they do it?

Bricklets and Bouquets

[Continued from Page 12]

Wants Rudy as Female Impersonator

Ervis, Texas.

After reading the November issue of Photo-
play, I want to say that I will read many more of
them, as I find Photoplay the most interest-
ing of all motion pictures.

I can't imagine why "Lou and John" have
it in for beautiful Mae Murray. I think she is
gorgeous and she can act, and proved it in
"The Merry Widow." I only hope she will be
as great a success in all her pictures.

She has many admirers in this town. About
her strutting and posturing—she is very graceful
when walking or dancing, and her mouth is
more beautiful when she pouts. I think Lou
must be a trifle envious.

I am also a great admirer of Rudolph Valen-
tino and am looking forward to his next pic-
ture "The Lone Eagle." I would like to see
Rudy and Mae Murray play together, and I'd like
to see Rudy as a female impersonator.

E. M. M.

Likes The New Screen Lovers

West Springfield, Mass.

Three cheers for "The Dark Angel," the
perfect photoplay of the year. To Vilma
Banky and Ronald Colman, the lovers in this
picture, I give my hearty congratulations. Vilma
Banky is a real beauty and an actress. Each
picture Mr. Colman makes is better than the
last.

I hope these ideal screen lovers will be seen
together often.

FRANCES FELITO.

Young Actors Don't Know Life

Portland, Ore.

Why bricklets? If we cannot say something
good, why say anything? We cannot expect all
the actors and actresses to please everybody.
I, for one, want to answer H. J. Watkins
(ill bet he is a man). The idea of calling
Eugene O'Brien and Conway Tearle old! They
have just commenced to show what they can
do, and Milton Sills also. Who else could have
played "The Sea Hawk." A younger man
would have spoiled it.

I never tire of watching Novarro on the
screen, but it was a long time before I dis-
covered what was wrong with him. He is too
young yet. They never grow on you. These young
actors will be great some day, but they have not lived enough
to put into their work what an older actor can.
A Woman No Longer Young.

A Bouquet for Mr. Cruz

Tulsa, Okla.

This bouquet is for James Cruz, one of the
greatest directors of today. I have just seen
"The Pony Express," and wish to thank Mr.
Cruz for this splendid production.

I shall be in Hollywood in the near future
and hope to have the pleasure of meeting this
great man.

EUNICE SKELTON DAVIS.

Greta an Imitator of Anna Q. ?

Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J.

In the past week we have witnessed Greta
Nissen in "Lost—a Wife," and Anna Q. Nils-
son in "Winds of Chance." In our estimation
Greta cannot hold a candle to Anna Q. as to
looks, acting ability and personality.

We, in school, were taught to be original, and
we hate a copy-cat. Why doesn't Greta try to
be original instead of copying our Anna?

Ben Lyon is good, too, if only he would omit
the oscillation when he is about to show his
authority.

ANNA NILSSON FAN CLUB OF TENNESSEE.

Conway's Frown Harmless

Rockville Center, L. I.

Several correspondents of late have com-
mented adversely upon Conway Tearle's trick
of frowning; their exceedingly literal idea being
evidently that tears denote grief, laughter, joy,
and a frown, ill humor.

To those who are capable of appreciating the
exceptional qualities of Conway Tearle as an
actor, his way of drawing his brows together is
merely an indication of the intensity with
which he throws himself into his work, without
pose or conceit.

It may surprise his critics to know that Mr.
Tearle's fans think his frown is just an-
other manifestation of his singular charm, and
of his innate and incomparable distinction.

NATALIE HEATH.

Appreciation of Mr. Blinn

Long Beach, Calif.

I think that Holbrook Blinn is one of the
most versatile actors I have ever seen and I
admire Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro
and Ricardo Cortez very much. I am glad
to see that Harrison Ford and Alan Forest
are coming steadily to the fore.

L. J. CLARKE.

[Continued on Page 131]

During the past few years, Photoplay Magazine has
noticed an increasing interest on the part of its readers
in household furnishings and personal adornment, and it
has been making an effort through its fashion and interior
decoration departments to be of service. If at any time
you are interested in learning the prices or descriptions of
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Happy Daze

I've got two choices: quit my job or jump in the lake—either or both.

Jimmy drummed on the table with his fingers, and finally drew a question:

"What is the main ingredient that Cyril suffered from?

"Women! And he isn't suffering."

"Any particular one?"

"Sure. There's one: is New York, Hollywood, or on location somewhere—there's always a particular one. Honestly, you'd think a man in his position would learn some time that they aren't crazy about him as a person, but because he's a star. But no—"

"He's usually a good pick," murmured Claxton.

"And he's still batting a thousand. Have you seen this one?"

"Not particularly. What's she like?"

"Fluffy little blonde. Probably thinks Cyril will fall for his leading woman—that's Cyril's old play."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"What does hubby think?"

"He doesn't think. He's away."

Jimmy Claxton lowered his voice—"Cyril isn't really cutting up, is he?"

"With her? A little, perhaps. He never does. Just an idle flirtation... but he's taking chances, and you and I both know it. I know Cyril isn't the home-tying type, but he would always understand women rather than hear of the affair. Damn it! It would almost be better if things were more serious. There'd be some excuse then. As it is, I get sorer every time I reflect that this doesn't mean a thing to Cousin Waring but the gratification of his vanity."

"Humph! True prophecy, Kid. What's the lady's name?"


"I never once saw her."

"Aw, hell. Anyway, she's playing the duce with schedule and I think little Rodney Archer has just about directed his last picture for Superb."

"Suppose you show that wire to Cyril. Rodney started wearily for the door. "I shall," he sighed, "but I can do a transcript of the interview before it occurs."

Jimmy Claxton stared at the door through—which his young friend departed. Jimmy was worried. And he was angry. He had long been fond of Archer. Archer had been elated when Superb had raised him to a full directorship and given him a Waring picture to do. The fact that Cyril Waring and Rodney Archer were cousins had seemed to Claxton a fine thing for the boy; it had promised co-operation and general efficiency.

But ever since the arrival of the company in Alabama, Cyril Waring had responded with too great eagerness to the efforts of the local society crowd to lionize him. There had been parties and fetes and dances, and, of course, miles away from the eyes of his chief executive, Cyril had good-naturedly refused to heed his cousin's pleas. Nothing vicious about it—Cyril wasn't the vicious type.

He was just more than good time and not worrying... but the company was operating under a $6,000-a-day head and Rodney Archer was having the props knocked from beneath him.

As far as the affair with Mrs. Gould—Claxton paid little attention to it. He had worked in the Waring unit for several years and knew that Cyril was not a philanderer. But he knew also that the star courted the idolaty of some ad diletted woman at all times. It was a weak streak in his nature; one for which he was not entirely responsible.

Meanwhile Rodney knocked at the door of Cyril's suite. A haggard aide bade him enter and crossed the room to find his cousin lounging in an easy chair, puffing placidly at a cigarette.

The man in the chair was that of which women call "ravishing." He was tall and lithe and blonde; a man of broad shoulders, deep chest and unbelievably small waist. His hair was curly, his lips had a sweet, somewhat petu- lant expression. If his eyes were too good to be true... but at the moment Rodney was seeing none of his cousin's physical attributes. What had riveted his attention was the wintry, of dinner clothes beneath the elegantly flowered lounging robe. He flung a question at Cyril.

"Party tonight?"

"Funny. Cyril—"you know perfectly well there's nothing wrong in that. Merely a harmless flirtation—"

"Sure! Sure, Cyril—but have you ever stopped to think whose time it is you're passing away? Read this!"

and the telegram from the president of the company. He tossed it back with a friendly smile.

"Don't let that worry you, Rodney. Just work."

"Yes—words. So far as you're concerned. But do you know what it means to me? It means that I'm busting on this job; busting higher than a kite. Just because you haven't got guts enough or decency enough to work for me as you should. You kid yourself that you're helping me—"

"You hadn't been made director if I hadn't used my influence, would you?"

"No. And I wouldn't have chopped this picture if you hadn't laid down on me. It'll be a fine spot on my record that I got half way through a Waring picture and was kicked out of the company."

"His voice took on a pleading nature. "Come on like a good fellow, Cyril. Let's cut this stuff f or good and all. I'm staying here; don't have to worry about packing up and leaving New York in a week—and at this rate if we get there in three we'll be lucky."

Cyril was impressed. More, he was touched. Perhaps he had been a little too hard on Rodney. He dropped a hand on his cousin's shoulder. "All right, Boy. I guess I have laid down on you a bit. But tomorrow we start working. Where do we shoot?"

"Carnovon."

"What time you want me?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Good. I'll be there at nine-forty-five. And there's my hand on it!"
Roddy pleaded, begged and swore. There were thirty extra-ready—and getting paid back the per day's expenses was company was there in the lights set. He informed the operator that he was Cyril's director and finally she permitted him to speak to the hotel manager. The meeting was at midnight.

At one o'clock the performance was repeated. At two a sad and irritated group of moving picture persons were dismissed and the back door slammed in the faces of the city cemeteries. When Cyril entered his cousin's room, Cyril was investigating the mystery of What Makes a Grapefruit Squirt. He was exceedingly contrite about finding himself about to die to the world. Didn't get in until dawn—and oh! what a head! Wished you had been with us.

I wish, I'd been with us, Cyril. Damn it! I wish that the tenth time you've broken your word. I suppose this was some of the Gould crew?

Cyril rose frostily. “Now, listen here, Old Top—there's a limit.”

“Yes, and I've passed it. I'd rather quit my job than get fired. Tomorrow morning if you're not on the train at ten o'clock I'm going to write a complete report to Carlisle and my resignation with it.”

“I say—”

“I've never said anything. I'm sick and tired of the whole mess.”

“No, Roddy—that isn't any way to talk. You're young and hot-headed. I promise you that if you go on like this I'll have to get the police, and you don't see what all the talk's about. I'll be at Carnavon at ten in the morning. Ten sharp.

But that night Mrs. Gould gave a bathing party at the river and then Roddy's square had dissolved. And Mrs. Gould pouted and fretted and said her party would just simply be ruined because she was giving it for him and him alone and she had made all preparations and arrangements and engaged artists and such.

They ate a picnic breakfast on the banks of the river and when Cyril returned to the hotel it was to again place a Disturb sign on his door and then fell across the bed in exhaustion.

His last thought before losing consciousness was that he had done Roddy a very dirty trick, but that he'd be on location at ten o'clock and then, yes, sir—ten sharp. Or maybe a little earlier.

Cyril waked at three in the afternoon with a distinctly dark brown taste in his mouth. He had been sober for a visit from his director cousin, but Roddy did not appear. Then Cyril became frightened—not for himself but because there was a likelihood that Roddy might do something foolish.

The next day Cyril and his gentleman informed Mrs. Gould curtly that he had nothing to say.

Now Roddy, listen—I'll be out at ten in the morning.

“Your director, you have a good time there, then. I'm finished. I expect to leave for New York tonight.”

“Don't mean—”

“You don't mean to explain. I intend to do. You go on out with your society friends—have a good time—I wish you lots of luck.”

Cyril was plunged into the nethermost depths of the interview. It seemed to him that folks just couldn't understand. Why, hadn't he been working hard and faithfully for Superb for years—and his salary a mere three hundred thousand a year. It wasn't—"he told himself—as though there was anything there shouldn't be in his relations with that cute little Gould kid. She was just a good fellow—that was all, and she did understand.

But then Roddy was so unreasonable—and so foolish. If he cared to make a fuss about everything—well, Cyril was a good one at heart and wanted to make amends. He would start work in the morning; positively. He bathed and dressed and prepared to visit Roddy and tell that infatuated young man that he, Cyril Waring, had reformed.

But just when Cyril would have left the room, something happened. There came a knock at the door and instant informed the elegant young star that this was not just an ordinary knock: it possessed neither the deferential touch of the bellhop nor the aggressive note of the room service reporter. Cyril turned the key, opened the door and murred a polite "Come in."

Cyril's initial impression of his visitor was that the young woman was eight feet tall and her estimate was swiftly revised upward. In breadth the man was almost as imposing and he possessed a tremendously deep chest, and again she was practically unspeakable.

Also, the visitor seemed to feel quite at home. In fact he even closed the door and took the trouble to lock it. That little attention to detail made Cyril unsure if this was or was not an old actress. Slight and limned, but he, charcoal, even suggested from the air that he, charcoal, even suggested a very great and unspeakable appliance and impeccable taste. The man might be an actress.

At any rate the visitor was a very great and unspeakable appliance and impeccable taste. The man might be an actress. Cyril was confident that he was not. There was, after all, a difference exactly like the music to a solo and to an orchestra. Cyril was confident that he was not, and it was not at all unfair to conclude that Cyril was not just an old actress.

He, charcoal, even suggested a very great and unspeakable appliance and impeccable taste. The man, charcoal, was a very great and unspeakable appliance and impeccable taste. Cyril, charcoal, was not just an old actress.

‚Hah!‘ said the visitor to himself. "That's a very fine man, isn't it?" Cyril was confident that he was not, and it was not at all unfair to conclude that Cyril was not just an old actress.

‘Do you know who I am, Cyril?‘

‘No, I haven't had the pleasure.‘

‘It isn't a pleasure: don't make any mistake about that. My name is Gould—Fordham Gould.‘

Cyril wilted. After all, Roddy had been right—he should have been making pictures here instead of in New York. A pretty little woman whose husband was a dead man and remained out of town a fortnight longer.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Gould—"

"Hah!‘ This statement appeared to amuse the visitor, but Cyril was not here to talk petty came here to give an order.‘

‘Yes sir?‘

‘There's a train for New York at midnight tonight. You're going to be a passenger on it.‘

Cyril gulped. ‘Tonight?‘

‘Exactly. I'm not discussing whys or wherefores.‘

‘Yes sir, of course—but I'm afraid you misunderstand our relations with your promising young man.‘

The devil I do. If I misunderstood I'd shoot you. I do understand—and I understand that the quicker you get out of this town, the sooner the town will stop gossipping. That's final.‘

Very well. I won't argue with you.‘

Thought of Roddy came to Cyril. He was suddenly very sorry for Roddy. Of course the boy would get the entire blame and it really wasn't just at all that he knew what he was doing he found himself telling Fordham Gould all about poor Roddy and that young gentleman's dilemma. He even explained that if he had to go it would cost him two hundred thousand dollars on this picture and that if he left town instantly it would increase that expense fully fifty per cent.

MR. GOULD made it quite clear that he was not interested. But Cyril continued to talk and the more he talked the more he convinced himself that he wanted to finish the location, because he knew that Superb would put him pretty much in their debt, and he felt that he had to leave the city because of any implied affair with a young lady. Cyril was an earnest pleader and gradually the big man became impressed.

‘How long would this take?‘ he asked gruffly.

‘Ten days.‘

‘Too long.‘

‘A week, then. I'd have to rush—‘

FREE a seven day supply

New arrival for an old favorite—

Sem-pray in a dainty, pink, white box, with metal rule.

Oval shape, the new "pushup" metal tube provides a broad, smooth, Pastel colored, scented, powder andlet, which your skin—without handling the eases. Convenient to carry in handbag! At dealer's—10c. or by mail, 12c. The wonderful supply, with new beauty booklet, free. Mme, Labot, 636 Sem-pray Avenue Bidg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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MIDGET NAME CARDS

The latest novelty 50c. Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size

1/4" x 1/2", in grosgrain leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type, Price complete 50c. Send stamp, c.o. or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Aerts-McCord

MIDGET CARD SHOP

48 Main Street

Green, Rhode Island
Play "JAZZ" on the Saxophone

Ferdinand Gould transfigured Cyril with a level eye. "You can remain one week under this condition: You are not to communicate with my wife in any way, personally or by letter or telephone. She will probably call you. If she does you are to hang up in her face. Is that clear?"

Cyril admitted that it was clear. He even repeated Ferdinand's orders so there could be no possibility of mistake. And when that large gentleman had departed after a few more remarks having to do with lethal consequences should Cyril violate their agreement in any slightest detail, Mr. Waring sat down abruptly in the chair by the window and discovered that he was perspiring freely.

It was an unusual and disturbing experience for the star. His instinct was to leave the city at once... but thought of the interview with his protagonist made him stay... .

"Now it's Cyril," Cyril rapped again. The door opened and Mr. Waring forced his little frame into the room. Roddy favored him with a cold and haughty smile.

"Out," ordered Mr. Archer. "Now, Roddy, listen—"

"I'm deaf. You beat it."

Cyril strode across the room and grasped his cousin's shoulders in the most approved manner of the screen.

"Now you listen to me, Roddy Archer. I've been a bumm and a roller. I've done your dirt—"

"You've conned cleverly and well all over. I'm not only going to be on location tomorrow, but I'll be there at eight o'clock, and we're going to work morning, noon and night and get this location stuff finished in a week."

"Roddy favored him with a sneer. "That," he commented, "is boloney."

"It isn't, Roddy—honest and truly. I mean it. Come on, let's see if we can't put this through in a week."

Mr. Archer's eyes narrowed. "Something happened?" he queried casually.

"That," Cyril answered, "is bolt."

"It isn't, Roddy—honest and truly. I mean it. Come on, let's see if we can't put this through in a week."

"I've waked up. And this time I mean it."

Roddy agreed to try him. And at ten minutes before eight o'clock the next morning a superbly heavy-eyed but exceedingly willing Cyril Waring showed upon location.

From that moment on, life changed for Mr. Rodney Archer. Unquestionably something had happened, because there was no holding Cyril. He threw himself into his work with a fervor which had been absent since his pre-star days, and he was jealous of every moment of lost time. He was all over the set like a hawk, struggling to save a minute here and there.

"While they're moving their lights, Roddy, you can be rehearsing that next scene, can't we?"

"Well, we don't usually do it that way."

"To thunder with what we usually do. We want to get through in a week. Let's go!"

After three days even Jimmy Claxton protested.

The electricians were groggy and sullen, no loafing for them... but now that Roddy's chief trouble had been eliminated that young man became very much of a martinet. He drove and drove and drove.

Everyone austerely. It was a raily grind from eight in the morning until ten and eleven o'clock at night.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh day, the last of the outdoor shots had been filmed, the business manager had reserved berths for the company on the New York train departing at midnight that night and Roddy was sprawled on his bed in the hotel, exhausted but supremely happy.

It had been a noble week of superhuman effort. Cyril had functioned as never before, throwing himself heart and soul into every scene to avoid the necessity for retakes. The writer had remained clear—everything, as Jimmy Claxton expressed it, when.

At eleven o'clock that night a weary troupe gathered at the Terminal Station for the trip to the New York City.

"You'll be—"

"Roddy turned purple and jerked his head toward the tall, silent figure by the gate. "Vonder he is, Mrs. Gould. I hope—"

But the lady swept gushingly out, and a couple alighted: a pretty, fluffy blonde lady and a little, shrivelled, sparsely-haired gentleman. They walked through the waiting room. This was the lady speaking. "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Waring?"

Roddy turned purple and jerked his head toward the tall, silent figure by the gate. "Vonder he is, Mrs. Gould. I hope—"

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Mr. Watkins, You Started Something

Kansas City, Mo.

Herewith, please find one large, hard, and highly expensive brickbat to be dropped on the head of H. J. Watkins, whose letter appearing in November Photoplay contains an exceedingly petty and childish outburst regarding several of our able and popular actors. Among these actors who seem to be making Mr. Watkins unhappy is Thomas Meighan.

Tom is my favorite, and I cannot let the remarks of Mr. Watkins go unchallenged.

It has always been a mystery to me why fans persist in going to see the players they do not like and then spend their time criticizing them. This kind of criticism is neither constructive nor helpful, and it makes mighty poor reading. If you don't like Thomas Meighan, stay at home. Personally, I cannot see how even a stone image could resist the friendliness, good fellowliness and kindliness that Mr. Meighan radiates.

DOROTHY WEST.

A Real Bouquet

Oriska, No. Dak.

Certain stars suggest certain kinds of flowers, and this is how they look to me:

Pola Negri, a poinsettia.
Mary McAvoy, wood violets in deep places.
Mary Astor, marigolds and asters.
Leatrice Joy, nasturtiums in a window box.
Mary Pickford, pink roses on blue velvet.
Bebe Daniels, a bunch of daisies.
Nina Nati, a chrysanthemum.
Mildred Davis, little blue forget-me-nots.
Norma Talmadge, pink geraniums in a sunny window.
Constance Talmadge, a cluster of wild roses.
Gloria Swanson, wild flowers in tall green grass.
Lois Wilson, cherry and apple blossoms.
Lillian Gish, lilies of the valley.
Betty Bronson, little yellow buttercups.
Florece Vidor, purple lilacs.
Barbara La Marr, orchids on white velvet.
Norma Shearer, tea roses.
Irene Rich, iris.
Corinne Griffith, white lilacs.

A ROSE OF DAKOTA.

EMMA M. LOCKMAN.

One for Tarle and One for Pringle

East Orange, N. J.

I want to disagree with H. G. Watkins and give one grand and glorious cheer for Conway Tearle. I don't know whether people just can't see or whether they don't know a good actor when they see one. Can't we please have him on the cover? I am not the only one who has made this request. And now for a brickbat. Why isn't Allen Pringle satisfied with her present popularity? Why must she go and cut off all her hair and try to change her style?

F. R.

Zero for Bebe

Denver, Colo.

I love them all—except Bebe Daniels. To me she is the zero of the movies. After I read praise of her in your honest magazine, I try to give her one more chance, but I always leave the theater with a feeling of time wasted. She insists upon showing her ridiculous profile and poring with her bee-stung lips.

M. G.

One Little Bouquet for Watkins

St. Louis, Mo.

Three cheers for H. J. Watkins. He put the whole thing in a nutshell when he penned Tearle and Sills. They've evidently never heard that expression, "be yourself." Barbara La Marr and Nita Nahl! Ugh!

Beauty may come and beauty may go, but Mary Pickford will be beloved forever. She and Douglas Fairbanks were handed a medal for making clean, wholesome pictures of the type that make you leave the theater with a feeling that you've just seen a picture that is all that's been cracked up to be. "The Son of Zorro" was great.

Another who deserves all the fuss that's been made about him is little Betty Brouss. She reminds one of a clear, sparkling brook rippling through green fields. I hope they do not spoil her with unsuitable parts.

P. STANDISH.

Meets All the Trains

Albuquerque, N. M.

I think this is a very interesting column, I have seen quite a few of our movie stars, personally, and want to tell you what I think of them. They usually get off the train and walk up and down the platform here on their trips from coast to coast.

I saw Gaston Glass yesterday and my heart ached to see a wonderful looking and very pleasant. I saw our darling Mary Pickford three times, and she is too beautiful for words. She had a smile on her face all the time she was here, and as for Douglas Fairbanks, I liked him very much. Owen Moore looks exactly as he does on the screen, and Marion Davies is beautiful. Mae Murray is just like a big doll, and words cannot describe Ricardo Cortez. Jack Coogan is cute, but I was disappointed when I saw Gloria. She was very cordial, but I don't think she is as pretty off the screen as on. I didn't care much for Eugene O'Brien's looks either.

Don't you think I am lucky living in a town between Los Angeles and New York, where I can get to see the stars? I feel so proud to discuss the stars, and after seeing so many, I just had to write about it.

DOROTHY MITCHELL.

Un-funny Comedies Get It

Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are too many trashy comedies on the screen. Look at them is a rank dissipation of mind and time. It doesn't matter how nonsensical a comedy is if it makes us laugh, but most of the short-reelers are a positive nuisance.

W. FELDMAN.

Handsomest Man—You'd Be Surprised

Port Arthur, Ont., Canada.

There has been enough controversy in your columns as to who is the best looking man in the movies. Now I will settle it. Rex Ingram! Mr. Ingram is the finest looking of them all. Please, can't we have some new pictures of him, and not just little scraps? How about an interview with him? He is the best director, and would be the best actor, if he wished to.

F. M. H.

Pola Tiresome

Denver, Colo.

How can Mr. Jay Smith, of Chicago, even think there could be a successor to Wallace? There can never be anyone to take his place,

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
and as for anyone as mediocre as Richard Dix—well, he can't even be compared.

Here's a brickbat for Pola Negri. She is thrown in our faces everywhere we turn. An issue of Photoplay seldom leaves her out, and she is to me the most tiresome actress on the screen. However, when it comes to Gloria, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer and others, I haven't words enough to praise them.

I do wish Lon Chaney would stop sacrificing himself in all his pictures. I saw The Unholy Three last night, and why couldn't Mac Buschave fallen in love with him? Lon Chaney has never given a bad performance, and he ought to get the girl once in a while.

DOROTHY WHITMAN.

Producers, Read This

New York City, N. Y.

Your "kick" department is an outlet for the American public's steam when some of the bones the producers pull make us too hot under the collar.

I'm speaking of the reckless way in which good actors and actresses are directed and cast in pictures that are then sold through advertising. For example, Thomas Meighan in "The Alaskan," Barbara La Marr in "The Heart of a Siren," and hundreds of others.

What has happened to pictures like "Passion," "Orphans of the Storm," The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand," "Peter Pan," and others? Is the industry starting to specialize in advertising and selling instead of producing? If mob scenes and costume plays are too expensive there are always interesting stories like "The Talker" and "Are Parents People?"

The trend of thought in producing seems to be that lavishness, thrills, extreme costumes, exaggeration and animation make up for a weak plot and poor direction.

Bert Coyle.

Good Suggestions

Gloversville, N. Y.

I would very much like to see screened "Ivanhoe" and "The Idylls of the King." In the latter Lilian Gish as Elaine. She might also do for the fair lady in "Ivanhoe," although this is more of a Douglas Fairbanks picture. My husband would like to see "The Lady of the Lake."

MRS. ROBERT HOWARD.

A Lloyd Hughes Fan

Chicago, Ill.

Can't throw enough bouquets to my only favorite male actor, Lloyd Hughes. I've watched him climb the ladder of fame for two years, and at last he is there. Your magazine never anything against him, although in November issue his picture appeared, but it was very poor of him. He certainly has all these shafts beaten in every way, to say nothing of the old timers that are old enough to retire, such as Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, and others.

Lloyd Hughes brings us youth, college, romance and everything that is beautiful and worth while in life. His company should send him more pictures like "Welcome Stranger" and "Declasse." He is the ideal American type of young man that not only appeals to the younger set, but to the older women also to men, which is unusual, since hardly any men give actors very much praise, particularly the Valentine type, but they all admire the clean young American as personified in Lloyd Hughes.

I understand he has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood, is happily and peacefully married. Please publish more pictures and news of him. God bless him and may he become the greatest star.

MARION WALLACE.

Can't See Gloria

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I enjoy Photoplay very much, but wish to see more pictures of Viola Dana, my favorite. I fail to understand why everyone is so infatuated with Gloria Swanson, for her pictures and acting aren't anything to rave about, like most people do.

Here's for better pictures like those of Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, Mary Pickford, and Marion Davies.

PHYLISS NEWTON.

Our Ivan Gets It


Just one loaded brickbat aimed in deadly earnest at Ivan St. John. When he tells us Peggy Joyce is "just an old-fashioned girl," as gallant as we are, it somehow fails to stick.

Why not risk the censors and send Herb Howe over for an interview, and then tell us all?

MARY FORREST.

A Prediction

San Francisco, Calif.

The cinema is improving. There are many useless subtitles that will gradually be eliminated. In future there will be more pictures of the caliber of "The Last Laugh" and "The Old Swimming Hole."

The theme of the future picture will be written to be filmed. There will be less adaptations from popular plays and novels. Writers will realize that the cinema is an excellent medium for the expression of their character studies. The players of the future will be better pantomimists than those of the present.

K. A. DUNCAN.

A Nice One for a Newcomer

Simpson, Pa.

I have a great big bouquet for one of our most promising young actors, Lawrence Gray. His acting in "Are Parents People?" was superb. He wins the laurel wreath, and if he gets the chance that some of the older actors have had, I know he will surpass them in every way. He is the type that we wish to see.

Miss J. K. W.

She Can't See Jack Gilbert

Cheshire, Conn.

I fail to see why people rave over Jack Gilbert. To me he is only good looking, which does not mean much.

I don't agree with the person who said Constance Talmadge is the world's best comedienne. Dorothy Gish has her beaten a mile.

Miss J. W. D.

Ricardo Most Passionate

Lynchburg, Va.

I would like to toss a brickbat at R. V. C. of Philadelphia and "Babe" of Kansas City. The very idea of saying Ricardo Cortez copies Rudolph Valentino. Both are good and both the same type. The Spaniard" called for the Latin type, so, therefore—Ricardo. I think he is the most passionate man on the screen. His eyes would melt an ice cream.

I want him to know that there is one fan who gets thrills up and down her spine from those marvelous eyes of his.

JUST A BLONDE.

Wants Original Stories

Meadville, Pa.

Your magazine is, in my opinion, the best authority and the most accurate account of the doings at Hollywood.

What is so annoying to many movie fans is to view their favorite novel transferred to the screen in unrecognized fashion. "Grau-
Read This, Mr. Watkins

I am a constant reader of Photoplay and enjoy reading Brickbats and Bouquets when they are just criticisms. But a letter written by H. J. Watkins, in the November issue of this magazine, goes beyond the bounds. It is more than a brickbat. It is a positive insult to Milton Sills and Conway Tearle, both of whom have done so much toward making the movies what they are today. I think the efforts they have made to benefit the public should be appreciated and not made the subject of ridicule.
One would infer from reading the Watkins' letter that both Sills and Tearle were in their dotage, whereas they are in their prime, bright, intelligent men with their best years before them. I see no reason why they should be relegated to the background to give place to the younger generation. There is room for all.
When Milton Sills and Conway Tearle reach the time when they feel they cannot do justice to themselves or the public, they will step down and out of their own accord, and retire with the honor due them.

MRS. NELLIE E. STEELE.

Some Sense in This

Scranton, Penna.
The younger actors mentioned in H. J. Watkins' letter last month are good, very good, but not to be compared with finished actors like Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and Tom Meighan. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Buster Collier would make fine lovers—opposite Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr, now, wouldn't they?

L. R. R.

We Thank You

Houlton, Maine.
I want to ask you if you would please give us a cover of Dorothy Cumming and a story about her. She is wonderful and has the most beautiful mouth I have ever seen. And she can act.
I can't agree with "Lou and John" when they say that Mae Murray can't act. She can, but I wish she would wear her hair soft and fluffly and leave off those hideous puffs and snarled curls.
Gloria Swanson is a fine actress and deserves all praise.
Here is a brickbat for Nita Naldi. Why doesn't she let her eyes alone and not make up so heavy?
Your covers are great. Wish we could see more Rolf Armstrong ones.

RESSE C. WETMORE.

Come Through, Lon Chaney Fans

Bethel, Conn.
I have read your Brickbats and Bouquets for November, and not a word regarding Lon Chaney. What is the matter? Are the people asleep? Can't they appreciate an artist when they see one?
Who can portray the characters Lon Chaney can? Never has there been such an artist ever been known. His work in "The Hunchback," and "He Who Gets Slapped" is splendid. Every picture in which he plays has that same gripping appeal.
If you can't feel his acting, you are not human.

VIOLET.
Superb acting, splendid direction and the critical supervision of the United States Navy Department have combined to produce the first authentic picture ever shown of our admirals in the making.

Thrill follows thrill throughout the yarn as rapidly as wave follows wave at sea—it will leave you breathless and satisfied—another proof of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's supreme genius in the making of motion picture masterpieces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in heaven"
Effective service promptly

KEEP Feminex always at hand. It banishes pain and tense misgivings—usually in from 10 to 15 minutes. Giving relief and relaxation. Saving valuable time, and the embarrassment that attends habitual absence from one's position.

So inexpensive there's really no reason to be without

It costs only 50c a bottle—containing enough tablets for three months' service! Safe and tasteless. And as easy to carry as a compact. Or it may be kept in desk, dressing table, drawer or cabinet. Feminex has solved another age-old problem of womankind, and within one year has been adopted as a toilette essential by girls and women everywhere.

At your favorite drug store

Feminex is sold by name at the best drug stores the country over. The name is easy to remember—its service will never be forgotten or willingly foregone.

Send for Sample Package

Simply tear out this advertisement, write name and address on the margin, and mail it with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper.

"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"
When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby

—have a Camel!

WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself

—have a Camel!

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and kept—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigarette aftertaste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life’s problems and their solutions clearer—lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

© 1926

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
What is IT? Have you IT?
SMART! Your rouge and loose powder in this bewitchingly dainty vanity

In this charming Djer-Kiss Rouge-Loose-Powder Vanity, Kerkoff presents a perfectly safe way for you to carry your loose face powder with you wherever you go.

There is a dainty compact of Djer-Kiss Rouge, too, in your choice of five fashionable Parisian shades. And a unique double-faced mirror—detail, on one side; reducing, on the other.

$2.50 at the better shops

The perfect Powder refill
Made, packed and sealed in France, Djer-Kiss Face Powder is the perfect refill for the loose powder compartments of loose powder vanities.

There is no powder quite so fine as a French face powder and no French powder more soft and fine than Djer-Kiss. Purchase a box when you buy your Vanity. Three shades: Blanche, Chair and Rachel.

For loose powder alone
Fashioned of nickelsilver, the new Djer-Kiss "Silver Single" Vanity is as light and dainty as a flying watch. A tassel of regal purple lends an added note of chic.

$2.00 at smart shops

© A. H. S. Co. 1926
How our soft and savory eatables have impaired the health of our teeth and gums—

—and how by a simple addition to their daily care you may keep your gums healthy and your teeth brilliant!

A FORMAL dinner, served with pomp and ceremony, may seem quite different from a snack that you take at home, but there is one way at least in which they are very much the same.

The food at both is soft. It is deficient in fibre—utterly unstimulating to the tissue of your gums. And the gums, which much need the exercise that rough, coarse food was meant to give, are growing soft—more open to the attacks of that long list of gum troubles that seem to be so fashionably prevalent today.

How to counteract the damage soft food is doing

Sometimes the gums bleed—the tooth brush "shows pink" in the mornings. This does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, for authenticated cases are few and far between. But it does mean that your gums need some daily attention, as any good dentist will readily attest.

Most dentists will tell that the first thing to do is to bring about a healthy flow of blood within the gum walls, and this they point out can be done, and should be done, by massage.

And thousands of dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana Tooth Paste, recommend that this massage be done with Ipana at the time of the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If your gums are at first too tender, do it with your finger. Later quite gently apply the brush.

Why very many dentists urge the use of Ipana

This massage with Ipana will help by improving the circulation, by augmenting the stimulation to the gum tissue itself and even more directly because of the ziratol content of Ipana. Ziratol is an antiseptic and hemostatic used by dentists in their work at the chair, to allay bleeding and to restore gum tissue to its normal tone.

Ask your dentist about Ipana today! He knows it. He and thousands of others approve its good work. It was, in fact, through the help of the dental profession that Ipana first became known and famous.

Then when he approves, resolve to begin your use of Ipana. Switch to it completely. Use it faithfully. Before the tube is out, before a month is over, you'll note, as many thousands do, the beneficial effect that Ipana can exert on your gum tissue. You'll find out, too, how it can clean and beautify your teeth.

There is a coupon on this page. If you care to send it, we will forward you a sample of Ipana. Frankly, we do not recommend your doing so. For ten days is too short a time to prove Ipana's merit—ten days can only start the good work.

Switch to Ipana now!

But, after all, as nearly every druggist in the land has Ipana, you'll find it easier to go to your nearest drug store and get a full-sized tube.

Even if your gums bother you but seldom, start your use of this delicious dentifrice today, for it not only cleans teeth safely but, with its help, you can keep your gums as they were meant to be—firm, sound and in perfect health.
The Trade Mark of Romance

Paramount Pictures

Personalities of Paramount and their Paramount Pictures

Lois Wilson — is the winningest teacher of the country school in The Vanishing American. Those who remember her wonderful performance in The Covered Wagon will watch eagerly for this new role. Other Paramount Pictures featuring her are: Welcome Home, Rugged Waters and Irish Luck.

Richard Dix — plays the title role of The Vanishing American. He makes a magnificent Indian, combining the lion and the fox in plot and deed. Other Paramount Pictures in which he is appearing are: The Ten Commandments, The Lucky Devil, and Wounded.

Zane Grey — is the envy of even bestselling authors. He wrote The Vanishing American. The vast number enjoying the book are keenly expectant of its Paramount picturization. Other Paramount Pictures from Grey are: Episode of the Wild Horse Mesa, Light of Western Stars, and The Thundering herd.

Noah Beery — plays the official in charge of the Indian Reservation. Valiant and smiles go together, and Beery gives a character the more you admire the actor. Other Paramount Pictures in which he appears are: Light of Western Stars, Wild Horse Mesa, and Lord Jim.

Raymond Griffith — is the touchstone of youth. Indifference becomes smiles, and smiles a valley of happiness when he appears. Make a list of his Paramount Pictures and enjoy them. Start with The Silent Child, Paths to Paradise and A Regular Fellow.

Betty Bronson — leaped into fame as the Peter Pan girl. Today her success in A Kiss for Cinderella has entrenched even Peter Pan. Other Paramount Pictures in which she appears are: The Golden Princess, Not So Long Ago, and Are Parents People?

THE END OF THE TRAIL

Races pass and leave the old, old story of strife and song. The Indian passes in this our time, within the Reservation gates; a figure as sinister as a bloody arrow, but filling the eye and the heart with his tragedy. "Adieu, Vanishing American, adieu — may you find the Happy Hunting Ground of your camp fire dreams."

This epic of the Indian has already been acclaimed by hundreds of audiences as ranking with The Covered Wagon in scope, power and human interest.

Here is a picture of enmity and gallantry and fierce love-making in the very shadow of danger. The vision of Paramount, Zane Grey, Director George B. Seitz and Supervisor Lucien Hubbard searched out and composed all this for you, the Paramount organization pursuing, as it always does, the ideal material for the greatest shows that human beings can desire.

Like stately ships magically appearing one after another on the horizon, and slowly coming in full view, came The Covered Wagon, The Ten Commandments, Peter Pan, The Pony Express, A Kiss for Cinderella, That Royle Girl, and now The Vanishing American, sailing the sea of more than one or two seasons' brief popularity, and even so being but leaders of a great fleet cruising literally to the admiration of all lands and peoples.

Wherever you find the name PARAMOUNT you've found The End of the Trail to the Greatest Show in Town.

Paramount Pictures

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

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

Vol. XXIX No. 3

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Girls Who Didn't Make Good

We hear a lot, too much sometimes, about the little girls who go to Hollywood and in a few years achieve stardom and electric lights. But we rarely hear the other side of the adventure, those who fail. What becomes of them? DOROTHY SPENSLEY set out to find out, and next month presents the results of her investigations. It's a story no one interested in motion picture personalities—and who isn't?—should miss.

A Comedy of Errors in Real Life

CLARA BOW is probably married by the time this magazine appears. But you should know what a fuss there was in four quarters when a newspaper story engaged her to the wrong man a month before.

Can Jack Gilbert Get Away With It?

Jack wonders himself. He is on the pinnacle now, but he is determined that the producers shall not make him a heavy loser in pictures. He wants to follow out some of his own ideas. Can he do it? His original booster, IVAN ST. JOHNS, Western Editor of Photoplay, tells you all about it.

In the March Issue

Out February 15
THE STORY OF THREE CHORUS GIRLS

"SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"

Still another smashing hit!
You who held your breath at "The Unholy Three"—
Thrilled at "The Merry Widow"—
Roared at Buster Keaton in "Go West"—
Take a tip—
DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"!
It takes you from the back-alley to the ball-room—
back-stage and back again.
It's a knockout.
Also it's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.
And when we say that, we've said all there is to say
about a picture.
It means certified satisfaction—sight unseen.
We repeat—DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND
MARY"!
Star-studded with Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neil,
Joan Crawford and William Haines.
Directed by Edmund Goulding, master
screen-story-teller.
From the big hit that ran a year on Broadway.
DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND
MARY"!
It's one of those wonderful

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

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Consistency wins!

For the second time in five years PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal (the highest award in pictures) goes to a First National Picture as the best picture of the year.

Such a record is not mere chance. It means a sound, constructive policy and an organization of the best authors, directors and artists built to endure.

It means a further promise for years to come. The First National Pictures for 1926 (the first of which are listed on the opposite page) will unswervingly uphold the high standards of artistry and entertainment that resulted in the awarding of the Gold Medal to "Abraham Lincoln." For your consistent entertainment look for the theatre that advertises First National Pictures.
January is
First National Month!

"JUST SUPPOSE"—Royalty's twentieth century romance starring Richard Barthelmess as the Prince who wins an American girl. Directed by Kenneth Webb for Inspiration Pictures from A. E. Thomas' play.

"THE FAR CRY"—A drama of social unrest with Paris as a background. Directed by Balboni; June Mathis, editorial director. Cast includes Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall, Hobart Bosworth and Myrtle Stedman.

"TOO MUCH MONEY"--The drama of the man who tried to get rid of his. From Israel Zangwill's play directed by John Francis Dillon under Earl Hudson's supervision. Featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.


"JOANNA"—The average American girl as a million dollar experiment. Directed and presented by Edwin Carewe from H. L. Gates' newspaper serial. Featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.


You've read the above. Now look over this list!
"CLASSIFIED," starring Corinne Griffith; "THE DARK ANGEL," George Fitzmaurice's production; "THE UNGUARDED HOUR," starring Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon; "GRAUSTARK," starring Norma Talmadge; "HER SISTER FROM PARIS," starring Constance Talmadge; "THE LIVE WIRE," starring Johnny Hines—are a few of the other stellar First National attractions being featured by theatres now joining in the celebration of First National Month.

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

A special service to its readers, Picture Play 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 drama.

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 theatres 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.

Compromise—Warner Brothers. A good cast, including Lee Carroll and Clive Brook, in an adequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

Cycloonic Cavaliere, the—Reliance Photo Co. A film that indicates the birth of a new star. (November.)

Cyran de Bergerac—Atlas. A comedy. (November.)

Dark Angel, the—First National. A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. You’ll want to see it. (November.)

Daughter of the Sioux, the—David Distributing. A true Indian story that may amuse the children. (September.)

Desert Flower, the—Colleen Moore's unfolding story saves it from being just another one of those Cinderellas tales. (August.)

Don O.—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

Drusilla with a Million—F. O. O. It's health but it's good health and splendidly acted by Mary Pickford. Don't be afraid to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

Durand of the Bad Lands—Fox. Plenty of action and a horse of a Rand in the role. Marion Nixon is a pleasing heroine. (December.)

Eagle, the—United Artists. Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, an Egyptian prince and a Scottish knight. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

Everlasting Whisper, the—Fox. Tom Mix fans will like this. Others wouldn't. Old stuff with drab action. (December.)

Everyman's Wife, the—Fox. Marking the welcome return of Darwin多余. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

Eve's Secret—Paramount. Wherein the Duke educates a pretty girl and marries her. Another version produced by Jack Holt and Betty Compson. (January.)

Exchange of Wives, an—Metro-Goldwyn. Two couples far too madly in love to exchange flag. It. Good entertainment. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

Faint Perfume—B. P. Schulberg. Faint is right. A jumbled movieized version of Zona Gale’s excellent novel. (November.)

Fifty-Fifty—Associated Exhibitors. What happens when an American rose marries a French dancer. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are perfect in it. (September.)

Fighting Demon, the—F. O. O. Just the very gaggle will like this one. Richard Talmadge is a splendidly dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

Fighting Heart, the—Fox. George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (November.)

Fine Clothes—First National. A subtle and human story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alna Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

Flower of the Night—Paramount. Ho, Ho! A comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It’s the liveliest and the most youthful comedy now on the screen. (December.)

Girl Who Wouldn't Work, the—B. P. Schulberg. The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. Good work by Marguerite de la Motte, Lionel Barrymore, and others. (September.)

Golden Princess, the—Paramount. A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 11]
With this new catalog—"The Thrift Book of a Nation"—you have access to 35,000 bargains, the greatest store in the world!

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Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

$25.00 Letter
Montreal, Canada.

My biggest bouquet goes to George Fitzmaurice for his direction of the most beautiful picture I have ever seen, “The Dark Angel.” One to Ronald Colman for his portrayal of an English gentleman, and one to Vilma Banky for her flawless acting.

I know of no leading man who could have played that role with such delicacy and refinement as did Ronald Colman. Vilma Banky will rise to great heights if they do not spoil her. She has beauty and refinement, combined with perfect technique. It is extremely unpleasant to contemplate what they might make her into: an over-marcelled, over-made-up unnatural puppet.

Being an exceedingly hard-boiled fan, it is a relief to view a picture which has the power to make one forget it is a film; which has beauty, pathos and romance without the slightest hint of sex.

Those who claim the public demands sex plays are wrong, as the box office returns from “The Dark Angel” have probably proven by this time.

Please publish a picture of Ronald Colman in your gallery.

MARIAN BROWNIDGE.

$10.00 Letter
New York City.

I love art, maybe because I am Italian. Every week I go to the opera and it is only recently that I have taken a liking to the moving picture. It is very seldom that art is really seen on the screen. The actors which I call artistic are Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Lewis Stone, Valentino (in “The Four Horsemen” only), and Neil Hamilton.

Stars like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Marion Davies generally have the stories built around them. Is that art? Ramon Novarro is an artist, a man—he lives! Unfortunately such men are out of fashion in the present day. I do not mean a Don Juan, but an Frosby, a Rodman—men that are noble, true, and most of all, human.

I hope Mr. Novarro will accept my congratulations for having introduced Art into the moving picture.

LUESA GALLI.

$5.00 Letter
Buffalo, N. Y.

May I take this opportunity to express my opinion of the play and the players of “The Merry Widow.”

First I shall send the flowers to John Gilbert and Ray D’Arcy. To them go the honors of the acting, and to the director, Eric von Stroheim, goes much credit for his handling of this production. After his usual realistic pictures, this was a welcome change, and extremely well done. Its inconsistency, I blame on Mr. Murray.

It is inconceivable to me how the fans ever tolerate so frothy an actress as Miss Murray. One could hardly call her “actress,” rather model, as posing seems to be her specialty. Miss Murray seems to think that her figure is one of the seven wonders of the world. There are many other beautiful figures in Hollywood that are not so blatantly displayed as hers. One gets a trifle tired of close-ups of limbs and lips. I know Miss Murray has a following—but to what type of people does she appeal? Certainly not to lovers of good acting.

An inconsistency in “The Merry Widow” is this: the town was too small to support a proper theater, yet it had a gorgeous big theater. Secondly, Miss Murray depicts a sweet little innocent ballet dancer, yet wears as few clothes as possible and acts startled when the hero tries to kiss her! Then Gilbert is shown looking through his glasses at her face—very touching, that. Yet he plots to get her to his rooms, spills soup to get her to take off her dress and then makes violent love to her.

I am not a prude simply because I object to Miss Murray’s undress parade, but one doesn’t like having nudity thrown in one’s face. A little subtlety goes much further and is a great deal more appreciated.

VIVIE SPENCER.

Gloria Making Too Many
Dover, Delaware.

Miss Swanson has been making far too many pictures. It is always better to make one good picture now and then and a series of mediocre ones. I am sure everybody would rather see Gloria just once or twice a year, and with a leading man that has some box office attraction. They seem to expect Miss Swanson to do it all. It isn’t fair, nor is it possible. We want Gloria Swanson in pictures like “Zaza,” “The Humming Bird” and “A Society Scandal.”

DELWARE.

Well, Mr. Lasky?
Hartford, Conn.

I want to throw a brickbat at Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Why can’t they give us a definite statement as to the re-issuing of Wally Reid’s pictures? If they are trying to give the fans what they want, why don’t we get these pictures? This company is sacrificing the respect of the fans by not announcing what they intend to do, one way or the other, in this matter.

We want to see Wally on the screen again. If Photoplay is going to continue serving its readers as it does, it should try to get what we demand. Lasky’s won’t listen to one or two people. Let’s see your grit, readers, and make this a fight to the finish—either getting Wally Reid pictures back again, or knowing why we can’t.

BEN ROSENBERG.

Cecil Slipped On This
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Congratulations to Cecil B. DeMille for picking “The Center of Scenic America” for the world premiere of “The Road to Yesterday.”

But have you ever witnessed two locomotives in a head-on collision, and seen one go clear through the other, and then tear into the train, with not even its front end dented?

F. B. MERRILL.

Howe vs. Ziegfeld
Detroit, Mich.

Monseur Herbert Howe certainly left himself in for something when he attempted to emulate Paris. Still, it had to be done sooner or later. According to the avalanche of protest from the critics, Herb is better than Ziegfeld.

[Continued on page 118]
60 Days Ago They Called Me "BALDY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. But between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man—salves, crude oil, mange cures, singeing, massaging. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of the stuff on our heads. But we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I whirled in my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that 'luxuriant hair' of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

It was my turn to grin, but I didn't—l laughed out loud! "I know any more jokes," I said.

Bob did not reply. Instead he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, raising his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes, during which time Bob talked to me. I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I say." And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair.

"Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just you wait a while."

On the way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the roots of the hair and awakened

I continued the treatments and every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of 60 days you could barely see a bald spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporary hibernation. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid." on the leaves. Yet that is just what thousands are doing, when they douse their heads with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the root. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of setting right to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured through personal treatment. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help. But so many have regained hair this new way, that he confidently guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 392, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.
Dept. 392, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Continued from page 10:

GOLD HUNTERS, THE—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting Curwood melodrama about a trapper who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

GOLD RUSH, THE—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great— but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

GOOSE WOMAN, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a straitening but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

GO WEST—Metro-Goldwyn—Hardly a comedy because hardly a love story. The picture is interesting in spite of that, and "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

GRAUSTARK—First National.—Norma Talma and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. Good for those who are fond of sweets. (November.)

HALF WAY GIRL, THE—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. A ship explodes and takes a much-needed thrill to a commonplace movie. (October.)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitagraph.—The story is overemotional, although its incident moments. Malcolm MacGregor is good as the hero. (September.)

HAUNTED RANGE, THE—Davis Distributing.—Gene Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy rider" brigade. Just another of those "westerns." (November.)

HAVOC—Fox—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on foreign language. A rich character drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting account of the Algonquin Club, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—Buck Jones in a plot of bared teeth rather tense action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELL'S HIGHROAD—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Dickie Joy is star. (December.)

HER SISTER FROM PARIS—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arliss make the legs of this one of the finest matronly. (September.)

HIDDEN LOOT—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of robots. Fine for the children. (September.)

HIS BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors.—An Emch Arlen story of the World War, capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (September.)

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a skidaddle holiday. Moore does his worst with the title role. (November.)

HOME MAKER, THE—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intriguing and suspense plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

HUMAN TORNADO—The—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-ridden Westerner again establishes his immunity of a lot of nearly assorted crimes. (September.)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reddix Denny. A genuinely amusing farce. (January.)

ISLE OF HOPE, THE—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture, redeemed by some good humor by Claire Windsor. Percy Marmo and Conway Tearle. (February.)

KEEPER OF THE BEEs, THE—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox.—The biography of a race horse with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (October.)

KING ON MAIN STREET, THE—Paramount.—A very careful, with the fighting done by a European king on a holiday in New York. And Bessie Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Rossman.—Norma Shearer builds a harrowing picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

KNOCKOUT—The—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. If not—well you might if you cared. (November.)

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably handled by Norma Shearer and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)


LAW OR LOYALTY—Davis Dist. Co.—Aside from titles, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

LAZYBONES—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town folk given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (July.)

LET'S GO GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—Introducing a new western star, Tom Tally. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (December.)

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Westerns. Gene Autry doing his stuff as a swell villain. (September.)

LIGHTNING—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the Wagner phase is strangely missing from the screen version. It's rather mechanical and routine entertainment. (October.)

LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn.—Interesting for its historical sidelights on early New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. Pretty good. (January.)

LITTLE ANNE.—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (November.)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount.—A study in French and English moods, not particularly to the good. Can't think why Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (September.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

LIMITED MAIL, THE—Warner Brothers.—Miss Murphy in a rather bad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

LIVE WIRE, THE—First National.—Johnny Mack Brown with a lot of "gags" and roughneck comedy. (November.)

LORD JIM—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book by Pears Marmaot giving a good performance of Jim. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good sea melodrama. (November.)

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal.—The story of a little girl used away on a desert island. Patsey Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry and made rich and long before the audience. (October.)

LOST.—A Wife.—Paramount.—Adolph Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those delicious French farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

LOVE HOUR, THE—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and takes the boys. She gets one of the silliest pictures of the year. (October.)

LOVERS IN QUARANTINE—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may enjoy it, but not so much. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix. Some good stories and interesting automobile series. (November.)

LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix fails to gather and dreams that he's Don Juan, and an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (November.)

An advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
PATHS TO PARADISE—Paramount—Ray- mond Tatham again proves he is a real star in this romantic comedy flick. (September.)

PEACOCK FEATHERS—Universal—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries into a poor life; well acted by Charles Laughton, directed by Jacques Logan and Glenn Lillian. (November.)

PEAK OF FATE, THE—Frank B. Rogers—A fine western—with an incident love story—filmed in the Snow Mountains. (September.)

PLASTIC AGE, THE—The college set is carrying on again. The usual jazz drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

PONY EXPRESS, THE—Paramount—James Cagney and a cast of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Torben Mitchell. (September.)

PRETTY LADIES—Metro-Goldwyn—A good domestic comedy, with a cast of the Polk family and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye. (September.)

PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE—Universal—In which Cinderella is high-tested by the Prince’s family. Some good comedy by Lonnie Mahoney and T. Roy Barnes. (August.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing—A charming little town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

PROUD HEART (title changed from HIS PEOPLE)—Universal—One of the finest pictures of 1931. Made without collaboration, it contributes a great performance to the screen. Don’t miss it. (October.)

RANGER OF THE BIG PINES—Vitagraph—The story of a good fight, and a supernatural performance by Eddie Kean to recommend it. (October.)

RED HOT TIRES—Warner Brothers—Just a mass of good, but hint indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

REGULAR FELLOW, A—Paramount—(Review—probably the best role for a female actor. A fine portrayal of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

RIDIN’ THE WIND—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson does his best to get a piece. A good, fast, light story, which is a bit bewildering to the screen. (November.)

ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE—Producers Distributing—A neat melodrama. (October.)

ROSE OF THE WORLD—Warner’s—Sincere performance of a good cast, but an unimposing story. Not very worthwhile. (October.)

RUGGED WATERS—Paramount—Outside of a few good stories and some routine sea stuff, it is just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists. D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. An excellent production. Wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

SATAN IN SABLES—Warner Brothers—Lowell Sherman and his terrific German girl, Pauline Godon, is a little rose from Montmartre. Pretty good. (December.)

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox—The story of one of those gossipy girls. Sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

SCANDAL STREET—Arrow—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie studio, and it is an interesting story. Not very worthwhile. (October.)

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

SEVEN DAYS—Producers Distributing—The famous old story of a group of friends and it is well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPEAK—Paramount—Leaving the balancing act until you have the story of this one, you’re lost. A corny comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (November.)

SHORE LEAVE—First National—A genuinely funny comedy, with a fine cast, and the Barthes this is the story of an artistic young man, playing a professional. (November.)

SIEFRIED—Universal—Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (November.)

SIEGFRIED—Up—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and splendid production of the famous Richard Wagner legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]
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SILENT SANDERSON—Producers Distributing.

A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (October.)

SKYROCKET, THE—The best picture about motion picture people so far, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce’s debut on the screen. Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns novel of the same name. (January.)

SLAVE OF FASHION, A—Metro-Goldwyn.

Wherein a gifted maid, Madeleine Getscher, gets the manuscript of a silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

SMOOTH AS SATIN—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking tinniest in an ingenious crock story. (September.)

SON OF HIS FATHER, A—Paramount—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

SOULS FOR SABLES—Tiffany—A great display of feminine beauty and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups, Claire Windsor and Eugene O’Brien head the cast. (November.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Tiffany—A good racing melodrama with plenty of speed and pop. (September.)

SPORTING LIFE—Universal—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

STEEL OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vista-graph.—This high grade product of Bennett Bennett in the title role. (December.)

STELLA DALLAS—United Artists—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to this screen—know that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

STORM BREAKER, THE—Universal—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. House Peters, Ruth Clifford, Nina Romano and Ray Hallor in the cast. (November.)

STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE—Paramount.—A wonderful and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

TEASER, THE—Universal—A comedy snappily acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O’Malley. (August.)

TEXAS TRAILER, THE—Producers Distributing—Harry Carey in that rare type of really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September.)

THANK YOU—Fox—The performance of Alce Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this disaster. (October.)

THAT MAN, JACK—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again just as grand and brave as ever and full of fight. (September.)

THREE PALS—Davis Dist.—An uninteresting story, badly played, ex Excellent story. Your horses do not ever make it possible. (January.)

THREE WISE CROOKS—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrit- by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Fox—The old feud story, refreshingly told with fine humor and an excellent cast. (December.)

TIMBER WOLF, THE—Fox—Back Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

TOWER OF LIES, THE—Metro-Goldwyn—A worthwhile picture, bound to achieve its end. Consequently, a human story suffer from artificiality. Well played by Lily Chauey and Norma Shearer. (November.)

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers.—Starting Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (November.)

TRIPLE ACTION—Universal—Rightly named; enough action for three Westerns. Riders, fights, parasite hunts by a sheriff trying to save some diseased cattle. (January.)

TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE—Paramount—A shrewdly amusing domestic comedy with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Ralston, (October.)

UNDER THE ROUGE—Associated Exhibitors—While it limits for the children, it is an ingratiating and exciting crock story. (September.)

VANISHING AMERICAN, THE—Paramount—In spite of its weak parts, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a performance. Take an extra handkerchief. (December.)


WALL STREET WHIZ, THE—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren’t particular about acting logic. An average story with Richard Tesla- mudge doing some unnecessary gymnastics. (January.)

WANDERER, THE—Paramount—It’s a specta- cularly beautiful production of the story of Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jt., Greta Nissen, Thomas Meighan and Kathryn Williams in the cast. (October.)

WELCOME HOME—Paramount—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely pre- sented by Crane and beautifully acted by Luke Cosgrove. (August.)

WHAT FOOLS MEN—First National—A nice little picture, with Lewis Stone. Introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—Universal—A picture comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and ZaSu Pitts. Plenty of suspense. (December.)

WHEEL, THE—Fox—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams, Russell Drew and Charles O’Malley in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

WHITE DESERT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine picturing. (November.)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National—A picturesque burlesque of Goldwathy’s novel with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

WHITE OUTLAW, THE—Universal—Jack Holt and Alphonse Martin, is ably supported by a handsome dog. Better than average of its type. (September.)

WHITE THUNDER—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.)

WHY WOMEN LOVE—First National—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. You will love it. (December.)

WIFE WHO WASN’T WANTED, THE—Warner Brothers—Irène Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum ever presented. (October.)

WILD BULL’S LAIR, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount—A dashing melodrama, with one scene so startling and an active plot. Well acted by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Berry. (August.)

WILD, WILD SUSAN—Paramount—A sprightly and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (October.)

WINDING STAIR, THE—Fox—A passing roman- tic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. But Edmund Lowe and Ronald Colman in this French officer’s uniform. (October.)

WINDS OF CHANGE—First National—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this an Autum melodrama worth your attention. (October.)

WITH THIS RING—Just one of these sexy affairs. If you’re bread-minded and over twenty-five —all right. (November.)

WOMAN’S FAITH, A—Universal—a dull and tiresome story of a pretty girl the history of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

WOMAN HATER, THE—Warner Brothers—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.)

WRECKAGE—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama with Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
JOY, very much unconfined as to ears. Leatrice’s new bob is symbolic of her whole new personality, chic, peppy and pert. Her part in DeMille’s “Made for Love” interests her more, Leatrice says, than any she has had since her memorable performance in “Man-slaughter.”
BLONDES are always fortune's favorites, and Dorothy Mackaill is as blonde as the sun. King George won't be able to spend any more of her salary now, for Dorothy has become an American citizen. Welcome to our country, Miss Mackaill
PORTRAIT of a sweet and clever girl, Lois Moran. Having studied her art in Paris, Lois made an immediate hit in her first picture "Stella Dallas." That won her a contract for a stellar role on Broadway and also the lead in Dick Barthelmess' next picture. Lucky Lois!
SIMPLE, tired, dirty, bewildered, John Gilbert in "The Big Parade" has visualized the very spirit of the American doughboy. A far jump from his charming and cynical Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," this performance stamps Gilbert as a truly great artist.
HIDDEN for years beneath a series of mediocre parts Renee Adoree, too, emerges triumphant in the same production. In tune with the telling simplicity of the whole picture, Renee portrays the French peasant girl so beautifully she nightly brings tears to the eyes of her audiences.
LOVELY Corinne Griffith, to whom languorous adjectives have been too long applied, proved herself a perfect comedienne when she made "Classified." After seeing the box-office statements on that production, Corinne decided to do "Mamselle Modiste," another peppy role.
POET and player, Doris Kenyon skillfully guides the even course of her career. Acknowledged a leading member of the exclusive brains and beauty group, Doris is at present engaged in making "Men of Steel" with Milton Sills and May Allison for First National.
This pure and dainty soap for your face in a lovely new form

In Guest IVORY, delicately modeled for slim fingers and wrapped in blue for gleaming white bathrooms, we offer you genuine Ivory Soap in the loveliest form imaginable. A dollar can buy no finer soap, yet Guest IVORY's modest price is five cents. And you can buy Guest IVORY almost anywhere.

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Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

PHOTOPLAY
February, 1926

IT is more difficult to get seats for "The Big Parade" than for the most popular drama or musical comedy on Broadway. You must reserve them weeks in advance or pay absurd prices to a ticket speculator. If ever a picture deserved great success, that one does, and if you miss it you may always regret the loss of a wonderful evening's entertainment.

THIS picture demonstrates vividly a new development in production. There is nothing remarkable about the story. In fact, when it is analyzed closely, you find it very thin. But the treatment is so cleverly handled, and it is so full of amusing episodes, that thrills, tears and laughs follow one another in a veritable cascade. It fairly overflows with brilliant performances and King Vidor's direction is a glorious orchid in his already beautiful bouquet of fine pictures.

When you see it, observe how these laugh-provoking episodes are so deftly planted here and there in the big dramatic scenes. They may or may not have been written into the continuity. They may have been improvised as the picture progressed. But they are there. And they are responsible for the great popular appeal of "The Big Parade." In the parlance of the studio they are called "gags," and the trick of doing it is called "gagging the picture."

VERILY, Natacha Rambova seems to be the Patsy of the motion picture business of late. The papers leaped at the story which the gallant Rudy pulled as the cause of the separation which, by the time this appears, will have developed into a Parisian divorce decree.

Natacha, he says, was not a home body. She didn't want children. She would not cook the spaghetti. She was fond of dogs. She wanted to work. His reflected glory did not satisfy her. She wanted her own career. Bunk! Bunk served with piffle sauce.

GREAT publicity for Rudy. But old stuff. Do you remember the way Gloria Swanson set the dear old souls of Paris wild over her when she said she wanted five or six children? I believe she meant it, because I have seen her with her two children. She adores them. Her own baby, little Gloria, was not enough, and so she adopted a boy and named him Joseph Swanson, after her father.

But I have never heard of Mr. Valentino hanging around an orphan asylum, and I cannot quite visualize the picture of the sheik walking the floor of a cold California night crooning the junior to sleep.

It was not, in my opinion, playing the game to make an effort for sympathy and publicity at the expense of the woman, even if it were true—which I doubt. And we must hand Mrs. Valentino credit for her attitude in the whole matter.

She would not live with him and his friends, told him so, got out, leaving her belongings to him, and went on her way, avoiding any opportunity to publicize herself at his expense.

Divorce is no joking matter, but I cannot hold back a little snicker at Rudy crying on the shoulders of the public and yearning for kiddies.

THERE is nothing vindictive or downright mean about Valentino. He's a pleasant chap and a fine actor, whose delusion is that he is also a business man. Natacha has been criticized for managing his affairs. But we have got to admit that in this case her management was much more commendable than his.

AND to add to her troubles, the F. B. O. Company, for whom Miss Rambova made a picture because she needed the money, changed its name to "When Love Grows Cold" after it was finished, with the frank purpose of capitalizing her marital troubles. Miss Rambova protested that it would harm her and create the impression that she was the one who was profiting by deceiving the public into believing it was a screen revelation of their love wreck.

MARTIN J. QUIGLEY, editor of the Exhibitors Herald, one of the leading trade journals of the motion picture business, has just completed a remarkable symposium of the greatest box office attractions of the year 1925, that is, the pictures which proved most profitable to the theater owners, large and small, throughout the entire country.

The results are a complete vindication of the motion picture devotees of America, as well as encouragement to those producers who have had vision and courage enough to wager vast sums of money in productions of the highest artistic and moral tone.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]
What Is IT?

Elinor Glyn discovered IT. Some players have risen to stardom because of IT. Equally talented ones have failed through lack of IT.

By

Dorothy Spensley

IT!

IT used to be such a meek and dignified little word that the tongue would slip easily over without even causing a tremor when it was uttered.

And in your school days when you played “tag,” IT was the tagger and you ran not to be IT.

IT is different in this day and age. Now you run to get IT.

What is this quivering—pulsating—throbhing—beating—palpitating IT?  

Undeniably IT is a product of this decade. Indeed, you might say IT is a product of this hour. But what is IT?

IT dripped from the pen of a writer of glowing words, glowing deeds and glowing acts. And as it dripped, it spread until everyone in the world knew that IT had suffered a re-birth.

If you have IT, the world is your peanut to crack and digest at your leisure.

IT is the “Open Sesame” to success in life and love.

The peculiar thing about IT is that no doctor can place a thermometer in your mouth and his fingers upon your pulse and, after a grave moment, say “You have 98.9 degrees of IT.” IT is not located that way—you radiate IT.

IT is a sort of invisible aura that surrounds your being and bathes you in its effulgence.


What is IT?

You will find IT in actors, directors, and writers—IT will blossom among coal miners, truck drivers and book sellers. IT is not restricted to class or creed. IT is not dependent on beauty of face or form—wealth or degree of station.

But what is IT?

The woman who should know the most in the world about IT is Elinor Glyn. It was she who transformed this unobtrusive pronoun into a world-discussed noun. Madame Glyn, as you will recall, is the lady who introduced the tiger skin into fiction. And the tiger skin was apparent in this interview. In fact, we
John Gilbert exactly epitomizes what is meant by IT, in Elinor's opinion. He has superlative IT

IT is a virile quality, not possessed by cold people

Madame says Douglas Fairbanks has IT

and talented people—hundreds of charming, fascinating girls—hundreds of handsome, delightful actors—but IT is one of the rarest gifts in the world.

"It has become an absolute joke the way in which, for advertising purposes, this IT has been tacked on to all sorts of actors and actresses, many of whom I have never seen!"

Madame Glyn paused—we descended from planing in rose-tinted clouds.

So that is IT!

"Just a moment before you go!" It was Madame. "I have forgotten one of the greatest possessors of IT—Rex, King of Wild Horses!"

What a pity Pan is not visible! We are sure Madame Glyn would have glimpsed IT in that pagan god.

*Cecil De Mille says IT cannot be explained briefly any more than radio can

JACK GILBERT was in his dressing room—velveteen breeches and turbulent black locks. Two minutes and he would be called to the "La Boheme" set.

"As the films' greatest exponent of IT, Mr. Gilbert, we are here to beg your definition of the term."

"Oh, Great Pete!" gasped Jack, squinting one if-ish eye at himself in the mirror and applying a pat of powder to his left cheekbone. It was a tense moment.

"Why, I think IT is personality."

"It isn't necessarily beauty, for Will Rogers—certainly not in the handsome class—has more of that sparkle called IT than any twelve leading men boiled down together."

"It is like a lamp that glows and glows and glows. It can't be dimmed by years. It is ageless.

"Yes, I would say that IT is personality—and sex appeal, too."

"It..."

"You're wanted on the set, Mr. Gilbert," interrupted a young hopeful. So IT is that!..."
**Erté Speaks**

And breaks a few cherished illusions

They seemed made for each other, the movies and Erté. One of Paris' most original style dictators, creating frocks of startling beauty and luxury, Erté listened to the siren song of Hollywood, all agog to clothe gobs of beautiful stars. Thus he came to the City of the Angels and there—but read it yourself.

### Hollywood rocked with laughter and rage when Erté uttered his remarks about the chic of its film beauties

**Renee Adorée refused to don corsets when she wore this Erté model. The result was startlingly like a balloon**

In the first place, he says our shoulders are like what you hang clothes on! Quite square and unshapely.

Our long limbs he admires, for it is easy to swirl a hank of silk around long-legged ladies and make them look like sinuous sirens.

But the beauty that is Hollywood's—the legendary fairness of its damsels—he fails to find. Our film beauties, says he, are no more beautiful than any other women and offer no more inspiration. It has also been whispered that he said they were dumb—but it has not been verified!

Romain de Tirtoff-Erté is the name of this dispeller of dreams. And Romain refers to dressing far more spicy than the salad.

He is the Erté of Paris. The man who does the impossible with yards of slithering silks and stiff costly satins. Chiffons, too, he drapes on flat-bosomed mannequins—and hefty dressers buy them.

He makes bizarre frocks that are copied by the Follies Berge.

He made the centipede lash famous—the thickest-like lash that surrounds the glittering orbs of fashion magazine ladies.

Then he came to Hollywood to put Art in motion pictures. But it seems that Art wouldn't stay in its proper niche and kept popping out for air and going on excursions. Which disgusted him.

Too, what could an artist do with a lady—prettily plump—who refused to keep her corsets on while wearing a dress all ruffles and frills?

And when young ladies with prominent shoulder blades—"angel wings" the kids called them—would insist upon wearing decollete frocks?

And whoever heard of a young miss—poor but of impeccable character—wearing finest silk from cuticle out?

And the tragedy of designing four separate series of sets and costumes for a motion picture, and then to have the fifth draft of the story place all the action in the prop room?

It is to weep.

Small wonder, then, from the sounds of strife emanating from his studio, that we pictured Erté as a peppy and volcanic Frenchman with comic opera trimmings.

Instead, he is a mild-mannered man with smooth cropped black hair and a gently tilted nose faintly reminiscent of a sur-
prised rabbit. He wears a pearl bracelet about one wrist. His constant companion is a Prince who has the enviable ability of bowing gracefully from the waist.

Renee Adoree was the first film miss who was trotted out for comment. Renee is a native of la belle France and Erte has nothing but admiration for her art—but that adorable little Melisande of "The Big Parade" received a gentle rap about her rounded curves.

For her part as Musette in "La Boheme," Erte designed a gorgeous frock of huge puffed sleeves, voluminous skirts and wasp-like bodice. (Incidentally, you fashion devotees, Erte is an arch-enemy of that conning mode. It destroys the grace of line, he says, and will never be reinstated in the style world.)

"The first day she looked exquisite—like a doll. But on the second day! She insisted that she could not wear corsets and eat—and eat she must, so off came her corsets. She looked like a balloon!" Two sensitive hands made an airy outline of her appearance.

But to say a lady looks like a balloon! It simply isn't done in Hollywood, you know. Not even at "cat parties."

And then there was Lillian Gish.

"I designed a pretty costume for her as Mimi in "La Boheme." Mimi is a poor girl whose poverty is shown in her clothes. Of inexpensive materials I fashioned the dress—of wools and cottons."

"But no!" says Miss Gish, "I do not wear harsh fabrics next to my skin. They must be of sheerest silk."

"Silks! Can you imagine silks for a girl who lives simply and whose marriage dowry is a mere trifle!"

"So I told Miss Gish she may have the designs—is very welcome to them—but she is never to enter my studio door again. Let her make the costumes herself!"

CONSTANCE BENNETT, the idol of a million flappers as she cavorts upon the screen, is not perfect, either, in Erte's eyes. Slender Connie needs a milk diet to hide the angles that are so hard to mask when designing gowns for her.

Her slim, girlish shoulders were not intended for evening frocks that daringly reveal numerous vertebræ and even Erte couldn't cover her naughty shoulder bones that provocingly thrust themselves out like twin blades.

And, oh dear! Nothing seems quite right with our picture ladies.

Aileen Pringle—artists have raved over her—has a beautiful face, but her body is dreadfully hard to clothe in lines of smooth symmetry.

However, a dazzling blonde won Erte's approval, and also a vivid brunette. Claire Windsor and Carmel Myers he mentioned with delight. Carmel, particularly, was a joy to gown, because she knew how to wear her clothes. Her movements are slow and undulating—not short and jerky. She moves with a grace that adds distinction to any frock. No useless motions of the hands—Erte laothes the technique that teaches of fluttering fingers.

Norma Shearer drew a compliment for her sleek coiffure, although it had not been his privilege to create a gown for her.

Features as perfect as Norma Shearer's are made more beautiful by a smooth, tight coiffure, says Erte.

"Never darken my door again!" cried Erte to Lillian Gish, when Lillian disagreed—decidedly—with the fashion creator.

"Miss Shearer should wear her hair drawn smoothly back from her face. It gives her a distinguished air. Fluffy hair is for faces not so beautiful."

Another thing that puzzles Erte, born of France—"Messieurs, my friends in Paris—they send me clippings of stories that have been published in French journals. One of the stories says, 'Erte advocates shaving the brows from the face and using patent leather eyebrows.' Imagine!"

"My friends say, 'Can this be our Erte? He must have gone quite mad in Hollywood—poor Erte! Or perhaps some impostor has taken his name and fame!'

And at the studio the officials say this is publicity—this eyebrow thing. I have no regard for publicity."

So Erte has packed his drawing book, pencils, eraser and paints and is planning himself back to Paris, where Art is Art and the feminine form is divine.

He does say one thing for Hollywood, tho—harken ye, Chamber of Commerce:

Erte says: "The climate—I love it! It is glorious!"
NATACHA RAMBOVA'S marital and screen troubles are commented on editorially on page 27 of this magazine. If anyone has had more unearned bad breaks than this young lady, it has escaped our notice. But her gameness and sense of humor are winning over the New York screen critics to her side. Classic dancer, designer, interior decorator, writer, artist, and actress, she's probably the most versatile woman of the screen; and folks who have seen her new motion picture say she photographs like a brunette Corinne Griffith.
Charlie and Lita have made up.
The family cradle is being dusted again

Once upon a time Charlie Chaplin said he'd like to have a family of four or five kids. It begins to look as though Charlie is going to have his wish come true.

What with one small son—the image of his illustrious father, already kicking around, and another heir or heiress due along in April sometime, Charlie's future as the father of a large family seems to be shaping up nicely.

There was a time not so long ago when the marriage of Charles Spencer Chaplin to his sixteen-year-old leading lady, Lita Grey, looked as though it was surely headed for the rocks. Charlie lived in one house. Little Mrs. Chaplin and her mother lived in another. Charlie talked a good deal about how genius couldn't be stifled by family ties, and apparently hadn't altogether forsaken his role of the great modern lover. Charlie was seen about a great deal and almost never with his young bride. Of course this was before the first baby came.

Now all that is changed. Charlie and his bride not only live under the same roof in the big Chaplin Beverly Hills mansion, but seem sentimentally devoted to each other. Young Charles Chaplin, Jr., is the apple of the great comedian's eye and, it would appear, the center of his new existence as a domestic citizen.

And now that positive knowledge has succeeded many rumors that a new baby is expected in the Chaplin household, Charlie—while insisting that it's a little too early to talk about the matter—beams complacently and looks the image of an exceedingly proud father.

Charlie's good-natured avoidance of discussing the coming event is in marked contrast to his Sphinx-like attitude prior to the announcement last June of the birth of Mrs. Lita Grey Chaplin's first baby. At that time the birth announcement followed weeks of mystery, during which Chaplin and his wife's relatives avoided all interviews and refused to admit even that an heir was expected.

There is no doubt in the minds of Charlie's many friends in Hollywood that the advent of the Chaplin boy, his startling resemblance to Charlie, and the fact that he is as fine and sturdy a son as any man ever boasted, has brought about an understanding between Charlie and his beautiful girl bride.

Those who know Charlie intimately hold the opinion that the little comedian is more in love with Lita than he has ever been with any other woman. That he has been from the start, but that the threatened domestic shipwreck came from a case of too much family on the bride's side.

However this may be, Charlie has at least given up his announced plan of a European tour without his wife and infant son, and is hard at work on his next picture and living very happily with his girl bride.

On his return from New York a few months ago, where he attended the opening of "The Gold Rush," Charlie brought Lita a large and strikingly hand-embroidered diamond as a little gift, and Lita has been enjoying a series of shopping sprees which have resulted in any number of marvelous new gowns, coats and evening wraps.

The Chaplins have been appearing everywhere together—which is also unusual and has occasioned much comment—at openings and Hollywood parties. And now it is as unusual to see Charlie out in public without Lita as it was following their wedding to see them out together.

Motherhood has undoubtedly increased Little Mrs. Chaplin's charm and beauty. The picture colony has come to know her, and she is universally liked and admired. She is sweet, unspoiled, and a real beauty of the striking California-Spanish type. Her grandmother was an early California belle, and Lita seems likely to follow in her footsteps.

A devoted wife, a sturdy son and an expected visit from the stork in April, have turned the lonely genius into a happy family man and good citizen. Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin are seen everywhere together, beaming in approved nuptial fashion.
The mystery and drabness which surrounded the Chaplin-Grey marriage in a little town in Mexico nearly a year and a half ago, and later the birth of their first child, has been swept away, as if a wind had driven a huge cloud from the horizon. Now the bright sun of domestic happiness seems to be shining for both of them.

And never has Charlie been nicer, more friendly or seemingly more happy. He has always wanted to be domestic—to be a real family man—if we are to give credence to his own oft spoken words, and now the great comedian seems to be all that.

And what more can a great comedian—a great genius—ask of life? He has fame, fortune, a beautiful wife, a sturdy, fine little son. And, who knows, when the stork visits the Chaplin home again along in April it may leave a little sister for Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr., to grow up with.

No wonder Charlie Chaplin seems happier and nicer than ever before.

For the first time in years he was the life of the party the other evening. It was at the farewell dinner tendered Doug and Mary by the Writers' Club in Hollywood. Charlie and Lita were there in genial mood.

The guests were called upon by the master of ceremonies and asked to do or say a little something. When Charlie was asked, he excused himself to those around him and climbed up on the table, hauling his chair with him. Then seated in the chair, Charlie gave two charades in pantomime.

One was a Spanish bull fight, and it brought forth uproarious laughter from the assembled guests. The other was the story of a Frenchman who calls upon a lady not his wife, but somebody else's, and in the midst of everything his husband returns. It was so unearthly clever that the guests howled with glee and begged the comedian to give them more. But he good-naturedly declined. He never forgets the way to please is to fall short of enough.

The delightful thing about it all is that while Charlie is becoming thoroughly domesticated, the charm of his unusual personality is not at all diminished thereby. Whether he continues to produce his comedies or elects to retire—in the course of a year or two—nobody will be able to say that domesticity spoiled his genius.

The beautiful pile of masonry in Beverly Hills that is known as the Chaplin mansion is losing its gloomy look. It is beginning to take on the aspect of a home, where people live and laugh and love.
Confessions of a Movie Critic

By Rose Pelswick

PART I

I READ your review yesterday, and it was awfully clever—but what did you really think of 'Carmel's Censored Sin'?

That, breathless reader, is the proper way to open a conversation with anyone who takes it upon himself (herself) to inflict (his) (her) personal opinions on a helpless public, and get paid for it.

I AM rising to say my piece from several years' vantage of reviewing Broadway motion picture entertainment, both in rhyme and intelligibly, for the New York Evening Journal. Memoirs are being published daily by everyone else connected with the fourth largest industry in the world. Fourth largest, because bootlegging is not yet a recognized profession. So why not the movie critic?

And the movie critic, for the benefit of those who came in late, is the person who gets to see all the shows in town for nothing; who has tea with the stars, appointments with producers, and arguments with press agents; who is expected to hand out passes to all the theaters, and to know everything from how to get an ambitious sister-in-law in pictures to do you think D. W. could use a scenario based on the invasion of Northern Canada?

If I say I don't know—and I don't—you raise a supercilious eyebrow, and wonder how I get away with it. So, to keep up appearances, I make a stab at cinematic omniscience, and the conversation generally goes something like this:

"Bruce Mattress is married, isn't he?"

"No," I answer brightly. "Dear Bruce isn't married. He told me in confidence that he intends to stay single all his life, last time I had luncheon with him at the Algonquin."

"My God!" you reply aghast. "I saw a picture of him with his two children in last month's copy of Photoplay!"

And with the poise for which movie critics are renowned all over the world, I smile patronizingly, and say:

"Oh, you mean Bruce Mattrass. I was thinking of two other fellows."

MOTION pictures are reviewed every week in either a theater or in a projection room, and there is a set procedure of etiquette for either contingency. Catching the picture in the theater means pushing your way through the crowd lined up in front, Sunday night, nonchalantly handing a season pass to the door man, and murmuring, "Press!" Strong men fall back at the sound of the word. Weak women ask you how do you get that way? And when you leave the theater, you take the manager or press agent aside, and, in a good natured way, reproach him kindly for having broken up a perfectly good week-end by making you stay in town to see that kind of a picture.

In the projection room, where the producer, manager or press agent, or all of them, occupy adjoining and comfortable chairs, it is always good form to make crude puns about the situations, sub-titles and story. At the end of the film you thank the projectionist, and ask humorously, "What's wrong with this picture?" And a whimsical [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]
Here are the first pictures of Hollywood's new and ultra-exclusive Four Hundred Club. The directors of the club purchased the luxurious Japanese mansion situated on a high hill overlooking all Hollywood, which has long been world-famous. The place was created originally by the Bernheimer brothers, millionaire importers of Oriental goods. They had spent years and a fortune in collecting art treasures from the far East, but when one of the brothers died recently, the other sold the estate.

The grounds consist of twelve acres, landscaped in the Oriental manner and dotted with age-old shrines and statues brought from China and Japan. In one corner of the gardens there is a miniature but complete Japanese village. The Four Hundred Club, whose membership is exclusively prominent motion picture people, will make extensive improvements, involving a total expenditure of $2,500,000. On either side of the building here shown wings will be built. One wing will house a theater and the other a spacious ballroom. A large swimming pool will be constructed in the foreground. The riding stables will be in the rear. The trail, shown in the picture, winds for miles through the Hollywood hills.
The men's lounge, directly off the entrance hall, is riotous with color. Soft silks cover even the window frames and the furnishings are of priceless teakwood.

The club boasts several bedrooms as luxurious as the one shown in the oval. The bed is a splendid example of Japanese hand carving, while the Japanese prints are the sort for which collectors die.

The main building (below), constructed around this beautiful patio, has a porch which runs its entire length and which will be used as an outdoor tea room. The antique bronze figure in the foreground is another collector's jewel.

Below is the main building, reached by one of the longest stairways in the world, only a small part of which is shown in the picture. To this building wings will be added. The porch will be turned into an open air restaurant.
Marion Davies introduces the Beverly Bob for Beautiful Blondes. It's just like Dad's—clipped in back and short in front—and she wears it in "Beverly of Graustark." But it's interesting to look at anywhere. Don't try it unless you are very beautiful.

Lookit that eager expression on Betty Compson and lookit James Cruze's hand in his pocket the moment they step off the train. Mr. and Mrs. Cruze came East to do their Christmas shopping. Three thousand miles mean nothing in their life.

This was the romantic introduction of Virginia Valli and Pat O'Malley, both of whom have worked in Hollywood for several years but who had never met before, either socially or professionally.

The meeting took place on the morning of their first scenes together in Universal's "Wives For Rent." They acknowledged introductions and literally went into a "clinch" for the picture, the first being a love scene.

POLA rehearsed in the dark the other day.

No, they are not filming "Jurgen," but Pola was using her own beautiful chinchilla coat in the scene. Now, as you probably know, chinchillas are a very rare and costly fur, and the financier told Pola that the harsh lights used in the studio would undoubtedly fade and mar the fur, so he cautioned her to avoid exposing it to the lights any more than possible. Thus she rehearsed in the dark—and only once during the filming of the scene did the gigantic battery of lights gleam upon the chinchilla.

Pola was the guest of honor at a Wasp meeting held at the Writers' Club the other night, and she wore her gorgeous wrap. With her glistening black hair and waxen complexion—

THERE is in New York a starlet whose invitations to luncheon are gracefully ducked. The starlet is Lois Moran. The shied invitations are not Lois' fault. They are Lois' diet's fault.

There is no more charming cinema debutante than the accomplished Miss Moran. There is no quarrel with her personality, which is packed with sweetness and light and all the naïveté that her contract with the estimable Samuel Goldwyn demands. The quarrel is with Lois' carrots. Also Lois' tomatoes and beans and nature's gold bountiful.

The trouble is that Lois eats those gifts of nature just as nature hands them forth—after they have been washed, of course. Beyond the washing Lois will not permit them to go. Food which has touched kitchen stoves never touches Lois. Not since Lilian Gish nibbled raw carrots on the stand in Charles Duell's suit has diet played such an important part in a stellar life.

Lois, like Lilian, takes her carrots raw. She takes everything, in the food line, raw. She literally eats nothing that is cooked. Neither does she drink tea or coffee.

Certainly she shuns those things from which our herb draws his inspiration. White bread never pales her table. Candy and pastry are anathema to her.

The diet started with Mrs. Moran, Lois' mother. Mrs. Moran was put on the diet by her physician. Lois adopted it, too, and so sincerely are they convinced of its merits, they try to get their guests to go and gua likewise. However it must be admitted that Lois has the most beautiful natural complexion to be noted the length of Broadway.

The more-or-less official announcement of the engagement of Florence Vidor to the famous director, George Fitzmaurice, which has recently been made, renders it possible to tell, on Elinor Glyn, a story that is another of those too-good-to-keep kind.

News of this engagement has been leaking out in the Hollywood picture colony recently, since Miss Vidor obtained her divorce from King Vidor, and is now accepted without question, since neither Mrs. Vidor nor Mr. Fitzmaurice deny it.

Some weeks ago Madame Glyn gave a dinner party in honor of a visiting English nobility. It was, to drop for a moment into the venetian, some dinner. Mrs. Glyn, you know, prides herself on the correct manner in which she does things, and has been just a little given to looking down upon the crude Western manners of many of the screen celebrities.

But at this dinner she seated Mrs. Vidor and Mr. Fitzmaurice directly opposite King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, the young screen actress whose engagement to him has been recently rumored.

Whether Mrs. Glyn slipped up in arranging her table, or whether elite European social custom expects people simply to ignore little things like that, nobody knows. But the fact remains that the dinner party was rather uncomfortable for everyone concerned and that a lot of people have since quietly chuckled over Mrs. Glyn's faux pas.

"HELLO, Miss Valli, I'm swiftly glad to meet you."

And ten minutes later he had kissed her. Such is the fiery impetuosity of the Irish. Fast work, even for Hollywood.
Not quite two years ago, Mildred Gloria Lloyd has learned to look the camera right in the eye. She expects to be pretty busy from now on, dividing her afternoons between watching Papa Harold at his studio, and Mammy Mildred playing at the Paramount Studio.

Hollywood's novelty hound, Kathleen Key, has gone in for hand-tooled galluses. Remember when only grandpa wore them? It was Rudy who brought them to Hollywood and Gloria Swanson who made them popular with the girls.

"My own beautiful little Mama. I am with you, darling, in heart and mind and will soon he there to hold you close in my arms as I used to do. Wait for me, pet, but if you cannot, then remember that the soul is all and nothing can ever separate us in spirit. I will keep you with me always. With all my love, my little Mama, Your Baby."

Mrs. Shelby was finally induced to break her long silence with Mary, and spoke to her daughter over the telephone. She said there was no hope and that it was merely a question of time. A later wire informed Miss Minter that her grandmother had passed away.

The funeral services occurred so soon after Mrs. Miles' death that it was impossible for Miss Minter to reach Los Angeles in time to attend. She tried to get the Curtiss airplane people to take her to the coast by air, but because of the heavy fog prevailing they refused to risk it.

The devotion of the little old lady for her unhappy grandchild seemed the one dependable thing in the tragic life of beautiful Mary Miles Minter. And now that is gone.

This story savors of monkey business. But Doug MacLean told it to me—and he's a minister's son, so it must be all right. It seems that when they were making "Seven Keys to Baldpate," Edith Roberts, Doug's leading lady, and Fred Newmeyer, the director, and Doug got into an argument about whether the Charleston was a new dance or whether it originated way back when we wore tails and frilled in the tree-tops.

Jocko, the studio monkey, was busy chasing his eternal guest in the corner of the stage, and
The most unkindest cut of all. Pola calls this new bob "the orchid" for its resemblance to those blossoms. Smooth and sleek, it is cut with a point caressing either cheek and a long oval neckline.

one of the musicians had laid down his accordion for the moment, so Fred Newmeyer picked up the instrument and coaxed the monkey from the corner. Then Fred burst into a rollicking Charleston tune and Edith did her steps. The monkey scratched his head—for one reason or another—and in a few minutes his little paws were giving a crude but exact demonstration of the dance that has set the world a jump.

But that doesn't settle the question. Was the monkey stirred by some dim recollection of prehistoric jungle gyrations or was he just a little ape aping?

PAL, the bulldog star, is high-hatting his canine friends these days because of a new distinction conferred upon him. He is the only dog in Hollywood with gold teeth. Pal is not an old dog, but due to his strenuous career of rescuing movie heroes, gnawing ropes, pulling bundles and carrying objects in his mouth, his teeth became worn down.

A real human dentist, not a veterinary, capped the teeth with gold. Pal is reported to be doing a lot of unnecessary grinning around the studios these days.

AS PHOTOPLAY goes to press, Esther Ralphson is hurrying away to Hollywood to play two very important roles. One is the lead in a new picture, "The Blind Goddess," for Paramount, and the other has to do with the little blind god. Esther's friends say that she will become the bride of her manager, George Webb, on Christmas Day, at her Hollywood home. Mr. Webb was formerly an actor but is now devoting himself to the business of managing the beautiful film star. The couple have been engaged for some time.

EVERYONE knows Joe Schenck is a good business man and a lucky gambler. But perhaps it's more than luck—possibly good sound judgment—which makes him win so often. His latest bet makes me think so.

Joe has just wagered Charlie Chaplin $5,000 that the little comedian won't finish his next picture, which has to do with a circus, six months from the day he starts.

Looks to us like Schenck won the bet the moment he made it, for a six months' picture would be a world's record for Charlie.

IN selecting the Thirteen Baby Stars of 1926, to be introduced at their annual Frolic in February, the Wampas organization has shown better judgment than they did last year. Olive Borden and June Marlowe are the only young women on the 1925 list who have made even slight advancement in the past year.

The screen press men can't go very far wrong with their new list, since several of the girls have already made definite hits, as for instance, Mary Brian, Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neill. Vera Reynolds and Mary Astor are established players. The newcomers of the Baby Stars are Joyce Compton, Dolores Costello, Marceline Day, Dolores Del Rio, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, Sally Long and Edna Marian.

WHILE in Hollywood, Michael Arlen managed to pull an epigraph or two for the benefit of the natives—which he gave away free, although they may possibly appear in book form later. Here's one of them:

"In Hollywood, when two people get together it's a conference. When it's three or more it's a dinner in honor of—"

"WELL," said Oliver, the handsome extra. "I'm going back to Goldwyn's tomorrow and finish a bit in 'Ben Hur' that I started two years ago."

If thisopus isn't the world's greatest, then it will be a terrific waste of time and dollars. Already it has taken three years of the former and three millions of the latter.

WELL, now the secret's out. Helen Lee Worthing must be some relation to "The Tattooed Countess." The other day I was over at the Warner brothers' studio watching Jack Barrymore and Helen Lee enact a very impassioned love scene for "Don Juan." During a prolonged kiss Helen Lee was to drop one small satin mule and slowly lift her foot—in approved exotic fashion.

And on the bottom of her left sole was tattooed a beautiful blue and red butterfly! She declared that she was the loser of a bet at a beach resort several years ago and the penalty was that she was to have a butterfly tattooed somewhere on her body.

So Helen Lee, being a Folies girl in those days, chose her sole as the least exposed portion of her anatomy.

"WHERE do you live, Miss Banky?"

It was at the United Studios and the fair Vilma had just been introduced to some visitors.

"Up in the hills in a little house. His name I think it is bungalow," answered Vilma.

TIS whispered that Mrs. Adolphe Menjou has had a mad on her husband ever since he re-signed with Paramount for $3,500 a week.
She felt her talented husband was worth more. In fact she harped upon it so much that Mr. Menjou fled to New York to get some peace. Like a dutiful spouse Mrs. Menjou followed. The dapper Adolphe eluded her for a week by checking in and out at various hotels, but she finally caught up with him. Some kind of compromise must have been effected, for the Menjous are now said to be happily rustiking together in the country.

Two excellent performances in "The King on Main Street" and "The Grand Duchess and the Walter" would indicate that the actor himself must be satisfied with his new arrangements with Lasky.

I SAW Pauline Frederick on the street the other day, and the irresistible Polly looks quite as charming as ever, which proves conclusively that eight months of kangaroos and boomerangs must have been very agreeable. She has just returned from Australia, you know.

All sorts of rumors are afloat about her forthcoming wedding to a well-known Australian clubman. It is understood that he is a polo player—captain of the Harden Polo Team which won the Counties of Dudley Cup at the recent meet in Wanganui, New Zealand. Polly doesn’t deny it, so there must be some truth in the report.

It was not long ago that she received a divorce from Doctor Rutherford of Seattle, and before that the alliance between Willard Mack, the playwright, and herself was snipped by the divorce judge.

JIMMY CRUZE and his wife, Betty Compson, are leaving almost immediately for Europe, where they are going to spend their vacation and, incidentally, buy furniture, dishes, and decorations for their new home.

Betty’s chief trouble has been getting Jimmy’s trunks packed. Not, she says, because he has so many clothes, but because he has so few.

"When I finally got his things together," she confided, "I almost wept. It seemed too silly to put them in a trunk. They’d rattle around like one bean in a kettle. They looked like they’d go nicely in a sack."

So she kept at him until she finally, piece by piece, put him a wardrobe covering a wide enough range to make him presentable in the capitals of Europe under most circumstances, and got them satisfactorily disposed in a handsome new wardrobe trunk.

"And now," she said with a sigh, "if I can only get him to wear them!"

FOOTBALL season reminds me of this, which Mildred Davis Lloyd used to tell on herself.

When Mildred first began to prepare the layette and the nursery for the coming of the Lloyd heir or heiress, she said to Harold one day, "Do you know, while I’m waiting for baby, I’m going to take up my music again. I think I’ll set aside an hour or two every morning for a piano lesson, and I’ll try to sing all the time, whenever I think of it. I do believe a lot in prenatal influence, and I should like my baby to sing and play and be musical."

Her husband contemplated her solemnly for several seconds. Then he said, "You couldn’t manage to play a little football, could you?"

LARRY SEMON need not search far for a comedy plot. He has one right in his own home. Mrs. LarrySemon, who was Dorothy Dean, has a furniture moving complex. When not engaged in playing foil for her comedian husband Dorothy expends her youthful energy moving the piano from beside the fireplace to between the windows. And she insists upon doing it herself, declaring that scratchies and bruises are part of the kick she gets out of this pastime.

Larry became so bewitched the other evening upon returning home and finding his living room rearranged again that he inadvertently dropped his gloves in the goldfish bowl and sat down on a potted poinsettia.

NOTE to golf widows: Adele Rowland, who is Mrs. Conway Tearle in life, is donning the needs to join your illustrious sisterhood. It seems that Conway has foresworn picture acting to make the course in eighty, and until that time comes he says he will positively not appear in any pictures.

Tearle is the man who puts a neat little "Inc." after his name when signing checks and contracts—not to show that he is interested in writing fluid, but that he and his holdings form a company which is incorporated.

So I guess the Tearle family won’t starve if Conway takes a year to perfect his golf skill.

ANOTHER crowning glory has gone to make that Russian beard for a movie extra. This time it is Madeline Hurlock’s.

This sinuous sire of the cinema will appear with a bayish bob in the Bennett comedy that brings Jean Harlow back to the screen after a year’s absence.

"I could say my hair was coming out," says Madeline, who had oft declared she would never bowl "but the truth is I was bored with myself one day, and went out and had it done."

BILL POWELL writes gaily from San Juan, Porto Rico, where he has been dallying about in the Atlantic and with "Voma of the South Seas," that ninety-five per cent of the natives there die from insobriquet, and the remaining five per cent from falling coconuts. There are land crabs as big as manhole covers that climb the coconut nuts, clip the coconuts, return to earth and eat the nuts.
Herbert Howe in Octobor Photoplay told us why so many movie marriages go on the rocks. Five of these nine unions are between actors and actresses. Will their self-expression be cramped by the confines of matrimony? Will the over-developed ego engendered by success prevent these people from yielding to the inevitable compromises of marriage?
12 Months

Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell were sweethearts for five years before they took the almost fatal—in Hollywood—step.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were married in September. Edmund plays the lover to the screen's loveliest women. Lilyan vamps the screen's handsomest men. Can they resist the propinquity of the studio sets?

The marriage of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor is the first of its kind—world's heavyweight boxing champ and screen player. Each has a definite career. Estelle doesn't want Jack to fight. He doesn't want her to act. How will it end?

The question of Constance Bennett's movie career was apparently settled quite definitely before she became Mrs. Philip Plant in November. She says she is through with pictures. This would seem to take the jinx off their marriage.

Producers have not the vanity and self-concentration that is part of an actor's temperament. They, therefore, would seem to be safer matrimonial bets. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the most successful, was married last April to Frances Howard, Broadway star.
A Visit with Emil Jannings

A close-up—with a long shot or two in which Emil states that he likes to eat more than is good for him—and look at the ladies. But you'd never suspect the reason he hasn't yet come to America.

Emil Jannings, the greatest German actor of them all, was actually born in New York City. Yet he speaks no English.

“Passion” brought Pola Negri to this country, while it made Jannings the highest salaried actor in his native land.

two ago she appeared as a maid in “Above All Law,” a play which enjoyed some small circulation in America, and over her grace and lissomeness and sensitive dark beauty there were even then many prophecies of future stardom.

Well, Lya has arrived, with all the stellar appurtenances. There have been several husbands and considerable talk; I saw her glittering under many diamonds which came out of the ground and not out of a factory, surrounded by ministering maids and a number of small dogs to which she was distractedly devoted; also, she was working under police bail, for one of her several motors had just killed a man, and while annihilating pedestrians is a leading sport in America, in Germany it is oddly considered quite an offense.

Jannings’ dressing-room is not up among the stars. We clattered down an iron stair to the stage door, then back of a pile of scenes which led to a dusty passage way off which the motor-room and the carpenter-shop sounded—clear to the end—and into a room so quiet, so different from the rest of the noisy studio that it almost seemed as if we had entered a cottage in the country. The rustling branches of a fine linden tree shaded the wide-open window, through which flashed the green of a rolling lawn, and the silver of a lake upon which water-fowl swam to and fro. A pair of deep chairs invited repose more than alert attention—and that was all of luxury, or even comfort.

Jannings told me that he chose the room because it overlooked a little park, and that he hated furbelows and furniture in his work-shop.
We sat down—three of us. The third was Felix Pfitzner, a New Yorker of German parentage who is now manager of the E. F. A. studio. What I said to Jannings, and what he said to me, had to travel via the Pfitzner route; Jannings is the only cultured German I met in Berlin who could not speak any English. But Pfitzner, as much of an American as I am, and at the same time as thoroughly German as Jannings himself, played equally well in the box and behind the bat. He gave the thought to both of us, instantly, in our own idiom.

“You might tell them”—Jannings apparently had had this on his bronchitis for a long time—“that I was not born in Brooklyn. I was born in Manhattan. Just where I don’t know, for my father and mother came back to Germany when I was eighteen months old. Consequently I never learned any English in my childhood. Later—well, I have always intended to, but it’s one of those things that I’m always going to do next...you know how it is...”

I knew...like my French, an omission I had not ceased to regret since the rainy evening I landed, tongueless as well as friendless, at the Gare du Nord in Paris.

We talked—not of cabbages and kings, because in Germany kings are nix and cabbages are kraut—but of many other things. For one thing, of the fundamental difference in the demands of a German audience and an American audience.

“One of your heavy, gloomy photo-plays is strong meat enough to last an American audience a long time,” I said.

“Yet I am told that tragedy and morbidity are...” continued on page 128
A last we have a story of the ugly duckling wherein the character remains consistent throughout. Director Hobart Henley and Norma Shearer are aware that one trip to the beauty parlor can change the face but not the nature of an individual. When the homely, love-starved stenographer turns into a raving beauty, the timid old-maidish heart still beats beneath the new silk frock.

Norma Shearer gives a splendid performance as Ruth Lawrence, the kind of secretary that only the boss’s wife could love. Cotton stockings, sensible shoes, pince nez and all. Without any exaggerated make-up, beautiful Miss Shearer looks plain enough to be a movie critic.

And the moral is that it is not the fast worker with the pencil who gets to go on business trips with the boss.

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—Metro-Goldwyn

One of the nicest pictures of back stage chorus girl life that it has been our lot to see. For a change, we see the tinselled creatures as they really are—hard-working, ambitious youngsters who go home to corned beef and cabbage, usually, instead of to night clubs and broiled lobster.

The picture as a whole is very well cast, the title roles perfectly so. Sally O’Neil as Mary, the Irish kid from the tenements, makes a distinct impression in this, her first appearance in a part. She has a bewitching personality and an instinct for comedy that will win her an important place.

Jean Crawford as Irene, the sentimental one, gives a good performance; and Constance Bennett’s work in the role of Sally, the girl that Broadway “got,” makes one want to weep over her decision to make no more pictures.

STAGE STRUCK—Paramount

This makes Gloria Charlie Chaplin’s nearest rival. Charlie got himself called a genius and taken very seriously when he mastered the trick of pathos behind the gag. In “Stage Struck” Gloria has learned the same lesson. If Charlie is a genius, this picture makes Gloria a genius, too. And besides, Gloria also has beauty and it.

Taken from a story by Frank R. Adams and directed with finesse and cunning by Allan Dwan, this production offers perfect amusement value. It makes no pretenses of art or torrid realism. It is unselfconscious and gay and very fine.

Gloria plays Jennie, a small-town waitress, who wants to be an actress because her boy friend admires the girls of the theater. Jennie wants Orme, who makes flapsacks in the restaurant where she works, and nothing is too hard for her to undergo to land him. Pathetic, screamingly funny little Jennie, trying to be gay for Orme; staying behind to do his work while he goes flirting with the girl on the showboat; paying the five dollars that would have bought her diploma from the correspondence school’s dramatic course for a silk shirt for her hero; Jennie imitating her fancy rival’s make-up and getting knocked about in the showboat’s prize ring as a local masked marvel that Orme may see her actually upon the stage and thus win him back from the actresses’ clutches, these scenes pull at your heart even as they make you rock with laughter. The final love scene is low comedy raised to art by the tenderness and sincerity with which Gloria endows it. And for those who insist, there is a sequence that shows Gloria, the glamorous.

Don’t miss this one. “Stage Struck” proves, if further proof is necessary, that the little marquis is a very human being. Take the whole family. The children will adore it.
The Six Best Pictures of the Month

STAGESTRUCK  BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES  THE WEDDING SONG  A KISS FOR CINDERELLA  SALLY, IRENE AND MARY  HIS SECRETARY

The Six Best Performances of the Month

Gloria Swanson in "Stagedruck"
Ben Lyon in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives"
Norma Shearer in "His Secretary"
Lew Cody in "His Secretary"
Sally O'Neil in "Sally, Irene and Mary"
Chester Conklin in "A Woman of the World"

Costs of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 124

"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA"—Paramount

IT has no plot, this "Kiss for Cinderella," except the beautiful old plot of the Cinderella legend. It has no more sex than sunshine. It has no fashion parade. But it is exactly what its advertisements call it, "A Christmas Gift for All."

Charm and laughter and youth it has, and while it marks no great advance for Betty Bronson, it ranks Herbert Brenon among the really important directors.

Because she is starved and cold, she gets a blessed fever that transports her to a fairy ball where she wears the glass slippers and the beautiful gown and meets the Prince, who is really her friend, the policeman. And then when she gets well again—well, you go see for yourself. And take every one of the children, even the baby. It's their lollipop.

BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES—First National

It was a great day when producers discovered comedy had box office value. That discovery made for some of the best pictures of the year, among which this Robert Kane production may be safely included.

"Bluebeard's Seven Wives" is a glorious comedy with the movies kidding their own methods and the actors kidding their usual screen selves. There is a love plot, too, and beautiful settings and even bits of "Romeo and Juliet" to make it glamorous. But most of all there are laughs. Real laughs.

It tells the comic rise of John Hart from bank teller to screen sheik and the struggle his real love for Mary Kelly, a waitress, has to keep up with his publicity love affairs that entail seven wives. All John really wants is a chicken farm and Mary. Instead, a dumb instrument of destiny, he becomes Don Juan Harter, a be-siren, due to a director who wanted to prove he could make any sap, and a press agent who regards the truth as a form of lunacy.

The cast is perfect. Ben Lyon gives a joyous performance of the stammering moron who never learns what it is all about. Lois Wilson is great as Mary Kelly, a genuine comedy performance. The scene of those two eloping, trying to escape in a Ford coupe, while the press agent, flail-lessly done by Sam Hardy, chases them and some four hundred other flivver coupes, until finally the dazed lovers drive through a brook, only to emerge in the minister's parlor with their clothing shrunk past politeness, will bring tears of joy to your eyes.

You'll make sure of a happy New Year by seeing this film. The children can go too. They'll think it's great fun—which it is.

THE WEDDING SONG—Producers Distributing Co.

A STORY of sterling value will often make a success of a production which is otherwise mediocre. Provided of course it is coupled with skillful direction. Alan Hale, formerly a well known heavy and recently branching out in the directorial field, this being only his second production, has converted Ethel Watts Mumford's novel into a picture that will take an immediate place among the best screen efforts of the crook type.

A crook's plans to "clean" a pearl king through his sister and his confederates are cleverly depicted. But true to movie fashion the plans are frustrated and love triumphs. An excellent cast is headed by Lestrice Joy and Robert Ames. Praise is due George Marion, Jr., for his clever sub-titles. It's worth bracing the wintry winds to see this.
LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner Brothers

The plot by Oscar Wilde was not so original. With Wilde's epigrams it became literature. With Lubitsch's subtle translation it is delightful.

Irene Rich is charming as Mrs. Erlynne, the naughty mother of little Lady Windermere (May McAvoy). Ronald Colman is a suave Lord Darlington.

Not for children.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN—Universal

Here is a Russian picture as Slavic as Vodka. The plot has been ground through many cinema mills but under the deft handling of Dmitri Buchwetski, it is a splendid film —the story of a ballerina of American birth, of moneyed power behind the throne and a dissolute Grand Duke.

Raymond Keane, a youth who will cause palpitation of many flapper hearts, plays the lead. Watch the lad.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount

A wake! Negri fans, from your long siesta. The fascinating, continental Pola is with us once again. A dangerous, cynical, tempestuous Italian countess she is, wearing a tattoo—insignia of an amorous adventure.

Director Malcolm St. Clair deserves credit for the restraint shown in the small-town scenes and types that must have tempted exaggeration. Not for the children.

IRISH LUCK—Paramount

Now, Tommy Meighan, you are yourself again. After a series of impossible vehicles, the Meighan fans will be delighted to see their favorite in one of the finest pictures he has made in some time. Tom, a traffic policeman, wins a popularity contest. The award—a trip to Ireland. He resembles Lord Filzhugh, and that's the plot. A beautiful travelogue of Ireland adds to the entertainment value.

MANNEQUIN—Paramount

Good entertainment but rather disappointing for a fifty thousand dollar Fanny Hurst story produced by James Cruze. The story, dealing with a kidnapped baby, who as a young woman is reunited with her wealthy parents following her acquittal in an intensely dramatic and well handled murder trial, is sometimes spotty in places, as if Cruze found it impossible to get the story in seven reels.

WE MODERNS—First National

Too young to go to war but old enough to go to the devil.—so sayeth the subtitle and, too, the best way to explain what it's all about. Colleen Moore struts through the picture with the breezy and carefree manner of the modern flapper. One can't help but delight in her. But not comparable with "Sally" or "Flaming Youth"—it's just Colleen's performance that is worth while.
Skinner's Dress Suit—Universal

This does not contain the hilarity that the Denny predecessors have. However, there are many funny situations. How to do the Savannah Shuffle à la Charleston! It is a scream to watch Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante teach a gathering of wealthy society people the dance that has made such a claim to popularity. A refreshingly clean comedy with an excellent cast, ably directed.

The Arizona Sweepstakes—Universal

An excellent Hoot Gibson Western introduced in a novel way. This Western is filled with good snappy action and excellent comedy situations. The story opens in a Chinatown fight in which Hoot becomes entangled. To avoid the police he returns to his ranch, and wins a thrilling horse race. He is proved innocent. A young lady is at the bottom of the mce affair and Hoot wins her, too.

The Only Thing—Metro-Goldwyn

Another of Elinor Glyn's stories of mythical kingdoms. This is no different from the previous Glyn affairs, only perhaps a little more exaggerated. Eleanor Boardman is the beautiful princess who is betrothed to the old king. Conrad Nagel, with a blond mustache and pasted cars à la Glyn style, is the brave knight who rescues the fair lady. Lovers of romance will eat this up.

Clothes Make the Pirate—First National

Resorting to the one little trick that he used in "Nelly," Leon Errol does his utmost to try and amuse an audience. If you have seen Errol before, you've seen everything there is—if you haven't, you may get a laugh out of his eccentric knees. The story is weak, considered from a comedy viewpoint, and if you can get a guffaw out of this you're a better man than I am.


Deodorized Arabs, a wicked prince, a bevy of blighted beaux and a lover who prefers the chaste curves of antique alabaster bowls to the alluring curves of his fiancée, keep Leatrice Joy fully occupied in this picture of the sizzling sands. It is entertaining, and you will agree its two delights are Leatrice Joy boyishly shingled and slim and the titles by George Marion, Jr.

Joanna—First National

I wonder if the Cinderella of long ago had the chance to sow a few wild oats and have all sorts of millionaires propose to her—or were there "butters and eggers" in those days? This started out to be a real serious effort to depict the carryings-on of the younger set. It resulted in being very funny, but I am sure the comedy was unintentional. Send the children to Sunday School.
ALTHOUGH the New Year has been officially welcomed, everything is at a standstill until I make my annual prediction as to Who'll be Who on the new year screen.

In order not to tie up traffic any longer I here-with issue the official bull (ecclesiastical word for edict and distinguished by infallibility).

After long vigil and prayerful conference with the wise men and prophets of blessed Hollywood, your pastor is able to foretell the coming events with all the conscience of gospel.

THESE individuals, it is agreed, will crowd the foreground of interest this new year by virtue of the greatest progress:

Of companies, Metro-Goldwyn.
Of executives, Joseph Schenck.
Of impresarios, Samuel Goldwyn.
Of directors: King Vidor, Erich Von Stroheim, Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Malcolm St. Clair.
Of stars—Gentlemen: John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Raymond Griffith, Harry Langdon.
Ladies: Corinne Griffith, Vilma Banky, Norma Shearer, Belle Bennett.

LIST these as the most significant because of the promise they made toward greater laurels.

Gilbert is the wow to succeed Valentino, who succeeded Francis X. Bushman, who succeeded Maurice Costello.

Corinne Griffith is the established star who appears most likely claimant to the quenely division.

Ramon Novarro with "Ben Hur" will take a unique position as an artist whose fame will reverberate to immortality with the great picture.

Ronald Colman will continue leisurely but as steadfast and enduring as true steel or Lew Stone.

Vilma Banky, among discoveries, commands a boundless horizon.

Norma Shearer, while definitely limited, is likewise definitely fixed on the heights of heaven.

Of maturing minds, Dolores Costello offers the most delectable surmise.

Among the solid silver stars Norma Talmadge will lead though her ability to make great pictures at any price, Gloria Swanson has reached her peak; how long she'll remain there is problematical. Harold Lloyd and Doug Fairbanks, invincible as star-producers, will continue as they choose. Chaplin's "rightness is subject only to his personal mood.

Richard Dix is the long-distance man for Paramount who may go higher or remain a program card according to producers' wisdom.

Raymond Griffith may par with Lloyd if given time and facilities.

Harry Langdon's progress is up to his ability as a producer now.

Among directors, King Vidor is surest, with "The Big Parade" as a centurion of greater greatness. Von Stroheim is the most exciting because the most erratic. Ingram with "The World's Illusion" has a chance of topping all achievements.
Lubitsch must quit making pastries and go back to raw beef like "Deception" and "Passion."

Mal St. Clair is the big hope among the young directors.

HONORABLE mention should go to Irving Thalberg, who is hard to detect because embedded in organization. But it was under his personal supervision that "The Unholy Three" was hatched, "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade."

THE Valentino storm has blown over, leaving Rudie to paddle his bark by main strength of histrionic ability. Gloria Swanson has weathered a similar gale of sensationalism in creating vehicles.

The backs of the mob are now turned on these, and bravos go up for Mr. John Gilbert, the superior actor of passion inferiors.

The swift revolution finds him on the rostrum decked with flowers and bunting, and the incense rolls up as it did for Valentino but an hour ago.

How long John will wear the purple is a problem that depends not so much on him and his ability as upon his pictures—and those of the other fellows. But with "Bardeley's, the Magnificent" as his next there is no sign of an immediate halt.

EVERY Napoleon must go into exile.

We rear idols to slay them.

The highest position affords the best target. Even as the faithful are shouting, "There is no other god!" they are edging around the idol to pin a Kick-Me on his coat-tails.

Bouquets today and Gates-Yaar tomorrow.

Who ever built a snow man without kicking it to pieces?

But why be a mourner at the feast? My gloves applaud Mr. Gilbert but my heart is heavy for a less fortunate artist, Signor le Bool Montana.

Bool got pinched.
They found it. In his cellar. Search warrants, I suppose, like King George issued in the days of our Pilgrim fathers.
Bool was within the law. He had a permit, being a foreigner (did you ever note that nearly all my friends are foreigners?) and something midway between an ambassador and a pretender. But the permit ran out, leaving Bool high and dry—or, rather, low and dry.

It seems my fate to choose friends whom the law eventually covets. And on several occasions I've had to take hurried flight with them.

I fled with Rex Ingram from Paris when he abducted Kada-Abdul-Kadir, the Arab boy who was held in virtual slavery by a Persian. The gentilmen arrived at the docks too late to say au revoir but adieu as we sailed away, but wireless missiles terrified us in mid-ocean, and only Nathan Burkan, the chief of police and Kada's salute to the examining official kept us from seeing New York by parole wagon.

With Novarro, the eminent Mexican adventurer, I defied the laws of nations by sneaking the Italian Franco border under the guns of soldiers, all because the censor refused the law as to passport.

And mein friend Pola, the eminent Polish gypsy, nearly shuffled off to bondage when she came lugging an emerald the size of the blarney stone and twelve objects d'art in bottle form right past government officials.

But, my where was I? When I get on to my war reminiscences there is no stopping me. If I don't watch out I'll have nothing to tell when I take my rocking chair on the front porch of the old soldiers' home at Sawtelle, in the near future.

Oh, yes, regarding the short hour of idols and their sad fate which leaves them penniless or millionaires according to their wisdom.

What I intended to say is that only artists endure. They are not sensations and yet the rarest of them.

Chaplin was a sensation long ago but not through personality.

Time and again he has been tempted to come out from under the cover of his clown Charlot, but he wisely has refrained.

The secret of screen endurance is this: Never be yourself on the screen; off screen, never be anything else.

Society has its Blue Book. Earth has its Heaven. Photoplay has Herb's Who's Who for 1926. The rest is silence.

GENIUS in an actor lies in his ability to translate self in terms of character.

He is a glass through which other lives are seen. The clearer the glass the greater the actor.

His power as a medium is in proportion to his shrinkage as a personality. The greater he is the less he is.

He becomes the genius when he ceases to exist.

SARAH BERNHARDT, as given to envy as any movie artist, wrote of Eleonora Duse thus: "... She has never created a part that can be identified with her name; she has never created a being or vision that makes one think immediately of her. She has done nothing more than to put on other people's clothes, wrong side out. Eleonora Duse is a great actress, even a very, very grand actress, but she is not an artist." In reply she Duse said: "I disdain to be the virtuous person who makes a fuss over her ability. I also disdain to put my personal successes above the play, because the interpreter of a work of art must be merely the faithful attentive collaborator, who forces herself to transmit, without deforming it, the poet's creation to the public. ... It has been said I have not created any new personality. This I consider is my best eulogy."

WHERE in the films is there a submerging Duse who would not deform a poet's creation?

But, for that matter, where, oh where, is there a poet?

In the presence of Vilma Banky (woman of flesh as well as goddess) there was discussion of a certain little star who has been magnified by publicity to ridiculous proportions. On Easter the little star poses with eggs, on Thanksgiving with the full-blown hen and on other occasions with any fowl or fauna that will pose. She's not offensive personally but her publicity is. It renders her obtrusive.

"Too much publicity," observed Samuel Goldwyn's press agent incongruously.

"Too much publicity!" breathed Vilma with wonder. "Can there be too much publicity?"

"Yes," we said solemnly, fingering the watch fob.

"Be a good boy then," said Vilma, gently patting the p. a.'s cheek. "Give Vilma too much publicity."

FOR Vilma's sweet sake I trust he won't. At least not too much personal publicity, which is something apart from publicity of her screen image.

Women of history are the women of mystery. Thus the clever woman is always a little mysterious.

For years Duse's artistic personality was laid bare to the public but her own was swathed in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]
A Promising Young Actress

And she knew when
to take her cue

By Gene Markey

Illustrated by R. F. James

The living room of Mr. Anthony Merivale's bachelor flat was a pleasant chamber, with its book-shelves, its Cecil Aldin prints and its comfortable red leather chairs, not to mention the crackling log fire. A cozy room, though tonight its serenity was somewhat disturbed by the spectacle of Mr. Anthony Merivale himself, pacing restlessly back and forth across the Bokhara rug. A tall young gentleman he was, with the February tan of Florida upon his grave features; and over evening attire he wore a blue brocade dressing-gown. Of a sudden he halted.

"Hodge!" he called out. "Hodge!"

Came a patter of footsteps, the pantry door opened, and Hodge, Mr. Merivale's manservant, stood there—a withered little man, quite bald, who blinked incessantly.

"Did you call me, sir?"

"You heard me call you, didn't you? Then why ask such silly questions?" (He was not in a pleasant mood, surely.)

"Right you are, sir."

"What time is it?"

"A bit after eleven, sir."

A growl from Mr. Merivale.

Hodge coughed. "Miss Stanton isn't late, if I may say so, sir. She's scarcely had time to take off her make-up and—"

"Did I say she was late?"

"No, sir, but your expression—"

"Never mind my expression!" (He was in a temper tonight.)

"Right you are, sir."

"Mr. Merivale turned, scowling. "Please get the stage door of the Lyceum Theater and ask if Miss Stanton's left yet."

"Yes, sir." Hodge picked up the telephone. "Bryant 9543." Then, for no reason at all: "Miss Stanton is very beautiful. And a promising young actress, they tell me. . . ."

"Damn!" Mr. Merivale seized two pillows from the divan, and hurled them to the floor.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Hodge, at the telephone. "Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" snapped his employer. "Does it look as if there's anything wrong?"

If you were a nice girl,
a very nice girl, would you become a wild
woman to win the man you love? Read what
Sylvia Stanton did. She

"She danced—alluring, wildly graceful—and when

"Sorry, sir. Anything I can do?"

"Yes. Get that number."

"They don't seem to answer. . . ."

From the hallway came a faint sound.

"What's that?"

"Probably the elevator, sir. I left the hall door open for a bit of ventilation."

Mr. Merivale resumed pacing the floor.

"Oh, why doesn't she come? Could it be she's angry because I asked her here alone. . . ."

"Perhaps," ventured the loquacious Hodge, "perhaps she's on her way now, sir."

"I wasn't talking to you!"

"They don't answer, sir." Hodge put down the telephone.

"But, after all, why shouldn't I talk to you? I've got to talk to somebody!" The young gentleman flung himself around. "Hodge, how long have you been with me?"

Hodge cocked an eye ceilingward. "Six weeks, sir."

"The faithful old family retainer! Naturally you're interested in my welfare."

"Naturally, sir."

"You've—ah—seen Miss Stanton here?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir, with other young ladies—at tea. But this is the first time she's ever come here alone, if I may—"

"Have you," interrupted Mr. Merivale. "noticed anything in my manner toward her that would indicate I was—in love with her?"

"Now that you ask me, sir—"Hodge blinked—"you have behaved somewhat—"

"Well, I am in love with her. But it's all over!"
was a nice girl and a promising young actress. But when she discovered the man she loved preferred them jaded and jaded, she changed her mind and her tactics.

the music ended, tossed the flower to Anthony"
Miss Stanton doesn’t drink.” Whereupon he sank into a large chair before the fire and muttered, as if to himself: “Well, it’s all over…” Then, almost instantly he rose with a restless gesture and lighted a cigarette.

“Might I suggest, sir, since you’re expecting a lady, you do look somewhat—disarranged.”

“I am disarranged!” Scowling, Anthony brushed nervous fingers through his hair, all tousled.

“If I may say so, sir, you don’t look your best.”

“I don’t want to look my best! I want her to see me as hideous as possible! That will make it easier for her to forget me.” He stared fixedly into the flames. “Poor little girl, I hope she doesn’t take it too hard…”

And at that instant the hall door-bell buzzed ominously. Mr. Merivale started.

Then Sylvia Stanton walked in, strikingly lovely, fair-haired, with wide, dark eyes and vivid red lips. “Live as the unclouded morning,” an eminent Chicago dramatic critic had once written of her when she played a small part in that city. As she swept into the room, Anthony caught his breath, for Sylvia Stanton, whom he had just spoken of as being too virtuous to have pretty clothes, was wearing a magnificent ermine cloak.

“Your door was open so I walked right in. Good evening, Hodge.” Her smile was radiant. “Hello, Tony!”

Anthony stared at her in astonishment.

“Well,” she said in a crisp, throaty voice, “you’re looking pale and interesting! I might say, more pale than interesting! Why do you stare at me so? Ah—you’re surprised that I’m here. You didn’t think I’d really come here alone, did you? But here I am!”

“I—by Jove!” he gasped. “Where did you get those clothes?”

“What do you care—” was her surprising answer—“so long as the bills aren’t sent to you?”

“Sylvia!”

“But look at yourself, in a dressing gown! What’s the matter, did I wake you up?”

“No, no—the fact is, I just—”

“Then run,” she commanded, “and put on your coat. Must I remind you that you’re having a lady for supper?”

“Yes, of course.” Mr. Merivale backed hastily toward the door to his sleeping-chamber.

“And for Heaven’s sake brush your hair!”

“Pardon!” with another astonished glance at her, he bolted from the room.

Sylvia Stanton turned brightly to the little manservant.

“My coat, Hodge. And be careful of it—it’s worth a fortune.”

Hodge, with an armful of ermine, stood there, blinking. He could not comprehend this metamorphosis.

“You,” said she, “are admirers my clothes.”

Indeed, she looked lovely as a Drian drawing, in a chic evening frock of orchid tones. Her throat was very fair, and her arms exquisitely rounded, and her little slippers were of silver.

“You—you’re beautiful, Miss.” Hodge’s voice quavered.

“Am I really?” Sylvia Stanton’s manner, this new worldly manner, softened, and her eyes—that dull gentlemen invariably compared to flowers—became grave.

Then Mr. Merivale came bounding into the room, tucking a gardenia in the lapel of his dinner jacket.

“Look here, Sylvia—”

“Old Anthony!” Again the strange light danced in her flower-like eyes. “Isn’t it a pity I sha’n’t ever be coming here again?”

“Wh—what?” Anthony halted.

“Oh, didn’t I tell you?” she said lightly, “this is the last time I shall be able to have supper with you.”

“Why—what—”

“Don’t take it so hard, my dear. Of course, I hoped you’d be sorry.”

“But I—” he stared at her in great amazement—“I don’t see—”

“Tony, I’ve been all wrong.”

“All wrong? About what?”

“Life—everything. I’ve come to the conclusion that I’ve been too old-fashioned. That’s what’s been the trouble with me all along. Quiet girls are [CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]
From
Pie Eating Champ
to
Film Vamp

Or, the story of the Gal
who kissed Will Rogers

By Dorothy Spensley

If all the girls in Hollywood who claim to be former Ziegfeld Follies beauties were placed toe to top-notch they would reach from this planet to Saturn—or Venus.

But that has absolutely nothing to do with this story, for our heroine was not a Follies beauty.

And if all the beauty contest winners that are now in Hollywood seeking film fame were placed instep to shingle bob they would reach from here to Pekin. Which is far enough.

But that has less to do with this story, for our heroine was not a beauty contest winner.

Our heroine is probably the only girl in Hollywood who won a pie-eating contest. And, moreover, is the only girl who would own up to it.

Which is just a juicy way to introduce Miss Margaret Livingston, pie-eating champion of Salt Lake City, Utah.

And the spirit that prompted her to enter the pie-eating contest and which brought her forth the winner, is the same spirit which will catapult her into starry heights one of these bright days.

Margaret is not particularly popular with women. Girls of her type seldom are. She is much more popular with the male sex. And that is undoubtedly the thing that forms the chasm between herself and her sex. It is not a gigantic abyss, under stand, but I'll wager that no one has ever seen Margaret rush up to a sister cinema star and sweetly osculate her, while she burbles a remark oozing with nothingness.

She is the modernists' delight. Quite frank and unassuming. Utterly lacking in feminine subterfuges. And yet she is essentially feminine. She thoroughly understands the psychology of man—and she has the philosophy of woman.

Margaret can do the most daring things—can make the frankest comments—and can get away with them!

That is the secret of Margaret's reputation—to do the things that would seem quite beyond the pale of society's demands if done by a kittenish miss of Oshkosh. But Margaret does them with utter naiveté—with a finesse of manner—that they slip by quite unobserved, and, therefore, quite uncondemned. But let someone else attempt the same tricks, and alas!

The fact that she still has the spirit of the pie-eating child who won the prize from a bunch of cast-iron stomached boys, was substantiated when Margaret decided to become a motion picture actress instead of a stenographer. It was one of her first roles of any importance and she was to be a castaway on a desert isle with only the stalwart hero, a can of sardines and a trusty and rusty rifle between a horde of cannibals and death.

She was to be of the clinging vine variety and was to look to her island mate for protection. The time came to take the scene, the cannibals charged, and Margaret clung to her white man for protection like water to a duck's back—not at all!

She looked as trembling and fragile as the Statue of Liberty. A healthy young Amazon in the pink (or would it be brown?) of condition would have been weak and palpitating compared to Margaret.

"You look as if you could defend the whole island, your lover and yourself," the director told her.

But that's just Margaret. Independent, self-reliant, and assured. That's why she won the pie-eating contest when she was eight years old.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]
Our One and Only Great Actress

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

It takes courage for any writer of national reputation, especially one living in and part of the Hollywood motion picture colony, to come right out with the statement that any one actress is the only endowed with greatness. But if there is any one quality in addition to her brilliancy that distinguishes Adela Rogers St. Johns, it is her courage to express her opinions. You may disagree with her but you must acknowledge her sincerity, and you must agree that she has presented a very convincing case.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

Of course we have no comparative performances, such as Bernardi and Duse, playing Sudermann’s “Magda,” against each other in London in the same week, or as Farrar and Jeritza following each other at the Metropolitan as Tosca, or as a dozen first class actresses attempting Camille and Carmen in the same season.

But, can anyone question who would come out on top if our ten best screen actresses were asked to play a repertoire of Juliet, Nora, Helmer in “A Doll’s House,” Iris Storm in “The Green Hat,” Rosalind, Pollyanna, and the Sadie Thompson of “Rain?” I ask you, honestly, is there any actress on the screen, except Norma Talmadge, who could even begin to give a great performance of all these roles?

Yet that is a perfectly fair test for a great actress.

Personally, I am very fond of the school of fascinating personalities. I delight in watching Mae Murray’s exquisite and extravagant posing. I am fond of Constance Talmadge’s merry fascination. But that is not what we are talking about, is it? That is a different thing entirely. The same qualities they display also go to make famous hostesses and popular debutasites.

I am a devotee of Mary Pickford’s. I have never missed one of her pictures since “The New York Hat.” But that is because I love Mary Pickford. Her experience and business-like competence, her infallible ability to time and stroke a part exactly right, her amazing knowledge of all departments of motion picture making, keep her from ever giving a bad performance and enable her to give some very excellent ones. Her mischievousness, her wistfulness, her charming rages and brave little sorrows, all these she presents with a firm, sure talent.

It takes a certain measure of acting to display yourself to the best advantage. This Miss Pickford certainly does, and she always gives her best. There is thought and work behind every one of her roles. But, again I say, that is not great acting.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]
NORMA TALMADGE last appeared with Tommy Meighan in "His Probation Wife." That was in 1919. Now, to the everlasting joy of moviedom, they are uniting again for a production to be filmed in the spring. This time Norma will be simply "His Woman"
THIS Love child, since discovering the Charleston, has revealed two unsuspectedly perfect things about her. Photographed here like a Degas etching, the story is that Bessie is about to appear in the Famous Players-Lasky Broadway production in the role of a dancing girl.
AILEEN PRINGLE has the charm of a mature and sophisticated woman. Neither flapper nor vamp, Aileen has created a distinctive place for herself upon the screen. An Elinor Glyn discovery, she is now under a long-time contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
ONE of the most photographically interesting women before the camera, Nazimova has always been a stormy petrel. Rumor now has it that she plans an early return to the speaking stage. A remarkable actress, Alla is an even more remarkable personality.
Supposing It Were Your Daughter?

An intimate dinner drama with a punch, in the Beverly Hills home of a famous movie authority

By Herbert Howe

The scene opens with a Famous Motion Picture Authority, whose identity I modestly conceal as Mr. H., reading a letter in bed from a worried father who wants to know what would be done if he had a daughter who wanted to go into pictures like the undersigned's, with stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply before the letter is torn up.

There are several big words in the letter which the Famous Movie Authority can't spell out, so he passes it to his secretaries, who adjourn for a conference, promptly returning the evening of the same day with a full translation spelled as pronounced.

After passing through the hands of his various valets, maids, and mechanics, the Authority descends the stairs to the dining hall of his home in Beverly Hills. (See Signboards "Iris-tocratie Beverly Hills, Home of Famous Movie Stars—Lots as Low as $20,000. A Hundred Down And They’re Yours!")

The Lady of the House enters wearing the customary diamonds and the expensive perfume of thirteen cocktails.

The Daughter of the House comes scampering in, flushed from a merry crap game with the neighborhood kids. She playfully kicks old Walker the butler, who gives her a contemptuous look.

"Daughter," says Mr. H. benevolently, "I have here a letter from one who is a man and a father even as I. He wants a serious question answered.

"Well what’s the big idea in writing to you then?" pipes Daughter, who is little more than an infant and something less mentally.

"Medusa!" cries the Lady of the House. "Remember he’s your father, at least in the eyes of the world."

Daughter shudders slightly and braces herself with a sip from a glass.

Mr. H. kindly: "The question which this old sire asks concerns his daughter, and requires our serious deliberation and advice.

"Why didn’t he write to Elinor Glynn or Michael Arlen?" mutters Daughter huskily, lighting a Fatima Camel.

"Now, Baby," reproaches Mr. H. "Isn’t your old Dad worthy of giving advice to stricken fathers as well as Mr. Arlen and Mlle. Glynn?"

The lady of the House sniggers foolishly and winks at the butler, who freezes her.

"All right, shoot," says Baby. "But don’t be windy, and for Goshakes have Walker turn off KHI. I don’t want to hear any more from the Warner Brothers studio—where people are happy." Give us something sad, Walker, from Abe Lyman or Aimee Semple MacPherson."

Ten years ago, this earnest young Englishman, named Ronald Colman, began his career as an actor, suspecting not that he was to race for fame with a young American who had been on the stage from his first living moment

His rival, Jack Gilbert, child of the theater, drifted into movies from the stock companies. Here he is in 1917 when he played with Triangle. Judging by these pictures, English men’s tailors were then superior to ours

The woman who bore him and is about to execute same, lays down plate a little mollified but retains her knife.


"Maid!" screams Mama, seizing plate.

"Shut-Up!" booms Mr. H. paternally above the din. "The neighbors will hear you."

"Well I guess they can stand it, they’ve heard Pola Negri, gongs Infant through the traffic.

At this point the windows are shattered, and the beautiful silver goblets, formerly the property of Marie Antoinette before the war, are filled with beebee shot.

The Howes (for it is they) disappear under the table.

Curtain: To denote the lapse of three minutes during which complete silence is maintained.

Baby is the first to come up.

"Is anybody hurt?" comes the harrowed voice of Father muffled in solitude.

Mother, peering out and up, "Where are the guests?"

"Guests?" asks Mr. H., recovering the Master’s chair.

"I could have sworn we had two guests sitting right there when dinner started," blinks Mommer, glancing apprehensively under the table but finding no bodies.

"Heavens, Mamie," says Baby to Mommer, "They passed out long ago."

"Don’t call me Mamie, it sounds like a blind mule," protests Mommer violently. Then, anxiously, "No-body’s killed then?"

"Only Walker," yawns Baby, reaching [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]
DOES YOUR WARDROBE

Let Photoplay help

This smart raincoat, made of rubberized cambric in amber, wine, green, red or yellow. Sizes 14-20. Price $10.95. Made of rubberized silk it costs $15.95.

Colleen Moore shows a semi-made two-piece frock of fine georgette. The hand drawn work, embroidery, tucking and scarf are completed. The skirt is plaited with permanent plaits. Blue, green or rosewood. 14-20 and 34-40. Exceptionally priced at $12.90.

Lois Moran shows a cotton crepe house frock, also semi-made, with hand work completed. Coral, maize, green and blue. 14-20 and 34-46. Price $2.95.

The lace-trimmed bed sacque of crepe de chine at left, comes in the pastel shades. Price $5.95. The ribbon trimming on the bandeau cap matches the color of the sacque. Price $1.95. Sport hose of fibre silk and wool cost $1.95. The stunning new pumps come in patent, black or brown suede, and black or brown calf. Sizes 3 1/2-8. All widths. Price $8.50.

This Shopping Service is designed for your benefit. In ordering send detailed information, giving, when possible, second choice as to color, and take especial care as to sizes and measurements. Any articles returned must be sent to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.
REFLECT THE SCREEN?

on Shopping Problems

This wind breaker is ideal for sports wear and comes in natural or grey suede. Price $14.95

The tailored dress Anna Q. Nilsson is showing is made of kashmir flannel, a smart fabric, in beige, grey, blue, green or rosewood. Sizes are 34-44 and the price only $19.75

The blouse ensemble sketched on Vilma Banky is a charming and inexpensive costume. The material is a mixed silk self-figured in an attractive design, combined with a wide satin stripe. The skirt has the new front flare. Tan, grey, rose, green, blue, violel and salmon. $12.75

Bandeau chemise of glove silk, right, combines brassiere and stepping. In the pastel shades, piped with contrasting color. Sizes to 40. Price $2.95. Bedroom slippers of quilted satin in all shades are $3.95. The umbrella is the convenient short shape which can be packed when traveling. $7.50. Galoshes with the new zipper closing, for flat, medium or high heels, in all sizes. Price $6.00

Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, will purchase any of these lovely things for you. Send check or money order—no stamps— together with size and color desired. No articles sent C.O.D. Millinery and bathing articles are non-returnable.
The "Baby" Wampas Stars of 1926

Vera Reynolds needs no introduction to picture-goers. They will recall her in "Icebound" and later in several DeMille pictures, the most recent of which is "The Road to Yesterday." Vera is a piquant brunette with brown eyes and pensive smile.

Mary Astor is a russet-haired beauty with brown eyes. She played with Barrymore in "Beau Brummel," and is again his leading lady in "Don Juan." You also saw her in "Don Q." Mary's delicate beauty is ideally suited to old-world romance.

Kentucky is represented by fluffy-haired Joyce Compton, a new addition to Hollywood's beauty barrage. Her first part of any importance was in "What Fools Men." First National, with whom she is under contract, plans big things for her.

It's a great honor—being chosen one of the lucky thirteen. It means that one hundred enterprising publicity men of the films believe you have possibilities of becoming a star. It means parties, honors, publicity and boosting. And a formal introduction to a few thousands of "your public" at the annual Wampas Frolic.

On this night of nights the Thirteen, marcelled, manicured and exquisitely gowned, step one by one from Cinderella's Coach on the stage to make a timid bow before the inquisitive throng who want "to see what they're like."

Each year the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, popularly known as the Wampas, gets behind thirteen promising sub-debs and gives them the help and encouragement that is so necessary to their advancement. The value of this recognition and assistance is admitted whole-heartedly by Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Bessie Love, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Philbin, Dorothy Mackaill, Clara Bow, Lilian Rich, Dorothy Dvorre, Alberta Vaughn and Evelyn Brent—all of whom have been Wampas stars.

This year's bouquet of beauty includes Mary Brian, Mary Astor and Vera Reynolds, whom you already know slightly. Mary Brian's unforgettable "Wendy of "Peter Pan" gave her a running start along the road to fame. She represents the sweet, old-fashioned innocence of the teens, and has that hold almost to herself. She's from Texas.

Vera Reynolds proved her right to recognition by her good work in "The Road to Yesterday." Miss Reynolds has been in pictures for some time and has had one or two good parts. But she is just as anxious to be a Wampas star as the veriest newcomer. With this distinction and her Cecil DeMille contrac, Vera's future seems assured.

In "Beau Brummel" and "Don Q," you saw the old world romantic beauty of Mary Astor. Folks say she has the perfect feminine profile of the screen. It is not strange then that John Barrymore has chosen her again for his leading lady in "Don Juan." Mary Astor begins a new year rich with promise. She is a Quincy, Ill., girl.

Sally O'Neill and Joan Crawford are the Mary and Irene of Metro-Goldwyn's "Sally, Irene and Mary," just recently released. Each of these newcomers scored a distinct hit in this new picture. Sally O'Neill, who was born—and should have remained—Chotzy Noonan, has one of the most vivid personalities to come to the screen in some time. Jersey City is her birthplace.

Joan Crawford is beautiful and intelligent and intensely feminine. Another Texas girl.

Dolores Costello is one of the Costellos—old motion picture aristocracy. Maurice has retired from the screen, but his clan goes marching on. Dolores was born in New York City. She, too, will be seen in one of the important feminine roles in John Barrymore's "Don Juan."

Dolores Del Rio is the Mexican beauty, society girl, whom Edwin Carewe met in Mexico City and persuaded to come to Hollywood and pictures. Senorita Del Rio makes her screen debut as a vamp in Carewe's picture "Jouanna" with Dorothy Mackaill.

Joyce Compton, of Kentucky, Marceline Day of Denver, Fay Wray of Canada, Janet Gaynor, of California, Sally Long, of Kansas City, and Edna Marian, are new names—to be conjured with. Now if these thirteen can deliver the knockout blow, the world is theirs.
Janet Gaynor reminds one of "the kind of girl mother used to be." Sweet and unaffected with softly curling hair and frank brown eyes. Janet has not been long in pictures and is playing in "The Johnstown Flood".

Marceline Day is the type of girl who drives strong men to poetry. A profusion of dark curls, blue eyes and an adorable smile won her featured roles after two years' work as an extra. She will be glimpsed in "The Barrier".

Sally Long is a beauty from one of Broadway's best shows. It is said she inspired the song, "I Wonder What's Become of Sally." If you are wondering—she has been playing in the Belasco show "Fifth Avenue".

Wendy of "Peter Pan" fame is now a Wampas star. Little Mary Brian of the long brown hair and bright blue eyes came from Texas. She is still in her teens, and her screen future is very promising.

Sally O'Neill is the cute little rascal who made such a hit as Mary in "Sally, Irene and Mary." Her real name is Chotsy Noonan—and they handed her "Sally O'Neill," Chotsy is as Irish as her name, with blue eyes and golden-brown hair.

Canada is represented by Fay Wray, who has appeared in numerous comedies and is now having her first dramatic experience in westerns. Fay is another girl who was reluctant with the shears.

Delores Costello, daughter of Maurice, is fast following in her famous daddy's footsteps. Musical comedy brought her to the screen where she recently played with John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." Her coloring is fair and her hair, you shingled dears, is long!

Daughter of a distinguished Mexican family is Delores del Rio. A typical Castillian Beauty... and a dancer of remarkable grace. Edwin Carewe persuaded her to leave the social life of Mexico City for Hollywood. She has appeared in several of his films.
The Correct Way to Hang

The fourth of a series on how to use the motion picture to suggest furnishings in your home.

In "The American Venus" the typical hotel hallway has been made attractive by an interesting furniture grouping in which the mirror holds central place. The detached mirror is the only one in correct taste today.

You can see this influence at work in the size of the mirrors now sold. In the Victorian era, the so-called pier glass was the thing. And what a thing it was! It stood between the front parlor windows, and frequently between the back parlor windows, too, occupying the entire space and rising from floor to ceiling. Not content with these, the Victorian parlors often had another giant mirror over the mantelpiece, tipped away from the wall, so that no corner of the whole room was safe from its glare.

Such mirrors have now disappeared from smart modern houses. The immediate reaction to them was when the mirror got pushed out of the parlor into the bedroom and dining room. There were several years when mirrors were used only in bureaus and sideboards or built directly into the house. This has all changed now and the looking-glass has emerged as an individual piece, as distinctive in its way as a fine chair or a family portrait.

In buying your mirrors, adapt them to the room in which they are to hang. There are mirror and picture frames in every period now from early Jacobean to late Grand Rapids. They come in all colors as a relief from the standard gilt. Mirrors are now combined with colored glass or delicately etched in place of the familiar beveling. As a whole, frames are generally plainer and colored glass is more generally used today in the smartest interiors. In every instance, detached mirrors are better than those attached to furniture, as in the case of bureaus or dressing table.

The mirror in the sideboard has gone—as has the sideboard—and the mirror hung over the buffet. Except when used under flowers as a centerpiece for the dinner table, the mirror is "out" as far as the dining room is concerned.

Put a mirror in a narrow hall to widen it. Don’t hang it down to the floor. People will constantly walk into it, if you do. The best rule for hanging mirrors is to keep them on the eye level. First and foremost, a mirror is to be looked into.

MIRRORS are as full of charm as a mysterious woman's eyes. To a room mirrors bring light and depth and shadows. They increase its size. Just as gold blends perfectly with any color, so does a mirror blend perfectly with the atmosphere of any room. I know of no room in which a mirror may not be used advantageously, and I know of no person, male or female, who won’t take advantage of a mirror so placed.

From which statements you may surmise that I am enthusiastic about mirrors. I am. The only reason you do not see more of them in the settings which I design for the movies is because mirrors pick up the lights and have a fatal tendency to flash them into camera range. I use mirrors, however, whenever I can and in the accompanying photographs you will see how I hang them to be both decorative and useful.

In fact, for the home where money is limited and a choice must be made between the two, I would recommend the purchase of a decorative mirror rather than a picture. Pictures are simply things of beauty. They do not combine practicality with their beauty, unless one uses them to cover spots on the wall paper. A picture is a bit of framed color that acts as a stimulus to the tired imagination. It has only that purpose, excellent as it is. The mirror has a dozen.

In the decorative scheme, pictures and mirrors should be treated similarly. The picture must have proper lighting, of course. The mirror will fit itself in anywhere. But in general hanging, mirrors and pictures are one and the same.
Mirrors and Pictures

By Charles D. Chapman
Art Director, Eastern Paramount Studios

This set from "Salome of the Tenements" shows pictures and mirrors worked into the same decorative scheme. Pictures not similar in size must hang with the bottom lines parallel. Mirrors lighten dark corners.

Small pictures such as these hunting scenes used in "That Royle Girl" (below) must always be hung with the cords concealed. In placing a mirror or picture above a small table, break up the space into units of three as done here with console, flowers and the picture. Simple frames are best.

The next rule for hanging them, and this applies likewise to pictures, is to balance them with the furniture near which they are to be. In hanging two or more objects together, two pictures, for instance, or a mirror and picture, let the space between them be less than the width of each. If they do not balance in height, hang them so that the bottoms will be on the same line. In the English living room set in the upper left corner of page 68, you see an example of this ruling. Not only are the pictures hung in relationship to one another, but they are also balanced to harmonize with the high paneling of the walls and the low-hanging ceiling beams.

In placing either pictures or mirrors, it is best to show the cords on the heavier type, and to conceal them on lighter ones. This does away with the feeling of agonized suspense you have on seeing a huge frame with no visible means of support, and in the case of the smaller frames, keeps them from being over-balanced. Always use two cords where you let them be seen. Wire is practically never used any more.

This series of articles on home furnishing is designed to enable American home managers to take advantage of the experience and ability of our greatest authorities on home decoration. Next month Photoplay will advise you on exactly what makes a "period" room and how to get it that way.

In the living room set from "Salome of the Tenements," note how I hung three pictures and a mirror to balance with the furniture. On the lower wall are two pictures hung over a pair of antique commodes. In relationship to those commodes, the pictures are hung too high. The pair of vases on the commodes are the answer to that. The vases are chosen to balance the height of the commodes, the pictures hung to key in with the vases. Thus you get a correct group done on the Greek principle of dividing space into three units. These two groups are balanced on either side of the doorway, making an attractive corner to the room.

Looking into the library you will observe a single portrait hung in the panelled space above the bookcase. Not only does the portrait balance that space, but it also correctly fills in the space between the door hangings. As three steps in height relationship see how the picture is balanced in height above the library lamp, as that is balanced above the low bowl of flowers in the living room.

A mirror is hung over the living room fireplace with two candlesticks on either side to complete the group. I put a mirror in that space, rather than a picture, because the surface was a dark one that was bettered by the addition of the light and depth a mirror gives.

Another example of the same principle is shown in the hallway from "The American Venus." Here, first of all, was a door and a wall sconce to be worked into the decorative scheme. They couldn't be altered, so the furniture had to be placed to make them assets. Accordingly, the back of the chair is a third higher than the china upon the commode. The top of the commode is in the same proportion above the seat of the chair. The mirror is hung.
Some stars who do not resent that title

Here, side by side, are Anna May Wong in the flesh and Anna May Wong in the wax. Photoplay advocates a wax double sent to every star who believes personal appearances are necessary.

Many actresses have been made to look like clothes horses, but making an actual clothes horse, or department store dummy, really look like a star was something else again. Not until L. E. Oates of Los Angeles tried his artistic hand at this game did anything successful result.

This is a wax reproduction of dainty Irene Rich as she sits, day after day displaying evening gowns, in a store window in New York City. Isn't it a perfect likeness?

Many actresses have been made to look like clothes horses, but making an actual clothes horse, or department store dummy, really look like a star was something else again. Not until L. E. Oates of Los Angeles tried his artistic hand at this game did anything successful result.

Merchants may have their choice of wax arms, too, all supposedly fashioned after famous film arms. They come in every position. In packing them, the arms are locked between partitions to the sides of the box.

This is the way the stellar heads go forth to find their place in life. The girls packed close together here are Claire Windsor and Aileen Pringle.
Some of Peggy’s New Clothes

The lissome Miss Joyce displays the latest models

This is beautiful Peggy’s favorite negligee, a rare Mandarin coat of rose silk embroidered in many colored flowers.

Peggy of the evening, stunning in white velvet and pearls. Severity has become sumptuousness by using side trains on a short skirted frock. The gown gains smartness from the material and line.

Peggy here proves that the straight, severe street costume is still the most correct. The coat of grey Kasha has a wrap-around scarf bordered with seal and a contrasting plaid at the throat.
Arlen Eyebrows Hollywood

So great a literary sensation that he receives $2.50 for every word he writes, Michael Arlen has wasted not one to express his opinion of Hollywood. His eyebrows, however, have said a mouthful.

By Harriet Shearing

EYEBROWS are really very interesting, you know. They often denote character more readily than does a face.

There is the eyebrow that overhangs a baleful eye like a wet eave on a rainy night. Constant scowling and wrinkling of the forehead has given it a downcast look. A nasty brow.

Too, there is the plucked brow of the lady who would hide her true character from the world. A plucked eyebrow denotes nothing but a vapid expression and very little of that. An imbecile brow.

There is also the eyebrow like a swallow’s wing. A smooth sweep like the outline of a bird’s wing. A placid brow.

And then there is Michael Arlen’s eyebrow.

Quite the most unique eyebrow in Hollywood. It’s the left that is so fascinating.

It plumes his forehead like an arrogant feather — and the other is passively indifferent to its mate.

But I want to tell you about Michael Arlen — not his unruly eyebrow. He has probably done more to establish Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary in Hollywood than any other one individual. He has, with the tremendous sale of his books, done more for the words “subtle” and “sophisticated” than even Charlie did with his delightful “Woman of Paris” or Lubitsch and his “Marriage Circle.”

If Arlen had the royalty of a penny on every time the word “subtle” is used in describing “The Green Hat,” he would add another million to the million and a half that he is reputed to have in the bank.

Many a movie star, in searching for the right word to laud his novel of the colored lid, gropes madly about for a moment and comes to the top with the poor little exhausted “subtle” dripping in his grasp.

And consider the green hat trade. There are more green felt hats to the table at the Montmartre Cale where Arlen lunches — one day with Bebe and the next with Alice Terry — than there are Essexes to the city block. And there are plenty of the latter.

Fat ladies, lean ladies, bald ladies and florid ladies gaily plop down the aisle hatted in felts ranging in shade from pea to olive. And Arlen’s eyebrow plumes higher.

But, praise be to the gloriously unconventional memory of Iris Storm, none of the ladies’ locks have learned that “formal dance” that Iris’ tresses were trained to do beneath her bravey worn green hat. Apparently our lovely women have discovered that “formal dances” of the hair are much harder to acquire than mere Charlestowning of the feet.

Now, really, to tell about Arlen is to tell about an actor. He is as great an actor — in his literary way — as is Charles Chaplin. And nearly as romantic as Ronald Colman. He is small and dapper and has russet-colored hair — with just a pleasant suggestion of a wave. He wears charming manners and a double-breasted vest. A neat russet-colored mustache and mockie eyes.

And, of course, the eyebrow.

He is twenty-eight years old and next month will be twenty-nine. He was born in Armenia and his name is no more Michael Arlen than mine is Hidtli Vandervoorten. It is a long name — his surname — and comprises most of the alphabet. But Michael Arlen is much more euphonious — and, too, it saves type.

When he was sixteen years old he went to London and there became a reporter. He knows about the Linhouse and also about May Fair. He admits having known a young woman who is something like Iris Storm. And she wore a green hat. And one time he attended a midnight bathing party in the Thames.

So you see he is fully qualified to weave a story like “The Green Hat.”

I have said he was like an actor. He is. He has a bit of the infantile pathos of Jackie Coogan, a bit of the boyishness of Dick Barthelmess, a bit of the suaviness of Adolphe Menjou, a bit of the business acumen of Conway Tearle, who puts his money in properties. But the whole is the charm of Arlen.

He is a bachelor of choice, by the grace of God, and being thus unattached it is Hollywood’s will to have him engaged daily, excepting Sundays, to a different fair film belle. And if he lunches twice in the week with...
Miss Anne Morgan points the way to the business Women of America

"Among the many women who are my friends a high standard of personality always demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care. These women desire always that their complexion should be clear and vigorous.

So many achieve this end by following the Pond's Method that I should like to see the dressing rooms of our new Club House of the American Woman's Association equipped with Pond's Two Creams."

Annie Morgan

Anne Morgan is unique among the women of America. Born to unlimited wealth and unequalled rank, possessing the organizing ability of her father, that great financial genius, J. Pierpont Morgan, she has dedicated her life to great achievements for humanity.

Miss Morgan's greatest interest is the welfare of other women. And because she believes that the business women of America are on the highroad to success she is investing her faith and energy in their behalf.

She knows that their lasting success will result from well-balanced living that has made no sacrifice of womanliness and charm. And she knows that they believe this, too. So in planning the equipment of their new Club House, she thinks even of the details that will accord with their personal tastes and contribute to their more attractive appearance. Knowing that so many achieve a clear and vigorous complexion by following the Pond's Method, Miss Morgan declares, "I should like to see the dressing rooms equipped with Pond's Two Creams."

The first step in the Pond's Method of caring for the skin is a deep thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Every day, always after any exposure, and before retiring at night, smooth Pond's Cold Cream lavishly over your face, neck, arms and hands. Let its pure oils bring to the surface the dust and powder and excess oil. Wipe off all the cream and dirt. Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. Now look at your skin—as fresh as a new-blown rose!

The second step is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff on just the least bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now see how soft and even the surface of your skin is—how transparently lovely. Notice how well this cream takes your powder—holds it long and evenly—and how it protects you from wind, sun and dust!

Pond's Cold Cream comes in extra large jars now. And both creams in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes. The Pond's Extract Company.

Miss Morgan's deep interest in the women of America is again expressed by her activities in behalf of the nineteen story club house to be erected on West 23rd Street, by the American Woman's Association of New York City. It will cost $5,500,000.00 and will contain a thousand private rooms with bath, to rent at $10.00 to $16.00 per week. This intimate sketch of the garden terrace suggests the personality and charm with which her sponsors have endowed it.

Free Offer Mail this coupon and we will send you free tube of these Two Creams and an attractive letter folder telling you how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B
125 Hudson St., New York,
Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, and directions for using them.

Name.

Street.

City.

State.

When you write to advertisers please mention PhotoPlay Magazine.
New Stars in the DeMille Sky

It took William five years to make Cecil's Milky Way. He worked at Lasky's when C. B. was making the bath tub dramatic. When De Mille left there, Bill went with him.

Not content with having lighted the cinema heavens with such bright stars as the never-to-be-forgotten Wally, Gloria, the glamorous, Leatrice Joy, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix and Rod La Roque, Cecil De Mille has created two new stars for his latest production, "The Volga Boatmen." William Boyd is the male of the species.

Elinor Fair is the girl chosen to make Gloria and Leatrice shake in their slippers. Not so long ago she was the crippled girl in "The Miracle Man."
They hardly know themselves today

They conquered constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders, renewed youthful optimism ... with the aid of One Food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Start eating it today!


"I had been in perfect physical condition and I was so strong that I could take a man of 200 pounds and hold him over my head. Then suddenly I became ill with constipation and digestive troubles. I suffered also from disagreeable skin eruptions. I tried many tonics; they did me no good. One day when I went to town I bought Yeast cakes and began eating them, three each day. Now indigestion, constipation and the ugly pimples are gone. I cannot express in words the good that Fleischmann’s Yeast has done for me."

Edwin L. Hedlak, Beltsville, Md.

"I was afflicted with chronic constipation for sixteen years. Four years ago, I had a position in a hospital. My attention was drawn to a lecture given by a doctor who spoke on Constipation and advised as a cure Fleischmann’s Yeast, together with other proper foods. I did not believe that those small cakes could help my case any. But on my way home, I went into a grocery and asked for Yeast. After I had taken the Yeast for a period of three weeks, my condition improved remarkably. My outward appearance had a decided change for the better, and I still continue to take my Fleischmann’s Yeast."

Alexandra Gains, New York City

"The spring of 1924 is memorable to me for what I suffered through loss of sleep, nervousness—general run-down condition; for six continuous weeks I endured boil after boil on neck and back. Kind people recommended Yeast, but it took a well-known physician to convince me that ‘there must be something to it.’ I can truly say that before I had finished one week’s treatment of two yeast cakes a day, I felt a change in my system. Every boil disappeared, my skin cleared, my strength increased. With the result that I feel different and look it.”

Miss Roberta O’Brien, Montreal, Canada
The Swedish Invasion

Greta Nissen has already made a dent in our consciousness with her performance in the amusing "The King on Main Street"

Another Greta, Miss Garbo, who became a popular star after only two years' work. She has just been imported by Metro-Goldwyn

America is rediscovered by the Norsemen and Nordic talent gets strong reinforcement

We know what Victor Seastrom can do and are looking forward to his next picture, "The Scarlet Letter," with Lillian Gish

No, not the Prince of Wales. It is Einar (pronounced Eye-nar) Hanson, Scandinavian matinee idol, recently arrived. Just the chap to play H. R. H. if somebody writes the story of the Prince

Lars Hanson—no relation of Einar's—is called the John Barrymore of Sweden's stage and screen. He will make his American debut opposite Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter"

Mauritz Stiller, Sweden's most noted director, once directed Victor Seastrom. He is the discoverer of Greta Garbo and Einar Hanson, and emigrated to this country with them at the invitation of Metro-Goldwyn

Author, producer, director, Benjamin Christianson's reputation reached these shores long before he did. His first American picture will be "The Light Eternal," his own story, in which he directs Norma Shearer
What to tell him!

Again and again he would call her up. Always asking an appointment.

She had used every conceivable excuse. But still he persisted. And here he was again on the phone!

She didn’t want to be outright rude to the fellow. Yet what could she do? For between him and her was a certain invisible barrier that made her determined not to see him.

***

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That’s the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won’t tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

A CHALLENGE
We’ll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you’ll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Bearding the Lyon

Many a maiden's crowning glory goes to make a movie beard. The girls cut it off and the boys put it on.

The bicuspids and permanent belong to Ben, for 'tis he— in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," Robert Kane's new picture for First National.

Ben seems trying to be a second somebody or other in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives." The picture's all about a boy who tries to get into the movies.

Here you see what a mustache and sideburns will do to a nice wholesome boy.

Bluebeard himself. But it's not his own and it isn't blue.

Being the Elsie Dinsmore that she is, all four horsemen couldn't persuade Lois Wilson to kiss this shifty Latin lover. It's just a joke, Lois. That's Bennie Lyon beneath the sideburns and mustache.

(Images of the cast from the movie "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" are included.)
Nature's Gift to Beauty

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions.

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

The art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping natural beauty.

Women have learned that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the important part to remember.

So, more and more, thousands turn to Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal.

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Dol. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
When it's a perfect winter day—and you've just returned from a tramp in the crisp country air—when you come in and find the crackling fire awaiting you—have a Camel!

WHEN it's late winter afternoon. And you've just returned with your dogs from a ramble over the hills. When you come inside to your friendly fire—have a Camel!

For no other smoke-friend brings back so much cheer and comfort to your fireside as Camel. No other cigarette in the world is welcomed in so many homes. Camels are so skilfully blended that they never tire the taste, or leave a cigarette after-taste. There's not another cigarette made, regardless of price, that contains choicer tobaccos than those rolled into Camels.

So, on this day, as you start your favorite stroll along the sun-lit hills. As you return and come in to the welcome of your sparkling fire, joyfully know the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette. Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

©1926

Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.
Anthony, shocked, sat down opposite her. "Look here, Sylvia—"

"What are you doing?" she asked suddenly.

Host and servant consulted their watches, and when they looked up, her glass was empty. "Eleven-forty," said Anthony. "Eleven-forty-too," said Hodge. Anthony glared at him.

"So late?" exclaimed Sylvia. "My dear, I must hurry!"

"Hurry!" uncomfortably. "Why?"

"I'm going somewhere." She was holding up her empty glass. "Encore!"

"Where are you going?"

"At? That's the great secret!"

"What in the world," he demanded, "has happened to you?"

"It's what is going to happen to me! Please keep my glass filled."

Anthony's face was puzzled frown deepened.

A shocking procedure! Could this gaiety,

imperious beauty across the table from him

be Sylvia? Little Sylvia who had always been

so quiet, so demure.

"What does this mean?"

"It means"—a pause—"it means that

where someone is waiting for me."}

Anthony's patience for you? A sharp thrust of jealousy pierced the armor of Mr. Merivals's shirt-front.

"Who is it?"

Oh—a man. Sylvia smiled mysteriously.

"What kind of a man?"

"Lobster," said Hodge, serving supper.

"Ah, you know him? Hodge's a comic!"

She laughed up at Hodge, and to Anthony the laugh sounded faintly edged with alcohol.

"Just a moment," said Anthony sternly.

"You say you're going to meet a man?"

"A man?"

"How sweet of you to be interested?"

"Well, I—I—where are you going to meet him?"

"Downstairs in the dance-club! So convenient of you. Tony, to have your rooms over the dance-club where I'm to begin my scarlet life."

"Scarlet life?" gasped Anthony. "I mustn't keep him waiting. What time is it?"

Anthony, watch in hand, replied: "Eleven fifty. Miss."

"You can go. Anthony turned to him, annoyed. "I'll serve the supper."

"Then," said Sylvia, "fill up my glass."

"What—again?" It was empty. Three glasses of champagne! Little, demure Sylvia—"

"Shall I," asked Hodge, "open another bottle, sir?"

"Open a window!" Sylvia threw out her white arms in a gesture of abandon. "I'm giving you the air!"

Hastily Hodge left the room.

"Sylvia?"

"Ah!" she paused, listening. From below came the muted jazz of an orchestra. "Those—are dancing downstairs. I'm going to meet him at twelve."

"Sylvia?"—there was distress in his voice—

"Who is this man? What's his name?"

"Oh!" the pink tips of her fingers wafted a kiss against her cheek. "I don't know his last name—but he asked me to call him Herman."

"Sylvia?"

And what do you think—she wants me to marry him? Imagine! But I wouldn't have that. I'm not free."

The scion of the Merivals winced. "Do I know him?"

"I don't think so. He comes from the great open spaces, where men are men—and women are governors."

Anthony turned away. He felt suddenly desolate.

"Just time for one more little drink!"

Again her glass stood empty. "My God!" he stared at it, aghast. "And then—the great adventure! She rose and her smile seemed painted. Anthony got to his feet and faced her across the table. "This man—you mean?"

"I mean I'm tired of being a good girl. Nothing ever happens to a good girl. I've worked and slaved in the theater, and what has it got me? Nothing!"

"But you—you're a promising young actress?"

"Ah! Well, after tonight, I'm going to be a break-of-promising young actress! I'm going to become a star—and I'm taking the easiest way!" Her voice rose. "Only—the easiest way is so hard to take! Give me some more champagne."

"Sylvia?" he exclaimed, horrified. "I want to have long, lean limousines and pearls and fur coats—and diamond bracelets up to the shoulder—and a line of millionaires in silk hats, with bunches of flowers, waiting for me at the stage door! You know—like you read about in the Sunday papers!"

"But you couldn't! You're not the kind of girl who—"

"Too late, Tony! I've decided to be a bad woman—and I'm going to be a good one!"

"Sylvia?" he was quite pale—"you're not yourself!"

"You let your life be not myself—and I'm never going to be again!" She came round the table, and moved close to him. "It might've been you, Tony. Eyes half-closed, she looked up at him. Then she shook her head. "But no—you wouldn't do! Patting his cheek she turned away. "No—I like you too much."

"Listen to me," he pleaded, trying to take her hand. "You're just a nice boy. And I'm too tired of nice boys!

"But this other fellow—"

"He's a big bacon and egg man—alright!"

"This isn't you?" sneered Anthony. "You were always so sweet."

From below sounded the throbbing, rhythmic music of a tango. With a Spanish shrug of her shoulders, Sylvia caught up a rose and thrust it between her white teeth. Then, snapping her fingers, she danced—alluring, wildly graceful. . . And when the music ended, turned to the other to Anthony.

"The last rose of supper?" Then she sank into her chair at the table.

"Sylvia?" She had scattered his vanity and she had left him, flitting, silting his heart. "Sylvia—my dear—I want to talk to you!"

He sat down opposite, "Please be serious."

From the dance-lab downstairs, a dreamy melody floated up. Sylvia leaned forward across the table, and there seemed more of sentiment than champagne in her mood.

"All right—I'll be serious. Do you remember the evening we first heard that tune?"

"There was a moon. . . ."

"Could I forget it?"

[Continued on page 139]
How to be practically invisible—have your picture taken with Michael Arlen. The well-known "Green Hat" dealer is he with the carnations. Carelessly grouped around are Eddie Sutherland (left of Michael), Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton.

And the fish, my dear! are positively carnivorous. One young maiden, while frolicking in the surf, lost her little finger to a hungry barracuda and when her escort came out to rescue her, Mr. George Barracuda proceeded to make a mess of the chap's legs, with the result that he—the rescuer, not the fish—is now laid up in a Porto Rican hospital.

But Bill doesn't say a word about the liquor! Need he, after the above reports?

And of course Linc gave the stranger a hearty handclasp.

But to begin at the first of our story, Lincoln Stedman was dining at the Montmarte the other evening when a slightly gimmed individual ambled over to him:

"How de ya do, sir? Somebody over there just told me you were prominent in pictures. I don't recognize you, but I'd like to shake hands just the same!"

And of course Linc gave the stranger a hearty handclasp.

Estelle Taylor claims she has found the reason for the graceful posing of the hands and forearm across the waist in the portraits of women of the middle ages.

"I had often noticed in old paintings that women never held their hands at their sides, or in any way except at their waists, particularly when sitting down," said Estelle at the Vitagraph Studio the other day, where she is playing Lucia Borga with John Barrymore in "Don Juan."

"I found out why when I began to wear this—pointing to an elaborately jeweled and brocaded medieval gown she was wearing.

"They had to hold their pointed girdles down to keep them from buckling. The darn thing simply won't stay in place and I have to keep my hands on it almost constantly."

We do have the most precocious waiters in Hollywood. Consider this one that Bob Fraser, in the denims and overalls of his part for "The Splendid Road," met in a restaurant near the United Studios.

Bob's hair was long and shaggy, in keeping with the part.

Bob handed his servitor a quarter as a tip. The fellow eyed it—and then eyed Bob's hair.

"Keep it, my lad, and get a hair-cut!" he said.

Colleen Moore held a housewarming the other day. But housewarmings seem to be the order of the day with Colleen. First she opened her lovely home on Rosemore Avenue, then she displayed her tiny Queen's Doll House, now she entertains in her brand new dressing-room bungalow on the United lot. And soon a magnificent Beverly Hills home will be ready to open.

Of course the bungalow was decorated in green . . . it would be for an Irish colleen. It has just three little rooms, with a hanky-sized patio and a frolicking fountain. There's a knocker on the door—in the form of a woman's shapely hand—but we hasten to assure you it is Colleen's only knocker.

A tiny living room with a fireplace which crackles cozily with a real blaze; a diminutive kitchen glistening in its eamedine whiteness; and a lovely dressing room with green taffeta frills and soft cushions.

But the clothes closet is the wondrous thing. Katherine—that's Colleen's maid—is elated over it. It is nearly as big as the living room and has drawers and shelves and hangers for all of Colleen's costumes. Long drawers—one apiece—for each of her heavily beaded frocks; a huge closet with a separate stand for each chapeau—and the cavernous cupboards are all cedar-lined.

And I peeked into the tiled bathroom and saw the color scheme was carried out even to green bathshirts!

Michael Arlen has been staved out of Hollywood!

His intimate friends say that he cannot afford the movies. On every motion picture story he writes he loses $100,000.

They say that Michael Arlen is the best business man who ever had anything to do with writing for a living. When he writes a novel, it is said that his contract with a New York magazine brings him $60,000 for the serial rights. On the story, after publication in book form, he gets a liberal percentage from every book sold—and a great many are sold.

Then he scoops up in selling the dramatic and film rights.

At a mere $30,000 a scenario, Mike simply cannot be annoyed with the movies.

The Golden State, one of the crack trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad, was converted into a studio on wheels when the "Fifth Avenue" company went to New York City to secure actual settings for the picture. Louise Dresser and Marguerite de La Motte are breakfasting, with Director Vignolo and crew gazing hungrily on, and the camera grinding.
KEEP YOUR NAILS LOVELY WITH THIS METHOD FAVORED BY
THE SMART WOMEN OF TWO CONTINENTS

Not only in America, but in the aristocratic capitals of Europe, in the most sophisticated of the fashionable French resorts, brilliant and accomplished women depend upon this secret of lovely nails.

YOUR hands can be as lovely as the woman's who has unlimited resources for guarding her beauty. Nails gleaming with rosy lights! Tips as delicately curved as the new moon—and just as flawless. Cuticle smooth and unbroken framing your nails in dainty ovals.

Simply follow each week the same exquisite method that smartly groomed women everywhere find so marvellously effective! Care for your hands with Cutex preparations, famous the world over.

For Cutex, long a favorite with Americans, is as widely known abroad. And Americans traveling abroad are delighted to find it highly esteemed in Paris—the home of sophisticated toilettries! In fact in Paris itself, and at the smart French resorts—Deauville, Biarritz, Nice, Cannes, Aix-les-Bains—more Cutex manicure preparations are sold than any other kind!

For Cutex Liquid Polish gives your nails a truly enchanting radiance. There, just as they do here, lovely women owe the charm of their well-groomed hands to the world-famous Cutex method. And Northam Warren—the originator of Cutex—is acknowledged as the greatest authority on the manicure.

Begin at once to care for your hands the delightful Cutex way. Complete Cutex Sets are 37c to $1.00, single items 35c—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Or send coupon with 10c for Introductory Set containing every essential for the manicure—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, Brush, Emery Board, Orange Stick, Cotton and helpful booklet. If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept.Q-2, 55 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada.

There is no need to send stamps or coin. Northam Warren, Dept.Q-2, 514 W. 17th St., New York City.

Mail coupon with 10c for Introductory Set containing every essential for the home manicure.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
HOw can I get more out of life? What books should I read? What subjects should I study? What contacts should I make? How can I make myself a more interesting person?

Many letters containing these questions come to me every month, eager, ambitious letters of the type I like to receive.

Develop your power of appreciation: That is the best and surest way in which to get from life the fullest and happiness it holds. Given appreciation, life from ten to ninety can become an adventure, the glorious, exhilarating adventure of self development and understanding, of living and loving and spiritual content.

The moment one begins to really live, one demands more and more of life. Despite all that certain unhappy, morbid people say, life is a joyous thing when you know how to make it so.

I must repeat that old, old saying that happiness is a state of mind. It comes definitely from the inside out. That being true, it is more than a little ridiculous to go grooving our lives away, as too many of us do, or making our lives unhappy because we can’t go to parties or have the conduit of clothes in town.

There is so much more to life than this slender social end of it. True life happiness is the careful storing of “treasures in heaven,” the heaven of the mind, from which they can never be stolen.

Go to the parties and buy the pretty clothes by all means. But keep them in their place, as the charming trifles of existence. The development of ourselves is much more important. It isn’t a solemn business. It’s fun. And it pays higher dividends than any investment in the world.

The way to appreciation is not entirely through books, as is too often believed. One doesn’t need to be “literary” or to memorize ponderous tomes to be interested in life or to be interesting to other people. One can study constantly and never use a book. There are people to be studied on the street, studied to find out why the young man looks so troubled, the young girl so happy or the third mother so subdued. There are birds flying over one’s head, and trees waving above one’s street, every one of which has its story. There is a color in the whole world of life. There is a color to the birds, a color to the foliage, a color to the people.

“Golden State Route”

“Golden State Route” is a trip of a pleasure. This is from one who makes trans-continental trips frequently.

When planning your next trip to California be sure to consider the train which is the choice of the most discriminating.

Rock Island Travel Bureaus in all principal cities at your service, or address

L.M. Allen, Vice President

Rock Island Lines

792 La Salle St., Station

Chicago, Ill.
Above All Things
This Brings You Peace-of-Mind
under the most trying of hygienic handicaps

This new way solves women's oldest hygienic problem as it should be solved... by ending the uncertainty of makeshift ways and warranting immaculacy under ALL conditions.

By Ellen J. Buckland, Graduate Nurse

Sheerest, gayest gowns; your filmiest, daintiest things—wear them without a moment's thought!

Social activities, meet them in confidence. Dance, dine, motor for hours... unhandicapped, without a doubt or fear.

Eight in every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted this new way. It ends the uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad by providing protection which is absolute. It will make a great difference in your life.

These three factors changed the habits of millions

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace-of-mind, and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex mailed free on request.

THE CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 96c per dozen

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
With you in some old Palace

EVEN today I am haunted by the sense of having been with you in some old Palace of the Orient—and you the Princess.

What could have made the vow—and you—so mysteriously wonderful last night?

FROM HER DIARY:

There was something new in his eyes last night. Could the temple incense have caused it?

EVEN when royal splendor was their setting, beautiful women of centuries long past enriched their background by the subtle power of temple incense. Vantine's Temple Incense preserves the ancient secret of creating the romantic atmosphere that makes beauty lovely. Six subtle fragrances at all drug and department stores.

Learn how incense can enrich your charm.

Six sample fragrances sent on receipt of ten cents.

A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc.

35 Fifth Avenue
New York

(Copy 5) Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

This season many excellent books on the market. I am not one to look down upon fiction. I like to read too much, and the library can instruct one as competently about life as any other medium. There is good fiction, however, and there is trash. Leave the "confessions" stuff alone at it's mostly tedious. A beautiful new novel is "The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish. "Glorious Apollo" and "The Divine Lady," both by an Englishwoman, H. Harrington, have the advantage of being exciting romances as well as historical facts. Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Red Lamp" is a peach of a mystery yarn. "Caravan" is a collection of short stories by John Galsworthy.

It is said that one who is a true reader loves poetry. For those who are a little timid on this matter, I advise a reading of Hazlitt's essay on poetry. It will make you eager to purchase every book of poetry you can. And among those you will surely want the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay, or, for novelty, the really lovely verse of Nathalia Crane, who wrote two books, "The Janitor's Boy" and "Lava Lane," a couple of years before her fortieth birthday, which she has just celebrated.

Miss E. S. Bayonne.

I know of no treatment for your trouble better than the one you have been going through already. It is sometimes possible to bleach the superfluous hairs on lips and chin to the color of one's skin. They are not so noticeable then, and this treatment results with a good depilatory may help you.

Pauline.

You should be able to wear all the richer colorings well, the wine reds, leaf browns, yellows, the intense blues. Leave most of the neutral shades, like navy blue, and the pastels, alone. Try raking your nose with ice when ever you are bathing. This will strengthen its resistance to cold and do away with its redness.

Anxious, California.

You have a very worthy ambition, but the road ahead of you is a long, hard one. To be a really great dancer takes hours upon hours of the hardest work. I have the privilege of knowing one of your idols, Ruth St. Denis, and I have often heard from her the story of the years of practice, study, and service of luxuries that she had given to her art. Yet if you are courageous to go on and work as hard as your ambition demands, the medium that you have chosen is a very satisfactory one. For the moment I cannot do anything as hard as you can. A well trained mind is almost as important to a dancer as a well trained body. Build up your health, for that also is imperative. Keep up your lessons with the best teacher you can afford and work, work, work, to the perfecting of your dance technique.

C. F., Wisconsin.

Jealousy is a form of mental disease and the only cure of which I know is establishing in the other person's mind a tacit trust in you.

When a person is jealous of you, it really means he is afraid of losing you. Tell your friend that his jealousy hurts you and comes between you. Show him that the admiring glances of others mean really only to influence you, but that they should make him proud, rather than unhappy, because he is your escort.

As for your leaving home and trying to get into the movies—oh, my dear! I never will advise any girl on that course. It is the most hopeless, heartbreaking game in the world. Stay out of it, I beg of you. In last month's issue we had a story about the movie. It was called "I Wouldn't Wish It on a Dog." That is the way I feel, too.

Peggy.

I think there are more boys who feel there are few nice, wholesome girls who like outdoor sports than there are girls of your type hunting for them. That makes me feel sure that you will soon meet a boy who will appreciate you and your interests. Remember, when you want to make friends, Peggy, that most people are restricted to certain people you desire for companions. Let them talk to you and be truly sympathetic. The dancing class might be a good idea for you. It would, at least, give you that background that makes up for the new group of girls and boys about your own age. If you do attend it, however, try not to be too shy. Show that you want to be friendly, but do not insist, and soon you will have a most popular member, pick out those who are shy, also. You will have a common bond, then, that should unite you. Endeavor to get in as many group activities as you can. I think this will do away with your friendlessness.

Your weight is correct for your height. No, dry rouge does not hurt the skin and it would probably be very becoming to you.

Ruth M.

You ought to give yourself a good cross-examination and find out what you really wish to do and what you desire from life. You can't go on this way, my dear. When any of us say or feel that we are unusual and therefore superior to the general rules of life, we must prove it. Taking that attitude and then failing in friendships, in work, is all wrong. There surely is a place for you in this world, but you must work for it. You are so young that you may feel much of your attitude may be simply youth in revolt. If you are going on alone and going to make a success of your life, however, you must be more honest with yourself. You say you "can do anything that it is not necessary to have special training for." Nobody ever got very far on that basis. Mark out your course. You have a good education, and from your letter I know you have a good mind if you will but use it. Get yourself a job, no matter how unattractive it may be for the moment, and go to work at it until you know you are truly self respecting. Cut off from your friends, out of work, and in a strange city is a bad environment for a girl of your age. Be brave and strong. We need all of the fine things in the world and it will bring you true independence, and it will also bring your friends back to you once more.

Anxious, Iowa.

Your weight is satisfactory for your height. For your ankles and heavy legs, avoid standing as much as possible. Get all the exercise you can, and as often as you can. Nothing reduces the ankles more effectively than this. Any pedaling exercise, such as bicycle riding, will do you a world of good, and you can get off from the hips, each leg forward and back as far as possible. Do this about twenty times each morning. Lying on your back with your arms stretched up above your head, pull your legs up to your chest. From that position ride an imaginary wheel dozens of times. Yours was one of the letters that made me write the column you find above.

D. J. H., Syracuse.

Almost everyone has a lanolin base. Read the trade-marks carefully and you will surely find one. You can buy toilet lanolin, if you prefer. It comes in tubes at most good drug stores and many beauty specialists recommend it.

B. Victoria.

It is possible that you are using too much cold cream on your face. Try keeping your skin less oily and use a fairly heavy rice powder. I think this will help you.

L. P.

With dark hair, eyes and skin, the brunette shades in powder, lipstick and rouge are your aids. Use a dark rice powder, but it might be well for you to experiment a bit with rouge and lipstick to see whether you can wear the bright red shades which are sometimes so becoming. With your fine features these too bright, use the ashes of roses type. [Continued on page 152]
Read these easy conditions. They may enable you to visit the Mecca of Movieland—free!

Conditions of Contest
1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay;" the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;' and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week’s stay in Hollywood. There are 300 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

As you have watched the thrilling scenes of the Silent Drama sweep across the motion picture screen, have you ever wished that you could see the great movie masterpieces filmed; that you could stand beside the famous directors and watch them at work; that you could actually meet the stars of filmdom?

Then here is your chance, in the great Romance-Hollywood Contest. For you may win the grand prize: A Free Trip to Hollywood with a companion of your own choosing, as the guests of the great Moving Picture Corporations, with all expenses paid by the makers of the famous Romance Chocolates.

The conditions are easy. The makers of Romance Chocolates have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, one of which is packed with every pound box of Romance "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get your copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
156 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

RUTHER KEaton Studio, 1625 Lillian Way.
Production will soon start on "Mr. Battling Butler," with Ruther Keaton.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1436 Gowar St.
Dell Henderson directing "The Pay-Off." Cast not announced.
J. P. McGowan completing another of the Helen Holmes series.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1164 La Brea Ave.
Production will soon start on "The Circus" with Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Bobo Versall, Walter Hiers, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns are all working on two-reel comedies. William Watson directing "A Salty Sap" with Billy Dooley.

CECIL B. DE MILLÉ STUdio, Culver City, Cal.
Cecil B. M. Mille directing "The Volga Boatman" with Victor Marchand and Eloise Faire.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 750 Gowar St.
Bob De Lacy directing "The Cowboy Mucker" with Tom Tyler.

Harry Garey directing "Smith's at Trouble" with Leila Flynn.
Del Andrews directing "No Man's Law" with Fred Thomson and Addison Mayer.

James Hogan directing "The King of the Turf" with Kenneth Harlan, Dolores Costello and Henry B. Walthall.

Sovereign Prod. Production has started on "The Phantom Patriot" with Kathryn McGuire.

FOX STUDIOS, 1601 N. Western Ave.
Robert Kerr directing "A Trip to Chakanow" with Erle Fox and Marquet Livingston.
Irvine Cummings directing "The Johnstown Flood" with George O'Brien and Florence Gilbert.

J. C. Myles directing "My Own Pal" with Tom Mix, Ollee Borden and Tom Sanschgi.
Emmett Flynn has completed "Palace of Pleasure" with Betty Compson and Edmund Lowe.

Lou Fuller directing "The Flying Pool" with Morton Haftan and Sid Smith.


LASKY STUDIOS, 1320 Vine St.
Production will soon start on "That's My Baby" with Donie MacLean.
Edward Sutherland directing "Miss Brearley's Million" with Bebe Daniels.

Alan Dwan directing "Sea Horses" with Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, William Powell and George Hurrett.
Victor Fleming directing "The Blind Goddess" with Esther Ralston.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Sidney Franklin directing "Beverly of Granstark" with Marlon Davies and Antonio Moreno.
Robert Leonard has completed "Daisy Madness" with Claire Windsor and Conrad Nagel.

Benjamin Christensen directing "The Light Eternal" with Norma Shearer and Charles Mark.
Monta Bell directing "The Torrent" with Greta Garbo and Ricardo Cortez.

Maurice Stiller directing "The Temptress." Cast not announced.
J. E. Williamson directing "The Mysterious Island." Cast not announced.

John Stahl directing "Toto" with Lew Cody.

UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.

First National Prod.
Sylvania Rothband directing "The Far Cry" with Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulholland and Myrtle Stedman.

Harry Edwards directing "Harry Langdon and Alice Calhoun." Title announced.

K. E. Miller directing "The Good Luck" with Arnold Gray.

Talmadge dir.ong "The Second Chance" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Robert Frazer.

Clarence Brown directing "Killer" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Cal.
Edward Sedgwick directing "The Squarehead" with Jean Hersholt.


Seaton Clifton directing "Who's for Rent" with Pat O'Malley and Virginia Valli.

Al Reville directing "The Tumble Tornado" with Jack Hoxie.

William S. O'Brien directing "Daring for Love" with Laura La Plante.

C. V. Smith directing "Mavericks" with Art Acord and Olive Husker.

Arthur Rosson directing "Third of Flynch U" with Hoot Gibson.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5412 Sunset Blvd.
Alan Crosland has completed "Don Juan" with John Barrymore and Mary Astor.
Roy Del Ruth directing "The Man Upstairs" with Dorothy Devere and John Boles.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Bride of the Storm" with Dolores Costello and John Haron.

"Mother Women's Husband" with Marie Prevost. Monte Blue, Huntley Gordon and Phyllis Haver.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175th St.
Archie Armbush has completed "Men of States" with Milton Selig, Doris Kenyon and May Allston.
Jung Frankish has completed "Too Much Money" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

COMSPORT STUDIO, 125th St. & Second Ave.
Robert Kane directing "The Show Down" with Alice Terry, Holbrook Blinn and Connie Tawney.

JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, N. Y.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Frank Tuttle directing "Tamed" with Gloria Stuart and Lawrence Gray.

Mal St. Clair directing "I'll See You Tonight" with Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen.

Production will soon start on "The Man From Nowhere" with Richard Dix.

Sam Wood directing "Gloryous Youth"—the Paramount School Picture.

TIC-ART STUDIO, West 44th St., New York City.
Harry O. Hoyt has completed "De Clothes Make the Woman" with Nacio Herb Bannwart and Clive Brook.

WHITMAN-BENNITT STUDIO, Glendale, L. A. Whitman Bennett directing "Share and Share Alike" with June Norvant and James Rennie.

Maurice Campfield directing "No, No, Nanette." with Ellen Perry, Edna Murphy and George O'Hara.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FOX PICTURES.
"The Outlaw" will be released as "Daybreak.""METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.
"The Reason Why" will be released as "Sou'Teller.""FREE Lulu" will be released as "His Secretary.""UNIVERSAL.
"Proud Heart" has been changed to "His People."
THE Silver Screen—the Stage—the Pictorial Magazines—bring us the pageant of lovely women known to fame.

But hidden in the great cities, in town and village, is beauty as glorious as Dawn... beauty that never graced screen or stage... beauty that makes America the true land of Charm.

Tre-Jur Compacts and Tre-Jur Face Powder are the Symbol of Feminine Charm. In their exquisite ingredients is a quality that enhances loveliness.

In gold, in silver, in gun-metal plate, you will find an ingenious Compact for every need. And if you do not know the delightful caress of Tre-Jur Face Powder—a new joy awaits you. Sold at your favorite store or sent by mail from us. Compact refills are always available.

HOUSE of TRE-JUR, Inc., 19W. 18th St., N.Y.
Paris Address—22 Rue La Lande

TRE-JUR
FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS
Brushing your coat collar doesn't stop dandruff

IF YOU have dandruff, you're a slave to a whisk-broom. And so you brush, brush, brush — to save yourself embarrassment.

But it isn't necessary to be embarrassed, nor to play second fiddle to a whisk-broom—if you are willing to try the simple Wildroot treatment. For years, Wildroot Hair Tonic has been famous, because it does remove dandruff.

A very interesting thing happens with the first few applications of Wildroot. The accumulated dandruff loosens up and is temporarily more apparent, but soon disappears under regular treatment. This is a good picture of Wildroot at work.

After applying to the scalp, dress your hair with Wildroot, to renew the lustre and beauty. Get some Wildroot at your druggist's today.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

IMPORTANT NOTE
It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. Only a healthy scalp can grow hair. Wildroot removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus prevents the loss of hair that is sure to follow dandruff.

WILDROOT COMPANY, INC.
BUFFALO, N.Y.
Patsy C.—Patsy, all those guys you love, Ramon Novarro, Harrison Ford and William Collier, Jr., are the same height. Every one of them is five feet, ten, or three of them are seventeen feet, six inches. They all live in Hollywood, too, though Harrison is in New York at the moment. Ben-Hur was released Christmas Eve.

Peggy S., Chicago.—You think I'm swell? Gee, I wish you were around to tell the boss about my new dress. Do you know the time and place that Bebe Daniels chose to visit this globe? Well, Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, the fourteenth day of January, 1901. She is five feet, three and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred twelve pounds. So you love Bebe honestly? Well, I hope so. No dishonest love goes in this here section.

F. C. C.—Here's the low-down on Colleen Moore. Colleen is married to John McCormack, the film man and not the singer. She was born twenty-five years ago, in Fort Hu- ron, Michigan, of Irish-American parents. Sorry I can't send you a picture of Colleen, but if you will write to her personally and enclose a quarter, she will send you one herself.

Madge L., Astoria.—Harrison Ford is four years older than the twentieth century. Now see if you can add. He's divorced. Tom Mix was born about 1888. No, Ruth Roland isn't playing in anything except real estate. Ruth's a year younger than Harrison. Now see if you can subtract. Att a girl!

P. R.—Marion Davies' next picture is "Rever- eny of Graustark." She's out in Hollywood at present, but I agree with you. She and Harrison Ford make a great team. Beautiful Marion is five feet and a half and weighs one hundred twenty-three pounds. You want to know who I think is the most beautiful woman on the screen and then ask me to name three. Lady, lady, I have not lived all these years free and unshackled by saying who I think is the most beautiful screen siren. The only reason they let me live is because they don't know I'm alive. And they wouldn't if I told them they were beautiful. Stay away from the movies, P. R. You say you'll never have to work for a living. Well, you'll have to work like fury to get the movies, and then to stay in.

Henrietta, Halifax.—Henrietta, how can you doubt me? I am just as magnificent myself. Frankly, if you want to know about Rudy, Well, I've talked to Rudy a lot and he isn't swelled headed, no matter what your friends say. He's a fine, handsome chap with excellent manners. Does that make you feel better? I don't know whether he was in your town three years ago, but I do not believe so.

M. E. M.—So you want my dear old grand- father's address, do you? I wouldn't advise you to send the old man a note. The last one I wrote him got all scrawled. As for my photograph, you can't see me behind my whiskers anyhow. You think Ben Lyon is the handsome man on the screen, do you? You oughta see him off. A handsome guy. Yes, that's his own name. Neither married nor en- gaged. Imagine that. Write to him in care of First National Pictures. I enjoyed your first letter as much as you say you enjoyed mine. So that makes us even.

W. C. C.—Your pretty Alberta Vaughan is unmarried, unengaged, only twenty and to be found at the F. B. O. studios. William, do your stuff. Shirley Mason is six years older than Alberta, but then she's a widow.

BROWN EYES OF PERTH AMBOY.—Write all you like and I won't be mad. Richard Dix has brown eyes with hair to match. His next picture is "Womanhandled." Dick, wonderful boy, is still unwed.

A FRIEND, NEW HAVEN.—I've always wanted to have a friend in New Haven and now I've got you. Such a cheering thought. Write to Ronald Colman, personally, in care of the United Studios and I'm sure your handsomest man in the movies will send a picture to you.

H. E. LaPre, Hoofskantoor, Bandseng.—Where on earth is that? Glad to know Photoplay reaches there, but I want to know how. The lovely ladies you saw were, respectively, Gertrude Olmstead in "Cameo Kirby," Claire Windsor and Bessie Love in "The Eternal Three" and Alice Colbun in "The Man from Broadway's." Write again.

S. L. R.—Ramon Novarro played Rupert of Hentzen in "A Prisoner of Zenda." You're right. Rod La Roque's fine. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are black. You didn't bother me a bit.

Peggy.—Another Dix admirer. That boy surely pulls them in. Also fond of Ben Lyon and Busted Collier, The women's smart girl. If you fall in love with three men, you'll never break your heart so hard over one. Buster was born in the large city of New York, Feb- ruary 12, 1902. Glad you like our family paper so much. So do I.

F. P., Raleigh.—No, I just love the questions. My rooms at home are all papered with question marks. I'm not interested in any figure, after years of bending over my type- writer, is a walking advertisement of my profession. Ronald Colman is neither divorced, widowed nor married. He's a bachelor, that is he? Separated. Ronald is five feet, seven, and fifteen years old. His hair isn't brown, but black. It was Vlina Banky with him. "The Aventure" is his best angel, certainly. She's in Valentin's "The Eagle," too. Billie Burke is married to the theatrical manager, Florenci Ziegfeld, and lives quietly just outside New York. Yes, Billie's robbed her hair. Mary Miles Minter is in New York, but she is not making any pictures now, though I understand she means to re- turn to them soon. Florence Vidor is di- vorced and now reported engaged to George Fitzmaurice, the director. No, not even Florence has long hair any more.

M. R. A., Minneapolis.—Many thanks for your letter. I have destroyed it, but I won't forget.

D. I. C., Lynnbrook.—So you think I am important and awfully interesting, do you? How we two would get along. For I think I am awful interesting, too. The editor usually leaves off the interesting, tho, when he talks to me, particularly when I ask for a nickel raise. Hugh Allen is nineteen and unmarried. Write to him in care of the Fox Studios. We've agreed with you that Ben Lyon is the real college type. You can reach Ben in care of First National studios, address in the studio directory.

In writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photo- graph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.
TRAPPED in the dungeon of Abel Bellamy's strange castle on the Hudson is a beautiful girl. Four others are imprisoned with her; a murderer, a mummy, a woman of the underworld, a handsome and brilliant detective. Water rushes into the dungeon, rising, rising, rising, as they desperately struggle. Suddenly comes a terrific explosion and . . . but see the astounding climax yourself at the nearest theatre which shows "The Green Archer."

Baffling, fascinating, gripping, you'll pronounce this picture the greatest Pathe serial ever produced. Don't miss it! Ask when YOUR theatre will show "The Green Archer!"

Hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller—a FREE phonograph record for the asking!

Send for this FREE phonograph record and hear the voices of Allene Ray and Walter Miller, the stars of "The Green Archer!" Both you and your friends will be fascinated by their unique, personal, spoken messages. Write today for the record that Miss Ray and Mr. Miller have made for YOU! Absolutely free—sent postpaid to your home. Pathe Exchange, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York, Dept. P.

Note: Owing to unavoidable circumstances, Miss Irene Whipple, winner of the "Sunset Cutter" beauty contest, was unable to appear in "Queen of the Coast Guard" as advertised. We hope to announce at an early date, the actress in which she will appear.

The Girl on the Cover

BEBE DANIELS is unique in that she started as a leading woman. She entered the movies, a plump cherub, when she was thirteen. That was with Harold Lloyd, when the Lloyd studio was an old house and the Lloyd fortunes netted about $10.

Since then, she has climbed very steadily and very surely. In more ways than one, she has grown up with the industry.

Everyone thought in those early days that she and Harold were in love. They were, but it was puppy love and even the most ardent grow out of that. But for several seasons they played together day after day at the studio and danced together night after night in the contests in the little dance halls to which they could afford to go. They won cups, too, of which they were both very proud.

Bebe stayed with Harold until she went with Cecil De Mille, stayed until her plump cherub days were over and she was instead a beautiful young woman with a slim, lovely body and dark, brown eyes and shining black hair.

De Mille made her into a vamp, little Bebe who lived quietly with her mother and grandmother in a modest bungalow. She wandered in and out among the De Mille bathtubs and gained so rapidly in popularity that when the short-lived Realart company was formed, they made her a star. They advertised her as "the good little bad girl" and she did her darnedest to live up to it.

When Realart flopped, she came East. That visit helped her grow some more, mentally this time. More knowledge showed her the vast equipment necessary to stardom. Bebe, proving her intelligence, decided she wasn't schooled enough in her art for stardom. Very earnestly, she went back to playing leads.

Then came "Sinners in Heaven." Paramount viewing it and watching the work she and Richard Dix put over in it, starred them both.

Today Bebe is a star by virtue of real ability. Her latest releases, "Lovers in Quarantine," "Wild, Wild Susan" and "The Crowded Hour" all reveal her true artistry.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A Healthy Glow

That’s what your cheeks were meant to have.

Pompeian Bloom gives the natural color that comes with health.

By Madame Jeannette

Famous cosmestician, trained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

I recently overheard one of my friends say to another: “You have stopped using rouge, my dear. What lovely natural coloring!” But the truth was that she hadn’t stopped at all. Like thousands of other women, she had learned about the rouge that would give her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her ‘teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. And when they use the right shade of Bloom they achieve the wholly natural effect they desire.

From the shade chart you can easily select the particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

SHADE CHART for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the Medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone, with a faint suggestion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The Medium tone of Pompeian Bloom just suits this type of skin.

If you are slightly tanned, you may find the Orange tint more becoming. And sometimes women with Medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the Oriental tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair— and require the Dark tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion, the Oriental tint will accomplish it.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the Oriental tint.

White Skin: If you have this rare type of skin, use the Light tone of Bloom.

Special Note: An unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone than those above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialist en Beauté

SPECIAL OFFER

1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom

with 1926 Panel and samples—All for 20c

To help you realize the exceptional quality of Pompeian Bloom, we make the special offer above. The 1926 Panel is the most beautiful and expensive one we have ever offered. Size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value 75c to $1. Sent for two dimes along with 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom and valuable samples of Beauty Powder; Day Cream (protecting); and Night Cream (cleaning); and Madame Jeannette’s beauty booklet.

Madame Jeannette,
The Pompeian Laboratories
Pompeian Bloom Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1/3 of 60c box of Bloom, Beauty Booklet and other samples.

Name

Address

City...

State

Shade of rouge wanted...

This coupon valid after July 15, 1926.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Fascinating—
the white loveliness 
of her complexion

She was the most popular girl in her set. Many hearts were entangled by the alluring, satin-smoothness of her exquisite skin. Intelligent care will transform even the most uninteresting complexion to clear, flawless beauty! MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, who has devoted years of her life to creating new beauty, has now crystallized her famous scientific methods into three simple steps, which supply every beauty need of the average skin. Acquaint yourself with these three steps to beauty—study them—follow them. Even in one short week you will be charmed with the improvement in your complexion.

Three Steps to Beauty

Cleanse, revitalize and protect

with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—a marvelous cream perfected by the famous Pasteur method, for cleansing and refreshing and molding the skin to new beauty. Removes all impurities admirably. Soothes, protects, smooths out tired lines, and keeps the contour youthful. Also an excellent powder base. 4 oz. 1.00, $1.50, 3.00, 1 lb. 3.50.

Awaken the skin's activity

with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—a cream for clearing, whitening and youthifying the skin. Lightens the skin several shades. Refines the skin texture and cleans away smokewhisp, tan, darkened skin pigment, light freckles and other discolorations. 1.00, 2.50.

Tone and brace tissues

with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion—invigorates the tissues, smoothes out and prevents fine lines, refines the pores.

These final make-up touches are protective as well as flattering

Valaze Completion Powder—for normal to oily skins, and Valaze Norena Powder, for dry skins—both exactly fine, adherent, moisture-proof, subtly fragrant. 1.00, 1.50, 3.00.

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—richly colorful—flattering to every complexion. Compact 1.00, Rouge-en-Creme 2.00.

Valaze Geranium Rouge—Helena Rubinstein's latest shade. All the rage in Paris! New—sparkling—youthful. Compact 1.00.

Valaze Lipsticks to match rouges—ultra-smart.

Write for “SECRETS OF BEAUTY.” Edition 8. Fascinating 40-page pamphlet with a world of information on the proper care of all types of skin. Every one desires of beauty should possess this important guide. FREE.

Helena Rubinstein Beauty Preparations are sold at her salons, at leading department and drug stores. If not available in your locality, order direct from Helena Rubinstein, Salon A, 46 West 57th Street, New York City.

We pay postage on orders amounting to $10 or over.

This Trade Mark appears on all Rubinstein preparations.

Salons de Beaute Valaze

The son of John Bunny, as one of the leading lights of "The Lights of Old Broadway." George Bunny portrays Tony Pastor, the showman who made Fourteenth Street famous, when lights were mostly oil lamps and Broadway was a bypath

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

EVER since his stubby role of Casey in "The Iron Horse," J. Farrell MacDonald has been trotting about Hollywood looking like an animated haymow, with a ten-day growth of hair on his erasable pinch cheek. While in this unhorn condition he opened a charge account at a large Los Angeles haberdashery. Then came the close shave for his role in "The First Year." With his cuticle revealed to the sun for the first time in many moons he went a-shopping and told the clerk to charge his purchases to the account of J. Farrell MacDonald.

But the clerk was not to be deceived by any impostor. "Very sorry, sir, but the MacDonald who opened the account had whiskers. You'll have to show your identification." Of course the bank book was in the other suit. It always is.

Then Jack Ford, director of "The Iron Horse," saw with it. MacDonald greeted him with open arms. "You're just in time to identify me, Jack!"

But Jack remembered the time J. Farrell had put sand in the bunk when they were on location together. "If you are the MacDonald I know, you will have a strawberry-shaped scar on the palm of your left hand!"

And J. Farrell was no Thurston, so he left the shop minus his purchases.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

Of course it would happen in Tia Juana. Such cock and bull stories always do, because there is so much bull fighting in that country. But it sounds good, and maybe you'll think it funny.

Everyone knows how much Jack Mullah and Eugene O'Brien look alike, but the film colony is quite able to tell them apart. The other week-end Gene O'Brien joined the Schenck-Talmadge party that went to that Mexican border town, and as they were partaking of liquid refreshments in one of the cafes a husky bruiser, with overstuffed shoulders, came rolling in with a feminine companion who might have been a burlesque beauty.

Seeing Gene, he swaggered over to him and wrinkled him on the back: "Hello, Jack! Kid! How are you? Meet the little woman!"

And now Gene is kidding Jack about his pugilistic friends.

ANOTHER matrimonial barque lost in the cinema sea. Rudolph Valentino and his wife, Natasha Rambova, have come to the parting of the waves and with the granting of their Parisian divorce their nuptial slop will be completely submerged.

With the breaking of Rudy's martial ties many rumors are afloat as to who will be Mrs. Rudolph Valentino III. Vilma Banky, hi
Banishes habitual pains in 10 minutes—
is equally effective for other pains

Girls nowadays, and women, have more to do.
More outside interests. More social and business activities. Every hour of every day counts for something in this day and age when beauty shop appointments are kept as religiously as dinner engagements.
So, to lose a whole day, spells tragedy. But this is no longer necessary. Feminex saves those days that were habitually lost through pain or fear of pain. Replaces them with fine, free, normal days.

Feminex is Effective Promptly
In rendering its service of relief and relaxation...
Feminex also immediately relieves other pains that discomfit girls and women—backache, headache, neuralgia, neuritis and other similar distress. It comes in a little blue package, protecting a small bottle that holds enough tablets for three months' service. And for only 50c... The bottle is as easy to carry as a compact.

Feminex is absolutely safe, inexpensive, tasteless, and effective at once... easy to buy in drug stores... Has no effect on heart or stomach.

Liberal Sample
for 10c
We will gladly mail a small container in plain wrapper for 10c. It isn't necessary to write a letter—just tear out this advertisement, write name and address on the margin, and mail with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

Tasteless Tablet That End Pains
Feminex is recommended for relieving simple pain only, and does not interfere in any way with the normal functioning of the system.

"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
COMMERCIAL ART

Why go through the long, hard years of drudgery at low pay, that are necessary in so many occupations? There will always be a demand for good art work, due to the limited number who have talent for drawing. If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, don't fail to make the most of it. Modern business offers rich rewards to the young man or woman who will develop art ability along practical commercial art lines. Federal training has proved that it can lift you over several years of low-pay struggling and bring you much more quickly to a worldwide income.

See What These Young Artists Earn

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>Monthly Income</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E. M. T.</td>
<td>Pasadena</td>
<td>$350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. C. R.</td>
<td>Minneapolis</td>
<td>$325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. R.</td>
<td>New York</td>
<td>$400</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. W.</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
<td>$300</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. H.</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>$325</td>
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<tr>
<td>M. R.</td>
<td>New York</td>
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<td>C. D.</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>$350</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. J.</td>
<td>Tulsa, Okla</td>
<td>$250</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. B. R.</td>
<td>Oakland</td>
<td>$300</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Names on request)

The average age of these young artists is only 20 years. These are only a few of the hundreds who have developed their natural talent through the Federal Course and are earning good incomes.

Learn At Home In Your Spare Time

The Federal Course develops your ability by the quickest possible methods. Many of this country's famous artists have written and illustrated exclusive lessons for the Federal Course. Individual, personal criticism is given to every student. There's a great market waiting for your work. American industry requires millions of dollars' worth of commercial art every year. Advertisers are using the pictorial appeal more and more.

Send Today for "Your Future"

An illustrated book telling about Commercial Art as a profession about the famous artists who have contributed to the course, and showing remarkable work of our students. Learn of the progress you can make under Federal guidance, find out what undergraduates are saying about the course. Fill in the coupon and send it at once for a free copy!

COUPON

Federal School

Commercial Designing

339 Federal Bldgs., Minneapolis, Minn.

[Use the COUPON to apply for the booklet.]

Milton Sills gets another two-fisted role (here's one of 'em) in his new first National feature picture, "Men of Steel." Milt plays a rough worker in a steel mill. His hands are soiled but his heart is clean, and he gets the girl of his choice.

THE Lucy Stoners are getting to be the bane of Margaret Livingston's existence.

The other night at a dinner party there was a goodly sprinkling of celebrated ladies who had assumed the wedding rings but not the names of their husbands. And Margaret, of course, did not associate her dinner partner's name with that of a certain nosy lady who sat farther down the table. The woman's voice grew more raucous and Margaret murmured to her partner:

"I never heard anyone with a voice like Miss So-and-So's!"

A strange spasm passed over the woman's face. Then Margaret remembered the relationship of the two and with remarkable presence of mind said to the woman's husband:

"... It is so individual!"
If you're Beginning to show "Age"
it will be at 1 of these 3 places

According to the World's Most Expensive Beauty Expert

67% of All Women Past 25, and 90% Past 35 Reveal One or More of These Conditions

A Double Chin
The chief agent in treatment is Dorothy Gray's Tissue Cream. For best results use a DorothyGray Patter.

Lines at Eyes and Mouth
In this treatment Dorothy Gray's Muscle Oil smooths out lines and wrinkles.

Thin face with flabby muscles under the chin
Dorothy Gray's Special Skin Food nourishes and rounds out thin faces.

The Remarkable NEW Treatments Now Used In Overcoming Them

Dorothy Gray's preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

IT is now known that the signs of age on a woman's face center almost 90% of the time on just three places. Correct those three and the difference is almost unbelievable.

By discovering that fact and then by perfecting new and totally different treatments and preparations from any known before, Dorothy Gray became one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.

Scarce a woman of international social or financial importance but has yielded to her amazing ministrations.

In proof of the effectiveness of the Dorothy Gray methods, experts point out that while 67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35, in ordinary walks of life, look from 5 to 10 years older than they are, the opposite applies among the ultra-wealthy where the average woman looks years younger than she is.

Household cares and motherhood are held blameless. The battle against age has largely been a losing one for want of scientific youth protection.

With the correct treatments and preparations at your disposal, you can work an almost unbelievable transformation in yourself. A fact you can now easily prove to your own satisfaction in your own home.

What the Dorothy Gray Treatments Are

The Dorothy Gray treatments and preparations are wholly and totally different. They strengthen certain facial muscles which when weakened result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. Thin and withered skins are made plump—sallow skins are made white—the actual color of youth is restored—lines and crow's-feet around the eyes are corrected—fat chins are reduced ... absolutely—drooping "chin line" is overcome.

The Dorothy Gray methods banish them, results in many cases being almost beyond belief. Today, looking one's age is a folly; looking older than one's years, a crime against one's self.

Dorothy Gray's Personal Advice Fee

The complete Dorothy Gray preparations are now available for home use with very definite and easily followed printed instructions. They may be obtained at leading department stores and quality drug stores. Or you can write direct.

Note the coupon below. Check and fill it out carefully. Then mail it.

Exact and detailed instructions for individual treatment will be sent you without charge.

Each skin requires a certain treatment. That is why no general directions are given here. Once your condition is understood and the method of correction suggested by Miss Gray, you can follow it at home as satisfactorily as in Miss Gray's own establishment.

DOROTHY GRAY
731 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how:
☐ to treat a double chin and flabby throat.
☐ to round out a thin face and strengthen muscles under chin.
☐ to erase wrinkles and crow's-feet.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Beauty Touch of the Orient

An alluring, seductive charm of infatrating mystic depth, bewitching and ennaming all those who behold it. It is just this entrancing touch that

Gouraud’s ORIENTAL CREAM
renders to your skin and complexion. An appearance of glowering, fascinating loveliness, bringing you the joy of a new, dominating beauty. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Gouraud’s Oriental Cream is astringent and antiseptic, proving invaluable in cases of flabbiness, undue redness, wrinkles, blemishes and excessive illiness. Send 10¢ for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City

For weeks Fred Talmadge, father of Norma, Constance and Natalie, lay in a sanitarium counting the days until Christmas would come when he would be strong enough to leave his bed to play Santa Claus to his two little grandchildren—the babies of Natalie and “Buster” Keaton. Of course he had not been able to do any Christmas shopping himself, but Norma had bought some gay little toys at his bidding. And then, on a day just a month before Christmas, he quietly passed away in the arms of Norma and Natalie, who had been called at his request. Constance and Mrs. Talmadge were en route to the coast from New York, and the funeral, to which all of Hollywood paid tribute, was held upon their return.

U sually the first in everything, but the last to have her hair snipped, is Patsy Ruth Miller. But now she has done it. The result is devastating, but oh! the gentle razzing that goes with the compliments. Pat is a very decided young person, and decided were her views on long hair—until she bobbed it. The most humorous occurrence came about the other evening—it was the night of the bobbing, to be exact—when Pat made a personal appearance at a local theater. Hurlly Gordon was the master of ceremonies and, not knowing about the massacre, he made a very neat little comment about Pat’s wisdom in cutting her tresses and, thereby, her individuality. And he concluded by asking Pat to say a few words on why she had never bobbed.

Pat was nonplussed. But only for a moment. She snatched off her little felt hat and stood in all the glory of her new shingle bob.

“I haven’t a thing to say!”—and the audience howled.

Upon her return from Europe, Irene Rich was honored by the Warner Brothers with a dinner dance at the Casa Lopez. She looked charming as ever, but was quite apologetic because she hadn’t had time to get a new gown for the party. You see, Irene had taken her two daughters to Europe and placed them in school in Switzerland, and their stay in Paris was spent outlasting the children. So Mamma was neglected.

Nevertheless, the line formed to the right of Irene’s table, and it took all four Warner Brothers to fight off her prospective dancing partners.

Made Normand in an ermine wrap looked well and happy. Natacha Rambouva made her usual striking appearance in her draped turban. Clive Brook and John Roche were among the most popular dancing partners.

After the dinner and some dancing, the Warner Brothers’ newest opus, “Lady Windmere’s Fan,” was run off for the guests. In this picture Irene Rich makes a departure from her customary misunderstood wife parts. She plays Mrs. Elyzav, a mercenary vamp, and wears a bobbed wig. Everyone exclaimed over how well Miss Rich looks with bobbed hair, and she confessed she is dying to cut her own—but the Rich sisters and the Warner brothers say no.

It was during a temporary lull which sometimes comes in the motion picture business.

A cameraman who was out of work called up a well known star whom he had often photographed in the past, and asked him if he knew where he could find a job.

Said the star: “If I knew where there was a job, I’d borrow a camera and take it myself.”

Now that all doubts regarding the authenticity of her husband’s title have been removed, Gloria Swanson has settled down to a quiet home life with the Marquis, in $7,500 a year quarters on the top floor of the fashionable Park View Apartments, in the heart of New York.

In addition to the rent, Gloria will pay $5,000 a year for the use of a private elevator shut off from all the others.

Her furniture includes many importations from France, among which are pieces formerly in the possession of the mother of the Marquis.

One is a spinet said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette.

Gloria signed a five year lease when she

Radiant Poise
is hers—a youthful serenity, born of her fresh, clear beauty. For she is sure of the magnetic, sparkling gloss of Pert Rouge.

A new, handmade rouge in case form, skillfully blended to create the illusion of youth. The satiny texture of Pert clings invisibly and its subtle coloring shades into the natural tones of your skin. For more lasting adherence, apply it directly to the skin before powdering; it is then waterproof.

Shade for all complexion, day or evening wear, in a dainty gold-flecked metal case, 50c.
ROSS COMPANY
241-B West 17th St. New York

short-story writing
Particulates of Dr. Eason’s famous forty-hour course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of Time Writer’s Monthly. Write today.
Dr. Eason’s Correspondence School. Dept. 93. Springfield, Mass.
When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

MARIE PREVOST

Queen of the Screen

A WARNER STAR

A feminine character of alluring charm—a symphony of form and loveliness—an actress whose spontaneous art mirrors every human emotion—such is MARIE PREVOST—inimitable star in Warner Bros.' Classics of the Screen.

Marie Prevost is a never-failing entertainer. In every picture she is a new Marie Prevost, with new charm of personality and new subtlety of art. Her admirers are legion wherever the Screen is known.

Coming soon! MARIE PREVOST in "Seven Sinners"—a cyclone of excitement and laughs—the newest Warner screen sensation!

"If it's a Warner Picture it's a Classic"

WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen.
"When I went for your catalog, I didn't know a note of music. A few months after I bought my Wurlitzer instrument, I had taken my place in a professional orchestra. Now I am making $100 a week, three times what I made as a clerk. I wish everybody knew how easy it is—anyone who can whist a tune can learn to play a musical instrument."—Bill Carola.

"I do," said Constance Talmadge when she took the final oath in the naturalization ceremony that restored her United States citizenship recently. Connie lost it under the law, since repealed, that a wife assumes her husband's nationality. You recall she married John Pialoglow, a Greek

'I do,' said Constance Talmadge when she took the final oath in the naturalization ceremony that restored her United States citizenship recently. Connie lost it under the law, since repealed, that a wife assumes her husband's nationality. You recall she married John Pialoglow, a Greek

moved into the new apartment, so it looks as if she will make her pictures in New York for some time to come.

OVERHEARD on Hollywood Boulevard, the Great White Way of the picture village:

"Sure, I know the producer. Why, he's so important he could sit in his office in Culver City and scratch his head in Hollywood."

If all the umbrellas checked at the Strand Theater in New York on a certain Sunday afternoon last month were laid end to end, they would reach wherever things laid end to end reach. Which is a neat way of saying that several thousand people defied a heavy downpour to see the opening of Rudolph Valentino's latest picture, "The Eagle." If Rudy had any doubts as to his popularity, they were dispelled in the thunderous applause that greeted the sheik as he took his place in the box at the theater. The mob thumped their palms vigorously in the hope that he would take a bow. But he didn't; he was trying to remember the speech he had to give after the show.

But his memory failed him. So he just came out on the stage at the finish of the picture, and talked. He admitted frankly that he knew his popularity was ebbing, but hoped with a few more pictures like "The Eagle" to win back the friends that were slipping.

After the showing, Mr. Valentino held a reception in his suite at the Ritz, where he greeted his Broadway friends after a year's absence. Mae Murray, looking sixteen in a jaunty leather raincoat and turban, came in. Also Lettice Joy, just arrived in New York for the first time in three years, with her mannish haircut.

Rudy held the same sandwich all during the party; every time he tried to bite it somebody was introduced.

NAUGHTY Lois Wilson is flaunting her new independence in the faces of the admiring Fifth Avenue stalkers these fine winter days. You know Lois has rebelled against the Elsie Dinsmore stigma that has clung to her so long. Her first step toward emancipation was the buying of snappy, bright colored dresses, which — shimmer to say it — she wears almost to her knees!

RICHARD BARTHELMESS was terribly upset recently when one of his maids telephoned him to come home immediately, that something awful had happened to his daughter and they had to chloroform her to get it out.

"Get that out of where?" shrieked Dick, but the agitated maid had hung up.

So shooting on "Just Suppose" was suddenly halted while the star dashed hateless into a taxi. It seemed little Mary Hay had been making a dress for her dolly. Becoming slightly bored, she amused herself by pushing buttons up her nose. One of them led beyond recall by the frantic nurse, and the doctor was called. It was feared the button might slip into the child's windpipe. An anaesthetist was administered and the offending object retrieved.

All was over but the shouting — and there was plenty of that — when papa arrived.

KNOW who was the very first person to be photographed by a motion picture camera? Cissy Fitzgerald.

It was in 1896. Thomas A. Edison was experimenting with his kinetoscope — the machine that made motion pictures practical — and he engaged a young stage actress to dance before his camera for a test film. Cissy Fitzgerald was this girl and the film of the dance she performed for the Wizard proved to be the first successful motion picture of the present type ever made.

Cissy of the naughty wink is still performing for the movie camera. She is working in Hollywood at present with Priscilla Dean in a new picture called "The Danger Girl."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN announced at a luncheon party in honor of a visiting author that he, Chaplin I mean, cuts his own hair. The comedian may have expected a storm of disbelief, but it didn't follow. Everyone present accepted his words for truth and, after taking another look at Charlie's hair, I was inclined to believe it myself.
HAVEN'T you often wished, while watching a good movie, that it would go on and on and never stop — that you could take it home with you and see it again and again—that you could know better those characters whose shadows flitted across the screen—and know more of the romantic setting of the story?

Nearly always—9 times out of 10—when it is a good movie, it has been made from a good novel—usually a Grosset & Dunlap 75c book.

These books, from which come your favorite pictures, fulfill your desire for more of the story that flits off into darkness on the screen. More about the characters, fascinating descriptions of the scenes, the snowy wildernesses of the North, the languardous isles of the South Seas, the smart world of fashion.

Many hours of magic entertainment, all bound between the covers of a book—a Grosset & Dunlap 75c book—the secret of enjoying the films over and over again in a comfortable armchair by your own fireside!

Nine times out of ten—when the picture has been made from a book, you can go to your nearest book store, department store, drugstore, stationery store or newsstand and buy a Grosset & Dunlap Edition, well bound in cloth, full library size, illustrated with scenes from the Moving Pictures—for 75 cents a copy.

The following books (also those illustrated on the margins of this advertisement) are on sale wherever books are sold.

75 cents each

Lightnin' . . . Frank Bacon
Never the Twain Shall Meet . . . P. B. Kyne
The Coast of Folly . . . Comingsby Dawson
Chickie . . . Eleneare Meherin
The Fool . . . Channing Pollock
Janice Meredith . . . Paul L. Ford
The Sea Hawk . . . Rafael Sabatini
Classmates . . . Walter Eberhardt
The Roughneck . . . Ralph W. Service
Monieaur Beauchaire . . . Booth Tarkington
Ben Hur . . . Gen. Lew Wallace
Peter Pan . . James M. Barrie
The Covered Wagon . . Emerson Hough
Light of Western Stars . . Zane Grey
Seven Keys to Baldpate . . Earl Derr Biggers
The Man on the Box . . Harrold MacGrath
K. the Unknown . . Mary R. Rinehart
Captain Blood . . Rafael Sabatini
America . . . Robert W. Chambers
North of 36 . . Emerson Hough
Cobra . . . Russell Hulman
Romola . . . George Eliot

GROSSET & DUNLAP, 1140 B'way, N. Y.
Yours, now—the smooth hair you've envied

EXasperating, the way your hair is forever getting out of place?

Don't put up with it. You can have the hair you've envied—smooth, well-kept—smart!

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Who said telephone operators are slow? The voice with the smile at Universal City conceived this idea of using the stars' photographs instead of numbers to indicate their telephones. How many faces do you recognize?

And speaking of Charlie Chaplin's hair-cut reminds me of another hair-cut—or rather a threatened one—which is causing a great stir in the film world.

Following a recent announcement that Jackie Coogan was about to cut his Dutch bob and have a regular man's hair-cut, Pa Coogan has been so beseged with requests for locks of Jackie's hair that he is planning to lay in a supply of hair mattresses to tear them up so that none of the clamoring fans need be disappointed.

No, it wasn't a Rolls-Royce or an imported super-model, but a plain, ordinary, commonplace, every-day Ford coupe in which Richard Dix met his Waterloo.

Dix and his dad were traveling merrily along in the little car on their way to the depot, where Richard was to embark for the East, when along came a bold bad truck and crashed into them, lacerated poor Richard's legs, Dad Dix's arms and knocked the flivver for a row of ash cans. However, Richard's injuries were not serious enough to incapacitate him for any great length of time and he left for New York—

with a decided limp—four days later.

Vote for Richard Dix, the Workingman's Friend! He drives a Ford!!

The most popular guessing game of the moment in Hollywood is being played ardently—and confusedly—by onlookers. The subjects are the ex-benefits and ex-traus of the film folk.

The other night at the Montmarte I saw Emory Johnson and Ella Hall dancing blissfully together, quite as if there never had been any rude divorce proceedings between them.

And before Mac Murray left for Europe it was common gossip that she and Bob Leonard dined together as often as three times a week in a remote little French restaurant far from turbulent Hollywood, where the serene moutains of Pasadena gave an old-world color to their meetings.

So you see the most popular game is guessing when and where the wedding bells are going to re-peat for these parted couples.

All is not hale and hearty in the home of the Creighton Hales. A divorce judge split the union the other day—reason unknown. But we do know that Creighton is an able saxophonist.

And Alma Bennett—with the glorious shoulders—is seeking to regain her freedom from Hubby Fred Bennett who, in addition to being her husband, was her step-uncle as well. The matrimonial hodge-podge resulted from the marriage of Alma and her brother to Fred and Charles Bennett, brother realty operators, I hope her liberty bonds will bring Alma back into pictures. A girl with a spinal column like hers should not be kept from the screen. Remember her in "Lilies of the Field"?

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in a very original way this year by Diana Miller and George Melford, when the titian-haired actress became Mrs. George Melford, wife of the director who has just completed "Rocking Moon." Upon completion of a feature entitled "Honeymoon," in which Mrs. Melford will co-star with Mr. Melford, the locale of which will be in the North, the director will commence upon a screen version of "Shipwrecked" for Metopolitan Pictures, to whom he is contracted. The title of the latter picture refers entirely, of course, to his next film.

A new home in Beverly Hills awaits the blissful couple upon their return to Southern California. If you are a devotee of the divorce page you will recall that some time ago Diana Miller won her freedom from William Boyd, who is now a De Mille contract player. Melford has also been married before.
Time out to relight:

Then back to the pages of sparkling, vivacious comedy—that 100,000 college humorists and artists are furnishing College Humor under exclusive contract. The fiction, satire and wit in College Humor take you back to the good old school days—the first prom—the winning football games—memorable homecomings—Dorothy, Florence and the rest of the old gang—and the all-night sessions at the old chapter house.

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Neet
The Hair Removing Cream

Sally O'Neill climbed up in the world to get her first leading role. Edmund Goulding, desiring higher things, mounted a ladder and put Sally on a pinnacle for "Sally, Irene and Mary." The cameraman had his own platform

WALTER FUTTER, formerly in charge of the Cosmopolitan film editing department and who supervised the editing of such pictures as "Janice Meredith," "The Great White Way" and "Yolanda," has graduated to the rank of producer. He has an educational release and will start with something new in the way of one-reel comedies.

DAN KELLY, the casting director at First National, has been dashing madly about these last few weeks with a tapeline in hand and a worried frown on his brow. His quest has been a girl with thirty-six hips and a boyish figure. Now there is a difference between slimness and boyishness, as he found, and the difference is more than likely to be downright skinmin. But he finally found a girl in the shape of Evelyn Francisco, blonde Betty's brunette sister, to fill the role.
The girl of the small lips is to appear in the fashion parade—and it's to be some promenade!—that is an important sequence in Colleen Moore's picture "Irene," and the costume she is to wear is—scant—to say the least.
It is a water lily creation with large waxen petals cupping her head, and floating green leaves and tendrils drip down. Of course there is more to the costume—green slippers, to be exact!
You can imagine what an Apollo-like Venus the girl had to be.

A COZY little jewel of a theater was opened the other night when "The Road To Yesterday" made its first Los Angeles appearance. Confetti and lights were showered in profusion and the celebrities scurried in to avoid the blinding snowstorm of finely cut paper.
Someone with a good sense of the fitting gave the theatre the euphonious name of "The Figaro" instead of an ornate and snappy moniker such as "The Grand." So art does live.
The gold and tan coloring of the theater formed a sympathetic background for the soft luxurious fur worn by the feminine guests. I saw Diana Miller, in cocoa Carroll, with George Melford; Ben Reynolds, all smothered in white ermine, a marshmallow with curly brown thatch of hair; Lilian Rich in dashing Spanish shawl; Cecil DeMille's daughters in shawls, and Mrs. DeMille handomely patronized in gray. Too bad C. B., whose picture was being displayed, was not in town to see the gala event, but a location trip interfered.

DOROTHY MACKAULY notified her bosses that she intends to go to England for a vacation in April.
She has not been back since she left there several years ago with a slim purse and a great ambition to become famous on the stage.
Dorothy wants to visit her former home and see all the new babies of her old friends.

HAVING been inspired by a recent visit from none other than Big Bill Tilden, the world's best tennis player, the Hollywood film colony tennis devotees have organized a tennis tournament which is now in the process of being very hotly contested.
The matches are being played off on Florence Vidor's tennis courts, and a large and handsome silver cup has been provided for the winners of the first series of matches, which are mixed doubles.
Competing teams at present are: Ronald Colman and Irv Shilling, George Fitzmaurice and Florence Vidor, John Considine and Catherine Bennett, Ivan St. Johns and Emil Bennett, Fred Niblo and Adela Rogers St. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, and Edmund Lowe and Lilian Tashman.

DAVID BELASCO, dean of theater impresarios, seems to hold Norma Talmadge in the same high regard as does Adela St. Johns. Upon Norma's decision to produce "Kiki," Mr. Belasco sent her a congratulatory wire in which he declared that "no other actress of the cinema today could play this character with the artistry and faithfulness of interpretation" of Miss Talmadge.

THIS being the open season for picking All-American football teams, at least one motion picture star has had the courage of his
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**Herbert Bronson presenting Betty Bronson and Esther Ralston with a Rolls Royce, fairy tale model. Note the starlets' enthusiasm. But Herbs' gifts are only props from a "Kiss for Cinderella" and later turn into a coach and four fates of the young students.**

Douglas MacLean will return to the rollicking type of comedy similar to "The Hottentot" and "Going Up" in his next picture. "That's My Baby," he will start immediately. Once again Doug will be seen as the infatuated young man who is forced to win the girl against overwhelming odds. And of course there will be a stray baby in the barn—maybe two—and some airplane thrills which will match if not surpass those in "Going Up."

Little Tim and Betty Holt will have their first chance to throw snowballs at Santa Claus this year. Accompanied by Mrs. Jack Holt, they are making a winter visit at the home of Mrs. Holt's father at Wolf Neck Farms, on Concow Bay, near Portland, Maine. Jack Holt will join his family for Christmas and return with them to Hollywood sometime in January.

Harold Lloyd and Joe Merrick, genial comedy man, recently dropped in at a neighborhood theater to see Lloyd's "The Freshman."

As they were leaving the theater after seeing the picture, Merrick asked Harold to wait a minute and cornered the manager of the house.

Says Merrick: "Say, why don't you run a comedy in your house?"

And Harold didn't even hit him.

---

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No
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when that dingy film is removed

Accept this remarkable dental test. You’ll
gain the dazzling white teeth and coral-like
gums that make smiles attractive and inviting

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ions are doing on dental advice. Mul-
tiply the value of your smile. Mail
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Beneath the film are
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Run your tongue across your teeth,
and you will feel a film, a viscous coat
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It clings to teeth, gets into crevices
and stays. It absorbs discolorations
and gives your teeth that cloudy “off-color” look.

Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your
teeth open to decay. And
they, with tartar, are a
chief cause of pyorrhea
and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and
gum troubles now are
largely traced to that

film. Old-time methods fail in suc-
cessfully combating it. That’s why,
regardless of the care you take now,
your teeth remain unattractive.

New methods remove it.
And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called
Pepsodent, dental science has dis-
covered effective combatants. Their ac-
tion is to curdle the film and remove
it, then to firm the gums.

Ordinary methods fail in these re-
results. Thus the world has turned,
largely on dental advice, to this new method.

What you see when that film is re-
removed—the whiteness of your teeth—
will amaze you.

You are simply hiding the natural
beauty of your teeth.

A few days’ use will prove its power
beyond all doubt. Mail the coupon. A
ten-day tube will be sent you free.

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Only one tube to a family.
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hump is removed. The cure is complete. THEN YOU WILL
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know the pleasure of good health. I will gladly

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Not a Hollywood love nest but Frederick Arnold Kummer's new
home in Baltimore. Mr. Kummer wrote "That Terrible Thornie
Girl" and "It Can't Be Done" for Photoplay. After that he had
money enough to live like a star. This is the result

It was the night of the day that Natacha Rambouva returned from Europe. The place
was the Winter Garden, New York City. The show was "Artists and Models." The most

unusual revue Broadway has yet witnessed.

There before your scribe were two heads, a fair blonde glistening head and a dark shining
masculine head. Shades of Natacha Rambouva, it was Rudy. But the blonde was not
Natacha. The blonde was Connie Talmadge.

JAP houseboys—with their bland imperturbability and ability to juggle the language—
usually furnish a laugh. Tully Marshall's boy did, although at the time it was most annoy-
ing. Tully was working in two pictures at Once. One was being filmed at the United Studio,
which is several leagues away from Universal City where the other was being canned. The
Universal assistant director phoned the Mar-
shall residence:

"Have Mr. Marshall report tomorrow morn-
in 7:30 to Universal," the assistant told the
houseboy.

"Ya-as," replied the boy.

Tully returned to the house.

"The studio he call and say you be there in
the morning," faithfully repeated Togo.

"What studio?"

"U-U-U-Uni..."

"United?" queried Tully.

"Ya-as!"

Tully was very late to his 7:30 call at Universal the following morning.

DOUGLAS MacLEAN, like Lois Wilson, has decided to reform. No longer will he
permit his press agent to bill him as a minister's son—just a nice, wholesome boy. Indeed
not. A regular devil from now on, that's Doug's ambition.

He fired his first shot the other day when I
asked him to say a few words in favor of a
certain face powder which is having quite a run as the answer to the advertising department
wanted to quote him.

"Sure," says Doug. "Just tell the world it tastes
tastier than any other and brushes off a
dark suit easily!"

PERHAPS the greatest thought of the month
is one gleaned from the publicity of one of
the large picture companies. This week's
revolutionizing statement was sent out by them
to this publication early last month.
No, sir, that's not my baby. That's Harry Langdon. Remember Harry when he made two-reelers? He's signed for full length comedies now with First National. He seems to be starting at the bottom, hoping to grow up with the firm.

"After an exhaustive survey that has been nation-wide in its extent," it read, "it has been found out that the motion picture public wants the unusually unusual in cinema entertainment."

**The Photoplay** monthly prize for mixed metaphors—it, Angeline, they are nothing like Scotch highballs—goes to this choice lot of publicity agent Harry Langdon.

Announcing that Harry was about to become one of those five-reel comics, this was said: "Just what sort of picture Harry Langdon is going to make is not as yet known. Only his inner office knows. He wants to be completely sure of his vehicle before he makes known its contents."

Every actress has at one time or another revealed that one of her suppressed desires is to be a comedienne. But Leatrice Joy can prove that she is sincere.

---

**Warner's Spring Showing**

**Modern Styles for Younger Women**

**Wrap-around** 0511

is a smart brocade and elastic model which assures flatness back and front with delightful freedom at the waistline and hips. Made for average figures and slightly raised in front for diaphragm control.

Particularly pleasing under snug fitting dresses.

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Guaranteed not to slip out of place on the figure. Very new and smart. Made of dainty but firm fabrics combined with elastic webbing.

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is made of lustrous silk in rose, orchid, peach, green, white or black. Insures a trim rounded contour.

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**Oriental** 7053

The "1926 Model" Oriental confines only the lower figure in the back, leaving the waistline entirely free. It slants to the waistline in the front, being perfectly balanced so as not to slip upon the figure. Made of soft brocade and elastic in flesh color.

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**Oriental** 7018

of flesh color suede and batiste with elastic inser is made for small figures. Softly rounds the lower figure without interfering with freedom.

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Anyone who can remember a tune can easily and quickly learn to play Jazz, Ragtime and Popular Songs by ear, at a very small cost. New Niagara Method makes piano playing wonderfully simple.

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 learn to play by ear at home.

I have perfected an entirely new system. It is so simple, so easy, and shows you so many little tricks of playing that it just comes natural to pick out on the piano any piece that is running through your mind.

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.

Be the Popular One in Your Crowd

One who can sit down at any time without notes or music, and play the latest jazz and ragtime songs that entertain friends—always being the popular one in the crowd, the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought and invited everywhere.

As easily as hundreds of others have learned, so you, too, can learn and profit by it—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at dances, movies and other entertainments.

Decide to begin now. Just spend a little part of your time with 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 Plan Booklet, "The Niagara Secret." If 10c (coin or stamp) is enclosed you also receive wonderful booklet, "How to Entertain at Piano."

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Niagara School of Music, Dept. 816
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The wearing of these wonderful stockings, in light or dark rubber, will not only reduce and shape the limb of the limb, giving excellent support and a neat and trim appearance.

They show the same solid cut, relieve swelling, varicose veins and flat feet, and are next to the skin. The medium and large sizes have a great protection against external injuries, and prevent the formation of ulcers and the circulation.

Ankle, per pair $7.00 Extra high $9.00
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When ordering specify size and kind. All orders filled promptly.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Here's the new soft seat parachute just perfected, about to be tried out by Marian Harlan of Fox films. If you don't get your 'chute opened before the fall, you are at least assured a soft landing when she says it. Over at the old Mack Sennett Studio is a screen test made about six years ago with Leatrice and a dummy of Ben Turpin.

Leatrice was a stock actress in San Diego at that time. Thursday was the players' day off, and every Thursday Leatrice took the stage to Los Angeles and spent time visiting the casting offices.

At the Sennett Studio she was given a screen test. "I'm not discouraged because I never heard from the test," Leatrice says. "I wasn't funny in it, but that doesn't mean a thing. An under- takers' convention is a college boy's joke compared with the audience at a screen test in a comedy studio.

"Mack Sennett, a bored cameraman and two comedians looked on and just dared me to be funny. I wasn't."

Leatrice means it when she says she wants to do an all-comedy role some day, directed by Marshall Neilan.
The mirror Mary Philbin holds used to belong to the Russian Czarina. It is worth $15,000. That's not what makes this picture remarkable, however. Mary, a star, is not looking at her own reflection. Can such things be?

One of the rumored reasons for the postponement of Eric von Stroheim's direction of "East of the Bettman Bum," according to Constance Talmadge, is that the script submitted by Von to Joseph Schenck contained a fat part for Eric—who was to play the heavy as well as direct the picture—and a little "extra" work for Comie. The script is being rewritten.

When Edna Purviance landed in New York from abroad recently, looking lovely and slim from some strenuous rubber girdle reducing, the reporters plied the former Chaplin leading lady with questions as to her future activities.

To which Miss Purviance replied laconically: "One never knows, does one? And when one does what does one do?"

The Fascist press in Italy treated Rudolph Valentino somewhat shabbily during his stay there recently. They are pickled because the sheik has taken steps to secure American citizenship.

So when Rudy failed to contribute a dollar to the voluntary fund the Italians are raising for the payment of the debt to the United States, the press demanded a boycott of the film star.

An interesting bit of news this month is that when the press informed Harold Roach that Theda Bara, May McAvoy and Lionel Barrymore were going to star in his two-reel comedies. There is no long term contract—just an agreement for one picture, to be made by these players in their off time between big productions. And if everybody is satisfied with the first comedy, there will be others.

An occasion unique in the history of Sing Sing occurred recently when Richard Barthelmess visited the institution and awarded cash prizes in the contest for the best reviews written by the prisoners, of "The Beautiful City," the star's latest picture.

The first prize of $30.00 went to No. 76039 (James Dunn), who wrote in part:

"Until witnessing this picture, I believed the movie producers had some ironclad rule that all crook roles must be given to nincompoops and lunkheads, and that all their acts must be

Don't be too busy to safeguard your skin

DINNERS, dances, theatres, shopping or the club—always some engagement for the popular woman in the busy life of today—hardly a moment left for herself. What a temptation to use some of the quick beauty treatments that promise such marvelous results!

But no skin can long remain beautiful unless it is kept absolutely clean and science has not yet been able to produce a lasting substitute for soap and water cleansing. Are you one of these women busy with countless social or household duties, yet anxious to preserve the freshness and beauty of your complexion? Then begin today the regular use Resinol Soap and find your skin automatically cared for.

There are three excellent reasons why this soap has for nearly thirty years appealed to thousands of fastidious women and satisfied every need of the skin.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap, giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that thoroughly cleanses the skin and invigorates it at the same time.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome.

There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety. It leaves nothing to be desired for a toilet soap.

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughnesses, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and

Resinol
Soap

Write today and ask us for a free trial of Resinol Soap and Ointment.
Address Dept. A, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
amateurish and atrociously bungled. Having been forced for years to gaze on the spectacle of 'boxmen' sandpapering fingertips, and dinner bunsers doing the same, I will just do it, is any wonder that I was impressed by the complete fidelity to detail with which William Powell cleaned the payroll of the 49th Street Street in a most remarkable picture? The plan and execution were a lot of flawless workmanship and the old-timers here are unanimous in acclaiming it meritorious cop.

THE third film in the world film last month was that of Marguerite Marsh, sister of Mac Marsh, who was stricken with bronchial pneumonia while at the home of her mother in New York. Marguerite Marsh never attained the star height of her sister, but she was a well-known figure on the screen. For the past few months she had been making personal appearances in the East with some of her pictures. Stricken with a nervous breakdown, she went to her mother's home to recuperate. It was there she contracted pneumonia, from which she failed to recover.

Besides Mae, there are three other sisters and a brother, Oliver Marsh, one of the best movie picture cameramen on the coast. Both he and Mae were in Hollywood and unable to reach New York before her sister died.

D.W. GRIFFITH is launched upon picturizing "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli. He regards it as the greatest opportunity of his career. Ever since he was a younger, even before he made "The Birth of a Nation," Griffith has wanted to film "Sorrows of Satan," but he has never had the financial backing. He is now assured of this for his Famous Players, and has obtained for him a preliminary budget totaling $1,000,000 for the picture. The picture, which will occupy an entire year of Griffith's time, will cost about $2,000,000.

Written by Marie Corelli about thirty years ago, "Sorrows of Satan" created a literary sensation. Although it does not rank high as a book, as a three-hour picture it affords unlimited possibilities.

The setting of "Sorrows of Satan" includes Paradise and Hell, smart London society and literature circles. A tropical island and Red Sea. One of the numerous spectacular scenes is a yacht crashing through an iceberg. This will be taken in Greenland.

JAMES CRUZE has been given instructions to go the limit on "Old Ironsides," the greatest picture ever made. There is no restriction on the budget, and it is understood that he will have the full cast of the gallant frigate Constitution which, with the aid of Stephen Decatur, subdued the Tripoli pirates after every European nation had been paying them tribute for years. Although Cruze went to Tripoli on a location hunt it is possible that all of the film will be made near Hollywood. The Constitution, now in the Boston, will be reproduced for the picture. Laurence Stallings, who wrote "The Big Parade," will collaborate with James Cruze on the story for the new film.

THE ROUGH RIDERS" will also be another special to be released next fall. It will be the story of Teddy Roosevelt and his cowboys, college men, professional men and all the good 'Rough Riders.' Herman Hagedorn, the writer of Roosevelt's biography, is preparing the story. Victor Fleming will direct. The picture will be made practically in Cuba, where it is now being shot for an unknown actor to play the role of Roosevelt.

ONE of the biggest novelty films ever attempted will be "The Greatest Show On Earth," an original story by Monte Katterjohn about the adventurous life of P. T. Barnum. This picture will have an all-star cast and will be shot-handed.

BEFORE this magazine appears on the newsstands, it is very probable that Clara Bow, who leaped into the limelight by her performance in "Destry," will be married. She has been engaged for some time to Gilbert Rowland, a young Spanish picture actor whose off-stage name is Lai Alonzo. He is next to be the star of a brilliant feature, which he will marry. She has been waiting for some time to marry and in the end her engagement to the actor of her dreams, with tumultuous results.

HIS was an author, scores of whose stories have been sold to the movies, and she was a very prominent star who, for obvious reasons, shall be nameless. They sat next to each other at a formal dinner party.

"You're a writer, aren't you?" cooed the star.

"Yes," he said.

"Do you write books or plays?" she asked.

"Both," he said.

"I just love a nice, deep book," she said, resting her velvet eyes upon him.

"You have," asked the author, "read 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea'?"

LITTLE Thomasina Mix was deeply interested by the fourth finger of her pretty mother's left hand. On that finger Mrs. Mix had worn her wedding ring, a ring of platinum, and her engagement ring. The engagement ring is set with one of the finest jewels of the extremely valuable Mix collection, a square cut diamond.

"Who gave you that ring, Mother?" asked Thomasina, pointing to the diamond.

"My boy friend," Mrs. Mix said.

"Tell me your daddies, Thomasina, pondered.

"I mean your daddy," Mrs. Mix smiled.

"What did he give it to you for?" the little girl asked.

"He gave it to me when I promised to marry him.

"That information was not sufficient to satisfy all the demands in the child's mind, however, and after a few moments' silence, the questioning began again. It started on the wedding ring this time.

"Do you know how much real money he gave you that one?" Thomasina demanded.

"Yes," her mother agreed.

"My Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Why did he give you that one?"

"He gave me that when I married him."

Thomasina sat back and eyed her mother for a few moments. Then she spoke.

"Imm," mused Thomasina. "It looks as if he liked you a lot more when you promised to marry him than he did when you really married him."

We hope Mac Marsh comes back into pictures again as soon as the new baby is old enough to permit her to work. Mae has been away from us too long. Her last picture work was in an English film which was completed several months ago. Mae and her husband, Louis Lee Arms, short story writer, are living among the hills of Pennsylvania. They have a little girl, and besides the bouncing boy born earlier in December, a 15th.

AS Photoplay goes to press, twenty cables have failed to locate Nina Naldini in Germany, where she is believed to be. Miss Naldini sailed for European vacation months ago to make a picture in British films, and since she signed with Marion Fairfax, the producer, to do in "The Desert Sheik," in January.

Miss Fairfax's picture is ready to go into production, but where is Nina Naldini? Secretary of State Kellogg has been asked to institute a search for the screen vamp, and has promised to do so.
**A NOVEL preview was given by Peggy Hopkins Joyce last week when "The Skyrocket," her first motion picture, was shown on board the S. S. Leviathan. Miss Joyce held a reception in the Palm Garden aboard, prior to the showing of the film, and the entire staff of officers received with her. "The Skyrocket" is the screen version of Adela Rogers St. John's novel of the same name, and was directed by Marshall Neikin.**

**MARY THURMAN died of pneumonia at the Flower Hospital in New York after several months' illness. She was weakened by malaria which she contracted in a swamp in Florida where she was working in a picture. Funeral services were held in the Mormon Church. Mary Thurman had the most beautiful figure of all the old Mack Sennett girls when they were famous for their figures several years ago. After graduating from the Sennett comedies, Mary went into dramatic work. For the past two years, she had been free-lancing.**

**THE SPLENDID ROAD—First National**

REALISTIC and colorful drama of the California gold rush of 49. The story is woven around the lives of the settlers and the struggles and successes of Sandra De Haaut, who set out from Boston to find fortune and happiness. Credit is due Anna Q. Nilsson, and justly so, for her characterization of this care-free, independent woman who is of exceptional quality. An excellent cast of favorites rounds out the picture.

**COBRA—Paramount**

WOMEN, women, women. He never could get away from women and the only good clean love he ever had he sacrificed for his friend's happiness. How dramatic it all sounds! This was taken from the famous stage play—but the way the tables have been turned only the bare skeleton of the play is left. Rudy, the gentleman who was so pursued, poses all over the place, feeling quite satisfied with himself. But did he satisfy us? Ha! Ha! Who said that?

**THE MASKED BRIDE—Metro-Goldwyn**

INTRODUCING Mae Murray, as an Apache, as a country girl, as a kitten, and as a kitten's mother. She's just as cute as a kitten's ear in this role of the youthful gami, who is a famous dancer and the toast of the Paris cafes. And don't let anybody tell you Mae can't dance. However, it is quite possible that she did just as the gentleman said and one can plainly see what Von Stroheim's direction did for her in "The Merry Widow."

**THE SCARLET SAINT—First National**

MOVIE producers have a lot to learn if they think they can wish such trash on the public. Or else have they the idea that people go to the movies to 'sleep'? The story centers around a girl's sacrifice to protect her lover. That much is O. K., but then it wanders off very carelessly and becomes very, very sexy. And now, just for fun, cast your eagle eye at the title and try to figure it out.

**SIMON THE JESTER—Producers Dist. Co.**

HODGE-PODGE affair. At the end of the picture one wonders what it is all about and how the characters managed to transport themselves from one country to another. William Pratt, a midget, contributes a telling performance. Lillian Rich is pretty and that's about all. Eugene O'Brien manages to exist. Passable.

---

**The Shadow Stage**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

**What Leading Movie Stars Say—**

"Frostilla Lotion keeps the skin in excellent condition under the strain of outdoor acting."

"Frostilla Lotion brings grateful comfort and benefit to the skin, enabling the screen star to conform to the exacting beauty standards demanded."

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You need Frostilla Lotion when cold weather, raw winds and artificial heat dry out the moisture of the skin, just as you need it for the hot sun and summer burns. By using Frostilla Lotion regularly you keep your complexion as soft and lovely as the skin on your body. It is quickly absorbed without stickiness. The fragrance is delicate and alluring.

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WAGES FOR WIVES—Fox

A

NOTHER of the series of the John Golden
stage successes, this little costume drama filled with human interest. The story
is based on the idea that husband and wife
should agree to a fifty-fifty split on hubby's wages. Of course the men are the insti-
tutors and three wives decide to put their law
into effect. And then the fun begins! Jacque-
line Logan, Creighton Hale, ZaSu Pitts, Claude Gillingwater and several other popular
players give sincere performances.

BRIGHT LIGHTS—Metro-Goldwyn

AFTER a brief absence, Charles Ray comes
back to the screen in the kind of role in
which he made his fame. A chorus girl, weary
of Broadway's whirl, goes home and falls in
love with a country bumpkin. He follows her
back to the city and she chooses in favor of
a number of swimming city suitors. It is a
mildly entertaining comedy with the laughs few and far between.

THE SPLENDID CRIME—Paramount

A

N ordinary crook drama of the girl who
returns because of her admiration for a
wealthy man. He avoids marriage and Bebe Daniels hasn't the opportunity to
display her abilities as a comedienne—just
when we were all keyed up over the way she
was coming along. Better luck next, Bebe! Nei
Hamilton makes a charming hero and
dainty little Anne Cornwall is an excellent
choice for second lead. William de Mille di-
rected.

THE GOLDEN COCONUT—Warner Bros.

HEREAFTER, my dear young ladies, if you
must faint, please be sure of the time, the
place and all details connected with it. Be-
cause five years from now you may be married
to the governor-elect and all the crooked politi-
cians will try and dig up scandal about you
to ruin your husband. A weepy and
draggy story, and a big one with Helen Twelvetrees
tears all over the screen. Huntley Gordon is the pro-
sperous husband. Don't bother to go out of
your way to see this.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR—First National

Doris Kenyon ought to be spanked. We
always thought she showed ability to act.
Then why does she flounder through this picture
jumping, skipping and peeing like a child ten
years old! That very romantic figure, Mr.
Milton Sills, a woman-hater, is the man.
The aforementioned lady has designs on him. Need-
less to say she gets her man just like the
Mountys in the Westerns. This plot is one of
our pet aversions. Not for the children.

TIME, THE COMEDIAN—Metro-

Goldwyn

HERE is an old situation in such a nice new
dress that you should see it. Theodore
Koloff, in cap and bells, tells you that Time is
not an old miser, but a Robin Hood, who
laughs at the tricks Life plays on you.
And he skips through the picture chuckling at
the tragedy of a mother who discovers an old
lover making love to her daughter. Mae
Busch, Lew Cody, Creighton Hale and Ger-
trude Omsted give interesting performances.

THE SCRAPPIN' KID—Universal

AT CORC in a Western. Art rescues and
befriends a farmer in a high and dry situation
due to a particularly important member of the family. Some mail robbers
come into the plot—but love conquers all. Fair.

THE DESERT'S PRICE—Fox

A NY Buck Jones picture is a winner with us.
He's our favorite. The plot hasn't any
earmarks of originality, nevertheless Buck
makes it interesting. There are plenty of
good fights the boys will enjoy.

WANDERING FIRES—Arrow

O

VERLOOKING the cheap sentiment and
the old fashioned melo-dramatic emotions
of Wallace MacDonald, here is a picture that
will appeal to the average audience. George
Hackethorne gives an excellent performance
of a shell-shocked soldier. Constance Bennett
always enlistens a picture and it is just a
draw between her and George Hackethorne
for the performance honors.

THE DESPERATE GAME—Universal

A

LL dotted up like a movie cowboy, the hero
returns to his father's ranch from college.
He is "razzed" by the cow-punchers but even-
tually proves his worth and wins the love and
admiration of all. Harrah for our cowboys!
Nothing to become enthusiastic about. Pete
Morrison is the star.

THE BEST BAD MAN—Fox

N

OW that Tom Mix has proven to be a
popular box office attraction, there is no idea
that any old story will do. A filmy plot, and one not suited to his personality, serves as
his latest vehicle. Clara Bow makes an attrac-
tive feminine interest and for the children, but grownups will be bored to death.

THE PERFECT CLOWN—Chadwick

A

BOUT the most atrocious comedy ever
produced by Larry Seman. Had this been
in two reels it would have been funny, but
stretching it through five reels of supposed-to-
be comic situations is beyond our conception
of hilarity. It's a picture the kiddies will en-
joy—but not grownups.

HOGAN'S ALLEY—Warner Bros.

T

HIS month, ladies and gentlemen, we take
great pleasure in presenting a prize (a fur-
lined bath tub) to the Warner Bros., producers of
"Classic of the Screen," for giving to the pub-
lic the world's worst picture. Every movie
machination has been dragged into the plot to
supply the audience with thrills. They're such
thrills that one screams out laughing at them.
It starts out with Pat to, and Millie Williams
in for the Our Gang stuff, only to be rescued
by Monte Blue, a prizefighter. They fall in love
and then the villain comes, kidnaps the girl
from her father. The hero rescues the rescue
and the ladies and the camera. Say, this is a
sample of the Warner Bros.' "CLASSICS
of the Screen."

SOME PUN 'KINS—Chadwick

A

RATHER an interesting picture if you don't
 take it too seriously. Once again Charles
Ray is the victim of his own cleverness in his
two roles. We doubt if there is another person
on the screen that can excel Ray in this sort of
role—not that we mean to cast any aspersions
on anyone else. There are plenty of laughs
throughout the picture—and, too, you can
take the children.

TUMBLEWEEDS—United Artists

B

ILL HART returns to the screen in a story
laid in the time when the Indian territory
was turned over to the homesteaders.
The scene in which the prospective land
owners, waiting for the cannon's boom which
would send them racing in to stake their
claims, furnished a brand new thrill. Forty
miles they had to cover to reach the acres wait-
ing for them.

Of course, Bill Hart on his black stallion out-
distanced all others and staked the choicest
claim for the girl he loved. It is good enter-
tainment.
STEEL PREFERRED—Warner Bros.

FROM furnace stoker to boss of the boiler squad is what happens to William Boyd in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama about strong men and steel. Mr. Boyd will gather to him these admirers of this film in which his personality seems more distinct and pleasing than ever before.

Ben Turpin and Charlie Murray add a large quota of laughs to the picture, and Vera Reynolds and Walter Long help make it interesting.

Last Minute Reviews

on pictures released too late to be included in main reviews

THAT ROYLE GIRL—Paramount

This picture reached us too late to be included in the best six of the month.

Once again D. W. Griffith comes forward with something different! This time he has selected Chicago's jazz zone as his locale and developed a film tale vibrant with action, powerful in heart appeal, tingling with suspense, touching in its love theme and decidedly gripping in its climax. While this is not especially a picture for family consumption, being more appropriate for the sophisticates, it is entertaining every inch of its colorful way. It will be reviewed at greater length in the next issue.

SEVEN SINNERS—Warner Brothers

A HILARIOUS crook yarn, with farcical situations that are irresistibly funny. The main idea is the crowding together of a bunch of crooks, each intent on looting a mansion left unguarded by private watchmen. The complications which arise when they take each other for servants and people of the house, make for many hearty laughs. The climax is capped when one of the crooks goes to bed with scarlet fever and the house is quarantined. Marie Prevost and Clive Brook head an exceptionally good cast, all of whom do good work.

THE GOLDEN STRAIN—Fox

KENNETH HARLAN, Madge Bellamy and Ann Pennington are in this worth while screen translation of Peter B. Kyne's story of the old West and the boy who overcomes his yellow streak by riding for help during an Indian attack. Very good entertainment.

THE MAN FROM RED GULCH—P. D. C.

HARRY CAREY runs true to form in this latest Harry Carey story. He plays the good Samaritan of the desert, striving to sustain an imbibing buddy who drowns his worries in liquor. Harriet Hammond is the girl who wins his heart. Pretty fair entertainment.

THE LAWFUL CHEATER—Schulberg Prod.

CLARA BOW, sprightly as ever, masquerades as a boy and makes her personality count in spite of a very far-fetched story. She fools a gang of crooks in Chinatown into reforming. Raymond McKee is a rich man's son who loves with the crooks with the adolescent idea that they are heroes. Fair.

THE COWBOY MUSKEETER—F. B. O.

TOM TYLER looks good and rides well in this Western, the story of which is presented with snap and clearness. All about a hidden gold mine, the map of which is concealed in the girl's bracelet. Conventional Western entertainment.
A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rob it instantly 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.

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LIQUID ARVON

THE MIDNIGHT LIMITED—Rayart

GASTON GLASS and Wanda Hawley are a very good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average in melodrama because the thrill scenes are not handled with the usual melodramatic strokes. A very interesting story unusually well directed for this type of picture.

TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS—

David Dist.

A TYPICAL tale of bygone times in the West when Indians were continually on the warpath. Has some good melodramatic punches and a nice love story—two young lieutenant in love with the same girl, played by Neva Gerber. Pretty good entertainment.

STEPPIN' OUT—Columbia Picture Corp.

A BRISK comedy well acted and well directed. Dorothy Revels makes a pronounced hit as a comedienne, and Ford Sterling is funny as ever. Not a dull moment after Mr. John Durant decides to leave the missus at home and see what these cabarets are like.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER—

Universal

AN entertaining melodrama with a whale of a climax, where the hero and villain fight savagely in an aerial battleship suspended in mid air, and Josie Sedgwick, the heroine, climbs down on top of them, saving her lover. Good for an evening.

What Happened to Jones—

Universal

One of Reginald Denny's best pictures. A rip-roaring farce and riot of laughs from start to finish. The plot has to do with the adventures of Jones and his pal dodging disaster in a Turkish bath reserved for ladies. Don't miss this!

The Sea Wolf—Ralph Ince Prod.

Wolf Larson, the famous Jack London character, comes to life on the screen, with all the savage brutality of this skipper of a hell-ship. Ralph Ince plays the Wolf realistically, and also directed the picture with great skill. A trike strong for the ladies.

The True North—Griffin Prod.

A FINE scenario, replete with thrills, covering a long, hard trail through Alaska and Siberia. A spectacle of awe-inspiring beauty is the photographing of the Midnight Sun in colors. As a scenic novelty it stands in a class by itself.

Smilin' at Trouble—F. B. O.

Melodrama, comedy and romance are freely mingled in this latest Leisy Flynn vehicle, which registers as nifty entertainment. Leisy is a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam, and discovers the contractor grafting by the use of inferior cement. He foils the plot and wins the gal.

The Count of Luxemburg—Chadwick Prod.

George Walsh, as a penniless count living in the Paris artists' colony, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Later they meet by accident and fall in love, not knowing that they are already married. Fairly entertaining.

Brickbats & Bouquets

Here's my list of pulchritudinous females: Tola Negri, Mary Pickford, Jacqueline Gadsden, Mary Brian, Velen Pringle, Vilma Banky, Norma Shearer, Dorothy Mackaill and Helen Lee Worthing. I would like to see "The Student Prince" in cinematic form with John Gilbert in the title role. Vilma Banky as Kalida, Helena D'Algy as the Princess and fully Marshall as Whatismame, the comedy relief; with the stage ending. But I suppose Heidelberg would become a republik for the sake of the trip happy ending.

The Pirane.

Dix Safe Looking

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Richard Dix is my favorite and always will be. I was Valentino-crazy for a while, but it's all over now. I don't think the Latin lover would make a good husband anyway. Richard is so different, big, strong, and protecting. Valentino doesn't look as safe and sure as Richard. Randolph looks wicked to me. Maybe it is because he is not an American. Richard is the typical American, and I bet he would adorn an old-fashioned girl. I hope he finds a sweet little girl with long hair and old-fashioned ideas, for his love.

Mary G. Donovan.

In Defense of Billie Dove

Highland Park, Mich.

I noticed a letter last month criticizing Billie Dove's acting in "Light of the Western Star." I think our valuable magazine says: "Refrain from severe personal criticism." Some folks never think about the directing of a picture. The player is always blamed if his work does not please.

Anyone who saw Billie Dove's other pictures will realize that she is a fine actress. For instance, "Wanderers of the Wasteland," "Lucky Horsehoe" and "Wild Horse Mesa." I really don't think such an artist as Douglas Fairbanks would have chosen Billie Dove from over one thousand players if he didn't think she was capable of playing the leading woman in "The Black Pirate.""
ish and trivial sounding titles given to pictures, when they are renamed.


And now comes "Spanish Sunlight," the picture which marks such an important step in the career of Barbara La Marr, the picture in which she is attempting to regain the public's favor. The title "Spanish Sunlight" suggests the flavor of sunny Spain, a different and distinctive story. And the title on the screen is to be "The Girl from Montmartre." Certainly this commonplace title will not help Miss La Marr to regain her rightful place once more.

W. C. John Gilbert As St. Elmo

Miami, Florida.

A word in appreciation of John Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert possesses a dash and vivid good looks, coupled with a rather unusual amount of acting talent. His style of looks is too distinct to allow him to play a large range of characters, yet he plays the allotted ones well. His personal magnetism is sufficient to guarantee his success, and his acting ability will raise him higher than the common type of matinee idol. I do not know whether "St. Elmo" has ever been seen or not. In its earliest years, more than a quarter of a decade ago, it was far more the rage than any book has been since. Notwithstanding the fact that it is not a well written book from an artistic or technical standpoint, and is rather in the " dime novel" class, it has an appeal which made it a place in all hearts and was read by the savants as well as the multitude.

This story possesses the qualities of action and universal interest which would make it a delightful picture, and I think that John Gilbert and Mary Astor would make a handsome and suitable couple for the leading roles.

R. T. M.

Defines Beauty

Sutton, Nebraska.

I have no fault to find with the selection of the ten most beautiful movie stars, but I would have included Lois Wilson and Lettie Joy in the list. Standards vary, but according to my judgment, "beauty is the outward expression of goodness, unselfishness and intelligence." No make-up can supply these elements if wanting.

A. G. G.

Sunday Film Exhibits


It may interest Photoplay readers to hear of the new Film Society which has been formed here in London. The Society, which now numbers several hundred members, exhibits pictures on Sunday afternoons at the New Gallery Cinema, solely for those who belong to the club. The pictures shown must possess outstanding merit and originality, and are mostly those of little or no commercial value. The aim of the Society is to elevate the taste of the average fan, and to show the best films procurable all of nations. The first programme consisted of:

A new Futuristic film, German

"Why Broncho Bill Left Bean County," American, an 11-year old cowboy two-reeler that amused everyone very much.

"Typical Gazette," English, a satire upon the topical or news reel.

"Waxworks," German, a brilliantly produced and acted, extremely modern fantasy, with Emil Jannings, Creepy and eerie.


Among the members of this Society are

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Address on request.

I will close with one or two suggestions for producers: "The Vortex" with Pauline Frederick and Ramon Novarro. "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire" by J. M. Barrie, with Alice Joyce, Betty Bronson and Ben Alexander.

EDWIN SEVERS

A Good Picker

Chappaqua, N. Y.

For some time I have wanted to write to this department, not about the stars, but about the minor players who are, occasionally, better than the stars.

It is gratifying to watch the rise of some players of small parts to prominence. I picked Adolph Menjou four or five years ago when he was playing parts such as the negligible husband of Norma Talmadge in "La Duchesse de Langeais." Even in the short time he was on the screen then, his satirical humor and ability were in evidence. And now look at him!

I have been struck recently by two performances by Edna May Oliver; one as a lodging house landlady in a Richard Dix film and the other in Bebe Daniels' "Lovers in Quarantine," as the patrician but amusing Aunt Amelia. Miss Oliver and Tully Marshall are the only players I think of who are competent to act the parts of millionaires. They are reasonable about it, and not extravagant as are most actors attempting to be rich, aristocratic on screen.

Brickbats to the persons responsible for the non-appearance for so long of Carl Miller. He was exceedingly good in "A Woman of Paris," and then he disappeared. Why? He is young, good looking, and a fine actor. Now he plays a near villain in a bad flipper picture with Colleen Moore. "Theodosii," the cook, in this picture, gave an interesting performance.

In this widely read department, let's help the so far unrecognized people with talent. The stars get their share of notice.

WYTHEMALE.

For the Black Irishman

Baltimore, Md.

I just bought January Photoplay and as usual turned first to Brickbats and Bouquets. Each time I look in vain for some mention of my favorite actor. So I am herewith sending you this large bouquet to that most deserving of actors, a handsome young actor, George O'Brien. Please give us more news and pictures of him, and maybe a large picture.

MILICENT HARTMAN.

Take 'Em Off, Alberta

Winchester, Va.

Without being too unkind, I want to criticize Alberta Vaughan, hoping she may benefit by it. Such a make-up! Her dresses are so tight and short that they are ridiculous. And she is useless, or-with bracelets all the way up her arm-to work in an office! Her hair is just a frizzy mass, and then big earrings—and beauty marks.

I cannot imagine a director looking her over and then having the nerve to start the camera. Oh, please dress her up in a nice outfit and have her hair dressed differently, and perhaps we can hand her a bouquet—but never as she is today.

MRS. RAMON ROSSMAN.

A Seasoned Fan

Pittsburgh, Kansas.

I notice of late in Photoplay some expressions of opinion regarding the retirement desired of some of our mature and experienced actors. I now have for fifteen years a close of the picture theater and know my programme thoroughly as a fan. It is very evident that the matinee attendance is composed of those above school or college age. I am sure that this audience does not wish for the retirement of men like Lewis Stone, with his gentle and matured gracefulness. Conway Tearle, whose dignified and iron-hand-in-velvet glove manner appeals deeply to those who have not yet closed their hearts to romance.

Charlie Chaplin, Lloyd and then Louise Fazenda express the beginning and end of comedy. I sincerely hope that those actors will play as long as they can for us who have seen and admired them, and they portray the ease and finesse that can come only through experience. I regret the death of Mrs. Sidney Drew. We have nothing to compare with the old Drew Comedies.

MATRON.

For Miss Banky

Hewlett, Long Island.

Just a word to answer Althea's letter in January Photoplay. "The Dark Angel" and "The Eagle." If so, what is her definition of distinction? To my mind, anyone who can find her way into the hearts of the public as Miss Banky has done, after her first appearance in America, must possess a certain amount of that indefinable something known as personality.

Althea grants that Miss Banky is a capable actress. But what is it that makes a capable actress if it is not distinction with a rare personality?

To be sure, Gloria Swanson is wholly charming; Pola Negri is magnetic and Corinne Griffith aloof and aristocratic. But Vilma Banky possesses all these qualities together with a charm of her own.

HELEN SCHNEIDER.

Just Pola

Boston, Mass.

I should like Photoplay to be all Pola! She came, she was seen, she conquered. That's Pola. One doesn't think of her sitting by the fire knitting, and one doesn't want to. She is a beautiful wild cat that can purr and scratch. I consider Pola the greatest actress on the screen, and the most fascinating woman I ever saw.

A Fan.

Lamb Chops and Pineapple

LEATRICE

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

I think "The Wedding Song" is a pun picture. It contains the prize subtitle, viz: "A bullet in her shoulder, but victory in her heart."

Leatrice joy at one time made excellent pictures, but if this is a sample of her future films, she will soon lose all her admirers.

Leteatrice is almost ten pounds too thin, too. But she has a quaint charm that is very becoming with the correct background.

KI.

On the Other Hand

Petersburg, Va.

Brickbats for the critics of Cecil DeMille's pictures. Ever since Mr. DeMille left the Paramount field, it seems the reviewers have picked on him. But, thank goodness, they can't follow their pictures. None are very good.

Three cheers for De Mille, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque and Vera Reynolds. Vera is a hit with the college set.

JAMES A. DOYLE.

A Cruze Fan

Louisville, Ky.

Lady Duff, who wrote concerning "Beggar on Horseback" in your December issue, is representative of a vast majority of American fans. James Cruze went completely over their heads in this picture. If he hadn't, Lady Duff wouldn't be trying to "get some sense out of [continued on page 142].
Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 94]

BLACKIE.—Sure, it’s in my line to answer your question—particularly when it concerns a Prince. For that young fellow who played with Pola in “Flower of the Night” was just that. His name is Prince Yonce Troublesky. Try that on your pronunciation.

B. A. M.—No, Myrtle Stedman is not married. She’s divorced, so what do you care whom it’s from? On the other hand, blue-eyed Leisy Compson is married—looks permanently—to James Craze, the director. They live in Hollywood. Monte Blue is married also to Tova Jansen. Monte’s eyes and hair are brown. So you and your girl friends talk about these marriages all the time, do you? Well, well. Girls will be gossips.

SALLY R. STOCKTON.—Sally, here you come with more marriage questions right on top, or right below, rather, B. A. M. When I get through answering you two everybody will know who belongs to whom, at least officially. Anyway—Charlie Chaplin is married. Certainly he is. To Lita Grey. She is his second wife and they have one child. Viola Dana is married to Lefty Flynn, but her sister, Shirley, is a widow. And now, hold your breath. Ricardo Cortez is 27 years old and he ISN’T married.

PEGGY W., MICHIGAN.—Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque’s real names are Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. Yes, they now have music playing during the filming of all scenes. So you dislike with Marie Prevost and Helen Chadwick, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Douglas Fairbanks, Ramon Novarro, Ricardo Cortez, Rudy Valentinino, Tom Meighan, Ben Lyon and Reg Denny are the ten handsomest? Well, that’s all right with me, but don’t you exactly hate those Latin boys, do you?

JUVENT AND JEANETTE MORE.—How does your mother call you and how do you know which one of you is to come? (You see, I can ask questions, too.) You want to know all about Barbara and Bebe. Well, Bebe was born in Richmond, Va., in July, 1900. She started as a dancer when she was a little girl and later went into vaudeville and stock. She wrote stories, too, for the magazines and scenes, and entered pictures as an actress in 1923. Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, January, 1902. She started in pictures when she was a child, having previously had some stage experience. Against Barbara’s many marriages, Bebe is still unwed.

A. B., NEW JERSEY.—Neither one of you girls is right. It was Marie Prevost and Helena Chadwick playing opposite Monte Blue in “The Dark Swan” and not Irene Rich and Eva Novak. No. Kin-Tin-Tin, my favorite actor, is not dead. Dagmar Godowsky is twenty-five.

N. E. G.—Don’t worry about liking West erns. Lots of people, wise like people, adore them. Your friend, Tom Mix, was born on a ranch near El Paso, Texas, thirty-eight years ago. He lives in Hollywood with his two daughters, Thomasina and Ruth, and his wife, who was formerly Victoria Forde. She used to be in movies but she has retired now.

R. G., MINNEAPOLIS.—That was Betty Bronson in “The Kiss for Cinderella.” Yes, difficult as it seems to believe, it was our Conrad Nagel who did Paul in “Three Weeks.” Juliane Johnson received Doug’s adoration in “The Thief of Bagdad.” Yes, Alice Terry wears a blonde wig. I always do good, R. G., even when it only comes to making out hand writing like yours.

CARL LAEMMLE—President

LAURA LA PLANTE in “THE MIDNIGHT SUN”

“‘She had the night in her eyes and the sun upon her lips and he called her his ‘Midnight Sun’.”

A beautiful dancer in the Russian Imperial Ballet catches the eye of Grand Duke Sergius, and Kusmin, a roué millionaire, and both make up their minds to have her. She is in love, however, with a young lieutenant on the Grand Duke’s personal staff, and is obliged to use all the power of her beauty and brains to outwit the two powerful personages and save her romance.

The rivalry of the two notables involves the abduction of the dancer by the banker in his private yacht, a chase on a destroyer by the Grand Duke, the near execution of the lieutenant for slapping the Grand Duke’s face. So, thrill follow one another in rapid succession, and the climax will surprise and delight you.

Such is the basis of “The Midnight Sun,” Universal’s magnificent and thrilling drama, laid in the very center of the Imperial Russian court with all its splendor and luxuriousness.

This picture is a dramatic triumph for LAURA LA PLANTE. It will forever establish PAT O’MALLEY who plays the Grand Duke. It is a splendid vehicle for GEORGE SEIGMAN’S peculiar talents and a star-maker for young RAYMOND KEANE, the cadet lieutenant.

The picture is beautiful beyond description. It occurs mostly in the palace, in the Kuba Cafe and behind the scenes of the Great Russian Theatre, is replete with brilliant uniforms and gorgeous settings. I would call it one of Universal’s best pictures and I think you will agree with me.

(To be continued next month)

You can also have autographed photograph of Laura La Plante for 10 cents in stamps.

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MARION L. W.—That aristocratic Ralston girl even started out grandly by choosing Bar Harbor, Maine, as the town to be born in, and born there she was, in September, 1902. Esther is five feet five, and if you write to her in care of the Paramount Studios, I am sure you'll reach her.

CHARLIE OF COLEY—Yes, I admit my pen has never doubted. I have been working steadily over that pen, keeping it fashionable. I have it dressed every fall by Lanvin, every spring by Patou and every summer by a coat of paint. No, your Charley does not come from Sweden. She comes from Norway, does little Greta. Why ask Greta to act? How much do you want for your money? To the nearest cent. Ronn, Ronn, he says at her right hand. Of the two, the two you mentioned, Greta has played in "The Name of Love," "The Golden Journey" and "The King on Main Street." She is young, she has a way of jumping around from blonde to brunette. But I agree with you about Betsey Butter. Betty is the best bet there is. You can reach Lloyd Hamilton at the Educational Studios. Colman and Blanche Sweet played together in "The Sporting Venus." Write again.

A DAISY FROM NORTH DAKOTA.—When Richard Dix started life in St. Paul, Minnesota, during the year of 1895, he was working under the handicap of being called Ernest Carleton Brimmer. Lois Wilson was born a year after Dick, in Pittsburgh, Pa. There you are, Daisy.

RITA B.—I knew her to judge I can't tell you about Vera Reynolds' husband and children. She hasn't either. Vera's five feet, one inch tall and weighs 102 pounds. Yes, I agree on her figure. In fact it was years before I knew she was what I call a beautiful face. Mae Murray wild? Nay, nay, not Mae. Where did you hear that about Rudy Valentino teaching a Sunday School? Rudy, the Sabbath shell, I suppose.

ICONETTE H., MICHIGAN.—Who gave you that name, Iconette, and where did they find you? I am having a hard time. You don't know the half of it, dearie. I am dark as night and handsome as Hamlet, with my long, white whiskers as an added attraction. But I am sure I can recall before I can recall before. The Indian in "The Mind with the Iron Door" was Robert Frazer, No, Bob's a real white. His newest picture is "The Splendid Lie." I suppose, you could ask a hand-cuffed man to be a hand-cuffed man? Well, I could tell you about the girls but when I look at the men, I remember my own beauty and get confused. It was Marjorie De La Motte who played in "The Mark of Zorro." No, in spite of the fact that Rod La Rocque is 27 years old, he's still a bachelor. His next is "Strongheart." Hollywood says a picture of this star has been bought by Darryl F. Zanuck of Ford getting married. They played together in "Zander the Great."

R. V. B.—You want to know about the Fairbanks males. Well, you're right about Doug, Senior. He sure is in a class by himself. He is forty-six years ago. Young Douglas is just looking fifteen. His mother is Beth Sully Fairbanks, now Mrs. Evans. If you write to United Artists Exchange, you can find out whether they will show "The Three Musketeers" and "The Mark of Zorro" in Chicago again.

ELIZABETH Y., WASH.—You want to know all there is to know about Carol Dempster? So do I. I only can't find out. However, I can tell you this much. Carol came to the movies from Santa Maria, California, and she is the same age. She left home fifteen years ago. She tripped the light fantastic so well at the Denishawn studios in Los Angeles, she got into the movies, where now she has attained some five feet five, five inches, one hundred fourteen pounds and much fame.

MILDRED B.—Richard Dix will next be in "Womanhandled," the chief handling woman being Esther Ralston. Dick's not most fond of any girl. That's why he's a bachelor, wise boy. Write to him in care of Paramount Studios, and Rod La Rocque pronounces his name stonily.

BETTY B.—For a time you've read a wonder. Betty B. No, Ricardo Cortez is not an American. Ric comes from Alsace-Lorraine, France, that land where the girls wear the big, black bows on their hair. He was born there twenty-nine years ago, and he's one inch over six feet tall. Send him a quarter in care of Lasky Studios, Hollywood, and you'll get his photograph, Eleanor Boardman is a year Ric's senior. She was born where the girls have gray eyes and lovely light brown hair. You'd like to see Eleanor and Ricardo in a Spanish movie, would you? I think that would be hot stuff, man. He's the last syllable of Ricardo's surname to match the first syllable of Wesley Barry's first name and you'll come out all right. The reason you haven't heard anything about Marguerite Clark is because Marguerite got married and retired. Some of the girls still do that, you see.

A. K.—So you like gobs. So do I, particularly gobs of whipped cream. Write Dick Barthelmess, in care of Inspiration Studios, and I think you can get a picture of him in his latest. No, that's not up on your Photoplay lessons and I'll hope you get it. "Peacock Feathers" has been made, with Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis in the leading roles, and it was reviewed in our November issue and noticed as being something new and different. Grey is a little known fact of Ricardo's surname to match the first syllable of Wesley Barry's first name and you'll come out all right. The reason you haven't heard anything about Marguerite Clark is because Marguerite got married and retired. Some of the girls still do that, you see.

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R. S. WYCHE.—Lillian Walker is out of movies. She is playing on the stage now. She is divorced from Charles Hansen. "Jungle Song" was born in Brooklyn, April 13, 1888. I'm sorry I don't know her present address.

MARY ANN.—Ah, Mary Ann. What sweet voids are thine. You call me the very wiser of men. I'm even wiser than that. Here's why. Solomon, the guy that held the champion of the world's wise, uttered the famous three thousand thousand wives. But I'm a bachelor. So that makes me a thousand times wiser than Solomon. Lloyd Hughes, again, that man is after thousands of pounds. But Lloyd has a quarter in care of United Studios. He'll send you a photo then and put the quarter in the gas meter. Is Kenneth Harlan looking for a fairy tale? He's been seen out with Marie Prevost. Well. 'tis she Ken married, the lucky chap.

AN ADIMIRER FROM CALIFORNIA.—Admirer of Bobs? Something tells me it is not of me alone that you think. You seem interested in that other guy, Ramon Novarro. Ah, well, many's the time other women have sighed and walked around over his fair locks and the tragedy of it. That handsome man is not short. He is five feet ten. Yes, he's rather shy, but he doesn't go around with any certain girl. If he did, I'd put him on the shelf. But even, see that man? Mary Novel, I hope. That's the way to stay unmarried.

PATSY FORG.—That was Corinne Griffith's picture you endowed.

MARCE R. — We're glad we arouse your curiosity, Marcus. That's our business. Here are the addresses you want: Virginia Valli, Inspiration Studios; Shirley Mason, United Studios. You can get the individual studio addresses by looking them up in our studio directory. A friendly, Shirley, is twenty-five. She's five feet cute, weighs oz pounds and is a widow.
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IGNORANCE of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman. Wrong information is often worse than no information, and feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment. The modern woman wants to know the truth and then she can judge for herself. She wants to have the benefit of every new idea.

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The recent advances in the practice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the evil of poisonous antisepsics. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient cleansing agent—who demanded a true antiseptic insurance against the dangers of disease germs.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"STAGE STRUCK"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Frank R. Adams. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Jennie Hagan, Gloria Swanson; Orme Wilson, Lawrence Gray; Lilian Lyon, Carl Götz. Additional casts: Maude Wagner, Marguerite Evans; Buck Ford Sterling; Mrs. Wagner, Carrie Scott; Mr. Wagner, Emil Hoch; Simonette, Margery Whittington.


"THE MIDDLE NIGHT SUN"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by A. P. Younger. Directed by Dmitri Buchewsky. The cast: Olga, Laura Lachlante; Alcide, Raymond Keane; Grand Duke Sergius, Stanford Caves; Madame Malvina, Alyce Court; Vassilitch; Kusmin, George Siegman; Kusmin's secretary, Arthur Hoyt; Director Orchestra, Cesare Gravina; Director of Opera, Theodore Kossof; Nicholai, Earl Metcalfe.

"A WOMAN OF THE WORLD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Oscar Wilde. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: Tom Duma, Lloyd Fetchet, Thomas Meighan, Lady Gardenvold, Lis Wilson; Douglas, Ceci Humphreys; Solicitor, Claude King; Earl, Ernest Lawford; Doctor, Charles Hammond; Aunt, Louise Graffen; Czar, E. R. Carrickson; Denis MacSwiney, Charles McDonald; Kate MacSwiney, Mary Foy.

"IRISH LUCK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Norman Verner. Screenplay by Jack Conway. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Selene Herrick, Alice Joyce; John Herrick, Warner Baxter; Joan Herrick, Ofelia Lovay; Helen, Dorothy Peterson; Sally, Lee Tracy; Martin Innnesbrook, Walter Fidgeon; Terry Allen, Freeman Woodward; Fete, Charlotte Bird.

"WE MODERNs"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play Islanded. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Mary Sundahl, Karen Welsh; College Student, Dorothy Martin; Gillingwater, Lady Kitty Sundahl, Clarissa Selwyn; John Ashker, Jack Mulhall; Beaumont, Tom McGuire; Dick Sundahl, Cleve Moore; Officer, Carl Miller; Johnna, Blanche Payson; Theodosia, Marcella Corday.

"SAN FRANCISCO, DESERTED"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by H. L. Mencken. Scenario by Rex Taylor. Directed by William A. Seiter. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: Shinna, Reginald Denny; Henry, Henry James Sabatier; Sara, Dorothy Peterson; Maud, Miss Behr; Major, John Carr. Additional casts: Peter McLaughlin, E. J. Ratcliffe; Tommy, Arthur Lake; Mrs. Colby, Helda Hopper; Jackson, Lionel Brahms; Miss Smith, Betty Morrissey; Miss Edwards, Polly Ethel; Henry, A. T. Ratcliffe; Tailor, William W. Strauss; Mrs. Wilson, Lila Leslie; Mr. Wilson, Broderick O'Farrell; Miss Jackson, Lucille Ward; Mrs. Crawford, Lucille De Nevel; Mrs. McLaughlin, Frome Hale.

"CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Holman Day. Adapted by Marion Fairfax. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: The Stand-In, John Ridgely; Elly Tidd, Leon Errol; Bessy Tidd, Dorothy Gish; Main, Doro Le Tour; Nita Naldi; Jeniwan, first mate, George Marion; Steve, the baker, Tulley; Jack Maryland; Crabb; Tom Marsella; Frank Lawler; Nancy Downs, Edna Murphy; Lient, Cornish, James Rennie; Dixie Bull, Walter Law; Montague, Reginald Barlow.

"THE ARIZONA SWEETSTAINS"—UNIVERSAL.—Scenario by Isidore Bernstein. Directed by Clifford Smith. Photography by Edward Linden. The cast: Claire Moore, Hoot Gibson; Nell Savery, Helen Lynch.
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Look about in any circle. Note how slender are most men and women now. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

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"SIMON THE JESTER"—PRODUCERS

"WAGES FOR WIVES"—Fox.—From the stage play by Guy Bolton. Scenario by Kenneth B. Clarke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Margaret Gorman, Dennis O'Keefe, Grace McDonald, Ben Lyon, Carole Landis, Susan Peters, Frank McHugh, Stella Adler, Ray Milland, Jack Bowden, Helen Vinson.


"THE DESERT'S PRICE"—Fox.—From the novel by William Macalod. Cast: Charles Darnton, Directed by W. S. Van Dusen. Cast: Wills McCann, Buck Jones, Florida Friar, Peggy, Edna Marion, Phil, Ernest Butterworth, Sam Martin, Arthur Houseman; Jim Martin, Montague Love; Giltner, Carl Stafford; Sheriff, Harry Dusken; Shepherd, Henry Armetta.

"WANDERING FIRES"—ARROW PICTURES CORP.—From the novel by Warner Fabian. Directed by Maurice Campbell. The cast: Guido Anitelli, Constantin Talmadge, Raymond Carroll, George Hackathorne, Norman Yul, Wallace MacDonald; Mrs. Doro de, Efie Shannon; Mrs. Carroll, Henrietta Crossman.
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amazing principle of magnetic
control to win
quick, and conspicuous success in your
business or profession.
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supreme charm—by magnetism—giving
you a great new confidence in yourself
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people to you instantly, be popular and
well-liked wherever you may go.
Let me prove it. Give me 5 days,
and if in that time you do not experi-
ence a new surge of personal power,
if you do not find yourself making
friends wherever you may be, if you do
not discover yourself on the road to
happiness, wealth, success—
then I am a magnetic
personality—a test
will cost you nothing
whatsoever. You are the judge.

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You have it—everyone
has it—but only the
exceptional man or woman
knows how to use it.

Personal magnetism is
not a fad or fancy, not some
sudden discovery or some
new psychological theory. It is you, your
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force as irresistible and as the force of the
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salesman, no business man, can win
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full sweep of your magnetic potentialities—
and makes you almost a new person
from what you were before. A principle
that never fails to work, because it
confers with Nature to make you the dynamic,
fascinating personality you were intended to
be.

NOT HYPNOTISM—BUT
MAGNETISM!

Please do not mistake my method for
hypnotism. Its laws and its results are
exactly opposite. Hypnotism deadens—
magnetism animates. Power is
bled from the mind and body.
Hypnotism paralyzes the will—magnetism
animates, inspires, sharpens


Hollywood I've found sustaining evidence. Producers are not the most appreciative mortals, nor are directors all big-hearted. I even know a writer or two who is not always aglow with it. So far as business goes, it's give and take. If a player makes good with a producer he deserves proportionate advance, and the producer has no right to squawk "lack of appreciation" if some other producer appreciates the player more.

No one has to do anything for the sake of receiving appreciation. If he does he's demanding something that a Christian has no right to demand.

Three of the most appreciative people I have ever known are players.

HEARD on the curb:

"I see Gloria's title is no good. Serves her right if she got rooked. Why didn't she give a home boy a chance?"

"She did, two of 'em, and they were flops."

NOW that Corinne, la bella, has been pro-
claimed by critics the Venus of earth, the next move will be on the part of hygiene specialists to get her beauty secrets. Having known Miss Griffith for seven years I will tip you to the truth.

She doesn't use any make-up on the street. She doesn't smoke.

But, on the other hand, she doesn't diet and she doesn't exercise it anything more strenuous than waving a fan.

So it's back to the tomb of Tut for that secret of secrets.

MICHAEL ARLEN is in much the same position among penmen that Valentino was among movie men a day or two before. He's the sleek of the syllable. Hence the target for indigious mince-meat.

Unlike most writers—and most actors—he doesn't make a fetish of the angle, the kind of art but runs his fingers gleefully through the shingles, frankly confessing that's what he writes for.

He recently received two dollars and a half a word for an article. This seemed to him sufficiently amazing to afford entertainment generally. So at lunch he said, "I'll pay the checkup and he's whose there's your common to the American interviewe—a cigarette, a cigar, or a small glass of outside-the-law.

A Visit with Emil Jannings

[continued from page 47]

your favorite prescription here the year round—and as for light amusement, mirth is spelled m-u-r-d-e-r.

"Whoever told you was a liar," answered Janni-
ging, pleasantly. "We are as silly as you are, and we like it just as much. The only dif-
ference is, that the American public merely likes to be serious, or when it is serious it isn't. It likes fairy stories with sentimental endings. Little girl stories. When we are serious we like to set them with probability. But if there's any tragedy. Maybe the endings are tragic. Maybe.

Not just as the story would seem to end naturally. But if you don't think we like comedies, look into our theater—any evening. The lighter story predominates with us, in the proportion of three to five, and two out of three of these lighter stories come from America. Then when we do go in for drama, we are realists. Your people will be also some day... when you grow up and find not all your dreams of today have happy endings." Pittzner interpolated.

"There's a fundamental difference in the functions of the screen—when you compare German and American techniques. Every actor may act on the stage, and stage players very frequently act before the camera, but there is no relationship between the two arts. Personally I think the new trend in Germany is a new field of expression, and will develop its own material just as it has developed its own players and its own methods. But here the screen is not an adjunct of the stage. We have a Pittzner type of actor. We have a Jannings type of actor... and a different medium for him only in that it has immeasurably widened his field.

JANNINGS got the drift of Pittzner's interpo-
ation—thereby making me misjudge his utter lack of English. He interrupted. "My whole reputation was made on the stage, and I think the screen much more profitable—and I like pic-
tures. So I will never leave them, either!"

We have seen him in so many parts, all played with such immense gusto and physical force, that no two American writers seem to agree on his greatest performance. His series of historic portraits—Louis XI, Henry VIII, Peter the Great—equal in lifelikeness and contemporary qualities, with his series of brutal and un-
fortunate moderns, of which the aged doorman, in "The Last Laugh," seems to be the subtlest as well as the tenderest. I asked him what his next big picture would be.

"I have no favorite," he answered, with instant decision. "I only ask—am I playing a man? A great many stories have been offered me in realizations of something less or more than human. I will not play a man who is either too good or too bad to live. To be exact, I will not play any fellow who is all good nor any character who is all bad. There aren't any such people. I despise heroes. I don't believe in villains. I believe only in men—under varying circumstances.

"But this is true: whatever part I am playing—I live! Ask my wife! She will tell you that for weeks I have been the damnedest dog that ever ruined a home. I am in the mood of my character by night as well as by day. It becomes unpleasant for me, as well as for other people. When I played Henry VIII my wife was afraid I was planning to murder her. When I played Peter, the studio manager thought I had delusions of grandeur.

"When I played the old doorman, in "The Last Laugh," I used to count my days. I had seen on the street with me, for she said I shuffled along with my head hanging... I had what you call the inferiority complex, and I had it bad. When I played Xero, I ate so much I gained fifteen pounds. And all this is not a pose with me; it's business; I can't drop a part at five o'clock at night, and pick it up at nine the next morning. Some actors can. I often wish I could. But I've tried it—and I've lost my character, and whole days' work have been NG'd while I was trying to find a new one.

But I am through. Then I am just Jannings, a lazy fellow who likes to eat much more than is good for him, to drink a little, to laugh a lot—and look at the ladies."

And in truth he was Jannings then... an easy fellow who spoke without effort and with much good humor. He relaxed in his chair, and added, "It's a strange feature that both the American interviewe—a cigarette, a cigar, or a small glass of outside-the-law.
Fortunately for me I've found Jannings between parts—or rather, just beginning rehearsals for his next role. Had he been deep in a new character I might not have reached him; if I had, he would have said little.

We spoke about American films.

"The one actress I have seen who impressed me with great possibilities is Gloria Swanson. There is an intelligence there. She will play real women. Her vogue will not end because of maturity. The trouble with screen women in America is that when they are old enough to know anything about acting, they are through."

And he had passed this judgment on Gloria without having seen anything later than her Hollywood films of three years ago!

Of the men, he had seen more.

You have a great potential artist who should go far—it is farther. But perhaps he never will, though he has brains, poetry, dramatic feeling, the sense of beauty and an overwhelming imagination. He has money, success, fame. And he has too much responsibility to take chances. Douglas Fairbanks.

"Of your young leading men I like best Rod La Roque. There's a fellow who always plays a believable man, no matter how the story lies to him, no matter how the director hinders him!"

Jannings is an optimist about America's film future. Says it's the greatest on earth. Of all the Europeans, he seems to understand what we're trying to do, and the perhaps devious way that we go about it.

"Europe has come into the maturity of film art—highly serious stories, great dramas—too early. Because film technique is just beginning. As America grows in artistic appreciation the quality of her film material will advance, slowly, just as screen technique grows into something greater than we have ever dreamed of. There, the mechanic and the artist will arrive together—and the result will be magnificent."

He is—or was, when I saw him—enthusiastically planning to come to America.

Lubitsch, I gathered, had fired him with this resolution to see the New World. He misses Lubitsch. He would like to work with him again. It was always a collaboration between them. But of this he said very little.

"So far," he admitted naively, "no one seems to get it there. That is to say, no one wants me on the terms at which I should go. But no matter! I'll go anyway, in a few months. With my wife. We'll take a long vacation, and see America from end to end."

But they told me afterward—down at the Hotel Adlon—that Jannings is likely to do no such thing. He has one trait in common with Maxim Gorky—under them they are both such spendthrifts, that when his "vacation" comes, it will be vacating at a thousand a week or so.

THOUGHTS of an outing, what does this big fellow do, when he's neither resting nor playing? What's his fun?

I asked him.

And the answer came with a bang, in English:

"The girls!"

"I never get tired of women. They amuse me. They are so many-splendored. They let me down, if I want to be let down. They pick me up, if I'm low. (This in translation, of course.) They make life worth living, because a woman—one she feels at ease with you—is more nature than man. Unconsciously, she's more human."

A quizzical twinkle came into his eyes, and he murmured something to Pitzner obviously not intended for me.

Pitzner laughed, and let me have it, anyway.

"He says that's the only thing that worries him about coming to America. He can get along without liquor, which doesn't bother him much, but he's an incorrigible flirt—and he understands that the newspapers there make mountains out of golf-tees—that they're always on the lookout, with well-known people, for a possibility of scandal. So he thinks if he

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A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

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[Photoplay Magazine - Advertising Section]

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Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

M. M. W.

By all means wear "real young things." You're only twenty-four and that is very young, even if you are married. You are in excellent physical condition and, after all, too short for the long basque and circular skirt, and it isn't a particularly good model anyway. Wear one-piece dresses as much as possible, or choose a two-piece model kept in a straight line frock with very little trimming. The small, untrimmed felt hats are smartest for your type. You can wear almost all colors, and it is much as small as you are, you can occasionally wear some extra bright color, such as brilliant yellow or red. That would make you a cheery little splash of color against the general grays.

MADELINE D.

I wish you would write me more definitely about yourself, Madeleine. Just how tall are you? What do you weigh? What is your coloring? Gray eyes doesn't explain enough—there are so many shades of gray eyes. Of course, you don't bore me. I am sure I can help tell you how you will look if you will only write to me again and in detail.

"You" What a nice letter yours was! And what nice parents you must have! Now for your questions. Any accomplishments are helpful to popularity, and when one has learned, as you have, to do things well and with style, your coloring? Gray eyes doesn't explain enough—there are so many shades of gray eyes. Of course, you don't bore me. I am sure I can help tell you how you will look if you will only write to me again and in detail.

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"You"
dress you are wearing. The preparations you are using are satisfactory, though I do think you are a little young for cosmetics. The simplest hair cut is the smartest this season. I think the one you are wearing is in better taste than the "Dutch" cut with bangs. I like your writing paper very much indeed.

Z. Smith

You can afford to lose about five pounds. No, I do not think you are too tall for high heels, and far a recital they appear much smarter than any other kind. You did not tell me whether the recital was an afternoon or evening affair. At the moment, the two piece model, cut with a fairly full, short skirt and a blouse almost like a sport blouse, with no trimming, is very chic both for formal afternoon wear and for evening. For afternoon, you might develop the model in velvet, a chiffon velvet of some good shade. For evening, choose a lighter color, or make the blouse in the new metal cloths, so very popular at the moment.

X. Y. Z.

If you are quite tall and fear the boys don't dance with you for that reason, the best way of overcoming the handicap is by becoming the best dancer in the room. You can do this with practice. Depending upon your natural grace, it will take more or less time, but I know it will be worth it to you. Everyone likes to dance with a beautiful dancer, no matter how tall she may be. That flapper phrase "be yourself" is the best advice anyone can have for popularity. Be natural, charming, agreeable, and above all practice that everlasting virtue of listening. Not only will such a manner make the boy you are interested in like you, but it will make everyone like you.

Mrs. J. Z.

I have mailed you under separate cover instructions for diet and exercise. I think, however, that it might be well for you to consult a good physician regarding your problem. It seems to me that you should not have lost your figure as much as you have. Since you like black, it is one of the best shades you can choose. It is becoming to your coloring and it is always smart. Hair dressed high on the head isn't very smart at present. Draped dresses aren't being worn this season. Keep to straight lines.

Kossie.

Your weight is correct for your height. All the tan, yellow and brown shades should be very becoming to you. Blue depends upon your skin. If it is fair enough, you can wear dark blue, otherwise avoid it. Let black and white alone. Certain reds and pinks should be very flattering, and you might try violet or purple for an occasional dress.

Katherine K., Pennsylvania.

You should weigh 115 to 120 pounds. You are not too young to let your hair grow. Nobody's doing it, and it is becoming more heads daily, but I do think long hair is beautiful. By all means let it grow if it is more becoming to you. I have heard Listerine very highly recommended for dandruff. High heels are aasset for formal wear, but keep to low heels for business and walking. Read what I said to "Maizie" in this issue about self-consciousness. The simplest styles obtainable are always the best styles.

Caroline J.

Your hair will probably keep the beautiful color it now has. Black should be very becoming to you. Delicate shades of green, the green with quite a little yellow in it, would be lovely, too. Light blue, rose, and yellow, too, but avoid own.

Cleo S., Illinois.

You can wear all of the pastel colors, and if your skin is fair, black also. Rose, light green, old blue and black in velvet would be lovely for

"Something better"

"LET ME SEE something better," says the customer—very frequently indeed. That something better in an automobile may cost several hundred or perhaps even several thousand dollars more; but in a cigarette it costs just three cents more

FATIMA

What a 'whale of a difference just a few cents make'"
I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair

Here's the Method

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried many ways to get rid of it—deplorators, electrolysis, even a razor, but all were disappointments.

I thought my case was hopeless until I found a simple method which has brought great relief to me and to other women.

I will gladly explain to any woman who will write to me how this simple method accomplishes these results.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid—not a razor, not electricity. At the same time it makes the skin more attractive.

With this method, which is easy to use, you will get the same results as I and many other women.

Believing my method to be the best, I have given it my own name—Lanzette.

Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Lanzette L., 204 South Peers Street, Dept. 141, Chicago, Illininois.

STOP Skin Troubles!

Don't suffer from skin troubles? Do you long for relief from that irritating itch? What if I told you there is a cold, velvety skin lotion that makes the famous lotion.

D.D.D.

This healing anti-septic wash has a record of 10 years of success in treating skin troubles. The solution of D.D.D. in pure water is quickly applied with a pad to the skin. It is a mouthwash as well. It is non-permanent, non-tainting or disfiguring.

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BE COMFORTABLE—We know the Brooks Applicances, the modern scientific invention which makes it possible to wear a corset without corset. It has no embarrassing springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushion band and draw together the broken parts. No soreness. No discomfort. Brooks. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appear on every Brooks Applicance. Have your name, address, and full information and booklet sent free in plain, marked envelope. BROOKS APPLICANCE CO., 214-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

PATTY, CHANTE, KANS.

As nearly as I can tell without seeing you, I think your weight is right. You can wear brilliant colors and also tan and brown.

K. C., DODGE CITY, KANS.

Indeed, there is a solution to your problem. You are experiencing the readjustment that many women have to go through when they change their hair. I've noticed that the thought of the varied activities they were accustomed to before they married. If you were given the chance, you know that you could not do without your home and your home. Take great pride in doing the most with your home that you can on the small amount of money you have. You are fortunate in having had an education and in liking music. Perhaps you could use your music at home as much as you can. This will occupy so much of your time that your husband is gone that you will forget you are lonely. Keep on being friendly until you make more friends. Each new thing you find to do will take your mind off yourself. You are thinking too much about yourself and not taking advantage of the things that could make you happy.

Rub dably fresh with ice. This is a splendid treatment for making it firm.

PAULINE, SATB, PA.

Take exercises every morning before you eat your breakfast. Avoid all starches, sweets and rich foods, especially anything containing butter or oil. Try eating diately and do not eat between meals. The lamb chop and pineapple diet is always good. Why don't you calory chart from your doctor and avoid all the foods that are high in proteins? As for your difficulty in expressing yourself, the best way to acquire a gift for conversation is practice. Most women do not need it. Why don't you try reading what is written about it? As for your colors, all shades of blue would be becoming to you and also reds and greens. Lavender might be nice for a change, but I wouldn't try yellows or browns.

L. L. S., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Your weight is in exact proportion to your height. If the weight is not evenly distributed that does not make you a ninny. These reduce the parts of the body to which they are applied. Perspiration is induced by the rubber. The perspiration carries away the fattening oils.

R. C. C., CLEVELAND, TENN.

It is curious but true that hair is whimsical. You say yours runs away at the sides but not above the forehead and at the temples. A friend of mine is equally impatient with hers because it has a perfect, natural wearing in the back and is merely 'frizzy,' as you say yours is, in front.

Cultivate the fuzz. Covet it by brushing forward, by twisting it about your finger and by training it in a snare. Having done such coaxing every morning, tie that part of your hair down with a ribbon. The ribbon helps to train it. Eight hours' discipline a day will do a great deal for the hair. Wear another ribbon about it while you are at home, by day, until you have trained the hair in the way it should go. You can even pin some of the very back fastenings.

Don't trouble about your weight. It is as though ordered for your height. You are right.

You do one to your husband and your three-year-old little girl that you look as well as you can. Barric, of course, extravagance with time or money.

MARGARET, RIEGELVILLE, PA.

A cure for shyness is to think less about yourself and the impression you are making. Be interested not in the occasion and in the persons you meet. Shy people are the most modest way. Don't compare yourself with others, be yourself. As to your friend's method, I think hers is wrong and yours is right. If the young man is rude, as you say, he would not feel deeply a firm "No" from...
Lemon for the Hair
After Shampooing
—the Finest Rinse
I've Ever Used

"Next time you wash your hair, whether bobbed or long, rinse with the juice of two California lemons in a washbowl of water, as I do."

"Soap forms a curl which stays on the hair, no matter how frequently you rinse it with plain water. The hair is sticky in comparison, not really clean, when lemon isn't used. The curl comes out."

How To Do It
Add the juice of two California lemons to a ordinary washbowl of water (about 1 qt.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

"Take my advice and try it, and then simply feel the hair. Note, too, its lustrous, fine appearance. See how the curl stays in it. One experience like mine and you'll always use the California lemon rinse as thousands do, including all the better Beauty Shops where moving picture artists go. They know its value. This rinse is most effective, and is harmless."

by
Helene Chadwick
Well Known Motion Picture Star

Buy California Lemons for their rich, abundant juice. At all good stores.
Send coupon for free book.

The final touch of color for the Valentine Party

HE'S THE HOSTESS. Doesn't look tired, or worried, does she? But her Valentine's Day party will be a tremendous success—she knows it and so do guests, for Jobyna Ralston's parties are always gay and bright. Jobyna has a little volume called the Gala Book. It costs only a dime, but she wouldn't sell her copy for anything. Its 33 pages are full of party ideas; how to decorate, how to make costumes, arrange tables, prepare invitations and favors, what to play and what to serve.

For St. Valentine's Day and for all the Spring holiday occasions it takes worry off your mind and makes your parties the happiest ever. Better get it right now, hadn't you?

Dennison's Valentine's Day and other holiday goods are sold by stationers, department stores and many druggists, in all cities.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gloria Swanson I simply cannot take seriously as an actress. Enchanting she certainly is, like Mrs. Miniver, but that is a theatrical instinct. But when I come across the contention that she is a great actress, I am both astonished and amused. Who wants her to be a great actress? Such a dream of just Gloria? Do most people want Gloria covered up, melted, transformed into something and somebody else? Certainly not—and she never is. She is always Gloria Swanson. Usually, she is clever enough to select only those things which, being eminently suited to Gloria, she can do well, vehicles which give her the largest part in the play. As a matter of fact, she is still just herself. But let her attempt something different, something really difficult, with shades and changes over a wide range of roles. If she tries for the Madama Sans-Gene, and her lacks and limitations at once reveal themselves.

To Pola Negri must be credited one great performance, in the role of Bella. But Bella is a role which one great performance cannot and does not make a great actress. And Pola has given us that performance of different degrees of technical grace, and technical force, and technical beauty. She has a really fine sense of color, rhythm, form and a positive genius for momentary effects. But at no time does she approach the glorious heights of Calhoun and Duse. She never gives you that sense of stripping a curtain of life itself with a ruthless, powerful hand that made Calhove an almost fearful artist. Nor has she the grace of the self-adjusted actress. And it is lazy work. Mentally lazy, Tags from this and ends of that. She knows how better. Can do better. And we should insist upon her doing it. But there is no actress on the stage or screen who can give you so much to forgive and still make you forget her.

Personally, I consider Lillian Gish the greatest living American actress. Great as she is, I find myself in constant opposition to her. She does not hesitate to try to be charitable, much as I desire to be just, and anxious as I am to give every shred of credit where it is due, I tell with unavailing rage when I hear her referred to as the "Duse of the Screen." Lillian Gish has a quality of a strange, immature talent compared to that great, warm, inspired genius that was Duse's. Oh, no—the very thought is unfair to Miss Gish.

TILLIAN GISH'S claim to the name of a great actress is founded, not even upon her playing of one particular rôle. But when no matter what her rôle is, she will honestly stop and consider her performances in "Broken Blossoms," "Hearts of the World," "Way Down East," and even "The Clansman," you will see that this is so. The frenzy of fear and anguish, followed by the apparent loss of all reason and men- talty, the daz of incoherence. Miss Gish has exceptional nervous power, combined with a physical appearance of extreme frailty. She drives this nervous force into a frenzy of excessive emotionalism, and as her physical endurance, her mind is weakened, she achieves a creditable appearance of madness. This runs away with her, with the part, with the story. It does not reach out, as Duse's most delicate graces could, and touch you upon the naked heart. It simply stirs you to the sort of nervous upset and regret that you experience after witnessing a street accident. I admit that, like many of the water fowl in pool in action is an amusing sight and will bring almost any crowd up standing with its mouth open. But I also submit that it is not art, nor is it artistic. And I must believe that no matter to what heights such a frenzy of dashing about and wringing the hands may go, it can never move the audience as does the comparatively quiet, intelligent style of that artist as Norma Talmadge.

I have never seen Miss Gish give but one performance that even approximated character for the fact that she was an infinitesimal element in it of invention, continuation, execution, selection, and interpretation. I do not believe she even knows the meaning of the word. Her very physical contour and the construction of her face, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, make it impossible for her to portray the big, generous, soul problems that make great actors great. And I sincerely believe that when people call her a great dresser, they are deceived by her gush of nervous frenzy and over-acting and have not soundly considered her work.

Miss Gish has much beauty and, as a type for the persecuted and betrayed heroine, she is excellent and has her place upon the screen. But it is dangerous to place the public a real, artistic injustice to continue this business about the "Duse of the Screen."

AND now let us come to the acting genius of Norma Talmadge, in contrast to other screen actresses. First of all, with Norma Talmadge every part possesses a separate and distinct creation. And when you see her upon the screen, you see Norma Talmadge. You, as an audience, know absolutely nothing of the woman, Norma Talmadge. You see only what you have seen her. And I, instead, you know De Luxe Norma Talmadge, the Duchesse de Longueville, Anne Regan and the Princess of Gestrels. It is obvious that Norma Talmadge becomes the shop girl heroine of "Within the Law," she doesn't become her for the "big scenes." The very carriage of her head, the very movements of her hands, the whole woman changes. There is nothing in her work more delightful than her unfailing hold upon her characterization. She doesn't stop in the middle of it to give you a personal aside and wink, like a vaudeville performer. Does she wait for the high dramatic points to begin acting. Here is the inevitable method of genius—the intelligent ability to make those big situations live by careful and subtle and genuine understatement. She knows, as Maude Adams always knew, that the less you have actually to do at big moments the better. They should be acted, unfolded, unforced; the exact time of the moment, the attitude of the eyes, the tension of the nerves, the words, the gestures, the minds and imaginations of your audience a chance to work with you un- dertract by so-called "acting." Her art is sublime, to give the world great acting. There is no intellectual vacuum behind Miss Talmadge's work. She first visions and understands the part, and then she plays it. And her technical skill has reached that high pitch where it is absolutely undiscernible to the naked eye. With every bit of skill in execution that it is possible for any actress to have, she still gives an impression of utter spontaneity, and that, I assure you, is the acme of art. Probably ninety percent of her audiences do not realize that this is the result of a studied or technique behind her performances.

Miss Talmadge need yield to no one for beauty and charm. But they are her servants, and not her stock in trade. She uses them when they are to be used, but she will sacrifice them just as recklessly. I do not mean by make-up, as she did in "Secrets" and "The Madonna of the Seven Moons." And I think she is the only screen actress who has realized that grace on the screen is almost as great an adjunct to fine acting as beauty. She is the only one that I have ever seen that so gloriously turned a garden into the garden, was one of those things that looked simple, and easy. And yet I doubt if any other screen actress could have reached out with it as she did, could have touched it so touchingly and beautifully. Yet contrast it...
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Margaret was first—with a mouthful of pie in her mouth she whistled. And she literally swallowed the audience with half-masticated pie which, in her haste, she had neglected to swallow. But she won.

And that night she ate her supper standing! Margaret was the Madam at the Palace.

She went to the West Side High School and learned all about scrolls and pothooks. Also typing.

Then entered Romance in the shape of a Montana cattle rancher. But not the large mansions for romance. Margaret was to marry him. She went to Los Angeles to purchase her trousseau.

A visit to Los Angeles was not complete without seeing the Selig Zoo, so with another little girl she trekked there. There was the lion, the kangaroo, the rhinoceros and the giraffe. All as big as life. She decided the giraffe was hungry and fed him with tempting morsels of grass.

Along came a distinguished-looking gentleman with grey hair and whiskers. Sounds like the Menace, but it’s not.

"Don’t you know, little girl, that it is very foolish to feed an expensive animal like that? You might poison him," said the nice man, who was not the Menace.

Margaret went over to the park bench and sat down. She was hastily followed by her friend.

"Be careful of strange men, Margaret! He might be a white slaver and steal you!"

But Margaret didn’t give much credence to her friend’s warning. She was not to be kid-napped, though. When the nice grey-haired man came over to her and asked if she had ever been in pictures, she said:

"No, I never have and I don’t want to!" It sounded sincere.

"If you ever want to try, come to the Selig Studios and ask for me," the benevolent whiskered gentleman said.

"Would you give my friend here a job, too?" queried Giraffe.

"Certainly!"

"We’ll be over this afternoon!"

And that was Margaret, the pie-eating Rancher’s first visit to pictures.

Mother—back in Salt Lake City—heard of daughter’s escape and sent an immediate command to return home and fiancé. Margaret did. But instead of marrying the Montana cattleman and becoming a rancher’s wife, it was written that she was to return to Hollywood and the films. Her fiancé died.

Margaret came to Hollywood, where she gained considerable experience as an extra, and sometimes—when good fortune smiled—she played bits and tiny parts. But all was not easy and the immediate fame was not a rose-strewn. The flu epidemic made its tragic appearance, and its hoary breath halted activity here, there, and in Hollywood. When that halted, Margaret found it impossible to procure bits and parts and was forced to the extra line.

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**Better than a Mustard Plaster**
“Tell you what to do, Red. When Will steps off the train in this picture you dash up, throw your arms around his neck and kiss him. And you'll have to work fast or you can't do it at all!”

“Leave it to me!” said Margaret, with a naughty wink.

The cameras were set, Margaret waited in the offing, Will stepped from the train, and with his inimitable bashful grin looked at the cameras. A little red-headed whirlwind pounced on him and kissed him quite in the center of the mouth. Will looked aghast.

She kissed him again—and again.

Instead of fainting, Will fainted. He sprawled with thin air. And the camera ground. But they recorded the fatal oscillation.

“Gee!” said Margaret—her conversation is engagingly interpolated with “gees, goshes and gollys.” Will was considerably splattered. He got as red as flannel undies—and afterwards he confided to someone that ‘Red’ was just the only gal he ever kissed besides his wife. But Will is a fanatic!

That was a long time ago—of three years. And that’s an axiom in Hollywood. Now Margaret is a film vamp. Her naughty eyes lead men from the straight and narrow. And with a blonde wig she is just as effective as a “light woman.”

But when she is herself she is just as much a charm when she vanishes pie-eating contest. But she probably wouldn’t enter a pie-eating orgy now—for only one reason!

Pies contain 1,500 calories too much!

A Promising Young Actress

[continued from page 81]

“There was a marvelous moon!” Anthony sighed.

“And we danced. . . .”

“Every dance together!” He was aware of something like a pain beneath his shirt-front. Never had any woman seemed so utterly desirable! “And you told me the story of your life. . . .”

“Did I? Good heavens, what a bore that must have been!” “I didn’t think so—then.” She smiled—a sad little smile. Then brightened. “But don’t tell it to me again tonight.”

“That evening will always be—” His eyes were pathetic. “Oh, Sylvia, won’t you—

Across the room a tall grandfather clock cleared its throat and struck. Motionless they listened. And at the stroke of twelve Sylvia sprang to her feet.

“1’s midnight! I must go.”

“You’re not going.”

“Not going? Don’t be absurd!” Her delicate eyebrows arched. “Please have Hodge bring my cloak.”

“You sha’n’t go!” cried Anthony, blocking the way. “I won’t let you.”

“And why not?” Annoyance in her dark eyes.

“Because I—well, because!” stammered the unhappy young man.

“Your reason is excellent. Nevertheless—” a toss of her golden head—“I’m going!”

“Then,” begged the scion of the Merivales eagerly, “let it compromise.”

“There’s another man waiting to compromise me now!”

“You sha’n’t go to him!” His voice choked.

“What right have you to stop me?”

“What right?!” Anthony’s hands clenched desperately. “Because I—because I love you!”

Sylvia’s shoulders dropped. She closed her eyes, her eyes that the dull gentleman invariably compared to flowers. “Say that again.”

“I love you!” He said it again—breath-

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*Mary Astor*

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What is It?

[Continued from page 31]

Next on our list was Norma Shearer. It connected her to the starry film firmament almost overnight.
Norma was gowny in the latest from Oshkosh—h星期 stoclings, school-teacherish walking shoes, ballet-shipon, and most impos-
ing sable hair. But in spite of her outlandish garb, the incomparable Ms. Shearer, a glimmering of that intangible quality radiated in her eyes.

“What is It?”
Norma wrinkled—and thought.
“Just a moment—I will have to ponder on that.
I think Madame Glyn's It is a magnetic force, partly physical and partly mental. People that possess this quality, to my way of thinking, need not necessarily be beautiful—or handsome—but are usually electric, having a great force of life or vitality. By this they make us conscious of their presence—they attract our attention when they enter a room—they dominate.

That's the Shearer It. ** *

Now comes Cecil B. De Mille, creator of extraordinary films resembling with It.
Another great screen personality, this. Quite different from the Glyn abode and more like an ancient hunting lodge. Across a broad expanse of deck sat De Mille, arms folded on the shining edge, eyes piercing the space.

“Who is It?

“Could the radio be explained in a few words?
“Could the gradual unfoldment of life on this great planet be recorded in a brief paragraph?

“Then how could It be interpreted on a single page?
“Is it what makes the world go around? It is life itself."

“Yes, Mr. De Mille!" said we.
“Thus the De Mille It. It assumes mighty proportions.

Pola Negri is reputed to have a vast quantity of the precious quality. Poland's great actress was discovered in her dressing room.

“Eel! Eet is a magnetic personality. The strong individual qualities of a man or woman that attract other people to them."

“Eel does not require beauty, wealth, or necessarily great talent. Eet esse sufficient in itself!"

You have the Negri definition.

It was a somber panelled room. A handsome man with a mustache that must have pleased George Fitzmaurice, who has more pulsating pictures and sevirial films to his credit than America has beauty contests, was talking.

Fitzmaurice is of Irish parentage, but French birth and rearing flavor his life.

“If? The French have a phrase that is applicable to that indefinable something—it is Je ne suis quoi!—I don't know what it is."

“As I have said, It is that indefinable something that makes one woman—or man—more attractive than another.

“You cannot say that this actress has It or that actress has It. Some may say that Lilian Gish has It, others that Nita Naldi has It. And more than likely the person who glimpses It in Lilian Gish cannot see the same quality in Nita Naldi. It is a matter of mentality and personal ideals.

“It is je ne suis quoi!"

Dashing across the United lot we caught a glimpse of Rudolph Valentino, resplendent in a furry Russian uniform.

“Oh, and highly mighty Eagle, what is It?"

A figure whose masculinity will be an enigma. The eyes, known for their slumberous allure, looked query:

“You ask me to define It?

I confess I am a little confused as to the meaning of the term. One day I read an advertisement quoting Elinor Glyn as saying that Rex, the equine actor, has It. I read a magazine article the other day about a beautiful actress saying that she has It. Now just what these two have in common, I don't know!

“It is beyond me!"

We were.

Paul Bern is next to be consulted. Bern, as you are aware, knows more about women than does Kipling's well-known character. We found him in his little office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

He ruminated upon our query. And then spoke—wryly:

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
“Aside from that elucidation forbidden by the postal regulations, the shorter and fuller It has come to mean sex-atraction—not the decadence of the abnormal, but that healthy, vital, happy power which, with charm of personality and physical attractiveness, is the great quality we like to draw to ourselves and to leave as our heritage.”

Thus spoke Mr. Bern.

Now that the long quest is ended, it is about time to make a brief survey of the answer.

It is none of these things—for It is all of them!

It is 17.

fitting, animal magnetism, personality, magnetic force, life itself, magnetic personality, mental ideal, sex-atraction.

That’s the room for you. They want ladies and we want to be cooks. Well, I suppose there isn’t any chance of more food then.

What time was that telegram sent from the kitchen? Seven-thirty. The last course must have some white sauce. I’m certainly not going to walk the two miles down that badly decorated hall to find out. Back to the canned sardines of my infancy, I suppose.”

“It’s so hard to keep help,” sighs the Lady of the House, glancing at the slain form of Walker stretched appropriately on the floor just where a little moonbeam steals through the window and makes a Belasco aura about the old gray eagle head. “So hard to keep help. If the world only knew the struggles we movie people have to go through I guess they wouldn’t envy us so much.”

“But after all we have one another,” exclaimed Mr. H. extemporaneously, at the same time jotting the line down in his little book for future use.

Baby picks up a bottle and glances mischievously at Papa, but finally tucks it under her arm and toddles off toward the door.

“You have to sell Papa’s question yet, cherub,” calls Mr. H. reproachfully. “What advice are you going to give this old man whose daughter wants to go into pictures?”

“Ahh, tell him to be sure she can hold her licker,” boos Baby in her cunning pates as she patters off to the nursery to say her prayers at her old nurse’s knee, who unfortunately is ossified.

At this point the Famous Movie Authority is awakened by Walker’s “Breakfast ready, sir?” So it was all a horrible dream after all! (Tag devised to get by Pennsylvania censors.)

There is no Moomer, there is no Kiddie, there is no beebee shot in the brassero. Only Walker, and he’s alive, alive, alive! I’ll all through this thing at once.

But there is the letter from the old Sire whose daughter would go into pictures. And the Famous Movie Authority, raising himself with a customary effort says: “My advice concerning your daughter is—shoo her, as painlessly but as definitely as possible.”

Curtain.
Watch Out, Papa Doug!


Just a few words of praise for Doug Fairbanks, Jr. I do hereby predict a success for him as brilliant as his father's—'If he keeps on

making pictures as good as "Wild Horse Mesa".

Why not let him star alone, as in "Stephen Steps Out?" We think he is capable of handling a starring role. Perhaps about a college

story for him—Hugh Carter, of "The Plastic Age?"

A bouquet for Buster Collier, too.

John D.

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Gloria, Don't Sling Hash!

Omaha, Neb. Just saw Gloria Swanson in "Stage Struck," and I am sorry to say I witnessed her finish as far as pictures are concerned. Why put an actress of ability in a silly comedy that hasn't one redeeming feature? The next time Gloria visits our city I shall turn her down, as I can never again see her except as a toewed headed hash singer. The whole audience was disgusted.

Mrs. R. C. Wink.

He Wants 'Em Cold

New Castle, Pa.

I saw in your December issue the comment or criticism on the lack of realism and common sense shown in our films. The scene in "The Shock Punch" where Richard Dix was poked on a gider catching hot rivets, not bolts, is ridiculous. The picture amused me, but did the criticism. In steel construction the steel members are put together with fitting up bolts cold, then later they are replaced with hot rivets by a riveting gang.

George Waller.

Corinne's Coming Along

Mobile, Alabama.

I have written you about four times in praise of the beautiful Corinne Griffith but the letters did not appear. There is one statement I wish to make: If all Corinne's knockers will see her in "Classified"—and still knock—then I give up.

This is the first real story that has been given her. In it she proves what she can do. I hope the producers will continue to give Corinne Griffith stories like "Classified." She is by far the most beautiful star on the screen, and she has made successes out of the trashy stories by her acting and irresistible charm.

Jack B. Lamont.

You'll Be Sorry


Say, what in the name of peace and common sense is the matter with Gloria Swanson? Each picture I see her in is worse instead of better. I know Gloria can act, better than any of them, but there's something wrong somewhere.

"The Coast of Folly" was hurried too much and I didn't like Gloria as an old woman. I haven't seen "Stage Struck" yet, and I don't think I will see it.

E. C.

Oh! Oh! Readers

Montreal, Canada.

I don't believe there was a letter in the December Photoplay that I could agree with. If these letters indicate the taste of the movie fans, I sympathize with the artists and producers who try to give us better films. This is finding fault with such graceful actors as Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. Valentino, and admiring Ben Lyon, Norma Shearer, Richard Dix and Ricardo Cortez. Naturally the producers won't make better films if the public is satisfied with this kind of acting.

Ann Serrington.
Nice Lady!

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

I am a motion picture fan and I criticize with friendship and good will. Milton Sills and Nazimova made a good thing out of a weak play, "Madam of the Streets." I like Sills because his pictures are strong and clean. I like Richard Dix and Thomas Meighan because they are good actors and have fine personalities.

I like every one of the motion picture people and wish them a whole lot of good luck.

EVELYN M. SHERR

Down with the Ancient Lover!

Oakland, Calif.

I am a rabid movie fan and I want to register my emphatic and strenuous objection to the ancient lover.

If the heads of the big movie companies knew as much about feminine psychology as they do about piling up dollars, they would surely relegate these hussies into the limbo of things forgotten. Or at least give them parts to play where their gray hairs and tired eyes would not outrage all ideas of romance, harmony and fitness.

Youth calls to youth, and the sight of an elderly arbor reciprocated by youth and beauty, is repulsive and almost indecent! It is far better, I think, that rather than taking a beautiful young girl can feel anything but repulsion—from a sex standpoint—for a man old enough to be her father, so the love she is bound to show for her ancient lover is, I repeat, not convincing.

There are two that are often heralded as the perfect lovers. In fairness I won’t mention any particular percentage of the product that does not mean. They are both artists. They make love artistically, but no young girl wants to be made love to, artistically or otherwise, when she is surrounded by a crowd of eyes surrounded with crow’s feet and the tedious smile breaks the face into a mass of wrinkles.

What the girl wants, what the audience wants—what the world wants—is to see a love scene with two young things. White fingers—fingering through locks of brown or blonde—not gray! Red lips pressed against firm lips—not those with perhaps a set of false teeth behind them. Young eyes, lit with the fire of youth, gazing into eyes that speak the same language, not world-weary old eyes. As these two "perfect lovers" of a decade ago are still in their prime as men and actors, I not as youths and lovers, they might still play romantic roles, but make them unloved ones. Cast them as tolerated husbands, but not as men loved by girls young enough to be their daughters.

T. M. SMITH

Nothing Wrong with the Movies

Mountain View, Cal.

There has been much talk about what is wrong with the movies, but so far I know he blame has never been definitely placed. Some say the actors are at fault, some say the directors, some the producers, while the producers lay the blame on the people. To me it is all grand mix up.

I don’t think there is anything in particular wrong with the movies.

By this I do not mean there are no poor pictures because there are and I have seen them. Though I try to avoid them. The picture business is like any other business. There is always an element that the producer has not reach the level, and here the percentage is naturally higher as there is a greater gamble.

What looks at the automobile industry. There is any number of things that make success do that mean the business is a failure? Certainly not. When a man sets out to purchase a machine he tries to pick a good one; so what is to prevent the best-groomed from as carefully selecting his picture entertainment?

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When muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

The bones are arranged to form two arches. One is a hidden arch few people know about, extending across the foot from the little to the big toes. The other extends along the foot from heel to toes, forming the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones forming these arches in place.

Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from over-strain—archessag.

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March

The Girls Who Failed!

GILDA GRAY
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Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
Vol. XXIX No. 4

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Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

Addresses and working programs of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 102

That Costello Girl

She came to the Rivoli theatre of Broadway and the Pastime of Main Street unannounced—and she is the most discussed new comer of years. Outside the fact that she is the daughter of Maurice Costello no one knew anything about her. Ivan St. Johns has written her story for next month’s Photoplay and it is a mighty interesting one. She got an opportunity to make good, and, my, she went to it like a young Duse or baby Bernhardt.

How Did Moses Cross the Red Sea?

How did Jack Gilbert fix his leg so that it appeared amputated on the screen in “The Big Parade”? Everyone who has seen the picture is asking that question. How are all those seemingly miraculous and thrilling effects achieved in the pictures you see every day? Out in Los Angeles are a number of expert chaps who are always called in when a difficult piece of work is to be accomplished. We will tell you how they do it next month.

And a dozen more EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

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Out March 15
Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes

Miss Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curling lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Photofy by Seely

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS—Columbia.—Helen Hammett and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

AMERICAN PLUCK—Chadwick.—She is a princess, and is only a poor American prize fighter if there is such a thing— but— (September.)

ANCESTOR HIGHWAY, THE — Paramount.—A passable story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES, THE—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. (January.)

BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE—First National.—The story not up to the Barthelmess standard. Contains good production values of New York's tenement district. (January.)

BELOW THE LINE—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrlling as ever. (December.)

BEST BAD MAN, THE—Fox.—Unsuccessful for Tom Mix. Clara Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

BEST PEOPLE, THE—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the boorish who insist upon marrying their churlish girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

BIG PARADE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (September.)

BLOODHOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. (September.)

BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES—First National.—Let the gas go out and the queer to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson a flannel-bib child. (Feb.)

BOBBED HAIR—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Hart and Marie Prevost are ably supported by Louise Francis. (November.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus get. Good entertainment. (February.)

BUSTIN' THROUGH—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the dancing of John and Donald O'Kane. (November.)

CAMELLE OF THE BAYBAY COAST—Associated Ex.—Owen Moore and Max Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (Sept.)

CIRCLE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak ten society drama. Neither interesting nor real. (Dec.)

CIRCUS CYCLOPS, THE—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Aced proving he can ride. (October.)

CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

CLASSIFIED—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE—First National.—A modern-day story of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed. (Nov.)

COAST OF FOLLY, THE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. (Nov.)

COBRA—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentine fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

COMING OF AMOS, THE—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond merchant from South Africa, and Jeeta Guedal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (January.)

COMPELLING—Warner Brothers.—A good caste Irish, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penniless artist in the cologne's capital, proves he can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (February.)

COWBOY MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

CYCLICCAL CAVALIER, THE—Rex Hossz, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A no-holds-drama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

DARK ANGEL, THE—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Pamatieri and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Coleman. (November.)

DAUGHTER OF THE SIoux, A—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wiliam in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

DESERT'S PRICE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good fights. (February.)

DESOLATE CAMEL, THE—Universal.—A mildlv amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

EAGLE, THE—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three thrilling roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tuto. Pretty good Val experiments. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)

EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marathons. Lew Cody, Creagle Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

FAINT PERFECTION—B. P. Schulberg.—Pain is right. A jumbled movieland version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)


FLOWER OF THE NIGHT—Paramount.—Joan Hertzinger's special story for Pela proves a dud. Negro fans will like parts of it. (December.)

FOOT IN THE DOOR—DeMille Dist.—Al Wil- lon, the stunt aviator, possesses a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

FRESHMAN, THE—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. (September.)

GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. (October.)

GOLDEN COCOON, THE—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story about politics, with Helen Chadwick coming through red hot new. (February.)

GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

GOLDEN STRAIN, THE—Fox.—A worthwhile playlet of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

GOLD HUNTERS, THE—Davis Dist.—A fairly passable story of a boy and a dog. Neither clever nor well acted. (December.)

GOOD EGG, THE—First National.—A charming story of a boy and a dog. Neither clever nor well acted. (December.)

GOOSE WARM, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character cast in the animal roles of nature. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]
9 MILLION Families Have Made Us The WORLD'S LARGEST STORE

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LETTERS FROM READERS

$25.00 Letter

New York City.

AFTER the year 1925 let every critic who has told us what is wrong with the movies pass out of the picture or forever hold his peace.

With “Ben-Hur,” “The Big Parade,” and “Stella Dallas,” I feel free to compliment actor, director and producer for the perfect entertainment they have given us.

Sitting back and waiting three years for the completion of “Ben-Hur,” of course I expected to be thrilled. I was not only thrilled, however, but was completely bowled over. Ramon Novarro was splendid!

FRANCES KERWIN.

$10.00 Letter

Baltimore, Md.

IT is strange the feeling we have for our favorites of the silent drama. If some one criticizes one of them, we are immediately up in arms about it as though they were our personal friends.

For all who criticize Gloria—gaze upon her photograph for awhile and you will see the reason of the reasons why people are so crazy about her. Miss Swanson’s fairy godmother has endowed her with a very charming personality—to make me sit through “Stagestruck” she must possess genius.

What I think of the person who wrote “Stagestruck” is nobody’s business.

CORINE.

$5.00 Letter

Chisman, Ill.

Moonlight and the pulldown glint of stars, Aerial shapes clad in fairy gossamer, Rapt thrilling of a distant violin, Ve sense by these the fabric of a soul.

That expresses, however incompletely, the impressions I have of Mary Philbin. Out of all the rank and file of movie personalities, she seems exquisite—a fragile human vase in which all the emotions stir uneasily, like to some fabled elixir.

The rest of my bouquets are for Lou Chaney. I am not going to glibber adjectives about him; but if the public can appreciate intelligence, sustained acting ability and sincerity, they are going to back Chaney to the limit.

AOE D. DAYLIE,
/c/o W. A. Shute,
215 W. Ohio St.

The readers of PHOTOLAPY 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 will publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 150 words and should bear the writer’s full name and address.

Less Suggestive Pictures

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Why is it we cannot have cleaner, less suggestive pictures? I have sat in motion picture shows and blushed myself at some of the scenes, and am a woman of forty not by any means a back number.

When I read that Lois Wilson, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Mary Pickford and Ilka Lee are to be shown in a picture, I am only too glad for my young folks to attend the show. But I am sorry to say I have seen more than one girl hang her head in shame until certain scenes in some pictures are finished. I cannot see how any one can enjoy such vamps as Mae Murray, Barbara La Marr, Pola Negri or Nita Naldi, when they can see good, clean acting by the people I mentioned above. I have young college folks in my home and they agree with me in this.

MRS. MYRTLE TURNER,
270 More Ave.

Champions Costume Pictures

Milwaukee, Wis.

Why is it that all the exhibitors and writers for newspapers and magazines are telling us we no longer wish to see costume pictures?

They are wrong, and are making a great mistake by influencing the picture producers. The public does like costume stories when they are well done.

Pictures with modern themes are too much alike—they differ only in the circumstances of the plot, bits of new scenery, players, directors and so on. Costume plays can be historically, dramatically and romantically fine no matter with which period or country they deal. Many of our best pictures have been costume plays, and they have been accorded more than average popularity.

To prove this, readers of this column need only refer to the “Most Popular Pictures” contest carried on by this magazine, to discover that out of the twenty-six with the highest number of votes, at least fifteen are costume pictures.

Why do not Mr. Ingram and D. W. Griffith give us more such pictures as “The Birth of a Nation,” “Scaramouche” and “America,” not to leave out “Little Old New York,” “The Iron Horse” and “When Knighthood Was in Flower?”

SALLY T. REEVES,
803 Shepard Ave.

Down With Cream Puff Sets

Grand Rapids, Mich.

When buying “going-away gifts” for friends, I always get a Mr. boudoir set with the charades and Photoplay. This combination never fails to bring a happy smile to the recipient’s face and a big hug for me.

The twin bed scenes, when first shown on the screen were a novelty, and we all bent forward breathlessly as the hero ploughed through heaps of chaff and face to gaze upon the sweet face of the lovely heroine, who laynestling in a ton of silk pillows, supposed to be sleeping—but that would be impossible with all the lace ruffles and flowers sticking in her ear.

But these bedroom scenes are now like too much whipped cream, leaving one feeling blah. Me for more comfortable surroundings than chiffon and lace. What we want are smart, up-to-date drawing room sets, outdoor scenes showing the latest fetty, and so on. Such settings can easily be used in most any story, and they are much more satisfying than the exotic boudoir atmosphere.

MARION NAGLER,
121 Madison Ave.

Another Colman Fan

Fl. Atkinson, Wisc.

I should like to express my sincere admiration for Ronald Colman. His superb dignity and reserve, coupled with his splendid artistry proclaim him one of the screen’s most fascinating characters.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151
A spirited drama of Alaska—as fresh as the northern country from which it springs

“ROCKING MOON”

With Lilyan Tashman and John Bowers

From the Novel by Barrett Willoughby

A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

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- The primitive battle of two strong men
- Young love that fights against tremendous obstacles.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

GO WEST—Metro-Goldwyn. —Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very interesting. "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January)

GUTHRIE — First National. —Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. (December)

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE—Paramount. —A French fable, but just missing being deliciously frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September)

HALF WAY GIRL, THE—First National. —Dorothy Kerney in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. (October)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitagraph. —The story is far from successful, but its exciting moments. Malcolm McKee and G. MacGregor are good. (September)

HAUNTED RANGE, THE—Davis Distributing. —With Lewis Stone, George Meigs, and a host of others. "Panning." (September)

HAVOC—Fox. —Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (September)

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors. —A fairly interesting newspaper story with Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September)

HELL'S HIGHROAD—Producers Distributors. —Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (September)

HER SISTER FROM PARIS—First National. —Constance Talmadge, George Meigs and Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not especially for me. (October)

HIDDEN LOOT—Universal. —A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine for the children. (January)

HIS BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors. —An Eames vehicle. Bert Lonergan is the incorruptible cop and Arthur is taught to make the slightest comedy. (September)

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER WARNER BROTHERS. —A good plot is suited to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore masquerades the title role. (October)

HOGAN'S ALLEY—Warner's. —We have to say that this is not a new one. A Bowery story ever made with Patsy Ruth Miller mimicking Anne Russell all the way through. (October)

HOME MAKER, THE—Universal. —A domestic drama with a commercially intelligent plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October)

HUMAN TORNADO, THE—F. B. O.—Wherein the wildfire has its say in a plot having the presence of a lot of nearly assorted crimes. (September)

IRISH LUCK—Paramount. —Tom Meighan in a good Irish yarn with some vigorous shots of the hard life. The story is admirably handled. (October)

ISLE OF HOPE, THE—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (October)

JOANNA—First National. —Well, Dorothy Mackall is always good, but she almost gets smoked under this impossible story. (October)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors. —In which Mouny Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox. —The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a humanitarian story. (October)

KING ON MAIN STREET, THE—Paramount. —Third picture in the series, in which Sam Brown plays on and succeeds in proving that he's a comedian. (November)

KISS FOR CINDERELLA, A—Paramount. —Barrie, the Irish wonder, stars in an arrant caper. A beautiful fantasy of the little lady's dream of marrying the son of the county coroner. (October)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Rossman. —Like "Nunex of the North," another fine picture made within the Arctic Circle. (September)

KNOCKOUT, THE—First National. —If you like Milton Silas, maybe you'll believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. (November)

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner Bros. —A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February)

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National. —A production with a rather weak plot, aptly acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. (September)

LATE EDITION, THE—F. B. O. —An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Well done. (November)

LAWFUL CHEATER, THE—Schubert—Chuck Bow, masquerading as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February)

LAW OR LOYALTY—Davis Dist. Co. —Again our friends with Harry T significate with a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January)

LET'S GO GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will pick this plot up. It's a good picture. (October)

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount. —One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Beery doing his stuff. (September)

LIGHTNVINX—Fox. —Much of the rare humor of the stage play is strongly missing from the screen version. Rather routine entertainment. (October)

LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn. —Interesting for its historical highlights on early New York. A stylish, well acted version. (September)

LITTLE ANNE ROONEY—United Artists. —In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal. —A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Norma Shearer. (September)

LITTLE PAIL—Warner Brothers—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama. (October)

LIVE WIRE, THE—First National. —Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "gags" and rough stuff. (October)

LORD JIM—Paramount. —A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good idea. (September)

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal. —The story of a little cat cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller plays the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry aided by the long arm of the law. (October)

LOST—A Woman—Paramount. —Adolph Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those devilish French farces that appeal to Americans. (October)

LOVE HOUR—Vitagraph. —The heroine goes to Congo Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November)

LOVERS IN QUARANTINE—Paramount. —The old fool's funny success. Their elders are likely to be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December)

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount. —Richard Dix through an ambition and entering automobile story. (September)

LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE—Fox. —Wherein Tom Tom fells asleep and dreams that he's Don Juan Just as another Milt Mackall success. Not an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October)

MAID WHIRL, THE—Universal. —You'll be surprised to find that this is a far-fetched story. Some good cocktail drinking. May lead the crusade against the vice. (September)

MADE FOR LOVE—P. D. C. —Arab. A wicked picture. Indiscreet, as its title implies. Flashy ex-cavating make this interesting. (February)

MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE—First National. —Milton Sils glorifies the New York cop and makes Bessie Beery a rich school teacher who marries him. (September)

MAN FROM RED GULCH, THE—P. D. C. —Arrests are not given the same importance as playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February)

MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors. —Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revived the old Fairbanks success. He is going to be able enough to say anything against the champ? (September)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14
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**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

**MANACURE GIRL, THE.—Paramount.**—See tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (September.)

**MANNEQUIN.—Paramount.**—Somewhat disappointing as a brain story directed by James Cruze. (February.)

**MAN OF IRON, A.—Chadwick.—Lionel Barrymore attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a failure in women. He does. (June.)

**MAN ON THE BOX, THE.—Warner Brothers.**—Spend a good evening with Sid Chaplin. (December.)

**MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE.—Thomas Mitchell goes Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's a privilege at least. (February.)

**MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE.—First National.**—Another and rather tedious expose of the evils of society. (May.)

**MARRY ME.—Paramount.—James Cagney does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

**MASKED BRIDE, THE.—DeMille.—A bright and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light opera with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy among the stars of the finest performances of the year. (October.)

**MIDNIGHT LIMITED, THE.—Rayart.—Gaston Glass and Priscilla Mackay make a good team in this trolley melodrama. (February.)

**MIDNIGHT SUN, THE.—Universal.**—The story of an American ballerina in Russia, grand duke and moneyed people behind the scenes. (February.)

**MIDSHIPMAN, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn.**—A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

**MY LADY'S LIPS.—B. P. Schulberg.**—A crook melodrama that is believable and often touching. (February.)

**MYSTIC, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn.**—Alben Pingle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

**NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET.—Metro.—A comedy directed by Griffith that is so effective that it launches an island of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses but wins back an exiled prince. (November.)

**NEVER WEAKEN.—Associated Exhibitors.**—A welcome revivial of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (May.)

**NEW ROOMS, THE.—Paramount.**—It won't sweep you off your feet, but it might do to put in an evening. (October.)

**NEW COMMANDMENT, THE.—First National.**—It's "Thou shalt not doubt." Wealthy boy, artist's model, misunderstanding, war, and the thrilling unity of it all. (October.)

**NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK, THE.—Paramount.**—A round of sight-seeing in New York's hotels and night clubs directed by Red LaRocque, Dorothy Gash and Ernest Torrence. (September.)

**NOT SO LONG AGO.—Paramount.**—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, the story is a rather clever one of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (October.)

**OLD CLOTHES.—Metro-Goldwyn.**—The laugh you will have to look at Jackie Coogan without, as in "Little Lord Jim." (November.)

**ONE YEAR TO LIVE.—First National.**—Alben Pingle hears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out right. (September.)

**ONLY THING, THE.—M-G-M.—Conrad Nace with sex appeal and she is a young woman in a brand new role. An Elmer Glyn story of a prince and a countsman and a charming couple of icons. (February.)

**OTHER WOMAN'S STORY, THE.—Selznick.**—A sincere story that has been a good mystery melodrama. (January.)

**OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER, THE.—Universal.**—A whole mess of people trying to save a man in a bludgeon role. An Elmer Glyn story of a prince and a countsman and a charming couple of icons. (February.)

**PACE THAT THRILLS, THE.—First National.**—Beautiful Mary Astor wasted in this silly story. (December.)

**PAINT AND POWDER.—Chadwick.**—The good little character comedy, not much and marries the producer. Just fair. (December.)

**PARISIAN LOVE.—B. P. Schulberg.**—Just another one of those things. In case anyone cares, it's the romance of a Parisian girl. Not for children. (October.)

**PASSIONATE YOUTH.—Paramount.**—Now, really, what did you expect from the title? (September.)

**PATHS TO PARADISE.—Paramount.**—Raymond Griffith again proves he's a real star. (September.)

**PEACOCK FEATHERS.—Universal.**—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well acted and scored. (September.)

**PEAK OF FATE, THE.—Frank B. Rogers.**—A fine swiss scenic—rich incidental love story. (Sept.)

**PERFECT CLOWN, THE.—A very bad comedy with a lot of laughs. Might have been funny in two reels. (February.)

**PLASTIC AGE, THE.**—The college set is carrying on. The girls are fluxing along. (September.)

**PRETTY LADIES.—Metro-Goldwyn.**—A good human interest story plus the Ziegfeld Follies and an all-star cast for the eyes. (September.)

**PRIVATE AFFAIRS.—Producers Distributing.**—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

**PROUD HEART (title changed from HIS PROUD HEART).—United Artists.**—A Jewish emigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, peri, and Lesko are worth the price. (September.)

**RANGER OF THE BIG PINES.—Vitaphone.**—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Elisha Jesse. (October.)

**RED HOT TIRES.—Warner Brothers.**—Just a movie advertisement. (October.)

**REGULAR FELLOW.—Paramount.**—Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince." A gay comedy directed by Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

**RIDIN' THE WIND.—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. He rescues his brother from bandits, turns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

**ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE.—Producers Dist.**—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. It's a pure melodrama, but entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

**ROSE OF THE WORLD.—Warner.**—Sincere performances by a great cast, but an unconvincing story. (November.)

**RUGGED WATERS.—Paramount.**—Outside of a few good storms and some rough sea stuff, it is just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

**SALLY, IRENE AND MARY.—3-G-M.**—An interesting comedy of the hula-dancing, splash and good old splash. Travis and O'Neill go for a splash. (October.)

**SATEAN IN SABLES.—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. (December.)

**SCANDALOUS STREET.**—An interesting picture in cause or movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

**SEA WOLF, THE.—Ralph Lewis Prod.—A well-made story, but it is rather a slow picture, without much excitement. (February.)

**SCARLET SAINT, THE.—First National.**—A very dull story and inadequately sexy. (February.)

**SCRAPPIN' KID, THE.—Universal.**—A conventional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

**SEVEN DAYS.—Producers Distributing.**—The famous hobo is given splendid production and well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDATTE.—Paramount.**—Ludicrous ditsy in the last third. If you miss the first third of this, you'll be lost. A corking comedy—melodrama with David Powell and a lady who looks like The Hunchback. (January.)

**SEVEN SINNERS.—Warner Bros.**—A hilarious crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook heading a good cast. (February.)

**SHORE LEAVE.—First National.**—A refined funny comedy, a charming love story and a dash of Ruthlessness at his best as a tough gob. (September.)

**SIMON THE JESTER.—Producers Dist.**—A booby-bug story about a clown with a broken heart played uninterestingly by Eugene O'Brien. (February.)
TRIPPLE ACTION.—Universal.—Rated: action and adventure thriller. Fugitive's parachute jumps by a jump seat. (Jan.)

TROUBLE WITH WIVES. THE.—Paramount.—Anonymous Action and adventure, with a dash of comedy. Based on the old novel by Percy Mount and Anna Nevins. (Feb.)

TRUE NORTH, THE.—Fox.—Sadistic story of a young girl's quest to cut out a woman who she believes is a witch. (Feb.)

TUMBLEWEEDS.—United Artists.—First-rate Westerns. All the best in the set, the sort of thing that make the screen seem like a storybook. (Feb.)

UNDER THE ROUGE.—M-G-M.—Action comedy, featuring the latest and greatest of the new comedians. (Feb.)

UNGUARDED HOUR, THE.—Doris Kenyon is imprisoned in a cell and is never able to escape. (Feb.)

WALL STREET WHIZ, THE.—F. O. R.—All action, all adventure, all the things that make a good Western story. (Feb.)

WAGS FOR WIVES.—Fox.—A new little comedy-drama based on the idea that Mrs. and Mrs. should split fifty-fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

WISHING.—American.—A drama of love and devotion, beautifully played by the leading lady of the picture. (Feb.)

WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A.—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who is forced to marry a rich American, but finds true love in the end. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S FAITH, A.—Universal.—A dull and rather tiresome story, featuring the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (Feb.)

WOMAN HATER, THE.—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in this story of a fiery woman's love. (Feb.)

WRANGLE.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances of Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (Feb.)
A FASHION display that will make a Parisian milliner's look like the Garden of Eden! John McCormick presents Miss Moore in her greatest comedy achievement, adapted from the musical comedy triumph by James Montgomery, author, and Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy, composers. Directed by Alfred E. Green; June Mathis, editorial director, with a sterling cast that includes LLOYD HUGHES, George K. Arthur and Charlie Murray. It's bigger than its stage parent!

AND another riotous comedy from the king comedian whose two pictures for 1925 were among the year's best audience bets—by actual record! "Rainbow Riley," directed by Charles Hines from Thompson Buchanan's "The Cub," rollicks in the mishaps of a cub reporter sent to cover a Kentucky mountain feud. Picture Johnny as the novice trying to please both gunning factions and invariably antagonizing both! C. C. Burr presents this contagious farce.

You can see these features

First National
A PRODUCTION from Robert T. Kane as superb as the cast that enacts it! The desolation of lost love—the thrills of Monte Carlo—tradesmen's bills—mother love fighting tenaciously against an ominous doom—and the startling resurrection of a sublime romance. Belle Bennett repeats her magnificent mother role of "Stella Dallas," with Lois Moran as the daughter, in this adaptation of Sir Phillip Gibbs' memorable story, so ably directed by Howard Higgin.

THE wandering girl—a modern social nomad—who knew neither home nor father, with a philandering matron as a makeshift mother. Such was the character Arthur Richman featured in his stage success and whom Director Balboni, through Blanche Sweet's marvelous interpretation, has transferred to the screen. The colorful Continental background and a plot of steaming action make this an always intriguing picture. June Mathis acted as editorial director.

at the theatres that show

Pictures

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Thousands of girls — girls dark and fair, long-haired and bobbed, graceful and gauche — shy girls, audacious girls, dreamy girls, provocative girls — in endless and fascinating variety they pour through our great mid-Western universities.

They are at an age when life seems a wonderful adventure — and success, admiration, the approval of others more desirable than it ever will seem again.

Latin verbs, yes; but what girl of twenty does not at heart believe supremely in the importance of a lovely, fresh, rose-leaf complexion?

Nearly 2,000 Woodbury users among the girls students of three great universities we canvassed! Woodbury’s three times as popular as any other soap among the girls replying to us from the universities of Chicago and Michigan! Five times as popular at the University of Wisconsin!

Here are some of the hundreds of comments they volunteered:

"Whenever I ‘religiously’ use Woodbury’s soap, with hot and cold water, I never fail to hear, in less than a month’s time, such comments as ‘What have you done to your face? It is so smooth and lovely.’"

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Among nearly 5,000 girls at the Universities of Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin, Woodbury’s is from three to five times as popular as any other soap.

Smooth by the daily use of it.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury’s is made. This formula demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury’s one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury’s the Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury’s its beneficial effect in overcoming these common skin troubles, make it ideal for regular use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury’s you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury’s today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Now! the New large-size Trial Set!}

Every advertisement in PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed,
MAY ALLISON declines to rely on beauty alone for her place on the screen. She has spent nearly a year in two of First National's great specials soon to be released and those who have seen her work declare she will be acclaimed one of pictures' greatest actresses.
STAGE players used to say the actor who built a strong road following was the one whose fame endured. Which course Evelyn Brent has followed in movies. Rather than be lost months in making specials, Evelyn has worked steadily in crook comedies for F. B. O. Result, a vast public
THE goodest girl who ever faced a movie camera, Lois Wilson stepped out in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" when Paramount loaned her to First National. But back on the old home lot, Lois has gone good again, playing opposite Richard Dix in "Let's Get Married"
AFTER her exquisite Madonna in "Ben-Hur" there can be no doubt of the artistry of this discovery of Sir James M. Barrie. Totally unknown before "Peter Pan," Betty Bronson, in little more than a year, has become one of the foremost film favorites.
"LET'S GET MARRIED" is the name of Richard Dix's next picture and they do say that expression may go further than the studio with him. For rumor whispers there's a little extra girl in Hollywood who's causing him to consider abandoning his consistent bachelorhood.
JUST another little girl whom Ziegfeld forgot. Jane Winton graduated herself from the pulcritude playground and went to Paramount. Trained there and by Universal, she now belongs to one of the Western stock companies. One glance at Jane makes anyone take stock in it
There is a look that lies and lies in both Vilma's and Ronald's eyes. Which is quite as it should be for such looks are movie careers founded. These two are imported delights, Miss Banky coming from Budapest and Mr. Colman from London.
You Are So Pretty—You

By Dorothy Spensley

HER profile is like Norma Talmadge's. Daintily patrician, with the faint touch of arrogance that distinguishes beauty of that type.

Ruby, the cigarette girl at the Montmartre, confided to me that when the Norma-like girl dances . . . gracefully beneath the festooned canopy . . . she is showered with questions as to her identity.

No, she is not an actress, nor does she aspire to be a great film manner. She writes for her daily bread! Day after day and week after week she scribbles clever stories on film life. Month after month she grows nearer her goal of scenario writing.

To the uninitiated this waste of beauty and distinction sounds appalling. But we of Hollywood applaud her wisdom.

Dorothy Manners, the beauty-sacrificing scribe, is but one of many girls who pilgrimaged to Hollywood with glowing dreams of ruling the motion picture world. It looked so simple—so easy—this thing of film success—from her home town, where genial-voiced friends said "a girl as pretty as you should be in pictures."

And then there are the stories that emanate from Hollywood. Stories of the girl who was picked from the mob by a celebrated director and given the lead in his picture. Instant success was hers. And the girl who was walking along the Boulevard of Blighted Bliss, designated as Hollywood Boulevard on the unromantic Los Angeles street guide. A big producer glimpsed her and immediately skyrocketed her to sublimest stardom. And the girl who met the star at a dance . . . and the star was looking for a leading lady.

But do you ever hear of the girls who come to Hollywood and do not succeed in becoming actresses?

No! Of course not! Failure has no place in the bright movie orbit. But how about the girls who went through the deprivations often necessary to success and instead of finding that glowing reward at the end of the road, found naught but ashes? We can't all achieve what the world calls success, you know . . . some must lose in the deal so that sharp contrast can be etched.

What becomes of the girls who do not arrive at stardom . . . or who do not even reach a mediocre success?

What do they do? Humorists would have it that they pick up the tray and serve the hungry throng; satirists would say they became beauty operators and scorched many a cinema bob for sheer jealousy; and your modernist would paint an untimely death by poison.

Kathleen Kay lost by a nose. She wouldn't have it bobbed. Instead she took to cutting cloth and now she's a leading designer.

"Get a job where you eat regularly," is Patricia Fould's terse slogan. Pat's a casting agent.
Perhaps there is the essence of realism in each supposition. But that does not dispose of a certain element of girlhood endowed with brains as well as beauty—who sees the enormous possibilities of the screen as an outlet for creative and imaginative ability. Every studio has at least three or four girls in its employ who have been disappointed in their fame-seeking journey but who have turned to other lines of film endeavor.

And never once have I heard a girl who has abandoned an acting career for a role not so glamorous speak enviously of the life of a star.

In casting aside film aspirations to reach a less glorified but often as important goal, she usually cultivates a philosophy—and tolerance—that serves her in good stead all her life. Who says the female is of the race of felines?

The thought immediately comes to mind, I rather imagine, that if a girl has beauty and brains, why is acting success so hard to attain. It seems that beauty and brains should overcome everything. It should, but often old Mother Nature plays us a mean little trick. In some wizardly way she neatly builds our nose a fraction of an inch too long, or skims on the color pigment in our eyes. She is over-generous in our stature or

Little Jerry Mulligan hoped to be a comedienne. Instead she's a secretary for a film company.

Marie Campbell had climbed to leading parts. Then came a slump. When it was over, Marie found she was Henry King's script girl—penurious in her gift of handsome teeth. Nevertheless, by certain and varied beauty standards we are considered pretty.

But the all-revealing eye of the camera is not so kind as our friends—our noses, our eyes, our heights and our teeth are shown quite frankly shorn of the kindly veils of vanity and sentiment. And sometimes it is a terrible blow to ego.

And then again Mother Nature, in beneficent mood, will add a pinch of uncommon common sense to a girl of beauty and brains with a result that I will now recount.

Dorothy Manners is a Fort Worth, Texas, girl. Now, to the film world. Texas as a state is classed with Ohio and its president—getting fame. If you come from Texas you are bound to become a star, it seems. Look at Bebe Daniels, Corinne Griffith and Florence Vidor. So Dorothy—with her patrician profile—came to Hollywood and for three years went the rounds of the motion picture extra.

It's no macadamized road—that. Nor is it carpeted with velvet. And the distance between the Universal Studio and Lasky's is great—and rough. But Dorothy trudged it back and forth for several years, meeting with a certain amount of fortune. She had a part with Shirley Mason at Fox. A lead with “Buck” Jones. It looked as if Dorothy had put it over when this was augmented by a leading rôle opposite Herbert Rawlinson.

Then Dorothy got to thinking. Possibly if Dorothy had not been endowed with uncommon common sense she might still be an actress of a sort. Dorothy decided that as an actress she was a dismal failure. She just didn't “register.” And the skill with which an actor “registers” is akin to the way a poet weaves his lilting lays, or a painter blends his colors, or a composer creates his melody. It is the art. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]
"Yes, Sir! That's My Baby"

Sings Maurice Costello. And well he might. For Dolores, his daughter, is featured in two noteworthy films on Broadway in one week, and the critics are acclaiming her one of the screen's greatest finds. She is featured with John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," and in Paramount's "Mannequin," and her work in each is startlingly finished. She looks like a young Elsie Ferguson.
A Modern Miracle Film

THROUGH great tribulation ye enter the kingdom...

And so it is with the picture through which He walks. "Ben-Hur" enters the kingdom of art through titanic struggle, one of the greatest of all pictures because of its great appeal to all mankind.

There was real drama and sacrifice in the making of it, and, what is more, fine faith and reverence, without which the picture would have failed, for this is the Tale of the Christ.

The story of this production is the story of men who staked their fortunes, of men who risked their careers, their very lives, to realize the perfect picturization of General Lew Wallace’s powerful story. Their reward on the opening night was a mighty roll of cheers that went up spontaneously from people who saw in it an inspired work of consecration, one that reaches beyond all race and creed into the hearts of men.

There were no doubles in "Ben-Hur."

Remember that when you see the perilous galley scenes and the terrifying chariot race. Novarro drove the chariot as Ben-Hur drove his, and Francis X. Bushman drove the four black steeds as Messala drove them. Fred Niblo, the day after the production was shown in New York, complained the fact that the presence of a double in a difficult scene was so generally accepted.

"It is absolutely true that Novarro and Bushman drove those teams," Niblo said. "I couldn’t engage a double who would even rehearse such a scene, and once they were in it, neither Novarro or Bushman would leave, great as was the risk involved. Yet, despite the fact that every close-up and long shot shows them both plainly, the very officials of this company put me on the back and grin when I say there wasn’t a double anywhere."

For the galley scenes, as terrible as Dante’s Inferno, the men went down with the boats in the oily waters of Leghorn Bay, where the scenes were filmed. In the raft scene Frank Currier, that fine old actor, nearly died. He and Novarro were exposed to the terrible chill of the water and the winds for more than four hours. Novarro kept Currier from pneumonia only by slipping him constantly and pouring into him generous amounts of the brandy that was sent to them from time to time by rowboat.

For the chariot race the Circus Maximus of the Caesars was reproduced both in California and in Italy. The one in Italy was never used, because of the obstacles that beset the production over there. Niblo said the labor conditions in Italy are almost impossible for an American to imagine. The Fascist and the anti-Fascist elements are al-

The perfect reproduction of a galley, showing the glory that once was Rome
Here’s how they did it. Auto-mounted, this camera close-upped Bushman through the entire course. Forty-one other cameras simultaneously shoot the scene.

Fred Niblo, director, and Marcus Loew, M-G-M president, who did the financing.

ways warring. He described it as being as though a crowd of Republicans and a crowd of Democrats were put to work on one job here, and suddenly, a dozen times a day, without warning, the Democrats were to start hurling hammers, rivets, boards, or any other weapon at the other faction.

Another thing they found it impossible to discover was a good Italian electrician. Niblo combed the cities, but all of them were too slow. He finally got his electricians from Vienna, the only Continental city, so he says, where workmen have pep.

When it came time for them to get horses, Niblo located four of the most beautiful white steeds he had ever seen. He tried to buy them but the trader stated he had another patron who desired them, and he must consider the price. Every bid that Niblo made for them was immediately covered by the unknown party. The American director was not disturbed, however. He felt sure no Italian could hold out against movie money. But the price kept rising. Then he inquired who this opulent Italian could be. The unknown was the agent of the Pope. The Pope got the horses.

Before the Italian Circus was finished the fall had come on and the days shortened so that only a few hours of sunlight remained. It was a matter of abandoning the whole thing and returning to California or of waiting six months for the spring to come round once more. Hence the Italian circus was never used.

The Circus you see on the screen required four months to build. Forty-eight horses appear in the race of the twelve chariots, with a hundred and fifty horses utilized in all. Every important personage in Hollywood was out the morning the final scenes were shot. Niblo and his assistants issued orders through a loud speaker from a tower, while the batteries of cameras were manipulated by the wig-wagging system of army and navy signal flags, and a specially installed telephone system conveyed verbal instructions to various parts of the vast arena.

Forty-two cameras were trained on the race—the greatest number ever employed on a scene. They were utilized in every conceivable position. Some were concealed behind the soldiers along the course, shooting through apertures in the men’s shields. Some were inside the huge statues that towered to a height of thirty-five feet.

Cameras were buried in the ground and cameras swung from cables overhead.

The cameras buried in the ground created the effect of horses and chariots driving out from the screen and over the heads of the audience.

The race as it took place among the cameras was as thrilling in actuality as you see it on the screen. Real accidents occurred. The accident you see on the screen, where a chariot is wrecked and five oncoming chariots with their twenty horses pile on top of it, was an act of circumstance, such as often happens in a real race. Fortunately the men escaped, but unfortunately several horses were injured.

Novarro had luckily driven wide and so escaped the wreck. But he invited genuine hazard for himself and Bushman, when he drove his four horses against those of the latter in order to wrench off the Roman’s chariot wheel, as Ben-Hur did in the story. There could be no faking about this. It had to be done at high speed, directly before the cameras. It is a testimonial to the skill of Novarro and Bushman as chariotees, gained through months of training in Italy, that they accomplished the feat without injury to themselves or to the horses, save for a slight grazing of one steed.

The niceties of mechanical skill that went into the filming of this scene can scarcely be described. The oncoming chariots were photographed from a motor truck travelling ahead of them. Two cameras caught the foreground shots while a third camera simultaneously took telescopic close-ups of the drivers, registering every passing expression of the faces. Again the trucks sped alongside the chariot at the same speed as the horses to get the side shots.

An accident was narrowly averted when the black horses of Bushman’s chariot crashed into the side of the car bearing the cameras. And again, tragedy loomed over the arena when the black horses sent to drag out the wrecked chariot suddenly ran wild, crashing for the camera platform, beneath which Broose Easton was stationed directing the scene. Easton saved himself by

[continued on page 134]
LYN TASHMAN is one of those decisive persons who get what they go after.
If she wanted the moon, it would be served her on a silver salver in a fortnight—or sooner.
She must be remotely related to Salome, the girl who desired the cranium of John the Baptist. And got it for the dancing. But whether Salome paid the piper for his accompaniment you must decide for yourself.

Lilyan paid the piper. Doubly paid him in good, hard work. She danced and danced—and sang. And then, figuratively, came the salvered head. Not of John the Baptist, of course—the similitude is not sacrilegiously intended. The head is allegorical and symbolizes fame and fortune.

To begin with, I regret to inform you that Lilyan was born in Brooklyn, New York. And Lilyan's own smartly hatted head drooped over her sliced tomato and cottage cheese salad as she confessed it. Brooklyn is a highly respectable town, understand, with its full quota of Babbitts and others, but Lilyan is the kind of girl of whom you expect the exotic.

She should have been born in India or Bangkok—reared by a wrinkled and toothless amah—placed in a French convent when very young—and escaped when a beautiful girl to make her stage debut in Budapest. A la Marie Corelli or Madame Glyn. But what matters a little thing like background? It is our present self that counts.

Born in Brooklyn, educated there, it was a tea that changed Lilyan's life. Teas often change the destinies of mortals and nations. Look what the fragrant leaf did for England—and five o'clock! And assuredly it placed Ceylon on the map.

Lilyan was studying to be a teacher. She was to be a pedagogue. Imagine! Then one day she and her school books attended a tea at which Florenz Ziegfeld was a guest. Flo Ziegfeld needs no introduction. What Vespucci was to the Americas, Ziegfeld is to the varieties.

"Who is the tawny-haired beauty?" he queried of the hostess.
And so Lilyan went into the Follies.
It was when Nita Naldi was one [continued on page 118]
The Final Fade-outs

THIS is a story of death coming suddenly in the prime of life to people who had climbed to fame.

These are the strange deaths of Hollywood, tragic, mysterious deaths, too many of them in too short a time.

Even Death is not simple in the movie colonies. With other people in other lines of endeavor, their work lives after them. When an actor dies, all that he was, all that he might have been, dies with him. Others may come and take his place, but never can any other being carry on his art, create beauty or laughter just as he would have created it. In film circles death is the absolute end, killing fortunes, ambitions and all fair things. In other societies it can be release, peace as the reward for the journey, a mantle of mysterious majesty for the lowest man. In the movie colonies it is never any of these things.

These are the strange deaths of the studios, more than twenty of them, girls and boys together, youth and beauty, pomp and poverty.

MARY THURMAN is dead. Pretty Mary Thurman, who had the loveliest figure that ever graced a Sennett bathing suit. She had been a university graduate, a school teacher, a belle of filmland, an ambitious red-headed young actress. She died alone except for Juanita Hansen and her mother. Juanita had stuck through everything, when Mary was being moved from one New York hospital to another, when Mary's mother couldn't be fetched, things like that. Mary had been sick a long while. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia, but she had been weakened by malaria acquired in the swamps of Florida while working on her last picture. They buried her from the Mormon church in her home town in Utah.

That was a few days before Christmas. For J. Gordon Edwards Christmas Day was the end. He was about to check out from the Plaza hotel, Manhattan, to start for Hollywood and make another stab at re-entering pictures. Edwards had been a big director. The "Queen of Sheba," "Nero" and "The Shepherd King" were his. Yet the last time he visited Hollywood hunting for work he couldn't get a chance. He was about to start out again on Christmas Day. He was 58 and jobless. A broken heart. They called it pneumonia.

A LITTLE before those two, on Armistice day, Mrs. Sidney Drew went to join her husband. She was only 35, and no matter what the doctors called it, her friends all knew it was a broken heart. To the burden of her sorrow over Sidney Drew she had to add failure also. After Sidney died in 1919, she tried to go on alone. She did a couple of comedies. They were years in advance of their audiences. She and Sidney had worked for Vitagraph, Metro and others. After her two comedies she couldn't get a look-in.

Just about that time Lovey Marsh, Mae's sister, slipped away. She was thirty-three and she, too, hadn't succeeded. Hers was a nervous breakdown complicated by pneumonia. She had tried and tried to get on, but she never did. Once she co-starred with Martha Mansfield, who was her greatest friend. That was the closest to the front rank she ever got.

Martha's death hurt her terribly.

You remember Martha's story. It was Thanksgiving day and she was working on "The Warrens of Virginia" somewhere down in Texas. She was a soft and fluffy darling. She had been a Folies girl, a star for Selznick and the world lay before her. She was engaged, though not many people knew it, to one of the biggest producers.

Martha was dressed that day in a billowing costume of crinoline. Some actor tossed away a match. Wilfred Lyttell, her leading man, saved her lovely face by throwing his coat over
Even Death is not simple in the movie colonies

By Ruth Waterbury

Mrs. Drew never recovered from Sidney’s loss. They were so happy

Mace, Lester Cuneo, Florence Deshon and perhaps one other.

Linder was the first film comedian. A dapper little Frenchman he started making comedies in his native country about the time the first train wreck was being photographed over here. Last November he and his wife died in a suicide pact in Paris. She was twenty-one, twenty years his junior. Her mother, calling on them, was told by the concierge they had left orders not to be disturbed. They had escaped life through injections of veronal and morphine.

A BULLET through the heart winged Lester Cuneo from life. It was a hit seconds after a violent quarrel with his wife who filed suit for divorce.

It was unrequited love with Fred Mace. He adored every glance and gesture of Lovey Marsh’s. Maybe it was because he was a fat man, and a funny one. Anyway, Lovey never seemed to love him. One night he came into the Astor Hotel, where he lived, and sat with friends in the lobby for hours talking about the girl. About noon the next day the house detective called them. “This guy Mace is dead,” said the house detective. “Poison.”

Florence Deshon was regarded as one of the most intelligent girls who ever entered pictures. She had signed a five year contract with Goldwyn a few days before she was found in a tiny bedroom at the back of Mrs. Dudley Field Malone’s apartment. The medical examiner pronounced death accidental. The only mystery, he said, was why, with the apartment especially wired for electricity, Miss Deshon should have used the single gas jet in the room and forgotten to turn it off.

And Bobby Harron, Griffith’s discovery, Bobby who telephoned the desk of his hotel saying, “I’m in a [continued on page 121]
Following Mac Marsh and Lillian and Dorothy Gish in Griffith’s screen college, Carol Dempster has suffered for years from the refined torture of comparison and prejudice. But with "That Royle Girl," Carol takes her place at the top of the class.
A Victim of Prejudice

Carol Dempster fought it gamely for three years, and has licked it to a standstill

By Dorothy Herzog

PREJUDICE, whether it be just or unjust, is the lurking "bogey" that creeps in the wake of screen players. Few escape prejudice in one shape or another.

How often have you heard: "I don't like Tom Mix. He's too cocksure of himself. And Ben Turpin? Ye gods, he makes me sick. Thinks he's funny, the poor thing."

Prejudice usually kills outright or Jeers its victims into oblivion. The worst kind of screen prejudice, from what we have discovered, is that which accuses one player of trying to emulate another. In pictures, the first shall be the last and that's all there is to it, Santa Claus or no Santa Claus.

We question if any screen personality has been more victimized by this refined method of torture than Carol Dempster, D.W. Griffith's leading lady.

When "Isn't Life Wonderful?" appeared, the prejudiced, who numbered in the thousands plus, dismissed Miss Dempster's dramatic performance with a shrug, a raise of the brow, and:

"Fair, my dear, fair, but remember Mae Marsh in 'The Birth of a Nation' and Lillian Gish in 'Way Down East'? She can't touch them with a hundred yard pole."

When "Sally of the Sawdust" rolled itself across the silver sheet, these same voices united to ignore Carol's drolleries and dramas with:

"You ain't seen nothing. She's small potatoes. Remember Dorothy Gish in 'Orphans of the Storm'? The Dempster girl may be um-m-m, but . . . ."

Never would this versatile young exponent of emotions get beyond that insinuating "but." These innuendoes cut her to the quick, yet she went quietly about her business, appearing in public rarely, devoting her energy and her thoughts to her work. The bitter propaganda spread about herself made her afraid of people. When she did meet strangers, she shrank into herself and managed only to murmur obvious commonplace.

"Nothing here," circulated another story, the narrator pointing significantly to his head. "Can't imagine how she gets away with it."

And then "That Royle Girl" unfolded before our eyes like a rare, colorful orchid in a storm-swept garden, and Miss Dempster's startling characterization of Daisy Royle, with one fell swoop and twelve reels, hurtled prejudice of three years' growth.

She proved without gainsaying she was no Mae Marsh, Lillian or Dorothy Gish prototype. She was Carol Dempster, individualistic, vivid, gifted. She demonstrated by her convincing delineation of her many-sided rôle that she had gray matter aplenty in her cerebellum and that it takes more than one idea to give her a headache. To fleck an Abraham Lincoln subtitle from the picture that won her friends where before there had been antagonists: "Right is might."

No one was more astounded by Griffith gave Carol her first chance as Gypsy Fair in "Dream Street"

In "That Royle Girl" she proved herself a great artist
Why Do They Change

By Frances Marion

Frances Marion is the most famous and successful of all scenarists, men or women, and her annual income from her work stands at a most enviable figure. It exceeds $250,000. Producers pay her $50,000 for a single script. She prepared for the screen two of the five winners of the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor pictures, "Humoresque" (1920) and "Abraham Lincoln" (1924).

pictures, and they have begun to understand why these revisions are necessary.

For an example, let me explain why I changed "The Dark Angel." It was a very successful play, a very successful picture; yet the plots of the play and picture are divorced. When it reaches several thousand, a picture is shown to millions. So it is that a successful picture must appeal to every type of mind, and to every age.

In "The Dark Angel," a difficult problem lay before us. The play of "The Dark Angel" told the story of an English girl who was so infatuated with an officer that she gave herself to him on the eve of his departure for Flanders. He was reported killed.

Five years passed. She loved another. It was no infatuation, but a deep-rooted and tender love. To her he was the past between her. Her secret was locked in her heart: she wanted to marry the man she loved, but she had given herself to another.

Then she found that the officer wasn't killed, but blinded, and that he had hidden himself away from the world under an assumed name.

She went to him. He successfully pretended that he could see because he feared she would, out of pity, sacrifice her life to him. She told him that she loved another, that she would be happy with the man of her choice if he would release her from the bond of their old promise. He feigned indifference to her and wished her good fortune. When she did discover that he was blind, she told him she would give her life and remain with him, to watch over him and comfort him as long as he lived.

He protested gloriously against this.

He convinced her that he no longer cared, and sent her away with the man that she loved, while he faced a life of loneliness and unhomelike longing.

Now for the reason of the changes: In the first place we must convince our audiences how much a girl really loves a man in order to push aside the barriers of conventional marriage. It takes at least two reels to run through these scenes. And, as
"All the world loves a lover," we do not slight their romance. We see them together, in springtime happiness. Then war-clouds gather. Follows their long emotional parting. Few have not sent forth men they loved on dangerous missions. It is no hurried gesture, this tearing of hearts, this slow agonized release from arms of love.

Now that we have revealed this great emotion between two people, we cannot shock our audiences by saying in a cold title, "Five years later," and introduce another man with whom our heroine is in love.

Have you gone to a theater to see your favorite novel or play screen ed, found nothing of it remaining, not even the title, remembered the price the producer paid for the original story and come away murmuring, "Why do they do it?"

If you have had this experience, this article of Miss Marion's is for you. Frankly she tells how stories must be changed to satisfy the producer, star and you, the great movie public. She asks, also, your pity on the scenario writers, who have a hard life, even if they do earn enough to cause the President apoplexy.

Especially not with such a hero as Ronald Colman playing the role of the officer! We are much more interested in following him—through battle; we see him wounded, we see his heart-struggle not to return to the girl he loves and be a burden to her. Truly a great and worthy love.

The other man comes into her life. He is kind, he loves her. He pleads with her not to deny herself a woman's birthright: a husband to protect her, children to fill her empty life with work and happiness.

She cannot live forever with the ghost of a remote sorrow. Reluctantly she consents to marry him. But all the time Fate is weaving the threads of the lovers into one pattern. They find each other again; she is sent to him by the man who would make her his wife.

As it was in the play, he hides his blindness. It is a poignant, dramatic scene where he sends her away, then releases himself to his grief. She returns, guided instinctively back to him, because love is the vital force of life and it cannot be denied.

When we leave them in each other's arms we feel that the veil of his sorrow is lifted and that through her he will see with his blind eyes all the divine beauties of life.

This ending permits us to carry away a remembrance of his happiness, and so we no longer pity but rejoice with him.

Of course there is a percentage who would have preferred the unhappy ending of the play. But most of us know sorrow, and disillusion, and weariness from work. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]

A few years ago she married Fred Thomson, champion athlete, who left the ministry for the screen and is now a very popular Westerner.
Hoot Gibson, being just plain regular, is happiest when he wears this outfit.

Bucked Into Stardom

A wonderfully interesting story of how Hoot Gibson, a champion buster and the most superstitious of stars, painted his face and won a mansion in Beverly Hills.

By Ivan St. Johns

THIS here Hoot Gibson is a genial sort of a cuss. They used to call him the "Smilin' Cowboy" in the days when his appearances on the screen in stunts and chases were so brief you'd miss 'em altogether if you winked your eyes. I can understand why. The thing that stands out most about him is an easy, pleasant, deprecatory grin that matches up with his easy, graceful, unobtrusive movements.

That and his superstitions. I have met up with Africans, Hindoos, and Irishmen in my time that I thought were superstitious, but they were tame specimens compared to this Hoot person.

First thing he said to me, pushing back his eighty-dollar Stetson and scratching his head pensively, was, "This here picture I'm making—'Chip of the Flying U.' Well, you can't tell nothing about it. I worked in it once before, 'bout ten years ago. Got a bad fall and was six months in the hospital. Now we're making it again and I've had six directors on it already, but something happened to every one but the sixth before I could get started shootin'. No. I'm not superstitious—much—but I'll yell if a black cat dare cross my path. But maybe we'll get out all right yet. Young jackrabbit run between my horse's legs yesterday and that's supposed to be good luck."

My meeting up again with Hoot Gibson came about like this.

The motion picture game is full of surprises. I have become somewhat hardened to them by now. But when I discovered the other day how important Hoot Gibson had become in the movies, I was actually astonished. Probably because he deserves it, and in Hollywood it is not always the people who deserve it that get success. Not always.

When I knew Hoot back in the old Triangle days, before the late war, he was just a cowboy; working most anywhere he could. When we had an afternoon off, Hoot and Monte Blue

Appearances are appearances, however, so Hoot has a car. He's as skillful with machinery as with a pinto pony.
(who was a “hand” then himself) and Abe Farra and Cliff Smith and I used to go out to the old Triangle ranch at Inreville, and spend an afternoon with the horses. I saw more great trick riding and roping in that corral than I’ve ever seen in any staged rodeo.

But as a result of those old days I had Hoot pigeon-holed in my mind as a good contest hand and a good-natured kid, but I certainly had not reckoned on his becoming ace high Universal star and topman at the Universal box office.

That, however, is what he is. Today, my old friend Hoot Gibson is now one of the two or three reigning Western stars. And interviewing him is like pulling teeth out of a tiger.

That’s superstition again. He doesn’t like to talk about his luck. It might decide to leave him.

WHEN you ask him to tell you about something, he says, “Why, that wasn’t nothing. There wasn’t nothing to that at all.”

However, he didn’t deny that he was born in a little town in Washington and grew up on horseback—like Tom Mix, a real cowboy.

“What year was it you won the all-round championship at Pendleton, Oregon?” I asked him.

“Oh—I don’t know. Quite a while back.”

“You did win it, didn’t you?”

“Veh, I guess so. They have them contests up there every year. You can see some pretty nice contest stunts if you go up there.”

Somebody told me that you had 58 points, and the man who was second only had thirty-three.”

“My gosh, ain’t some folks got queer memories. Seems like that’s mighty useless thing for a man to carry around remembering all these years.”

“Not so long. It was in 1912 you were champion.”

“Well, if you knew that all the time,” said Hoot, peculiarly, “what were you asking me such fool questions for?”

“And then you went to Australia.”

“Did I?”

“Sure. Some guy promoted you into a lot of hippodrome contests with all the crack busters and riders in Australia.”

“Well, so he did,” said Hoot, grinning pleasantly. “Say, that reminds me of one funny thing happened over there in Australia. I’d always wanted to take a look at that country, seeing I’d read in my geography about kangaroos and bushwalkers and all that.”

“I didn’t see any of them, but I got acquainted with an Australian saddle. I went into some contests over there, and I had some luck—old woman give me a four-leaf clover on the boot—and them Australians thought there was something funny about it. I was riding a regular American stock saddle, and pretty soon they about decided among themselves that was the reason I’d been winning.”

“So they said right out that nobody could really very well fall off of a horse with a saddle like that, and no wonder I could stay on better, and why didn’t I be a sport and ride like they done, with an Australian saddle. Well, I didn’t see no call to deny them a little thing like that, so I said for them to bring it on and I’d ride that, and they could have my big stock saddle which they insulted by calling a upholstered chair.”

“Well, when I seen their... [continued on page 120]
A Comedy of Errors

SEVERAL hundred years ago Bill Shakespeare wrote a play about the embarrassing circumstances that followed a mistake in identity among lovers. The play is "A Comedy of Errors," and always has been good for a flock of laughs.

Hollywood insiders have just got through chuckling over their own modern version of Shakespeare's famous farce, yet to pert and pretty Clara Bow, her fervent admirer, Gilbert Roland, and Donald Keith, a handsome young screen actor, and his loved one, the matter was far from funny.

"The tale begins, of course, in Hollywood, where Miss Bow reigns as the prima donna of all the flappers. Well, Clara, it happens, was summoned to New York to take an active part in the making of "Dancing Mothers." And several days later, a wire was received by young Mr. Keith instructing him to hurry to New York to play in the same film. Both said farewell to their relatives and friends (this is important in the light of what is to follow) and left the movie colony content with its gossip and its art.

JUST about the time they reached New York, both bought newspapers and, miracule dicta, there, on the very first page, were their names!

The newspaper yarn had them engaged to be married! And still more disconcerting to them was the fact that it came from Hollywood.

"Gee, what will Gilbert say?" ejaculated Miss Bow, and she slapped herself on the brow and staggered.

"Yes, and what will—(the name of the sweet young girl, not in pictures, that he hoped to wed) say?" demanded young Mr. Keith. And his brows were at the moment just as corrugated as those of Mr. Conway Tearle ever were at any time during his troubled motion picture existence.

Miss Bow and young Mr. Keith were not long in doubt as to what their fiancés thought about the report.

"What is the meaning of this?" was the tenor of the telegrams that came to them from out of the West.

Both Mr. Roland, who, it must be explained, is one of these Spanish toreadors whose real name is Luis Alonzo, and Mr. Keith's sweetheart, read the startling report in the Los Angeles newspapers and believed the worst.

Didn't they have reason to believe that their lovers had been faithless? Wasn't Clara Bow the best little vamp in Hollywood and hadn't she and young Mr. Keith been the principals in some highly convincing love scenes in three or four pictures? And even now, as a matter of fact (thought Miss Bow's Latin lover and Mr. Keith's non-professional friend) weren't Donald and Clara probably close in each other's arms, before the camera and in all the bright lights of the studio, but still—

It was just too terrible for words. It really was.

Like sensible people, Miss Bow and Mr. Keith immediately wired back to Hollywood that their reported engagement was a falsehood, but you can imagine what the anxious folks out in Filmland thought when they again read the same story in the newspapers—only this time it came from New York City, where Clara and Donald were.

"Gee," exclaimed Clara, "if I read this account in a paper once more, I'll believe it myself."

And she sighed, reflecting, no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]
"Why don't you change your style and encourage him a little? If you did, he might begin wondering what it's all about."

Wedding Knells

He thought himself love-proof—and then he found a girl who listened

By Karl Green

THE capable secretary puckered her pretty brow a little as her pencil raced along. She had good reason to be slightly puzzled about it for this dictation she was taking seemed unusual and dampish, if not all wet:

Mr. Blitzen Jenkins,
Medium Neck, Long Island

My good Jenkins;

This is to apprise you of Frantic Films' final offer of $11,000 for the screen rights to your novel, "Goat Alley." Title to be changed from "Goat Alley" to "The Curse of Marriage." Action to be shifted from Waukomis, Oklahoma, to New York City, where more morons marry. Comedy relief by negro character, Mose, who whitewashes fences because he is married.

Opening Title—"Marriage, weighing down like a moldy blanket on the milling millions, has caused more misery in this old world of ours than war, pestilence and efficiency combined."

Flash—Galley slaves of ancient Rome, chained to their oars.

Title—"The Romans, mightiest of men, still had Marriage."

Out of this mythical and allegorical beginning the plot unfolds—

"My dear man," said the pretty secretary at that moment, with a gentle and reproachful drawl.

Mr. Tomlinson Bowman, the bright young subdirector of the scenario department of Frantic Films, had been dictating with his elbows on his desk and his head in his hands. Now he looked up, with an expression of sorrowful reproof.

"Sweet, sweet Lonnie," he said plaintively. "Now let's go on with the letter."

"No," said Lonnie tranquilly, and put down her pencil and pad. "She sat back in her chair, shifted her position a little so she could look out of the windows, and began studying the skyline of uptown Manhattan with airy serenity. Mr. Bowman regarded her with a baffled expression which deepened slowly into sour understanding.

"You would imply that I have been dictating tommyrot," he said bitterly. Lonnie favored him with a blue reflective stare. "Very well then, I have been dictating tommyrot," said Mr. Bowman wearily.

After another pause, he seemed to feel that explanations were in order. "Of late," he submitted with scowling nonchalance, "I have been grieved, deeply grieved and harassed and positively bothered, over the approaching fate of a fool friend. Hence, these few absent-minded reflections on the subject of wedlock. He thinks he wants to get married," said Mr. Bowman with a shudder.

"How sweet," said the dainty secretary over her shoulder.

"Is it anybody I know?"

"The male party to the infamy is Dickie Lee," said Mr. Bowman in a tired voice.

In the placid gaze of Lonnie appeared a flicker of interest.

"Oh, Mr. Lee—he assembles the Frantic Films Fortnightly, doesn't he?" she asked.
Tom Bowman, the cynic, saved his friend from

"There is a tradition to that effect," said Mr. Bowman with reserve. "But who is the pretty lady?" asked Lonnie.

"Needless mystery veils the amour," replied Mr. Bowman surlily. He refrained from adding that he himself shared an apartment with Mr. Lee not far from their place of labor, and still could not solve the problem. "The dim-wit hides her out from his best friends," he said.

"So none of you can get hold of her and poison her mind," said Lonnie demurely. "It is a shame."

"Yes, the worm has cunning," admitted Mr. Bowman. "I know her first name, though," he went on darkly. "It escaped at an early stage of the affair—Yo-landa," enunciated Mr. Bowman with a cynical and acrid sneer.

"YOLANDA," murmured the pleasant secretary, "such a lovely name. So romantic, don't you think?"

"Sweet Breakfast-food," muttered Mr. Bowman, hoarsely and wearily. After a moment he looked up with a light of resolve in his eyes. "My dear young lady," he said pitifully, "you are the pearl among secretaries; let me consult you professionally. Let us take up the case of my friend Mr. Lee. The wedding bells are baying at the very heels of the little wild thing, and gaining with every leap. But the threatened rabbit scorns the good offices of his friends. What can be done, what can be done to thwart the kill?"

"You mean, you don't think he ought to get married?" asked Lonnie dreamily.

"Ulp," answered Mr. Bowman, seemingly at a loss for words.

"Well," said Lonnie placidly, "I think you're just driving him into it if you keep on watching him and suppressing him. Don't you?"

"There is merit in that speculation," said Mr. Bowman with awakening interest. "Harassed and driven into a corner, the rabbit may ruin himself in his desperation."

"Something like that. Why don't you change your style and encourage him a little?" suggested the blue-eyed Fate. "He might begin wondering what it's all about."

The efficient young executive was able to recognize a scientist when he saw one. He devoted a full moment to regarding his secretary with respect.

"To arouse the doubts of the bunny," he said thoughtfully. "To stir him into scampering for freedom, through pretending to urge him into slavery. But there is one difficulty. Such a sudden change on my part will awake suspicion in what the rabbit is pleased to call his own.

"But I didn't mean for you to go right up and give him a wedding present," drawled Lonnie. "Just offer to go apartment-hunting with him, or take him out for a picnic in Yonkers."

Mr. Bowman got to his feet and bowed, almost humbly. "I'll take him house-hunting in Chelsea. This discussion of my friend's peril has harrowed my feelings deeply, deeply," he murmured as he rose. "I fear that further dulldom today is out of the question. Please file the unfinished business, including the Blitz Jenkins correspondence, in the small batik wastebasket. We will take it up at some less distressful time," he directed, and fluttered out of the office.

The blue-eyed secretary turned to her filing cases, with a dainty and meditative smile. Outside, the sinking sun shone down on pitiless Broadway, the street of tarnish and tinsel, where women are silken wolves, and where the virginal soul of the village boy grows coarse, grows hard.

II

UP Broadway strode a tall and striking figure, advancing with the swinging though purposeful lope of the true leader of men. Arriving at West 74th Street, our hero, for it was none other, turned, and shortly afterward inserted himself into the chaste yet elegant apartment occupied in common by himself and Mr. Richard Lee. Mr. Bowman was returning to begin easing the dagger of matrimonial doubt into the heart of his unwary friend, by urging him to Brodie into the abyss.

First, however, he took a look at the lure he had left out in plain sight that morning in the hope it might exert its uplift on the renegade. But the eyes of the reformer darkened with disappointment, for the flask of authentic gin still stood untouched on the reading table. The line of the liquid across the bottle neck was unlowered even by the fraction of an inch. There was no present hope of Mr. Lee's escaping from the water wagon.

With a stifled sigh, the thwarted Mr. Bowman turned to the fated Mr. Lee. That young man lay sprawling on the floor of the living room, in the midst of a library; all around him were
married obscure and hideous tomes, and a large one lay open beneath his eye. He looked up, wearing his natural expression of amiability, tempered of late with a certain chill suspicion. "H'lo," said Mr. Lee doubtfully.

"Howa world, old fellow?" said Mr. Bowman in classic Manhattanese. He had bethought him of his subtle strategy, and there was labored geniality in his tone. "What's the new fancy?" he asked, indicating the books on the floor. "Oh, just reading up a little," answered Mr. Lee with the airy candor of a child stealing sugar.

Mr. Bowman stooped over to inspect more closely the little prattler's game. The large book which lay open was printed in poetry, and captioned "Paradise Lost." Not a bad head, at that, thought Mr. Bowman. Near "Paradise Lost" lay the "Duchess' Daughter," by Bertha M. Clay, and from under an armchair Plutarch's "Life of Coriolanus" peeped out. Mr. Bowman had a sinking feeling.

He began cross-examining and learned his fears were justified. The avarice of the prospective benefidet had begun to fester in the soul of Mr. Lee. He must save up for a cottage in the suburbs. So he had conceived the bright idea of reading books in odd hours to search out scenario hunches.

Mr. Richard Lee now plucked up courage to unboosom himself of another of his schemes of greed. He spoke in a shame-faced way, as befits the miser fondling his ducats. "It isn't half worth it, you know."

"Pardon?" asked Mr. Bowman mechanically, turning from the window. Not yet did he realize the lengths a mad love will leap to, at one convulsive jerk. "I mean, this place on West 74th is a bit ultra, for us," persisted the sordid Mr. Lee. "It's so far downtown, it looks ostentatious. More space than we need, too, three whole rooms and a bath. "The avaricious peasant paused a moment, moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and plodded on. "I looked around a little this morning. Found just the place we want, it seems to me. Lovely furnished room, rents for less than half this place, in a nice quiet [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]
Hold everything! Girls, may we present Mr. Raymond Keane of Universal City? Raymond was discovered by the director, Buchowetski, and plays his first big part in “The Midnight Sun.” He’s got the looks all right, and Universal thinks he’s star material.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray are bravely facing the music since Ray’s creditors forced him into bankruptcy. They were conspicuous among the stellar audience that attended in numbers the Los Angeles opening of “The Merry Widow.”

WELL, it looks as if Gloria meant it when she declared a year ago that it was her intention to have a large family. The stork may be making a call at the expensive apartment of the Marquise de la Falaise in a few months.

It was Henry who gave the secret away. His old friend, the Baron d’Aiguys, landed in New York last month and the Marquis came up from Pinchurst to meet the boat. The Baron had been one of the witnesses at the marriage of Gloria and Falaise, and naturally was much interested to hear how things were going. And then Henry hinted that an heir to the house of Falaise was anticipated.

Gloria already has two children, little Gloria, and Joseph Swanson, the boy Gloria adopted and named after her father.

JACK PICKFORD and Marilyn Miller continue to deny that there is any truth in the rumor of their estrangement. Jack says he is in California because he has to make his pictures there. And Marilyn is in New York for the good reason that she is starring in “Sunny,” one of Broadway’s biggest musical comedy hits.

But the rumor persists. Miss Miller’s mother told Chicago newspapers that Marilyn and Jack Pickford had come to the parting of the ways. Marilyn was highly indignant when the story was shown her and declared her mother had no authority to speak for her.

The news does not come as a surprise to Broadway, however, for Jack and his charming wife have not lived together since the dramatic scene in the Biltmore Hotel last summer. Marilyn and Jack had been abroad. It was said that Jack had not behaved to suit Marilyn while in Europe. Jack in New York Marilyn startled rehearsing her new show, Jack began stepping about Broadway. Marilyn pleaded. Then she wired for Jack’s mother.

Mrs. Pickford came to New York and, mother-like, thought the trouble might be her daughter-in-law’s. She is said to have hired detectives to trail Marilyn and report her routine from morning to night.

At any rate, detectives did trail Marilyn, and after ten days made a report. It was taken to the hotel and left for “Mrs. Pickford.” Now it so happened that not only Jack’s mother, but Marilyn, was registered at the Biltmore as “Mrs. Pickford.”

Anyway, Marilyn got the detective’s report.

She read it from start to finish. Then she went for Jack and his mother and told them what she thought of them. Next day Jack and his mother left for California.

ANYWAY, she was honest. The casting director asked the pretty newcomer if she had ever had any experience.

“Two years on Broadway,” she replied.

“In what?”

“In the window of Child’s making pancakes.”

P.S.—She got the job.

THE lost has been found. At least Nita Naldi has been located geographically.

Nita sailed for Europe three months ago, promising Marion Fairfax to return to Holly-wood in time to play a leading role in “The Desert Healer,” which Miss Fairfax is producing for First National.

When “The Desert Healer” was ready to go into production, Nita was unable to be found. After cable fails to reach the film vamp, and no word had been received from her.

Miss Fairfax began to worry, not so much about the delay in starting her production as about what had happened to Nita, for it was feared she may have suffered a physical breakdown as an aftermath of her recent feat of reducing twenty pounds by dieting and fasting.

The State Department at Washington was asked to aid in the search for the missing vampire. And Nita was found, though she had not been lost. Miss Naldi is in Munich, Germany, having a delightful time flitting on the pleasure bent between Berlin, Paris and other capitals of European gaiety. For three months she has been abroad, during which time no direct word was received by the producer, her business representatives or friends.

So naughty Nita will not be in the cast of “The Desert Healer.” Katherine MacDonald has been chosen to take her place.

DEFINITION of a lady:

“A woman who, when she speaks to a man, makes him feel like a gentleman.”

The author of this received a prize of five guineas from a theater manager in Manchester, England, who offered prizes for the best definition of a lady in connection with his showing of Norma Talmadge’s “The Lady.”
EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

Patsy Ruth Miller was determined to remain the un-bobbed beauty of Hollywood. She held out as long as it was femininely possible. Now Pat is turning a deaf and pretty ear to the gentle razzing of her friends—for it's all off, and laid away in tissue paper.

MADE the trip up into the mountains back of Pasadena the other day, hoping to see Barbara La Marr and wish her a merry Christmas. But they wouldn't let me see her. Barbara hasn't seen anyone but her father for weeks.

The doctors tell me that there is hope of her recovery, that she is mending fast, but that she must have absolute quiet. But from other sources come disquieting rumors, and I didn't like the look in her father's eyes.

To be remembered by those who loved her on the screen, even though she can only be told about it, would cheer her greatly. Barbara loved the world dearly and it must be hard to be shut away from it.

TIME in picture history, the Idassé Broadway audience forget itself so far as to cheer madly during the chariot race. This was indeed a tribute to the picture's sponsors.

All the stars in New York attended the opening. Aileen Pringle was accompanied by Kenneth McKenna, who danced constant attendance upon the star during her visit East. May Allison wore a beautiful cloth of gold creation. Alma Rubens wore a wrap of ermine. Lois Moran's escort was one of New York's clever young journalists. She was daintily clad in a white georgette dress.

RONALD COLMAN, after spending many months as a recluse in Hollywood making everybody think he was a dark and sinister and possibly dull person, has finally come out of his shell. He's selected a little group of friends and proved himself a charming young man with a real sense of humor, a broad education, and a great deal of kindly understanding. Whether or not the dissolution of the mystery and the crumbling of his inaccessibility will be to his advantage, it's hard to tell. But it's a great relief to his friends.

SOMETHING has happened to Adolphe Menjou. He has thrown off the somber dignity that has always characterized his off-stage moments, and is light-hearted and gay as a little boy. He is thoroughly enjoying his stay in New York and the picture he is making with Mal St. Clair at the Paramount Long Island Studio.

It may be the bracing Eastern climate, or it may be his new matrimonial freedom, for it is believed to be a certainty now that Mr. and
Mrs. Menjou have come to the parting of the ways.
Incompatibility is said to be the cause. There is the story that Mrs. Menjou felt her dapper husband spent too much money on his clothes. A thirty-five dollar pair of shoes once caused a row. A friend of Adolphe’s burned a hole in the living room rug one night, which didn’t help matters.

Kathryn Menjou was formerly a business and newspaper woman, and felt she was far more capable of managing her husband’s career than he was. But producers are both to do business with the wives and husbands of stars, and the affairs of Adolphe seemed always badly mixed up under Mrs. Menjou’s management.

The truth of the situation is difficult to arrive at as Menjou refuses to discuss his personal affairs with reporters, and Mrs. Menjou declares that her husband will return to his Hollywood home upon the completion of his current film.

We can breathe easier now. Jack Barrymore likes “The Big Parade.” However, there is one small flaw that he detected. It’s the dying scene where Jack Gilbert gives the poor shell-torn German lad his last cigarette, and then the Ulman youngster expires... with his mouth closed.

Barrymore says it can’t be done—dying with closed mouth. It’s been tried often, but you just can’t expire with your lips locked.

Answering Mary Miles Minter’s suit for an accounting of her money earned, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby declares that Mary received all the money due her. She denies that she had received amounts during her daughter’s minority unaccounted for.

The mother claims that she is entitled to every cent Mary earned prior to her eighteenth birthday on the ground that up to that time the star was a minor and under her full control.

Mrs. Shelby admits receiving $7,120,000 from Famous Players over a two-year period, but declares that it was all delivered to Mary. She denies getting $52,000 from the old American Film Company, or $218,000 from Famous prior to April 1st, 1920, Mary’s eighteenth birthday.

The case will be finally settled sometime in March.

Mary is in New York trying to get a role on the speaking stage. She is still considerably overweight, but has promised several producers to get in trim if they will find her a suitable part in a good play.

Half of Vilma Banky’s charm is in the quaint way she contorts her tongue into a language of delicious meaning.

The other day she wore a new frock to the studio and Ronald Colman complimented her on it.

“Your dress is very pretty, Vilma,” said the erstwhile Sphinx.

“Ah! and do you know why eet iss so pretty?” queried Vilma.

“Why?”

“Because eet iss charge account!” triumphed Vilma.

And then there was the evening that Sam Goldwyn took the same lovely star to be presented at a large gathering. The master of ceremonies whispered to Sam:

“This is Miss Vilma Banky of the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, isn’t it?”

“No—-the Samuel Goldwyn Productions,” corrected Sam. And then Vilma leaned over to the speaker and with her confiding, yet important, little way, volunteered:

“Ye are much bigger!”

The sensational newspapers simply won’t let up on Natacha Rambova. They recently hailed with headlines an inconsequential happening in Bridgeport, Conn., where Miss Rambova opened in her new vaudeville sketch, “The Blue Vial.”

The theater manager had the bright idea of booking Natacha’s act on the same bill as Valentino in “Cobra,” expecting to cash in on the recent divorce publicity. But the beautiful Rambova put her foot down flatly. She has no intention of selling herself to the public with the Valentino name, and declined to appear on the same program with his picture at the theater.

Her philanthropic motive was ignored by the newspaper reporters, and a thrilling story made of the incident, full of such lines as “Mrs. Valentino proved her dislike for the nearness of Rudy very emphatically when she refused, etc.” and “he can’t come messing around her, not even on the screen!”

Famous Players-Lasky is making a nationwide search for an actor who resembles Theodore Roosevelt at the age of thirty-five.

The Roosevelt that is wanted must be the vigorous, hard-riding Teddy who led his Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War.

The man chosen will be the central figure in Paramount’s new feature picture, “The Rough Riders.” Only a trained actor will be given the role. Famous believe they will find such a man among the many stock companies throughout the country.

While walking down Broadway, a few weeks ago, I was suddenly arrested by the blazoning electric lights in front of the Capitol Theater—Elmior Glyn’s, “Soulnates.” Of course I realized what Elmior’s name meant at the box office, but I couldn’t help but recall the note the editor of Photoplay received from...
This odd looking headdress was sent to Norma Shearer by a fan in Japan. It is a Japanese silk scarf colored tomato red and pink. Norma wears it with a canary yellow sports costume, and says it is ideal for keeping her long hair in place while driving to the studio.

Whoever said that bobbed hair would cramp the style of individual hairdressing didn’t know the movie girls. Aileen Pringle’s is the most startling to date. The coiffed Glyn heroine has disappeared completely. Bangs are the most distinctive part of this cut.

In addition to being a great showman, a wizard at the ultra in theatrical presentation and the owner of the world’s most unruly wavvy hair, Sid Grauman has a sense of humor.

Witness:
Warner Brothers are planning a huge picture palace in Hollywood, several blocks from where Grauman plies his trade. The other day all the Warner boys with the entire Warner force of stars, directors, scenarioists, secretaries, clerks and office boys attended the upturning of the first showful of dirt which was ceremoniously performed by Motley Flint with a golden spade.

Just as the ceremony was at its height, along the street at funereal pace came a hearse bearing the signs: “Success to Warner Brothers. Sid Grauman.” It was followed by two professional mourners in blackest crepe.

But the Warner Brothers are not lacking in humor and they soon had a dummy on display which was placarded thusly: “Here lies King Sid Grauman. Your hair will wave no more.”

POLA’s going to watch her clocks hereafter.

The other evening as she went about her Beverly Hills home winding the clocks and putting out the cat, she discovered that one of her most treasured clocks had disappeared. Pola was grieved. Pola wept. Pola stormed. Pola swore—revenge. The clock was from a “very dear friend.” It had a sentimental value.

So the officers of the law galloped forth to apprehend the thief, who proved to be a one-time dinner guest at the Negri home and who was a handsome but hungry young Russian.

The young chap was haled into court and Pola was summoned to testify against him, but Pola, feeling compunctious and full of sorrow for the lad’s misdeemeanor, said she was “so sorry” and “wasn’t there some away she could help him?” So the suit was dismissed, and the youth was forgiven, and Pola left the courtroom amid admiring gazes.

But Pola’s going to watch her clocks hereafter.

During her cinematic career Virginia Valli has been mistaken for Alice Joyce, Florence Vidor and other feminine stars o note. Virginia said she did wince when she was mistaken for those people, but at the opening of “The Merry Widow” she threatened to throw her high-heeled pumps at a bimbo who said she had eyes like Strongheart.

Anna Q. Nilsson has a most dreadful yen for mimicking the nobility. When Sam Rork made “Ponjola” and chose Anna Q. for the heroine who masquerades as a young lad, she dashed out and had her hair cut a la the Prince of Wales. The haircut, abetted by her tailored men’s attire, made her look like a replica of the royal squib.

And then the other day at Lake Arrowhead she fell from her horse!

But it really was no laughing matter and poor Anna Q. was laid up for several weeks with a dislocated vertebra and some nasty bruises and abrasions.

Greta Nissen is touchy. She became hysterical the other day over nothing at all. Greta was playing the feminine lead with [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]
Dorothy Mackaill's interesting two-piece frock has the smart front-pleated skirt, and is made of peppermint green crepe de chine. Also in flesh, white, beige or gray. 14-20. $29.75

This smart semi-made frock of silvertone jersey at the left is excellent value at $8.95. Delft blue, jade green, coral and beaver, cut out, ready to be sewed together. Sizes 14-20 and 34-42. A charming version of the indispensable black satin frock is shown at the right. The collar, cuffs and pockets are of tan crepe embroidered in gold and black thread. Sizes 14-20. Priced at $29.75

Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these lovely things for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded without question. Send articles direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.

The long, gold finished “antique” link necklace costs $9.50. A choker of the same style is $3.95 and a bracelet to match costs $1.95. The share bracelet set with a colored stone is also $1.95. The vanity is decorated with a silhouette and contains space for loose powder and compact rouge. Price $4.50. The jewel case is lined with velvet and decorated with a petitpoint insert. $3.00

Fashion
Star showings of frocks, jewels and underthings
Fancies for Film Fans

The attractive negligee illustrated here is made of heavy crepe de chine, trimmed with rows of dainty lace. It may be ordered in sizes from 34 to 44, in all the pastel shades. Price $11.95

This very practical slip is made of excellent quality rayon silk, and has the deep shadowproof hem. Well-made and nicely finished. It may be obtained in any of the pastel shades for $2.95.

The step-in chemise is copied from that worn by Miss Mackail in "Joanna." Flesh, peach, maize or nile crepe de chine, lavishly trimmed with fine lace. 34-40. $7.95.

The rayon silk vest shown here costs $1.00. The bloomers cost $2.00 and come in 25, 27, and 29 inch lengths. They may be ordered in pastel shades.

Cotton crepe pajamas for smartness and easy laundering. These come in flesh, peach, blue and orchid, trimmed with contrasting shades. Sizes 34-44. $2.95.
MARY PHILBIN, under the guidance of Charles Brabin, has brought to the screen one of the most difficult of characterizations. The version of this famous novel by William Locke, which Mary Pickford made several years ago, was acclaimed the highest degree of artistry. This picture, on a whole, cannot compare with its predecessor, but due praise is accredited Miss Philbin for daring to sacrifice her beauty in the rôle of Unity, a deformed slave, whose beauty of soul is as evident as her ugliness. However, all Mary Philbin’s beauty is not wasted, for she plays a dual rôle—Unity and Stella Maris, a beautiful cripple.

Gladys Brockwell’s performance, as the wife, is notable; so also is Elliott Dexter’s as the elder lover and Jason Robards as the chosen one. Be sure to see this picture!

FOUR million dollars and several years’ time and infinite patience went into making “Ben-Hur.” The finished version justifies all of it. Elsewhere in this issue is related the story of its accomplishment.

“Ben-Hur” is not a flat picture upon a screen. It is a thing of beauty and a joy for ten years at least. Reverence and emotion serve as background for the undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of Ben-Hur, the young Jew who aimed to serve Him.

The screen has yet to reveal anything more exquisitely moving than the scenes at Bethlehem, the blazing of the star in the heavens, the shepherds and the Wise Men watching. The gentle, radiant Madonna of Betty Bronson’s is a masterpiece.

Novarro is a perfect Ben-Hur. He gives an inspired performance. The story carries him from early boyhood, through the Roman occupation of his city, through his years as a galley slave, through shipwreck and temptation until the final great moment in the Circus Maximus when he drives his chariot to victory over Messala and wins the love of the gentle Esther. Francis X. Bushman, as Messala, is very fine, indeed, and screens magnificently.

The glory and glory of the galleys, the thrill and beauty of the racing horses, the mobs at the Joppa gate, the desolation of the lepers among whom are the mother and sister of Hur, the furor excitement of the Circus, all these pass before the tense stillness that precedes the death of Christ. The Last Supper, the judgment of Pontius Pilate, the shadow of Calvary—all are touched with imagination and reverence.

This is a truly great picture. No one, no matter what his age or religion, should miss it. And take the children.
THE AMERICAN VENUS—Paramount

This picture has all the elements of motion picture entertainment: an interesting story, excellent cast, good performances, able direction and pictorial beauty.

It is the much heralded picture of the Atlantic City beauty pageant of last year, in which Miss Fay Lamphier won the title of "Miss America." Miss Lamphier plays a part in the film, but leaves much to be desired in photographic beauty. She won't go far, we fear.

Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are so good-looking and full of pep that the romance of the story romps along at a very gratifying rate.

The story is generously sprinkled with gags that are refreshingly simple and quite funny. Watch Louise Brooks, a new face. That gal's there.

THE SEA BEAST—Warner Brothers

To the thousands who have been thrilled by Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," the story of a white whale, this screen translation will be eminently satisfying. Those who have not read the book have in store for them a motion picture that the Warners can conscientiously call a classic.

The outstanding feature of the film play is the exquisite love story of Ahab and Esther, beautifully played by John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. The flowering of their romance, the sweet agony of their partings when Ahab goes to sea, the anguish caused by the misunderstanding that separates the lovers—these are some of the most poignant moments ever pictured on the screen.

John Barrymore gives his usual finished performance. His agony is almost too realistic in the scene wherein the sailors cauterize the bloody stump of the leg torn off by the sea beast. It's too gruesome for sensitive souls. And later, too, when he burns the tattooed name of "Esther" off his arm,

Dolores Costello's beauty is a delight to behold, and her acting is unbelievably good for a comparative newcomer. The scene in which she first sees the havoc wrought upon her lover by the white whale reaches artistic heights that leave one trembling. And the scene is perfect pictorially.

Thrilling moments are provided in the sequences wherein Ahab drives his ship through the waterspout in his mad chase for vengeance on Moby Dick, the whale; and again where he fights to the death his villainous brother.

George O'Hara as the scheming brother performs very well and looks startlingly like John Barrymore in many scenes.

Director Millard Webb has put strength and beauty into the telling of his tale. A slight criticism might be offered, however, that the story does not get started soon enough.

THAT ROYLE GIRL—Paramount

D. W. GRIFFITH can't, apparently, make a poor picture. Even when he steps out of character for a moment to depict swift melodrama with jazz and younger generation, he does it pleasingly.

Carol Dempster gives a performance that skyrocket's her into any ten best list of players named from now on.

"That Royle Girl" presents a fresh idea on the screen—that is, that a girl can mean different things to different men. Daisy Royle doesn't love the jazz orchestra leader, and she certainly is not a bad girl; but she makes the very feminine error of leading a man on and then trying to close the door in his face. What follows is highly dramatic and interesting, with the keen suspense that characterizes all Griffith's pictures.
A NOOTHER story of a mythical kingdom—and a very light affair that won't tax one's brain very much. All about a prince who falls in love with an American girl. He is about to propose when he learns he has become heir to the throne. A rather surprising climax is introduced and the lovers are re-united. Dick Barthelmess and Lois Moran are the adorable couple.

BRAVEHEART—Producers Dist. Co.

ROD LA ROCQUE'S first starring vehicle—and an interesting one. Again Alan Hale has hit the mark with his excellent directorial abilities. This is a very romantic affair of an Indian who loves a white girl and shoulders a crime committed by her brother. He sacrifices her love because of racial difference. Lilian Rich makes a charming heroine and is ably assisted by Robert Edeson and Sally Rand.

THE FIRST YEAR—Fox

TAKEN from the stage play by John Golden, this delightful comedy of marital bliss is worthy of an evening's entertainment. It's all about the continual quarreling of a newly-married couple, their separation and then the making up. Many of the incidents depicted are bound to strike home. Matt Moore as a bashful, unassuming chap is amusing.

TOO MUCH MONEY—First National

IT is rather unusual to see Lewis Stone going in for the slapstick comedy. He does in this and he's a riot. Some of the gags are old, but what's the difference as long as they amuse one? Stone is a wealthy married man. His better half, Anna Q. Nilsson, is always busy with social functions. He decides to become poor so that he can have her for himself. And that's where all the fun comes in.

HANDS UP—Paramount

A MILD and harmless comedy not up to the standard of the usual Raymond Griffith comedies. All about the adventures of a Confederate spy who tries to prevent the North from receiving gold. He almost completes his mission when peace is declared. Raymond Griffith's goings on and dainty Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin in the cast give the picture its chief claim to your attention.
THE ENCHANTED HILL—Paramount

A TRITE and shop-worn Western story made interesting by a capable cast consisting of Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Noah Beery and George Bancroft. Irvin Willat, the director, has handled this with a certain freshness that tends to rescue this from the usual run of Westerns. "Tis the same old story of the heroine believing the stories the villain tells about the hero—and you know all heroes are spotless.

MIKE—Metro-Goldwyn

WRITTEN and directed by Marshall Neilan—if that means anything. The picture is amusing in spots and especially those spots diverted to Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling, who give excellent performances as the town inebriates. Outside these two favorites—it's dull. This production has been on the shelf for a number of months and it could have been left there as far as we're concerned.

SOULMATES—Metro-Goldwyn

THIS is the production that is supposed to have been written by Elinor Glyn, but according to the lady's story it was re-hashed by Carey Wilson. We don't know whom to blame, for this is the silliest and most uninteresting picture seen in some time. Edmund Lowe essays a giddy role that is irritating, and Aileen Pringle assumes a cold attitude unbecoming to her. Not worth while.

THE SONG AND DANCE MAN—Paramount

THE film version of this famous George M. Cohan comedy is not about the Song and Dance Man. It's about Bessie Love and her talented Charleston legs. She tucks the picture in her vanity case and walks away with it. Tom Moore gives an uninspired performance. The motivation of the screen play is very weak and the continuity jerky.

CORINNE GRIFFITH dazzles as the ravishing heroine in this heavy, slow moving version of the stage play by Somerset Maugham. The only thing worth while about the picture is Corinne's loveliness as she begins to accept the attentions of her husband's secretary. After an uncertain romance, she realizes her love for her husband. Percy Marmont and Malcolm McGregor complete the triangle.

THE OUTSIDER—Fox

AN intriguing story of a healer who has the physicians in London puzzled. A famous dancer, daughter of a physician, is hurt while dancing and a consultation reveals her to be a cripple for life. The famous healer begs audience with her and she places herself under his care. You know the rest: Jacqueline Logan is excellent. Lou Tellegen and Walter Pidgeon are in the cast. Good entertainment.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 173]
"It Isn’t Sex—It’s Good Pictures"

Says Elinor Glyn

To Ivan St. Johns

"First of all, to succeed, a picture must be a good picture, sex or no sex," is her judgment. "It all depends on the treatment"

I've been hearing on every side that the flappers were going to the dogs and the whole country was sex crazy, and what was going to be done about jazz and the Charleston, and look at the things people talk about that were never mentioned in public before, and now look what's happened. In the first twenty pictures that the most folks paid real money to see last year, there isn't one of the species that we usually term a sex picture.

Said I to myself, "How come?" When I couldn't answer it, I naturally sought out Elinor Glyn. Wouldn't you? Besides, being a great writer and one of the most interesting women in Hollywood, she is the final authority on celluloid sex—the inflammable kind.

The way I felt about it was this. Critics may come, critics may go, and the circle around the famous table at the Algonquin may shift its weight and change its complexion, but the box office goes on forever.

That's the real answer to what kind of pictures people want—the verdict of the box office, telling us what pictures the most people have paid to look at, is the one real, impersonal, unbiased, cross-section judgment we have.

"What's the matter with sex in the box office?" said I to Madame Glyn.

"Sex," said Madame Glyn, in that exquisite, well-bred voice, "has nothing to do with it.

"I thought sex had something to do with everything—the one thing that is universal, and all that," ventured I.

Madame Glyn looked at me with a wise and humorous smile. I do not know whether you have ever been spoken to by an oracle. Personally, I must admit that I never have. But if I ever am, I know it will be exactly the way Elinor Glyn does it. I don't know how she convinces you that every word that falls from her lips is the truth, but she does. Some people call it showmanship. But I think it is more than that. I think it is conviction.

"Pictures," said Elinor Glyn, "are either good or bad. If they are sex pictures, they will succeed. If they are not, they will fail. What could be more simple? Because a play has sex in it, is perhaps crammed with vulgar and stupidly done love scenes, can it succeed? No. Always you must look to the merit of the picture itself. Just as there are good comedies and bad comedies and good Westerns, as you say, and bad Westerns, so it is with sex plays. If a picture which is called a comedy is not amusing, it will fail; if a picture about sex is not real and romantic and does not stir the pulses, it will fail, on exactly the same basis.

"Charlie Chaplin's 'A Woman of Paris,' and the Lubitsch school of pictures have brought about a great transformation. Up to the time of 'A Woman of Paris' sex pictures were in the same stage that the stage drama was when they used asides. Do you remember? The characters stopped the action of the play in the most crude and unrealistic fashion to explain to the poor, dear audience what their thoughts were. During a conversation, the leading man would suddenly turn to the audience and say, 'How I loathe this man. He is a villain of the deepest sort.' Doesn't it seem odd to think of, now? But then the Barrymores and artists of that kind came along who wanted to show life on the stage, to play real people as they are, and they inspired and led the way to make plays as nearly slices of life as they could."

[Continued on page 125]
SURE, this Irish Colleen is married to another Irisher, John McCormick, and between the two of them, they’re putting on some grand picture shows. Our Adela says flapper Miss Moore is the potential great among younger actresses. Colleen wears this pond lily costume in “Irene”
AN ACTRESS of steadily ascendant ability Blanche Sweet started at Biograph with Mary Pickford and the Gish girls. Her recent pictures show a maturity of art that may yet put her ahead of even that illustrious trio. Her next work depicts a very modern girl in "The Far Cry"
ONE of the bright girls of the blonde brigade, Gwen Lee is fast making herself a permanent place on the screen. A M.-G.-M. contract player, Gwen scored originally as the leader of the chorus in "Pretty Ladies." Her latest big hit is in "His Secretary."
THE enigma of the cinema, Lillian Gish, started in the early Biograph days and now faces the severest test of her remarkable career in the forthcoming “La Bohème.” Called by her admirers the screen’s foremost actress, her claims to that title are discussed by Mr. Quirk on the opposite page.
The Enigma of the Screen

What does the future hold for Lillian Gish?

By James R. Quirk

NUMEROUS actresses of sirenic charm and in-scrutable pasts have been paraded from time to time as "enigmas," but the real enigma of the motion picture constellation is Lillian Gish. And the most baffling question of the hour is, What of her future?

Miss Gish is a screen pioneer, commencing her career with Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand and the Talmadges, yet she has never become definitely established in a place of public favor.

We can estimate the popularity of Gloria Swanson, of Mary Pickford, of Norma Talmadge and Pola Negri almost to the decimal point. But Miss Gish's remains a problem.

She has given great performances in great pictures, and yet curiously we regard each new endeavor as a test of her. She appears a wraith hovering on the borderland between oblivion and reality, a mystical creation whose power hypnotizes us momentarily and then leaves us wondering if it is not an illusion.

HOW much of this fragile crystal figure has been created about Miss Gish by the Griffith tradition, so skillfully and deliberately worked?

I recently attended a dinner where a light wine was served. No one remarked its flavor until the hostess observed that it was forty years old and came from the cellars of a Russian palace. Immediately there were ecstatic exclamations as to its bouquet, its rare flavor and the mystic gold of its color.

Stars in motion pictures seldom succeed alone. Behind them you invariably find certain guiding geniuses who infuse them with the power of their own genius. Is Miss Gish a genius or is she but the worthy student of the magic Griffith?

An electrician watching her at work one day suddenly exclaimed "That girl ain't an actress—she's a mechanic."

He could give no explanation for his observation aside from a mumbled, "She knows her stuff."

Examining Miss Gish's characterizations you find that she achieves greatness of effect through a single phase of emotion—name-

Miss Gish in "Romola" was not as big as her reputation. But "La Boheme" may prove her a great actress in her own right.

Is she a Genius or Mechanic?

ly, hysteria. And she knows precisely the method of it.

"It is expressed by the arm from the elbow to the fingers," she says scientifically, "and depends entirely on rhythm—the gradual quickening of movement up to the point desired."

In other words, it is a physical lashing into frenzy. Every actress of the Griffith school has employed it, Miss Gish more skillfully than the rest. And it has been for each of them the most effective gesture. But it could not have been without Griffith's skill in contriving a situation for it.

Mr. Griffith has said that the greatest screen climax is not attained through the actors but through the forces of nature. Miss Gish is always the helpless, tossed victim of a stormy fate, an overwhelming brutal destiny.

Her performances are not remembered for polished, symphonic continuity but for piercing moments of crescendo where emotion was expressed in physical terms of hysteria verging on madness.

It has been said that great parts make great actors. Great situations have made Miss Gish. She depends more on material than any actress of the screen.

Gloria Swanson can toss colored trilles in the air, play with them as with balloons and entertain solely by the charm of her gestures as a literary stylist charms with his play of words. Charlie Chaplin extracts the most interesting moments from trivialities. Pola Negri is not remembered for any single moment but, on the contrary, for the infinite variety of her moods.

Lillian Gish has been termed the Duse of the screen, and yet she is utterly unlike Duse in method. The Italian genius was so quiet in her naturalness as to appear repressed, so highly sensitized that she responded poignantly to every mood and situation, as delicately and mysteriously attuned as a radio instrument. Miss Gish thus far has been [continued on page 129]

A scene from "Broken Blossoms". Note how Miss Gish uses her hands in this picture to work up a scene depicting hysteria.
Providing Yourself with the

If you would be gay and feminine, look to the French for your inspiration. Furniture with curving lines, extreme daintiness and delicate colors are necessary in achieving the correct effect.

PROPERLY, a period room should be built into a house. If your house is already built, however, and you still desire period rooms, do not despair. You can have them if you will shop with sufficient care.

That is one of the fine things about "period" furniture. It can be shopped for as leisurely as your time and pocketbook demand. It isn’t like modern furniture that comes in sets and demands being purchased in units of three or five pieces. Acquired in this careful way, it brings to such furnishings a charm almost impossible to possess otherwise.

Select the period that suits yourself. Any other course is disaster, or a home which looks like a dead philanthropist’s gift to mankind.

Furthermore, choose a period that is in the present mode. With the furniture of four centuries and several countries to select from, there is such a thing as style to be considered. Don’t just decide to go Spanish or early English or late Normandy without first considering the fashions involved.

Likewise consider your purse.

The older a piece of furniture, the higher its price. There are one or two dealers in this country who actually have furniture that has come down, more or less intact, from the Middle Ages. The pieces on these pieces, however, are worth an automobile manufacturer’s ransom. Most of the genuine antique pieces we have today are survivals of the Renaissance periods in Italy, Spain and England.

Yet antiques, that can be proven genuine, have this advantage—every year increases their value. New, modern furniture after a few seasons’ knocking about is practically valueless no matter what the initial cost may have been. With antique furniture every knock is a boost.

At the moment the most popular "period style" in American home furnishings are the Spanish and Italian modes of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the early American, dating back to the first settlers of this country. I am not here touching upon the early American furnishings, as

An Italian room, however, is more modish. The charm, intimacy and quaintness here created by Cedric Gibbons for "The White Sister" could be recreated easily in an American home.

I wish to take them up as a separate article at some later date, the whole vogue being worthy of as much space as it can possibly be given.

Instead I am showing four rooms, one Italian, one Spanish, one English and one French, furnished in pieces of the same relative period in each country.

Now for the relationship between the architectural background, the personality, and the period chosen.

A decade ago the smart town house was furnished in some selection from the French cabinetmaker’s stock. The furniture was light and frivolous, gilded generally, and set against a bright colored wall paper and pink taffeta hangings. If a few fat Cupids could be worked in somewhere, everybody liked that, too. During the same period women wore lots of hair and lots of dress goods, while their men went in for wide waistlines and heavy cigars.

Today when our minds, according to the people of that decade, are much more frivolous, we are going in for furniture much more substantial and simple. That in its turn is a reflection of our increasing architectural simplicity. The Amer-
Proper Period

This English Tudor room displays the simplicity of great wealth. The furniture is all of carved oak. Designed by Cedric Gibbons of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for "Six Days"

The Spanish periods are the smartest home furnishings today. Plain walls, plain floors, lavish color, sturdy furniture, these are Spanish. In atmosphere, they are the exact antithesis of the French. From "The Sainted Devil"

By Charles D. Chapman
Interior Decorator, Eastern Paramount Studios

The town house that had French drawing rooms was burdened down with cupolas, wide, roofed porches and pillars on the outside and trick archways, elaborate carving, cozy corners and whatnots on the inside. Today our homes, inside and out, are as beautifully plain as the architects can make them, relying entirely upon line, vista and materials employed for the richness of the effect they produce. Today when we don’t stay in our homes half the time, they are more luxuriously comfortable than ever before.

Italian, English and Spanish furnishings of almost any period have the simplicity and quietness of line that the present day American woman is demanding in her clothes fashions and her hair cut. Hence the vogue for them and their "rightness" as a present day setting.

The Spanish vogue, particularly, is spreading rapidly among us. It started in California where so much of the early Spanish architecture endured. It is now dominating the Florida real estate development, being so ideally suited to that locality and climate. These things being true, I must caution the woman who attempts to purchase Spanish antiques. The market is being flooded with them, and far more flooded with fakes. You do not have to furnish a period room in genuine old pieces, but it is always better so. Don’t buy a modern reproduction at the price of the real thing, and unless you are very, very careful that is exactly what you will do. The reproductions that are being put out as antiques are very skillful. I would advise that either you decide to furnish entirely in reproductions of the original furniture, pieces made after old Spanish styles by modern craftsmen, or never buy a piece at any price unless accompanied by an expert or purchased of a dealer in whose integrity you have absolute faith.

A Spanish room correctly in period, as the bedroom at the left illustrates, should have plain plaster walls, wide board or tiled floor, deep set windows and doorways, and where possible a beamed ceiling.

To be right, hangings should not be used at the windows, but color brought into the room by the use of fabrics as furniture coverings or hung against the walls. In this case the 16th century bed is covered with a piece of antique damask in red and gold. The chairs are upholstered in blue velvet with old gold galoon fringe and the rug combines red, blue and gold faded through centuries of sunlight into a beautiful color combination. The fixtures, modern, electric light sconces, are in wrought iron which is correct to the period. The carved chest of drawers and the small carved lectern, or reading stand on top, are two rare Spanish pieces. Incidentally, they are now owned by Natasha Rambova, who purchased them from our studio after seeing them in this setting.

Across the page, the Italian room illustrates the small but marked differences between that country’s furnishings and the Spanish. The real Italian room always has a stone or tile floor. (Continued on page 118)
Can Jack Gilbert Get Away With It?

Jack Barthelmeless tried it—and failed.

Wally Reid used to beg for a chance, but they would never give it to him.

Will Jack Gilbert be able to get away with it?

Can any screen star play every rôle that comes along, as long as it’s a great acting part, and makes a good picture, and retain the love of his public?

It has long been a tradition in the motion picture industry, and to some extent upon the stage, that the public likes its heroes to be heroes, and that the ladies like their matinee idols to be matinee idols, if you know what I mean.

Tradition has it that a man who has made a hit doing one sort of thing—such as the almost-late Mr. Valentino did—must stick to that one thing. That if he be a suave and dashing villain, he must have a heart of gold, or a few real tears in his system, after Bill Hart’s famous formula. But those whose conferences behind the screen determine the fate of all things, stars and stories alike, have agreed solidly that he cannot be just a human being.

Handsome young actors making a bid for fame and favor have always fought shy of any role that forced them to disguise their manly beauty. Established stars debate and ponder as to whether they dare play an unsympathetic rôle, or a rôle that has ugly and heavy moments, and always arrive at a negative decision.

In “The Enchanted Cottage” Richard Barthelmeless created a screen masterpiece, a delicate jewel of sentiment and romance. But in it he played a boy crippled by the war, and his public turned thumbs down at the box office, though critics labeled it the best Barthelmeless picture.

I remember how Wally Reid—who read almost everything ever written—used to be always digging up some great screen story and dashing into the office with it under his arm, begging for a chance to make it. But usually the starring rôle was a character, or a heavy, or had a beard, since Wally’s great ambition was to play some big rôle and succeed without relying on his looks. Inevitably, the powers that be gave him a pitting little smile.

Jack Barrymore has not to date become a real screen favorite. Not by any means in proportion to his achievement on the stage. And yet, in the industry they credit it largely to the fact that Barrymore has the say about his stories and insists on making such parts as Beau Brummel and Jekyll and Hyde. He loves to play with make-up.

Thus has grown up a pretty thoroughly established rule that a hero must be heroic and a matinee idol must be attractive and handsome at all times, if he is to be a really big star. (Comedians excepted, of course.)

Now comes one Jack Gilbert, at present setting a hot pace for all males on the screen, a riot in the box office, a favorite with the critics, a leading matinee idol of the day, and simply busts said traditions all to smithereens.

Jack is first, last, and all the time, an actor. He makes his bid with the public upon that one ground—that he can act.

Dire disaster has been predicted for him on occasion after occasion.

I REMEMBER perfectly well hearing no end of people who are supposed to know about these things state emphatically that Jack Gilbert would never survive “The Snob.” They even pleaded with him not to play it. “You can’t get away with it, Jack,” they said.

“They won’t stand for it. The man’s a cad. Listen to me, my boy. I’m older than you and I know.”

“But it’s a great acting part,” said Jack, with that dark, puzzled gaze of his.

“So, acting, yes. But they’ll never forgive you for playing such a man.”

One other leading man on the lot absolutely refused to play it, though he was first choice. In fact, I think two of them refused.

But Jack Gilbert played it, and gave a marvelous performance, that glittered like a diamond.

And he did survive it. There can be no question about that.

Then there was “The Merry Widow.”

Von Stroheim made Jack cut his hair—cut is really too mild a word—for the part of Prince Danilo. And the wise boys rushed Jack again. They implored him not to do it.

“But I have to,” said Jack. “It would be out of character if I didn’t.”

“Then don’t play it,” cried the gang. “The public’ll never stand for you with your head shaved like that.”

But Jack only grinned.

After the picture was shown no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]
MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS
SPEAKS FOR NEW YORK’S BRILLIANT YOUNGER SET

Her ideas on Clothes, Parties and Complexions

"Everything a girl does today—even the simple chic lines of her clothes and the way she wears her hair—demands a flawless complexion.

"Yet the hectic whirl of dances and the formal functions she attends, and the sports she sandwiches in between, conspire to ruin the most velvety skin!

"And they would—but for Pond’s Two Creams, which come to the rescue keeping her complexion just as lovely as it was when she was in her early ’teens! So it isn’t strange that Pond’s is the method I follow to guard the freshness of my skin.”

So says Miss Marjorie Oelrichs now in her second season in the brilliant social life of New York’s younger set. To dinners, dances and sports, at Palm Beach and Newport as well as in town, Miss Oelrichs adds a serious interest in art which takes her to a drawing class every morning during the New York season. And she and her beautiful mother, Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs, are always dashing across the water for a few weeks in Paris.

This life of parties, work and travel might tax the freshness of her skin, glowing with youth and loveliness and that golden tint of the honey-colored blond, were it not for the following wise care she gives it every day:

Every single day she cleanses her skin with Pond’s Cold Cream. Always at night, and always, too on returning from an outing, she pats it over the skin of her face, throat, arms and hands—letting it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores and bring to the surface all the dust and dirt which clog them. She wipes off all the cream and dirt, and repeats the process, finishing with a dash of cold water.

Over her newly cleansed skin, before she powders, she smooths Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Light as thistledown it gives her skin a damask smoothness over which her powder goes beautifully and stays long. This thin veil of Vanishing Cream, moreover, guards her face from drying, chapping and burning from sun, cold and wind, and her hands from chapping. So she always uses it before going out.

When you buy Pond’s Creams to give your own skin this perfect protection, this freshening and finish, ask for the big generous jar of the Cold Cream. Both Creams come in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.

Free Offer

Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these Two Creams and an attractive little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. C
147 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond’s Two Creams.

Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
As the first of the screen's matinee idols to become a granddaddy, Francis X. Bushman waggles a grandfatherly forefinger at Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and their very new daughter, Betty Joyce Bushman. "Smile and show your famous Bushman dimples!" Grandpa Bushman coaxes.
Now
Life’s Different

They banished constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders, found wonderful new energy—through one simple food.

NOT a “cure-all,” not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann’s Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Start eating it today!


"DUE TO THE STRENUOUS DEMANDS that my life as a dancer makes on me, I found myself very run-down. I was so very tired that I could not assimilate food. A friend suggested Fleischmann’s Yeast, so I decided to try it. In three weeks my digestion had improved remarkably. In six weeks I was as good as new.”

Cecile D’Andrea, Yonkers, N. Y.

"BEING A PROFESSIONAL PUGILIST I was forced to temporary retirement owing to stomach trouble. A friend of mine advised Fleischmann’s Yeast. I ate two cakes a day. After one month I was able to start training for my coming fight. To date my stomach trouble is a thing of the past.”

Joseph Governale, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I AM A GRADUATE NURSE. Necessarily eating all sorts of food, I became very constipated. I would not take cathartics knowing the dangers of their continued use. I tried Fleischmann’s Yeast. In a very short time my constipation was gone. Now all my friends greet me with the remark, ‘How well you look!’”

Mrs. C. M. Bull, Columbus, Ohio.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"I yearn to do the more elemental parts. Out in the open spaces where I can wear flannel shirts and puttees. I am essentially, you know," confessed Ivanhoe, "one of the strong, silent men of the West."

Confessions of a Movie Critic

By Rose Pelswick

PART II

Celebrities Who Have Met Me

SYNOPSIS of preceding chapter: Having taken my bow, I broke down and told ALL about the life, habits and duties, if any, of the movie critic. During details, assimilated through years of studious observation, were discussed, and I ended with the promise to continue keeping faith with my public. Now go on with these revelations.

I

ONCE heard that most actors are the same off-screen as they are on. And I have found, alas, that that is often too true.

I hesitate before making the following confessions. They may contradict certain ideas you may have accumulated on the subject. It may be, of course, that the fault lies with me. But I am willing to go on record as saying that when I come near the hotel sheltering some celluloid celebrity, I do not instantly become attacked with a sinking feeling and an inferiority complex. And, contrary to published reports, when I approach the room clerk and tell him who I am, his look is one of bored indifference rather than one of wonder, envy and awe.

When I am ushered into the sometimes not so luxurious suite, I do not tremble or otherwise show painful perturbation. When Carlotta Russe sweeps into the room, I do not gasp in astonishment, and become conscious of the fact that my hair is blowing, my hat is on crooked, or my nose is shiny. And when I sit and watch her remarkable pose, I do not have the feeling of gazing upon the Mona Lisa in the Louvre. Possibly, of course, because I never was in the Louvre.

When Rudolph Fricasse helps me into my chair at the Ritz, and asks me what I will have—do I lower my eyes in rapt confusion, mumble a few innocuous words, and sigh content, merely to have him gaze at me with those liquid eyes and that maddening Marcel? I do not. I start in with a blue-point cocktail, and play the left hand side of the menu straight through the tomato bouillon, sirloin steak with mushrooms, braised sweet potatoes, lettuce salad with Roquefort dressing, pastry and coffee.

Interviews are always associated with lunch. The other day I was talking to Camille Delight in a famous restaurant, overlooking whatever it is that one has to overlook in that kind of a restaurant.

Camille has devastating dimples, eyelashes and ankles. A famous painter once said about her what famous painters always say about a beautiful woman.

Suddenly her face grew serious.

"Do you know," she asked wistfully, "what I would really like to do?"

I bit. Whenever someone takes you to lunch, you always bite. I mean—well, let it go.

"I would like," said Cam—"all her friends call her Cam—"to play Juliet. Perhaps Lady Macbeth. I want to do something [continued on page 119]
What was it?

AND yet she liked him, saw a lot of him. People thought they were engaged, or about to be.

Still something always repelled her when he tried to express his affection. An invisible barrier that really made their love platonic.

Reasonably enough, too, because if you had known him as she did, you could have felt the same way.

Every sensitive girl is that way.

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the malicious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor, but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. — LambertPharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE
25 CENTS
The actors, except for the principals, were genuine steel workers. When they learned May Allison would help them with their make-up, the rush was worse than the subway.

The performances of Sills and Doris Kenyon in this Earl Hudson-First National feature are considered the finest they have done.

"Men of Steel's" impressiveness is shown in this burial, true to mill custom, of one who has died in a crucible of molten metal.

The mills with their heat, grime and gigantic force are revealed with startling fidelity, the entire production having been taken at the Ensley Mills, Birmingham, Alabama.
Eveready—the most flashlight that money can buy!

Eveready has features found nowhere else

The first practical flashlight ever made was an Eveready. Eveready Flashlight Batteries were the first perfected. The miniature Mazda lamp for flashlights was developed by Eveready. All the tried-and-true flashlight features that insure long and trouble-proof service were pioneered by Eveready. Here are some of the reasons why Eveready is your best buy in flashlights:

1. Safety-lock switch, which prevents accidental lighting and wasting of current.
2. Hinged metal ring in end-cap for hanging up flashlight when not in use.
3. Focusing device, which gives wide, spreading beam or narrow, long-range beam at the twist of a wrist.
4. Ribbed grip, in either nickel or ribbon-black finish.
5. Octagonal lens-ring, which prevents rolling when you lay flashlight down.
6. Handsome, beveled, crystal-clear lens.
7. Guarantee of materials and workmanship.

Eveready Flashlights meet every need for light—indoors and out. Portable light in its most convenient form. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by National Carbon Company, Inc. New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Eveready Flashlights & Batteries—they last longer

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The movie outline of history, or he and she down the ages, starts in days of old when sheiks were bold.

Its second scene is that which started all the trouble—the original parlor snake meeting the original flapper in Eden, Hollywood.

Time passes and sheiks evolve to one like Ali Bul (above) carrying on till the sands of the desert grow hot.

Then comes Henry VIII, who made sheiking moral by creating divorce. Hank thereby got nine wives.

Finally—The current sheik of sheiks, Rudy, thrilling flappers by the tempo of his tango temperament.
Visit Free! the land of

MEET the famous Movie Stars!
SEE the big pictures filmed!
LIVE the life of Movie land!
VISIT Hollywood Free!

Identify this scene and you have started toward your free trip to Hollywood

Conditions of Contest
1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay;" the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
157 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.

Live the life of Movieland! Who that has ever thrilled at the panorama of adventure, of mystery of love, as it unrolled across the Silver Screen has not wished to be part of it? Who, in fact, during those vivid minutes, has not mentally been one with it?

And here now is your great Free opportunity to live the life of movieland—to meet the stars, to watch the great directors as they create their masterpieces of the Movies. Your opportunity, possibly, to actually take part in these Epics of the Silent Drama. And all Free!

How? By winning the grand prize of a free trip to Hollywood for yourself and a companion of your choosing.

The conditions are easy. The makers of Romance Chocolates have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, one of which is packed with every pound box of Romance "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get your copy now!
Diary of Cynthia Manners

...there's my secret little book, don't breathe it to a soul!

HE LOVES ME. He loves me not.
Ah, we shall see, my book, we shall see! What if he did take Marjorie to the dance last night—weren't his eyes all for me? And when he told me, right in front of Marjorie, how lovely and natural my complexion was—my, but wasn't she jealous!

"Poor Marge! If she only knew how to apply her rouge, how lovely she would be! Why doesn't she learn that greatest beauty secret—how to harmonize make-up with costume—how to make her color bring out the glory of her eyes and hair?

"It all seems so easy since I started using Princess Pat Rouge. Last night, in my colorful new gown, it was VIVID that took his eye. Tomorrow, when he calls, how quiet and demure I shall seem in my simple, pastel frock and Medium Rouge! And Thursday night at Maydees bridge, won't I be gay and dashing in that glorious orange shade, English Tint!

"No wonder he says I'm different every time he sees me! Dear Boy! What fun it is to keep him guessing—and what fun to hear his eyes say what his lips have never dared! Wait, Little Book—just give me time. With my finesse and judgment—and this wonder rouge to help me—before you know it, I'll have him at my feet!"

You'll find Princess Pat Rouge at your favorite toilet goods counter, in a dainty compact. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample free. We want you to try this delightful Rouge for yourself—see how it brings out your true loveliness as no rouge ever did before; see how it seems to lie below the skin, instead of on it; see how one application lasts all evening and gives you the confidence and poise that mean so much. Princess Pat is perspiration- and moisture-proof, does not streak or run and, because of its time quality and almond tone, actually improves the texture of your skin with every application.

Princess Pat
PRINCESS PAT LTD., Chicago, U.S.A.

How They Make the Horses Jump Out of the Screen

YOU see, it's like this. A pit is dug in the ground large enough to contain the cameras and cameramen. This is boarded over and covered with whatever kind of earth suits the locale of the moment.

The camera lenses are trained through the apertures prepared for that purpose, and photograph the horses approaching the spot. As the horses reach and leap over the buried cameras, their images are recorded on the film as shown in the strip to the right. When this is projected on the screen, it gives the impression of the horses, or train, or automobile, as the case might be, tearing right out of the picture at you.

D. W. Griffith was the first director to try this camera trick—in "Hearts of the World."

It was later very effectively used in "The Virgin of Stamboul," and has since been seen frequently.

An improvement on the old method helped to secure many of the most thrilling "shots" of the chariot race in "Ben Hur." Ten cameras were buried at various points along the course of the Circus Maximus. These were operated electrically. Being completely out of the danger zone, they were able to capture every exciting and beautiful movement made by the oncoming horses.

This is essentially a trick, however, that can be overworked. A too frequent use would soon destroy its thrill.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPHOT Play Magazine is guaranteed.
A Great Hygienic Handicap that Your Daughter will be Spared

This remarkable NEW way, by banishing the insecurity and uncertainty of old ways, and by providing an all-important easy-disposal feature, solves woman’s oldest hygienic problem, exquisitely, thoroughly, amazingly

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

LIKE most other things, woman’s greatest hygienic handicap has yielded to modern scientific attainment.

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A way scientific, immaculate and positive that ends the doubts and uncertainties of the now discarded sanitary pad. Under former conditions, the average woman spent almost one-sixth of her time in embarrassment... often in fear. Today the gayest of sheer frocks, the most exacting of social urgencies hold no terror for the modern woman.

Almost 80% of all women in the better walks of life have adopted this scientific way. The women of tomorrow will never know that the most trying of hygienic conditions is other than an incident in their lives.

Factors that changed the hygienic habits of the world

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
peace enveloped the soul of Tomlinson Bowman, but not for long. His anxieties and tribulations came and stood by his bedside and chattered at him, leering. Finally an idea struck him. It might be well, he thought, to take a look at the face of this

Franic Fortnightly, the news reel which was Mr. Lee's particular charge. If Mr. Lee's work were still up to its usual lively standard, hope remained. It would indicate the illness had not yet litten to the bone.

Mr. Bowman arose and departed office reward and made private arrangements for a look at the Franic Fortnightly in a remote location in the building. There he sat all silence while the flashes and titles reversed in the negative came rushing out and stinging him in.

The first flash showed a village street, three business men and a looting rooster, twelve onlookers and a small Ionic temple in concrete, with cornices in the late Victorian lively-stable manner. All this purported to be the official opening of the Hicksmore Savings Bank at Perkins' Crossroads, Pa. "When a Penny is put away against the Rainy Day, an Angel Smiles," Mr. Lee had titled.

Next came flashes of the community observation of Breadcrumbs for Birdies Week in Venise, Ala. "Tidbits for the little Nest builders," was Mr. Lee's captional comment, and "What is Holier than the Building of a Nest?"

FOLLOWED a flash of the Princess Yolanda of Italy in her gardens in Piedmont, evidently shot from the highest Alp in Savoy by some unbalanced camera man on space. It showed trees and lawns in the dim distance, and something that might possibly be taken for the flutter of a frock. "The lady with the Lovely Name, in whose honor the Sturdy Peasantry of Tuscany cries 'Hoch der Princess'"

Then came the Home Life of the Eskimo, exterior and interior shots of a snow igloo. "Under the Northern Lights Life Wringles on in its Quintly Fashion," Mr. Lee had titled, "and the Igloo sothes the Eskimo, for Igloo stands for Home."

Mr. Bowman arose and departed, talking confidentially in an undertone with God. He came into his own office with a weird glitter in his eyes. The capable secretary was busy answering his letters for him. She looked up at him with her sleepy blue store, and for a moment Mr. Bowman was conscious of a flicker of warmth in his soul; he realized there was at least one other person in the world who remained sane and efficient.

"I've taken care of the mail," said Lonnie placidly. "But here's an office memo marked 'Must'"

"Mr. Bowman's chief must once been one of those coarse and forceful city desk men on a newspaper, and his scrawl just" was a sign calling for immediate attention. Mr. Bowman took up the menu delicately detailing it from the large and unpleasant-looking book it had been clipped with.

"Bowman: Time for fresh highbrow release to clinch culture attendance," he read. "Pan-Planetary has already put over a wave in 'Why Stone Fell,' adapted from Chicago Social Service Annual. Attached book just brought to my attention. Chance for good hell scenes and snappy sin stuff. Work out experimental continuity and don't forget happy ending."

Mr. Bowman picked up the book. It was printed in poetry, and captioned "Paradise Lost."—Mr. Richard Lee was an ambitious young man.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]
When it's evening—and your little home resounds with the joys of hospitality—when it suddenly seems that no other happiness compares with receiving and welcoming friends—have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

© 1926

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Natural Loveliness

Is ever the reward of sensible skin care—to safeguard your children's complexion and your own, just follow this simple daily rule

Natural beauty, simple and alluring, is the beauty standard of today. The modern mother starts early with protective skin care for her children... and preserves her own youthful freshness in precisely the same way. That is, by the exclusion of artificial methods, often so hazardous to the skin.

Skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness; pores kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. World's leading specialists on skin care agree to this.

Nature's simple rule to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

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.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
War is Declared—in Hollywood

Now that "The Big Parade" has shown what war can do to a perfectly good box-office, every lot in Hollywood is bristling with bayonets. Paramount's contribution is "Behind the Front," a hilarious comedy of the A. E. F.

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton team up again as a pair of doughboys on whom the war works its will. Hatton as a crook, and Beery as the detective who is trailing him, enlist the same day through the wiles of the same girl, get billeted together, fight side by side, and both fall in love with the small temptress, played by Mary Brian. Here they are, all set for praise. Instead they get court martialed. Eddie Sutherland, Paramount's clever boy director, used his old Keystone training to good effect in making this picture.

In the rising tide of comedians comes this dash of Scotch, Chester Conklin. Chet, just like a bathing beauty, started at Sennett's and went on to drama and Lasky's.

One of our best bad men, Beery gives such a fine comedy performance that it may change his future. Maybe he's been observing ex-wife Gloria's comedies and salary check.
Cultivate Your Beauty

"A skin as soft and entrancing as fresh-cut roses may be yours!"—
says HELENA RUBINSTEIN

YOU desire beauty—ravishing, all-enchancing! Remember, then, that the very first requisite of beauty is a glorious, satin-smooth complexion—flawless!

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the leading beauty specialist, points the way to the attainment of striking skin beauty—by proper attention to the needs of your individual skin. For every type of skin, for every skin condition, Mme. Rubinstein has created exquisite Valaze beauty preparations. Scientifically correct, they open for you the door to greater loveliness.

Cleanse and Protect Your Skin with

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—blends smoothly into the skin, carries out all dust and impurities that impede the action of the pores. Leaves the skin immaculately clean, refined, refreshed—points out tired, drawn lines. Freshens, revivifies, protects the skin. 1.00

Sallowness, Darkened Complexion

Valaze Beautifying Skin Food—whitens, purifies, refines. Clears away muddy, faded appearance—fights freckles and darkened skin pigment (which so frequently mars the beauty of your skin). 1.00

Blackheads, Enlarged Pores

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads and all impurities. Restores the natural beauty of the pores, controls points remaining and creating a delicate, petal-like texture. 1.00

Lines, Wrinkles, Hollows

Valaze Cream Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—miraculous for nourishing and filling out wrinkles, creases, petal-like and unattractive skin. 1.75

Emphasize your charms with the dazzling Valaze cornucopia, originated by Madame Rubinstein, in perfect harmony with the delicate nature of the skin. Fast-drying, deliciously adhesive. Valaze Rouge (1.00) and Lipsticks (50c, 1.00) in the new Ced Gernanim shade, a sparkling, youthful tone, or the richly colorful Red Raspberry, will flatter and you!

HELENA RUBINSTEIN BEAUTY PREPARATIONS MAY BE PURCHASED:
—at Salons de Beaute Valaze
—at leading department and drug stores
—or order direct from Madame Rubinstein
Dept. 8, 46 West 57th Street, New York.


Salons de Beaute Valaze

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS LONDON PALM BEACH

CHICAGO—30 N. Michigan DETROIT—1540 Washington
MIAMI—334 Royalton BOSTON—941 Broad Street
PHILADELPHIA—1179 Chestnut Street

Gilda Gray, whose dancing feet turned everything she touched to gold

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

GILDA GRAY’S first starring picture is yet to be shown. Nevertheless, PHOTOPLAY picks her for its girl on the cover because Gilda is looming up as one of the greatest personalities in years.

Gilda literally shook herself into fame. She snapped her fingers at poverty, shrugged her shoulders at care, smiled her half-tragic smile at life and came from the barsrooms of the Middle West to sophisticated Broadway, a primitive, startling individual. After that it was all over but the signing of the movie contracts and the making of “Aloma of the South Seas,” which is generally regarded as one of the biggest pictures of the coming season.

Gilda was born Mary Michalski somewhere in Poland. She grew up with her parents in Milwaukee, and being dirt poor and not daring to hope very much, she married John Gorecki, a bartender. Those were the days when bartenders were not bootleggers and their social standing was not higher than a whiskey glass. The young wife had one child, a boy, and very little else. Their poverty drove her to dancing in the local cabarets. Those were not places of refinement and she did not bring refinement to them but something more important—a breath of sudden, untamed beauty.

Chicago heard of her and she danced there. Then came the Folies and Broadway’s most exclusive night club. In the latter she found romance in the figure of Gil Boag, the owner.

Gil was a personage, too. He owned nearly every exclusive dinner and supper place on the Great White Way. He talked to Gilda of the dancing feet and learned her story, her past, her sorrows, her lack of time to learn the three K’s. He changed it all for her. Through him, books, pictures, money and tutors came into her life. He came, too, as her husband just after the day when Gilda went back to Milwaukee, divorced John and got her child.

That was a couple of years ago. Gil gave up his cabarets to manage Gilda. She thought she’d make good in pictures, so she did a bit in "Lawful Larceny" to prove she’d screen. Gil liked the sight of her stills and routed her over the country to prove her box-office value to the picture people. The result was her present contract with Paramount.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Returning from the Dance
Conrad Nagel, weary and footsure, and Claire Windsor, spazhely and fresh in her dancing slippers of Skinner’s Shoe Satin.
The scene is from “Dance Madmen”—a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production.

Distinction and Durability

WITH gowns as lovely as those worn by Claire Windsor, nothing is so effective as satin slippers, shapely and trim. And Miss Windsor, like so many thousands of her sisters off the screen, has found that Skinner’s Shoe Satin possesses a beauty and strength for footwear beyond all other satins.

Skinner’s Shoe Satin

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

William Skinner & Sons
Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Phila.
Mills—Holyoke, Mass.

When you write to advertisers please mention PhotoPlay Magazine.
DELIGHTFUL
to be SURE...
and so easy to
use Deodo every day!

By Letitia Hadley

IT'S just the easiest, simplest matter, now, to make sure of immaculate freshness under all conditions! Even when rooms are overheated and you’re wearing heavy clothing!

Deodo is a wonderful new deodorant in powder form—delightful to use! Just rub it under the arms and dust it over the body when you dress. It immediately absorbs and neutralizes the odors of the body—and this one application will keep you daintily fresh all day!

Deodo does not seal the pores nor interfere with their important functions. It is soothing and healing to the skin. And it will not stain or otherwise harm clothing.

Try Deodo on sanitary napkins. You will be amazed to find how easily—and safely—it solves this distressing problem.

Deodo is sold at most druggists and toilet goods counters. Or I will gladly send you a miniature container holding a generous supply, free! Mail the coupon today!

Deodo
A MULFORD PRODUCT
prevents and destroys body odors
FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY
Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name__________________________
Street________________________
City__________________________ State__________

Maybe it's the Southern California Blue Book that Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno are reading. Anyway, the Morenos are one of the five families representing the motion picture business in California's social register. Mrs. Moreno was Daisy Canfield, daughter of one of Los Angeles' oldest families, and one of the wealthiest women on the coast. Even the gossips cannot find any excuse for questioning their happiness.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

Adolphe Menjou in "I'll See You Tonight" at the Paramount Long Island Studio. Mal St. Clair, that likable young director, was handling the megaphone.

That morning Greta came in a couple of hours late. She didn't bother about an excuse or apology. She was just late, that's all. The company had sat around twiddling its fingers waiting for Miss Nissen, while the well-known overheard mounted minute by minute.

Now, Mr. Menjou felt this was a mean trick for Greta to play on their nice director, for know you that if the picture costs too much, the director gets the blame. So like a Dutch uncle, Adolphe took Greta aside and asked her if she thought this was a fair way for her to act. Mr. Menjou, had, been on the set right on the dot.

And then Greta became hysterical and rushed off the set to her dressing room. This was the second time she had seriously delayed the company, so Miss Nissen was removed from the cast of "I'll See You Tonight," and a newcomer, Ebbe Lawson, was given the role.

Mr. St. Clair's first experience with the elusive Greta was when she arrived in New York from the Coast. She had been sent for to play the lead with Menjou in this picture. They needed her immediately. But Miss Nissen had some Christmas shopping to do and didn't bother reporting at the studio until after the holidays. She had picked out a nice quiet hotel that nobody ever heard of, apparently, for the studio scouts were unable to locate the Swedish beauty.

HEARD on the set at the Paramount Studio:

Wally Beery: "Ray, where's the wig I had on a minute ago?"

Ray Hatton: "In your hat, big boy, in your hat!"

If it would be just a scrap of paper to anyone but Mrs. Douglas MacLean. But to her it's worth just exactly $50,000. It was Douglas MacLean's Christmas gift to his wife—an insurance policy that protects him to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars against any illness or accident that may terminate his screen career. Special stress is laid on MacLean's famous toothy smile.

Florence Vidor is wearing on her engagement finger a most magnificent square-cut emerald, and we understand that the date of her wedding to George Fitzmaurice is set for some time in July.

Richard Barthelmess is back in New York after a brief vacation in Florida. He denied emphatically that he had bought any Florida real estate.

"But I never saw so many real estate men in my life," he said. "I imagine I was approached by at least four thousand of them with offers of sure-thing propositions. If I had taken any of them up and they had turned out as represented, a million dollars almost overnight would have been my profits."

"To tell the truth," Dick added, "when you see what is actually happening down there you are almost inclined to believe all of them."

"It's deeds, not words, in Florida!"

Dorothy Mackail gets a nice green hat for being the first Michael Arlen heroine.

She is playing the name part in "The Dancer of Paris," one of Arlen's stories, which Robert Kane is making for First National at the Cosmopolitan Studio in New York.

Dorothy's selection ended a search of four
Youth's bright hour—
—and its fragrance

Youth lives in beauty, in a fragrant, colorful world of its very own imagining... buoyant, happy days—and glorious nights triumphant with the power of its piquant charm...
But youth's loveliness is more than a pretty face, a smile, and a sparkling mood; it is due, as well, to the thoughtful choosing of so many important things—clothes, accessories, coiffure—and perfume.
Youth turns to Cheramy perfumes—April Showers and Cappi. For these two delightful perfumes express the spirit of youth—they speak the adventurous, whimsical soul of youth itself.
One cannot say "April Showers is yours, and Cappi your perfume"; you must try them both and see. You will recognize it instantly—the fragrance that to you is youth. Then ask for your favorite, April Showers or Cappi, also in refreshing toilet water, bath salts and dusting powder; in talc, face powder, and dainty compact.

CHERAMY
NEW YORK
Cappi and April Showers

April Showers Toilet Water, stimulating, revivifying. $2.00. Perfume, youth's own message. $4.00. $2.50, and $1.00. Satin, breathing the freshness of Youth, $1.00.
Face Powder, in five natural tones. "Cher amy Rouge, in lighter dark shades, with the April Showers Fragrance. 50c. Double Compact, silvery, light in weight, $2.00.
Ignorance of physical facts never brought happiness

Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. The recent advances in this branch of hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the relief of poisonous antiseptics. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for indistinct women who demanded an efficient and true surgical cleanliness.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But no longer need a woman risk the effects of dangerous poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home. For now she has Zonite. This powerful antiseptic-germicide is a remarkable achievement to contemplate. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen and far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human tissue! Dentists are using it wisely for preventive oral hygiene. Suggested: ask your physician's opinion of Zonite. Send for dainty booklet on feminine hygiene, frankly written. Zonite Products Co. Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

In bottles, 25c, 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

Anna Q. Nilsson is becoming the champion trans-continental commuter of the movies. Most of her between-picture moments are spent aboard the Golden State Limited. Having finished "Too Much Money" in First National's eastern studio, Anna Q. is hurry-}

---

weeks to find an actress best suited to interpret the heroine of whom Arlen wrote:

"... who in this world was ever more vividly, more magnificently alive than that golden lady, she who was called the dancer of Paris?"

"... she wore clothes so that Frenchwomen looked like Englishwomen."

"... as hard as a diamond."

Of course, this is absolutely sub rosa. I wouldn't have it get any farther than you for anything! BUT... I have it from a reliable source that Jack Gilbert is again most attentive to Leatrice Joy, who not so long ago was Mrs. Jack Gilbert. My reliable informant goes so far as to recount a tender little scene that occurred at the gate of the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio when Jack gave Letty a generous welcoming kiss when they met at the portal.

And they do say that the person who applauded the loudest and the longest at the New York premiere of "The Big Parade" was Letty Joy—all in shell pink for the occasion. And that much of her time in New York was spent sight-seeing with ex-hubby Jack.

So what do you make of it?

Gloria Swanson sprang a surprise on her friends recently when she won the weekly rifle shooting honors for women at Pinehurst, North Carolina. Now, who would think that Gloria had an accomplishment like this tucked up her sleeve?

It happened when the "Untamed" company was traveling south on location. While the director was picking a spot to set up his cameras, the Marquise and her husband slipped into their puttees and stepped over to Pinehurst just long enough for Gloria to take the honors away from two society women in the regular weekly trapshoot for women. Gloria broke 133 out of a possible 150 birds at the usual 10-yard distance.

Gloria needed only six shots to make her titled husband admit defeat in the 150-target event which she entered next, even after he had spent his time in practice to defeat her while she was busy working before the camera.

HERE, mother, is a check. Take a trip around the world, or words to that effect, is what Alma Rubens told her maternal parent the other day.

And so Mrs. Teresa Rubens hurriedly packed a few what-nots into her vanity case and sailed in a few days from San Pedro. Her first stop will be in Hawaii, where she has promised to pluck Alma a few ripe ukuleles, and then she will go to Japan and through the Orient. Late spring will probably find her on the continent, and Hollywood will again see Mrs. Rubens in the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

I recentley overheard one of my friends say to another: "You, for one, need no rouge, my dear! What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was this—like hundreds of other women, she had found a rouge that gave her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. They know that the effect of obvious rouge is just as unattractive as lack of coloring. They want rouge that appears to be part of their own complexion. And when they use the right shade of Pompeian Bloom they achieve the whole natural effect they desire.

From the shade chart below you can easily select your particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

SHADE CHART for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone with a faint suggestion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The Medium tone of Pompeian Bloom suits this skin. If with a medium skin you are slightly tanned, you may find the Orange tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the Oriental tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliance of your complexion the Oriental tint will accomplish it.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the Oriental shade.

White Skin: The pure white skin is rare, but if you have this rare skin you must use the Light tone of Bloom. Special Note: Remember that an unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone than that given above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c at all toilette counters (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

MADAME JEANNETTE
Specialiste en Beaux

Her color is her own
is what the world declares
when a woman uses Pompeian Bloom,
the natural-looking rouge

SPECIAL OFFER

½ of a 60c box of Bloom
The 1926 Panel, with three valuable Pompeian samples—all for 20c.

This generous offer of Bloom gives you an opportunity to really know how good is this popular Pompeian product. For 20c you get ¼ of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing), Beauty Powder, Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet, and the famous 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled "Moments That Will Treasured Be, in the Mist of Memory." This panel was executed by a famous artist, and is reproduced in full color. Art store value 75c to $1.00. Tear off, sign, and send coupon below.

Mail Coupon Today

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2910 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, ½ of 60c box of Bloom, Beauty Booklet and samples.

Name.

Street.

City.

State.

Shade of rouge wanted.

This coupon void after July 15, 1926

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Reginald Denny was recently made the thirteenth member of the Black Cats, stunt men and aviators. The white claws on his insignia indicated he was felled twice in the war, where he served in the Royal Flying Corps. Under Black Cat rulings Denny is allowed only six more falls and he can fly no more, for Black Cats have but nine lives, you know.

“Henry’s,” it is called, and “Henry” is the Henry Bergman who has been seen in every Chaplin picture for the last ten years—fat and jovial, a typical innkeeper of Dickens’ days. He played in “The Gold Rush”—was the obese prospector in whose cabin Charlie performed the Dance of the Rolls—and they do say that Henry started his little restaurant with the proceeds of his work in that picture. Small wonder when you consider it took Charlie nearly two years to make it!

Just now Henry’s snugg little two-by-four establishment is the informal meeting place of Hollywood—with Charlie dropping in for a liverwurst sandwich on Russian rye, with a side order of apple strudel.

Rudy Valentino seems to have had the time of his life on his recent trip abroad. While waiting for the divorce action to be settled he amused himself winning dancing contests in Paris with Laura Gould, former wife of George Gould, Jr., and playing baccarat at Monte Carlo. His winnings for one night were reported to be $31,000. “Lucky at cards; unlucky at love,” seems to be true in the sheik’s case.

Richard Dix told it to me. He said Bill Powell was the one who perpetrated it. But when I asked Bill he denied the responsibility and hung it on Ronald Colman. Ronald disclaimed credit and tried to say it was Jack Gilbert, who wished it on Lew Cody. It wasn’t he either.

Anyway, here’s the story:
It seems that Lew—or whoever it was—was very much inebriated the other day and felt the need of feminine society to share his enjoyment. But the little red book failed to reveal any promising numbers. Now there dwells in Los Angeles a celebrated female revivalist. Lew—or whoever it was—picked up the “phone and dialed her number.

“Hello! Is this Miss So-and-so?”

“Yes.”

“I understand you save wild women.”

“Yes, praise be, I do!”
BY discovering the 3 telltale places where age first shows on a woman's face, and then correcting them by scientific treatments and exclusive preparations, Dorothy Gray became one of the world's most famous beauty specialists. What she does and how.

67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35 reveal one or more of these conditions

There are three places—weak places—on a woman's face which unerringly reveal one's years. Correcting them makes a difference that is almost unbelievable.

By developing a unique treatment and scientific preparations erasing them, Dorothy Gray became beauty mentor to scores of the most important women, socially and financially, both in Europe and America. Scarcely an important name in the international social register but has yielded to her amazing ministrations.

67% of all women past 25, according to experts, show one or more of these three facial conditions. Almost 90% of women past 35 reveal them. Ordinary beauty methods have failed in correcting them. That is why the battle against age, regardless of precautions taken, has largely been a losing one.

Now by the perfection of new and radically different treatments and preparations, it's been proved, virtually beyond question, that those conditions are responsive to correction.

In proof of its experts now point out that those percentages do not apply to the wealthier women except in a small degree. It is shown that while almost 95% of the ultra-wealthy women of America look years younger than they are, the average woman past 25, in ordinary walks of life, looks from 5 to 10 years older than she is.

Why? It isn't worry, household cares, motherhood, but lack of scientific youth protection. Correct means have mostly been denied them.

What the Dorothy Gray Treatments Are

Their objective is strengthening certain facial muscles which, by weakening, result in flabbiness, lines and wrinkles. Thin and withered faces can be made plump—sallow skins can be made white—the actual color of youth can be restored—lines and crow's-feet around the eyes can be erased—double chins can be reduced... absolutely—drooping throat muscles can be overcome.

The Dorothy Gray methods banish them, results in most cases being almost beyond belief. Today, looking one's age is a folly; looking older than one's years, a crime against one's self.

Send Coupon for Personal Advice—FREE

Dorothy Gray preparations are now on sale at the toilet goods counters of the better department stores and at quality drug stores, under very definite and easily followed instructions.

Note the coupon below. Check and fill it out carefully. Then mail it.

Exact and detailed instructions for individual treatment will be sent you without charge.

Each skin requires a certain treatment. That is why no general directions are given here. Once your condition is understood and the method of correction suggested by Miss Gray, you can follow it at home as satisfactorily as in Miss Gray's own establishment.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Women Marvel at
Tangee Crème Rouge

There's a new kind of make-up magic called
Tangee Crème Rouge. Women everywhere say
it is the most wonderful they've ever tried.
For it is entirely different from any other—a
guaranteed cream, chang-
ing color as you put it on, to blend with your
complexion, whether you are blonde or brunette.

Tangee Lipstick is
the same kind of magic

Likewise, Tangee Lipstick changes from
orange to pink to red to brown to plum
the shade of Musa-rose
that is warm, young, lovely, and alluring.
Harmonizing color—hair and
Tangee makes it superior
to any other lipstick,
and makes it last about five times as long.
It's waterproof—frictionproof—kissproof—
permanent—and absolutely harmless. You
put it on in the morning and the lovely glow
stays on all day without fading or rubbing off.

Tangee Rouge Compact
for the purse...

You'll want also the
trim little guermetal
compact—puff and
mirror—for your purse.
Tangee Rouge in caked
powder form—to carry
with you and use when
you need more color.
Get Tangee today...
and be more beautiful
tomorrow!

Caution: Do not let anyone offer you
"something just as good." All substit-
utes are injurious. Look for TANGEE
in orange letters on each container.
Tangee Crème Rouge, St. Tangee
Lipstick, St. Tangee Rouge Com-
plete, 75c.

Mons. Dariot

TANGEE
Be Beautiful with Tangee

"I also understand you save
wayward girls."
"Yes, glory be, I do!"
"Well, will you please save
two blondes for me tonight?"

AHA! A brand new rumor. Somebody says
that Richard Dix has a secret bride out in
Hollywood. Remember when he told a lot of
reporters that he would be married before the
end of 1925?
It can't be Lois Wilson, for Lois is not in
Hollywood. She is right here in New York
playing the lead opposite Dix in a picture en-
titled, appropriately enough, "Let's Get
Married."
Richard neither affirms nor denies the rumor.
Who knows but that he may have started it
himself to escape the friendly machinations of
everybody in the film colony who thinks he
ought to get married?

Did you know that "Ben-Hur" was first
made by the Kalem Company in 1905—
in one reel?

JETTA GOUDAL says she is not tempera-
mental, and showed me her thumb to prove it.
It was a nice thumb, but it didn't prove
anything to me. Palmtists would say that
Jetta has a sweet, even temper and can get
along with anybody, because the shape of her
thumb indicates this.

Whatever Jetta's thumb indicates, it is a fact
that several directorial thumbs are down on
the young lady for her exhibitions of tem-
perament on the studio sets. The Famous
Players-Lasky Company has made a law issue
on the contention that Miss Goudal has a
regular spitfire temper, and that directors are
unable to control her. And Jetta must appear
in court in a couple of weeks to tell her side of
the story and submit to temper tests. All in
connection with her suit against the Lasky
Company for canceling her contract by reason
of which she claims to lose $25,350.
Now she is very, very angry with Cecil De
Mille. After a temperamental outburst on the
set recently, Mr. De Mille promptly and
decisively took her out of the cast of "The
Vogel Boatman," in which she was playing a
leading role.

This time, Hollywood believes, it will be
hard for Miss Goudal to find work. Directors
no longer look upon temperament as a neces-
sity and find that it is something they can do
without.

HERE's one that Richard Dix
tells:
A certain Latin sheik of Hollywood
hurried by a friend of his.
He was carrying a traveling bag,
and he seemed to be in a terrible
rush.
"What's the matter and where are
you rushing to?" his friend asked.
"I'm leaving this town flat," was
the answer.
"Why?" he was asked.
"I just got a letter from a man say-
ing that if I didn't let his wife alone
he'd shoot me."
"Well, why don't you let her
alone?"
"The darn fool forgot to sign his
name," he shouted as he beat it for
the station.

The actors: Alan Hale, giant blond
heavy of "The Covered Wagon," who is now
a director, and Hector Turnbull of the Para-
mount studios.
Alan and Hector meet on the green. They
are about to indulge in a game of golf.
Hector takes one look at Alan's Plus Fours,
probably the biggest and loudest pair in
captivity.
Hector: "Who made 'em?"
Alan: "Bigger & Wyatt!" (a firm of Hol-
wood tailors Hector had evidently never heard
of).
Hector: "Bigger & riot?"
Alan: "BIGGER & WYATT!"
Hector: "Should change their name to
Bigger &Louder. Let's play."
3 Big Dramas

Presented by CECIL B. DeMILLE

Baffling Mystery — breathless suspense — supreme courage — splendid sacrifice. Laughter — tears. All the stirring and tender emotions of the human heart portrayed for you in these great, unforgettable pictures!

The outstanding dramatic success of New York's last theatrical season. Now being produced as a great photoplay with an imposing cast. You will find romance — mystery — thrills in

"Silence"

A Rupert Julian Production
Presented by Cecil B. DeMille
Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix from the Broadway hit by Max Marcin, with H. B. Warner.

If you haven't seen it yet, ask your theatre man for that tremendous spectacle:

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production

"THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY"

Adapted by Jeannie Macpherson and Beulah Marie Dix
From the play by Beulah Marie Dix & E. G. Schildkrout, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd and Julia Faye.

Coming — CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production

"THE VOLGA BOATMAN"

Personally directed by Cecil B. DeMille

Released by

PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

F. C. MUNROE, President
RAYMOND PAWLEY, Vice-President and Treasurer
JOHN C. FLINT, Vice-President and General Manager

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Big Increases in Salary

Start to Win Them Now!

Why strive single-handed for a “raise” when you can marshal to your aid the largest business training institution in the world? “My salary has been increased 150 per cent,” writes J. O. Clinton, a Louisiana man. “I can breathe better and frankly admit that my advancement has been largely due to your training, and to the personal interest you have taken in helping me command a bigger salary.”

“During the past two years my income has been about 500 per cent greater than it was seven years ago when I first undertook LaSalle training,” writes W. C. Keen, a Florida man. “I have made more than 1500 per cent in the average of my monthly income.”

In this “Geography of Success” are listed the names and addresses of 1,248 LaSalle members who during only six months’ time reported salary increases totaling $1,398,572. The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

What's to prevent your equalizing such records — setting new records of your own? You have the same twenty-four hours in the day — the same ambition to get ahead. Turn time into cash with the LaSalle salary-doubling plan. The coupon just below this text will bring you full particulars — without the slightest obligation. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information will place in your hands, without cost, of very real and definite value.

If a successful career is worth 2¢ a stamp and two minutes of your time, then take the field of advancement that appeals to you, fill in your name and address, and place the coupon in the mail TODAY.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 3302-R
Chicago

Tell me what you do and I will send you a LaSalle salary-doubling plan as applied to my advancement in the business field I have: 
Business Administration
Business Management
Banking and Finance
Modern Business Correspondence and Office Work
Traffic Management
Modern Salesmanship
Moral Accountability
Real Estate Salesmen's License
Editorial Management
Traffic Degree of L.L.B.
Industrial Management
Modern Law Enforcement
Commercial Law
Modern Foremanship
Productive Methods
Personnel and Employment Management

0 Business Management
0 Modern Salesmanship
0 Higher Accountability
0 Traffic Management
0 Real Estate Salesmen's License
0 Editorial Management
0 Modern Law Enforcement
0 Commercial Law
0 Modern Foremanship
0 Productive Methods
0 Personnel and Employment Management

Name _____
Present Position ________
Address ________

0 Banking and Finance
0 Modern Business Correspondence and Office Work
0 Expert Bookkeeping
0 DC. A. Coaching
0 Business English
0 Commercial Spanish
0 Effective Speaking

This advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

HOLLYWOOD beauties, smarting a little under Erte’s accusation of square shoulders, lack of soul in their eyes and other things, are now listening eagerly to Benjamin Christison, the noted art director at the Metro-Goldwyn Culever City studio.

Mr. Christison says American women have smaller bodies than European women, slenderer and more graceful arms and legs, more interesting faces and more diversity of appearance. European women so often run to type; he says, but Americans with the heritage of mixed blood produce more pleasantly different kinds of beauty.

Here is Alexander Carr’s latest. A Jewish family lived next door to an Irish bird dealer. On Christmas the Irishman gave his Jewish neighbors a gift of an expensive parrot.

“Merry Christmas! And here’s a fine and valuable bird for you,” said the Irishman. Some days later they met, and the bird dealer inquired for the welfare of the bird.

“Oy, Mr. Dennis!” enthusiastically replied the recipient, “the bird was fine—the children had such a nice Christmas dinner.”

“What!” exclaimed Dennis. “Do you mean to say you ate the bird?”

“Yes—the children enjoyed him lots.”

“Why, man! that was a parrot... a valuable bird! Why! that bird could talk!”

“Vell, vhy didn't he say something to the Rabbi, then?”

POLA NEGRI has just published a book entitled "Le Scatole di Roma Gianfrone," which translated is "The Life and Dreams of the Cinema." It is written in French and is being sold only in France.

In this volume Pola tells what she believes the moving picture can accomplish for humanity. A few lines:

"The cinema will become the great regulator of human harmony...."

"If the people of earth are transformed one day into a universal and pacific republic, they will owe it to the generous shadows which flicker across the silver screen."

"Liberty, the Anglo-Saxon ideal, has been accomplished by revolution. Equality, the Latin dream, is a daughter of evolution. Fraternity, a universal sentiment, will be realized by the cinema."

I was Pola Negri who introduced the clowns to the world and has become so popular with the women of this country. Pale face, sunny, lovely, and scarlet lips. Of course it is most becoming to girls with dark hair. Blondes need color in their cheeks, else they look anaemic.

Now Miss Vilma Banky has introduced something just as startling for the blonde sisterhood. No make-up at all—off stage. She appeared in "A Day in Beverly Hills" the other night without any vestige of lipstick, rouges, mascara, and only a light dusting of powder to prevent shine. She was still charming.

JUST a word of warning in which I think the fans will bear me out.

Those two dark and talented beauties, Leatrice Joy and Virginia Valli, want to keep an eye on the good old bathroom combination without which both at the Luncheon at the Metromonte the other day, and though I didn’t watch their menu, I hoped it was pineapple and lamb chop. It should have been.

I WAS astounded the first day I visited Marion Davies’ set, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where she is making “Beverly of Graustark,” at the remarkable resemblance between the beautiful Cosmopolitan star and the Princess of Wales.

Marion has a regular boy’s haircut, has what’s left of her blonde tresses slicked back again under her dainty hat, and wears stunning uniforms. It was the haircut and uniform which made the resemblance so marked.

And speaking of the Princess reminds me of a story which has just leaked out.

The occasion was his first visit to the Pacific coast. Now the Prince has never posed with picture people in public. Many have tried to induce him to do so, but all have failed.

The Prince and his party were at San Diego and were being elaborately entertained by the mayor. Mildred Harris, who is a warm friend of the mayor and his wife, was also there and was introduced to Edward as the mayor’s niece.

A group picture, Mr. and Mrs. Mayor, the Prince and Mildred, was suggested by Miss Harris and taken before one of Edward’s party found that that was the moment when the picture got off. The negative was recovered and destroyed.

And that’s how close Mildred Harris came to getting her picture in the paper with the Prince of Wales.

HERE’s one which recently leaked out on a more or less prominent actor.

Some time after this character breaking into pictures, the actor finally got a contract with William Fox and was being featured. Soon properly went to his head. The actor forgot the days of his struggles and wrote the most unsual letter to his producer.

In part it said, "Please do not consider this a communication from an employee to an employer. As a man, as an artist, as an American, I tell Fox just how good he was and how crazy other producers were to have his services and ended by asking if he didn’t think he, the actor, should have more money."

William Fox’s answer was short and to the point:

"This letter is not from man to man. It is from a man to a damn fool. If there is anyone in the business who is really doing a good job, I do, take it quick. And there was an inference that the producer would be glad to get rid of the actor.

BOB AMES is a newcomer to the camera coast where flowers and fruit flaunt their perpetual beauty. He was enthralling over the climate and the beauties of California to an old resident:

"It’s marvelous out here... with the roses always blooming!" chirruped Bob.

"Yeh!" said the perennial pessimist, "and you have no idea how insulating a rose can be on a cold morning!"

GEORGE O’BRIEN, the Sir Galahad, the unattainable, the handsome young Irish lad who has given many a heart thrill to the queens of the silver sheet without even knowing it and has seemed to shun the fair sex like a plague, has at last fallen under the spell of a clairvou.

And the clairvoyant is Olive Borden, the new Fox discovery who is to be starred.

Olive is young, beautiful and unspoiled, and their little romance is as pretty and charming a thing as one could wish to see. Reminds me of a young love story out of one of those good, old-fashioned romantic novels.

IT’s a sad and strange thing that nobody seems able to get any decent still pictures of George O’Brien. The young Fox star is as
Guide to good things

GRANDMOTHER could tell, by rubbing it in her hand, whether the goods in a suit or overcoat was all-wool. Grandfather could tell good leather by the feel of it. Both had ways, or thought they had, of knowing good silver, brass or copper.

But you buy so many more things than our grandparents did, that it is almost impossible to be a judge of quality in everything you buy. In this age, only a specialist could really know even a small part of the many things used in your home, if the trade-marks and trade-names were left off them.

Advertising has taken the place of grandfather's and grandmother's knowledge. You may be sure a thing advertised is as represented. If it is not, the person making it and the one selling it will quickly lose your confidence and your patronage. People do not dare misrepresent in their advertising—to do so is to invite closed factories and stores.

The advertisements are your guide to good things. Whatever you need, there is an advertisement in these pages that will take you to it—just the kind you want.

*Read the advertisements to know what is best and where to buy it*
Dear Miss Van Wyck:

Petting is my biggest problem. The boys all seem to do it and don't seem to come back if you don't do it also. We girls are all at our wits' end to know what to do.

All the boys want to pet. I've been out with nearly fifty different ones and every one does it, I thought sometimes it was my fault but when I tried hardest to keep from it they were all the worse. As yet I've never been out with anyone that got beyond my control. It may sound simple, but the minute I say that it is mean to take advantage because they are stronger they all seem to respect my wishes. I've tried getting mad but it doesn't do any good.

I don't seem to know what I want out of life. I want the thrills. I get a kick out of petting and I think all girls do no matter how much they deny it. What's to be done? The boys all like it and I can't seem to make myself dislike it and am not afraid of any of the men I know. Yet older people say "Don't do it!" Is it just because they are older and forget how they felt? I don't want it if it really is wrong. It makes me wonder how on earth you are supposed to respect it all because you don't pet if you get turned down every time because you won't, before they have time to appreciate your sterling qualities. I'm quite sure that I don't want to marry anyone who is too slow to want to pet. But I want to discover what is right.

Please help me.

My Reply

To pet or not to pet.

That is the question that comes more and more often in my mail. To pet or not to pet. Poor, puzzled girls like the very nice girl who has written me above. You are only one of hundreds, my dear, though you are franker than most and face your problem more squarely.

"Petting" is the modern term that has replaced mother's "spooning" and grandmother's "sparking" and great-grandmother's "courting." Each term, it seems to me, is in itself indicative of the change in mood, the loss of romance in the approach between girl and boy to the reality of love.

In the last analysis, petting or spooning, or what you will, is the attempt to bridge the sex barrier. It should lead to marriage and life-long happiness between husband and wife, but it doesn't always. That's the trouble.

Actually considering whether to pet or not is like realizing that one's home would make a lovely bonfire and then considering whether to turn off the blinds for a neat little blaze, or to have a bigger blaze by turning the blinds and the porch or to have one marvelous fire by burning down the whole place. True, the house will be gone and there will be nothing but scorched remains, the color of the flames and the heat. But one will have had the thrill of destruction and made a hit with the neighbors by lighting up the horizon.

I think petting is like that. At the risk of shocking the older generation, I must say that I see this not so much as a struggle between right and wrong as a judgment between good and bad values. Petting is of the moment. It is feverish and hectic and in more cases than any of us are willing to admit, disastrous to a girl's whole life.

It depends, then, on what one wants from life and the part one wants men to take in that life. If a girl is husband hunting, she must proceed very carefully and seriously, "as wise as a serpent and as soft as a dove." If she is after a career and only wants men sandwiched into that career from time to time, she can be much more casual in her contacts with the opposite sex. If she wants only the thrill, the petting and necking parties, the hip flasks and the parked car in the dark, that's up to her. But oh, what a shame to cheapen love so greatly, to pull it down on the level of cho-
America has hailed this fountain pen desk-set with acclaim

It is not an ink-stand. It is a convenient and beautiful receptacle for our tapering Lifetime fountain pens. The ink is in the pen itself. And since the nib rests in a vacuum, it is ever ready for instant action. A new kind of desk-set for the home or office! Undoubtedly it is the greatest improvement that has ever been made in writing instruments. And that is the reason why we can hardly supply the American demand. Made in singles and doubles, with Radite Lifetime pens complete—pens which cost nothing for repair, since they are guaranteed for a lifetime. If your stationer, jeweler or druggist hasn't them write directly to us, and we will arrange to supply them through the dealer.

Prices, including long pens, from $10 to $30
At better dealers everywhere

SHEAFFER'S
PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON IOWA
Feminex

At Tasteless Tablets that End Pain

They tell of this wonderful formula now available to all—in Feminex

IN only ten to fifteen minutes Feminex banishes habitual pain and saves a day formerly considered lost.

Women and girls at home, at business, everywhere—tell one another of Feminex. They, also, vouch for its effectiveness, for its speedy relief, for its safety.

Effective for other pains

Feminex is equally effective in relieving other pains which frequently discomfit girls and women. Such as backache, headache, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Of course, Feminex is safe, and free from detrimental effect on the stomach and heart. Nor does it interfere with any of the normal functioning of the system.

At your favorite drug store

It is easy to buy Feminex. Ask for it by name. Take one or two of the tasteless tablets, drink plenty of water and be free from pain in ten to fifteen minutes. Only 50c for a small bottle that is as easy to carry as a compact; yet contains enough tablets for three months' service.

Send 10c for one month's trial supply

We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper for 10c. Simply tear out this advertisement and write your name and address plainly on the margin. Mail with a dime to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"
When the Movies Were Young

The greatest director’s wife has written her own story of the magic early days of the most romantic industry.

They had hope, of course, much hope. And a typewriter. The two things in combination saved their lives.

Broadway would have none of them. They did the casting agencies faithfully. All they got was worn-out shoes. But at night they both worked hard.

“Lawrence”—he would call himself that, though Linda protested in favor of his baptismal name, David Wark—wrote plays and poems and Linda typed them for him. Once in a green moon some of this literary output sold.

Then one day David heard of the Biograph company down in Fourteenth Street. He told Linda and thereafter, ever so often, they had a wonderful day in which they both earned three dollars and caught up, temporarily, with their appetites.

They didn’t mention this movie work. Not on your life. Every actor and actress who ever played before the camera in those dark ages of 1906 kept quiet about it. The very movie studios were ashamed of themselves and let their actors off periodically to hunt the casting agencies uptown, hoping that the poor things could get a respectable engagement.

Here is where the quality for greatness in Griffith showed. He didn’t like the work. He was humiliated about it. Yet he took interest in it, tried to improve it and to work faithfully. For one thing he sold the company scenarios, for $15 apiece. A one-reel version of “When Knighthood Was in Flower” was done with a cast of five. He and Linda were two of them.

The result was that when Wally McCutcheon, son of “Old Man McCutcheon,” the same Wally who later married Pearl White, wanted to shift the responsibility of the studio from his own shoulders he slipped it on D. W.’s.

“Lawrence” Griffith had his chance. Not that he wanted that chance particularly. He wanted to be a writer. Instead, he was forced to be a director. He and Linda went on, because they had to, little dreaming that they had stubbed their toes on a veritable pot of gold.

Hunting up and down Broadway, Griffith would say to an actor, “Well, how about it? If you’re hanging about, how would you like to work with me a bit?”

Polite and evasive would be the reply. “Well, you see, I’m awfully busy now, have several offers and—well, when I’m signed up, I’ll drop around again.”

Can you imagine what an actor would say to Griffith today? Yet, somehow, a little company grew up in the studio. A slim little girl with a pretty white dress was put to work one day—because of the white dress. She was Jeanie Macpherson. On the regular list were Eddie

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]
Why Not Cultivate YOUR Musical Bump?

Resolve now to have the pleasure and profit which are yours when you play a Conn instrument. You have the talent—if you can whistle you can learn to play. Entertain your friends, play professionally whole or part time, as you wish. Increase your income. America spends millions for music; get your share.

With a Conn you learn to play quickly. Exclusive features make Conn the choice of the world's greatest artists. On the Conn saxophone you get the patented tuning device, improved simplified key system, straight mouth-pipe, integral sockets, with rolled edges and above all, the new Conn-foil vacuum pads. Let us tell you about these features in detail. With all their exclusive features Conn Costs No More.

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Send coupon now for free book, "Success in Music and How to Win It," by Sousa and other famous artists, and details of trial offer. Mention instrument. Conn is the only maker of every instrument for the band. No obligation; send coupon now.

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H
did you get on with your answers to the Movie Intelligence Test, No. II, by L. Lyle McMullen, in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY? It isn't easy for even the most enthusiastic follower of the screen to put down the correct solutions, offhand, to all of the queries. Below is what you should have written, if your paper comes in the one hundred percent class.

GROUP ONE—Numbers 2, 4 and 5 in Question 1; Numbers 1 and 2 in Question 2; Numbers 4 and 5 in Question 3; Numbers 2, 3 and 4 in Question 4; Numbers 1, 3, 4 and 5 in Question 5, should all be circled.

GROUP TWO—Numbers 8, 10, 13, 18 and 20 should be crossed out as being untrue.

GROUP THREE—Numbe 3 in Question 21; Number 2 in Question 22; Number 1 in Question 23; Number 4 in Question 24; Number 3 in Question 25, should be circled to indicate a misplaced name or title.

GROUP FOUR—Quest on 26. The star of "Soul-Fire" was Richard Barthelmess. Question 27. Fred Niblo is a prominent director of Metro-Goldwyn. Question 28. "Sally of the Sawdust" was produced by D. W. Griffith. Question 29. "The Devil's Cargo" had a featured cast of good players. Question 30. Sam De Grasse is a character actor. Question 31. Lillian Gish's leading man in "The White Sister" and "Romola" was Ronald Colman. Question 32. "The Iron Horse" was an epic railroad picture. Question 33. Bessie Love and Glenn Hunter were featured in "The Silent Watcher." Question 34. Mack Sennett is a comedy producer of CC. Marie Prevost is married to Kenneth Harlan.

GROUP FIVE—Question 36. Prehistoric animals of great size played an important part in "The Lost World." Question 37. Douglas Fairbanks' latest released picture is "Don Q." Question 38. A noted producer-director who recently severed his connection with Famous Players-Lasky is Cecil B. De Mille. Question 39. Sydney Chaplin made one of the big comedy hits of the year in "Charley's Aunt." Question 40. Lila Lee is married to James Kirkwood. Question 41. She has very often appeared as leading lady to Thomas Meighan. Question 42. A famous biblical story recently filmed is "The Wanderer." Question 43. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 44. A Ziegfield Folies comedian who recently left the stage to play an important part in a picture is W. C. Fields. Question 45. The picture was "Sally of the Sawdust." Question 46. Jackie Cooper was "discovered" by Charles Chaplin. Question 47. The first picture in which he appeared was "The Kid." Question 48. Nita Naldi supported Rudolph Valentino in "The Sainted Devil." Question 49. Wallace Beery was one of the featured players in "The Lost World." Question 50. Noah Beery was one of the featured players in "The Thundering Herd." Question 51. The world's greatest actress is "The Little Fox." Question 52. The world's greatest talent—"The Devil's Advocate." Question 53. John Gilbert's most celebrated picture was "The Loser." Question 54. Beery wears "Sawdust." Question 55. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 56. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 57. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 58. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 59. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 60. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 61. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 62. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 63. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 64. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 65. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 66. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 67. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 68. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 69. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 70. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 71. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 72. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 73. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 74. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 75. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 76. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 77. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 78. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 79. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 80. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 81. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 82. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 83. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 84. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 85. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 86. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 87. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 88. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 89. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 90. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 91. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 92. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 93. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 94. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 95. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 96. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 97. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 98. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 99. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr. Question 100. The leading role is played by Wm. Collier, Jr.

Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

That Dorothy Mackaill was the most attractive girl in Hollywood.

That Hollywood people went to bed earlier than any group he'd ever met, because every dinner party he attended broke up about ten, in view of the united yawns of the guests and hostess.

That Colleen Moore was the most charming and intelligent woman he had ever met.

That Harold Lloyd knew more about motion pictures than everybody else put together, and off the screen was a typical young American business man, husband and father.

That the making of the chariot race scenes from "Ben-Hur" was the most exciting event he had ever witnessed, or was ever likely to witness.

That most of the people he met were astonishingly simple and natural in view of the immense salaries and endless flattery they received.

That Jack Gilbert would be the greatest man star the screen had ever had.

And that Mrs. St. John's book was an absolutely true and graphic picture of the most amazing city in the world—Hollywood.

NOVARRO comes to New York to attend the opening of "Ben-Hur," a great personal triumph, gets stagefright and hides in his hotel. No press agent informed the newspapers of the important fact that he bought a diamond ring for his sister, two pairs of pajamas and a new black necktie.

But then if Novarro won't rave about Novarro, Herb Howe will. There's a Boswell for you.

WHY doesn't Howe write about somebody besides Novarro, Alice Terry, Bool Montana, Farina, Rex Ingram, Malcolm McGregor, Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith and Tony Moreno?" queries a querulous reader.

I answer that the only reason I know is that Howe wears a high hat in Hollywood and is too lazy to meet anybody else.

But somehow or other the lad seems to get by.
HIS SECRETARY

If you are a Norma Shearer fan—
And who isn’t?
You have a new thrill coming to you
When you see "His Secretary."
For, with their usual discrimination,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Chose a story that gave Norma
Real opportunity to display her genius
And she did!
From start to finish
Her superb acting in this picture establishes her
As a star of planetary proportions.
You must see her!
And then there’s Lew Cody
And Willard Louis,
HOBART Henley’s super direction
And a whale of a story by Carey Wilson.
In short
It’s a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
In every respect—
And you know what that means!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WEST COAST

W. William Neil directing the "Flying Buckle batting with Dick Jones and Alf Young. Ma and Wally Walsh will soon start production on "What Price Glory?" Cast not named.


J. B. Wyatzone directing "Tony Rums Wild" with Tom Tully.

Chester Bennett directing the "Dangers of a Gentleman" with Ray Danton and Sally Mack.

J. S. Griffith Wray directing "Hell's Four Hundred" with Margaret Livingston.

J. B. Benenstone directing "Sing" with Machine, Bell, Machine. Lemon, Fenton, Bondur and Hurri- sueh.

Emmett Flynn directing "Yellow Fingers" with Olive Borden.

LASKY STUDIO, 1250 Vine Street.

Allen Dean directing the "Strawhacker" with Beside Love.

George B. Sells directing "Dewey Gold" with Neil Hamilton, Malroy Mason, Robert Fraser and William Powell.

Victor Fleming directing the "Blind Goddess" with Jack Holf, Esther Rublon, Louise Driver and Ernest Torrence.

Arthur Reisman directing "Fresh Paint" with Ray mabe and Grady Brinn.

William de Male directing the "Flight to the Left" with Grady Brinn and S. B. King.

William Wellman directing an untitled production with Leta Hama, Helena Cortes and Artiste Marchal.

J. D. Johnson will complete on "Old Ironsides," John Cruze directing. Cast not named.

"The Rough Riders." Director and cast not named.


METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Harold Lloyd Prod. Production has been completed on "For Heaven's Sakes" with Harold Lloyd and John Hamilton.


A. H. Sebastian Prod., Paul Bern directing the "Prince of Piles" with Auda Stewart and Allan Forrest.


George Melford directing "Silverpeeks" with Seena Owen.

Alan Hale directing "Forbidden Waters" with Pauline Lord, Leslie Hope and Cansom For- guson.


PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Inherit.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORP., 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Charles Brabin directing the " Winning of a Bur- ban Worth" with Marlene Dietrich.

SELIG STUDIO, 3800 Hollywood Road.

Horrey B. Carpenter directing the "Assault" with T. H. Boren and Ethel Johnson.

JACK SEXTEN STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Alley Hays, Ben Turpin, Ralph Graves, Billy Revan, Melvyn Douglas, Pauline Lord and Ruth Hall—acting on untitled feature comedy.

UNITED STUDIOS, 531 Melrose Ave.

First National Prod.

Edwin Carewe directing "Twentieth Century Unlimited" with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. Lin Fenton. completed the "Second Chance" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Robert Truax.

Alfred E. Green directing "Miss Nobody" with Colleen Moore.

Clarence Brown has completed "Kiki" with Norma Tashman and Ronald Colman.

United Artists Prod.

Georges Fiinmnardirecting "Sons of the South" with Rudolph Valentino.

Marlon Fairfax Prod.

Maurice Tourneur directing "The Desert Hour" with Katharine MacDonnell, Tuyls Mur- phy and Lewis Stone.

UNIVERSAL STUDI0, Universal City, Calif.

Arthur Rosson directing "The Tumultuous Tornado" with Art Aragon and Barbara La Russa.

Joseph Frant directing the "Hidden Cabin" with Pete Morrow and Marie Wells.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Chip of Flying U" with Hoot Gibson and Violette Faye.

William Neher directing "Too Many Crooks" with Reinald Denny.

Edward Suren directing "The Old Soak" with Jean Hersholt.

Harry Pollard directing "Poker Fails" with Edward Everett Horton and Laura Lee Fleur.

Lola Weber directing "Little Derrit" with Mary Philbin.

Lynn Reina directing "Combat" with House Iverson and William Hole.

Herbert Bresnach directing the "Mystery Club" with Matt Mower, Warren Oland and Mildred Harris.

Seddick shorty directing "The Flaming Frontier" with Hoot Gibson, Glatt Farnum and Anna Cora Mow.

King Basset directing "Perry of the Devil" with Ace Mower.


WARNER BROS. STUDI0, 5412 Santa Monica Blvd.

Erle Kenton directing the "So" with Kenneth Harlan.

Roy Hel Putch directing the "Grafters" with Dukas Custody, Leslie Farriana, Johnny Harris, Matthew Broderick and Charlie Chase.

William Bendige directing "Leave It To Me" with Evelyn Wine, Smith, John Park and Mont- gomery Love.

James Flood directing "Why Girls Go Back Home" with Mistle Preveet.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 861 East 17th St., New York City.

George Armbrook direct the "Savage" with Ben Lyon and Maxine McKee.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Robert Kane Prod. "As Saultel direct the "Dance of the Party with Dorothy Mackall, Con- way Tebe, Robert Cole.

MacFadden Prod. Hugh Dierker directing the "heart" with Niles Welch.

JACKSON STREET, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx. Bobro pro and Carl Bing direct.

Charles Plies directing the "Brown Derby" with Johnnie Hills.

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

Edward Sutherland directing the "Old Army Game" with Lina Low and W. C. Fields.

Gregory La Cava directing "Buckeye Troubles" with Richard Dix and Lela Wilson.

Leslie Allington has announced the "New Blend- icle" with Thomas Meek, Lila Lee and Gladys Van.

Mat St. Clair directing the "Social Celebrity" with Adolph Menjou and Eide Lovcson.

Frank tuttle directing "Fine Gullers" with George Buchanan.

D. W. Griffith directing "The Sacrifice of Spain" with Carol Dempster and Greta Naran.

TECART STUDIO, West 47th St., New York City.

Sauty Ahmed directing "The Old Prize Horseman" with Richard Barthelmess and Elisa Moran.

IN ENGLAND

FAMOUS-PLAYER-LASKY CORP.

Herbert Brenon directing "Boy Geste" with Norma Trenary.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FAMOUS-PLAYER-LASKY CORP.

"The Golden Journey" will be released as "The Lady of the Haven."

"I'll See You Tonight" will be released as "A Social Celebrity."

FOX C Erd.

"Three B-n Men" will be released as "The World of Promise."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 44th St., New York City.


Disttictive Pictures Corporation, 506 Madison Ave., New York City.

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

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount) 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 725 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Fast Goldwyn, 1350 Broadway, New York City.

Film Company, 3rd Ave., New York City.

Pantograph Corporation, Palmer Rod., Holly- wood, Calif.

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

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 405 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rechercher Film Mfg. Co., 1335 Diverse Park, Chicago, Ill.


Universal Film Company, 353 Madison Ave., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
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For Only 50c

This sounds ridiculous, but that is the equivalent of what you will receive if you take advantage of OPPORTUNITY'S New Special Subscription Offer. OPPORTUNITY (The Salesman's Guide) covers all phases of the direct selling field, which today is only in its infancy. This field offers exceptional possibilities to the young man or woman who is ambitious and desirous of getting ahead. Women will welcome this chance to turn their SPARE TIME into MONEY.

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Massage Cream
It shapes the cuticle and
keeps it even and healthy

handsome a man as ever walked the streets of Hollywood—which is saying a good deal—but I have never seen a photograph of him that anywhere near did him justice.

The sad part of it is that this isn't because George doesn't photograph well. He's a great camera subject. The reason is that he's so shy, so painfully shy, that he can't pose before a still camera without doing all the tricks that you and I and Cousin Jane and Uncle John do. When he gets in action, he forgets about it. But before a still camera he becomes as self-conscious and bashful as a country bridegroom or a high school valedictorian.

SHE was very young and very inexperienced. She had just been signed to a lucrative contract and was suffering her first interview.

Said the reporter: "I understand you have a new home. In what period is it furnished? Elizabethan? Byzantine? Renaissance?"

A deep wrinkle puffed the fair brow of the newest star—and then she smiled sweetly and replied: "Metro-Goldwyn!"

"HE's a regular boy . . . that man-child of mine."

It was Bill Hart talking about his little son, Bill, Jr. Not the Bill we see on the screen, flourishing two guns and with grim face, but the Bill who is the father . . . a lonely father.

"Not a bit like a baby, and he's only three. Why, the other day his nurse brought him in to pay me a visit. I don't see him very often, you know, and I guess I was pretty well shaken. When he was ready to leave, I said: 'Bill, aren't you going to kiss Daddy good-bye?' "Bill looked at me . . . a real little man, and said: 'I will if you promise not to cry again.'"

JUST everybody was at Mrs. Clarence Brown's luncheon—the one she gave for Norma Talmadge before Norma commenced her new picture. Mr. Brown is to direct. Norma was in a oakwood-colored duveton frock with fich fur collars and collar. Connie wore black satin with monkey fur. Duke de Riviero was clad in a deep wine-colored flat crepe that made her creamy skin absolutely luscious; Vilma Banky, in softest pink, tallied of her brother Julius who is to join her in Hollywood.

Leatrice Joy wore a stunning yellow frock—a trophy of her recent New York trip; Mildred Davis Lloyd, Pauline Frederick, Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Miss Hope Loving, Mrs. Earle Williams, Miss Ruth Collier, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. Jack Mulhull, Mrs. Carey Wilson, all in mid-winter fashions and hues ranging from our own season's Hollywood hills to brightest sea blue.

Norma's favor was a fuzzy carrot-topped French doll with a wide skirt that flirited gracefully of her cel-lake black legs. And Norma, of course, immediately dubbed the doll "Kiki."

Connie received a candy-box-doll with a flippantly frilled skirt. "Because," said Mrs. Brown, "Connie can indulge in all the candy she wants and never gain a pound."

Pretty Dresden ladies with powdered wigs hid fleshy powder puffs and pin cushions beneath their voluminous skirts as favors to other luncheon guests.

And there was a fortunate teller who predicted everything from fat contracts to new husbands as the occasion demanded, a Hawaiian orchestra and a devastating Charleston dancer.

SAT next to Ernst Lubitsch, the famous director, at supper the other night and was tremendously impressed by some of the things he had to say about pictures.

There is no man in motion pictures today who spends more time thinking about them as a whole, than Lubitsch.

He was overcome with admiration for "The Big Parade" for one thing.

"A picture like that," he said, "does us all good. It is the only one of the entire standard of the art. It renews and renews people's faith in pictures."

"It is a universal picture, an international picture."

But he went anew over Pola Negri and what is happening to her in her American made pictures. Lubitsch, of course, directed her in "Passion," in which she first won her great fame in this country.

"But they can never make Pola popular in Pollyanna pictures," he said. "They can never win for her an audience or a following except the one that loved her in 'Passion.' But now they try to make her popular with all kinds and so she falls between and pleases nobody."

"Let them put her in the right stories, and she will always hold her own, for she is a great artist."

"But she is not for everybody's tastes, and they cannot make her so."

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—went mad over May Allision when she went there on location to make "North of Steel," with and Doris Kenyon. She was feted by the society leaders of the city, covered herself with glory when she addressed the Rotary Club which made her their guest of honor during her stay, judged a Charleston contest in Birmingham's largest auditorium, was proposed to by one of the city's multi-millionaires, and lived in a "uite at the Tutwiler Hotel which was turned into a conservatory by the many floral offerings to her charm and beauty. Birmingham was proud of its native daughter and wanted the world to know it.

INCIDENTALLY May makes a shave a good Charleston herself in the picture. In her role, as the daughter of the steel magnate, she drives a private car and puts on a performance which she demonstrates the dance to her guests. She claims the Charleston is the best reducer she ever heard of, although she isn't happy to need it at the time.

In the picture there was written in a scene showing Milton Sills carrying her across runways of molten metal. One slip meant death. The light was bad on the first attempt, but the superintendent of the steel mills refused to permit a second. Too dangerous, he said. More than one workman had been killed trying it.

JUST a sister to him, that's all. Thus Mae Murray replied to questions concerning her and Rudolph Valentino when she tripped down the Majestic gangplank on her return from Germany.

Yes, they had seen a good deal of each other abroad—in fact, they had made a ten-day trip together from Paris to Berlin. But as for romance, "aren't you funny?" smiled Mae to the reporters.

But the romantic possibilities of the merry widow are too good to be disregarded. Mae's friends, who have been a regular feature in her and Bob Leonard are delightfully vague. "He was a wonderful husband, but we just couldn't get along—then," she said.

She had nothing at all to say regarding the rumored engagement of Leonard and Gertrude Olmsted.
Here's a Gift
Just send coupon for full 10-day tube of this new way to dazzling, white teeth and firm, healthy gums

FREE—10-Day Tube
Note Coupon
Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

GEORGIA HALE, who was discovered by Chaplin and given the lead in his picture, "The Gold Rush," has just been signed to a contract by Famous Players-Lasky Company.
So Charlie has a new leading lady, named Myrna Kennedy, who will be seen in his next comedy, "The Circus." Miss Kennedy has never appeared in pictures before, having been discovered by Chaplin in a Los Angeles stage play.

SHE'S to be Short no longer. It's Mrs. Scott Pembroke now.
Gertrude Short, who will be recalled as the rotund merrymaker of many a serious picture and as the pretty plump gum-chewer who merrily served wrong numbers in "The Tele-

Shawls are still popular with the flappers in Hollywood. It's only the way to wear them that changes, says Ruth Taylor of Mack Sennett's beauty brigade. This, explains Ruth, is the smart way at present.

HERE'S a little test that you'll enjoy making. It makes teeth white and gleaming.
It your teeth are "off-color" and dull, it doesn't mean they are naturally that way. They are simply film coated. And what you find when that film goes will surprise you.
Note the difference in the color of your teeth. Mark, too, how much firmer your gums become.

FILM... the great enemy of healthy teeth and gums
Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.
That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.
It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-color" look. Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.
Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

New methods remove it.
And Firm the Gums
Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.
What you see when that film is removed — the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

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**KNORIDA VANITIES FOR LOOSE POWDER CANNOT SPILL**

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Josephine Norman is one of the reasons why magazines are bought on face value. Before getting a job in the galloping gelatinis, Josephine was a model for Neysha McMein and has been on magazine covers galore. She is in "The Road to Yesterday" and a new P. D. C. picture called "Fifth Avenue"
silent drama—the greatest showman the west has ever known.

More than 500 men, all outstanding figures in Los Angeles’ art, creative and political life, were present. And however high their position, none bore any magic charm to withstand the darting shafts of humor and irony incessantly showered upon them.

Through the medium of speech, pantomime and burlesque, the foibles of the great and near great were held up to pitiless scrutiny. The opening laugh of the evening came when all the members of the Wampus made their appearance adorned with wigs, in imitation of Grauman’s bowing locks.

From the devastating fire of lampoonery launched by Rupert Hughes, Donald Ogden Stewart and other speakers, came the sudden dramatic appearance of Mrs. H. J. Grauman, mother of the guest of honor, on a balcony above the main ballroom of the hotel. Her appearance followed the presentation of a life pass to all Los Angeles theaters by Joe Jackson, in behalf of the Wampus.

Rupert Hughes was toastmaster and was introduced by Harry Brand, president of the Wampus. Donald Ogden Stewart was the first speaker introduced, and other speakers were Edgar Rice Burroughs; Wedgewood Nowell, representative of Actors’ Equity; Lew Cody, representing the actors; William Beaudine, of the Directors Association; Fred Beetsic, representing the Hayes organization; G. G. Young, on behalf of the Los Angeles Publishers Association. All paid high tribute to Grauman as a man and as an artist.

Among those introduced to the audience by Mr. Hughes were: Jack Dempsey, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Tom Mix, Ronald Colman, Alfred Green, Clarence Brown, Buster Keaton, Lelty Flynn, Harry M. Bowles, John McCormack, Mike Love, Dr. Frank Barham, Dr. Nell Dodd, Chief of Police Lee Heath, Sheriff W. I. Traeger, District Attorney Asa Keys; Marco Helfman, Irving Helfman, Hobart Bosworth, Hobart Henley; Councilman Boyle Womack; Edwin Carewe, Larry Senon, Deputy District Attorney Harold L. Davis, Robert Edeson, George Fitzmaurice. Earle Williams, King Vidor, Lionel Barrymore. Henry King, Abe Lehr, Milton Gross, Montague Glass.

MRS. ALBERT WYLIE MATHER of San Francisco and Honolulu is going to have a home and babies.

Interesting, but casual, says the picture fan. Who is Mrs. Albert Wylie Mather? Ah! there’s the news.

The other morning in San Francisco Dorothy Devore, pretty piquant funster of the films, became the bride of a well-known theatrical owner of San Francisco and Honolulu, and after the ceremony Dorothy firmly announced that she was going to retire from the films.

RUDY seems to be going in for bargain sales now.

One hundred and sixty dollars is all his Pari-

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ALL motion picture stars have hobbies. And Bob Frazer has a yen for collecting old swords, sabers and guns.

He has shibboleth derringers, dirty-looking dirks; death-dealing poniards and sinister stilettos; but his pet is a large French cavalry saber which is engraved with the coat of arms of France and bears the initials “R.F.”—Republic of France.

The other night Bob was displaying it with his usual pride, when one little miss, who had apparently slept through many history classes, exclaimed:

**The Ankles are the Same—**

**The Stockings are Different!**

THE searching glance of Fashion would center unerringly upon the trim slenderness of the ankles at the left. And just as unerringly would it skip the rather ordinary lines of the ankles at the right. Yet the ankles in both pictures are the same.

The answer, so obvious to the woman who appreciates the importance of the little things in dress, is that the tapering lines of the reinforced “Pointex” heel, like the vertical stripes of a dress fabric, SUGGEST slenderness. “Onyx Pointex” stockings are skillfully fashioned to emphasize trim smartness of ankle where that quality is a natural virtue—to simulate it where it is lacking.

All the subtle shades of spring in little “Onyx”-red boxes, behind counters everywhere, are waiting to help you look your very best between shoe buckle and skirt hem.

**Leading stores everywhere sell the “Pointex” styles listed below:**

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**Manufacturers New York**

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Avoid Gray Hair *as these women do*

"Isn’t that perfectly adorable?" See! It’s a K. F. on the blade. Why, Bob! They’ve engrailed your initials on it!"

On a crisp sunny day late in March I drove over to Monsonia to see one of the bravest girls of pictures. I can’t say "in pictures," because now she is far from that glamorous world, in a sphere of little white beds, everwatchful doctors, and cold, cruel air from the mountains blowing perpetually through her sunlit room.

The girl is Dorothy Seastrom and she is a patient at Dr. Emile's Sanatorium. Dorothy—a beautiful, tawny-haired blonde with decided acting ability—worked for several years as an extra. Worked—and went hungry when she didn’t work. Worked to reach small stardom. Then just as the warmth and protection of a five-year First National contract was proffered her, a heavy cold sent her to Monsonia.

Unlike the Cinderella tale, the contract did not evaporate into thin air when her zero hour struck, and John McCormick of First National is looking after her and says, "I really think she will be working under it shortly, so rapid is her improvement."

TOM MIX, who is by way of being something of a philosopher and who has seen a lot of life, tells this little tale as a commentary on human nature in general. You laugh at or don't laugh at it, as you wish.

Tom has a reputation for being big-hearted, and for a long time he had to face quite a problem in the gang that gathered outside the studio gate every day to-vouch for him and eat money. He found he was making quite a sizable donation daily, without having any real idea as to whether it was doing any good. So he decided to make a change. Instead of a Tenement rath, he set up a Fox cafeteria that he'd send the boys in there for a square meal. Instead of giving them money, and sending them the check.

The next day a big, husky youngster approached Tom and gave him a typical hard-luck story, and said he hadn't had a square meal for a couple of days and would Tom take him to a dollar? So Tom put the new rule into operation. He sent him over to the cafeteria. That evening his secretary brought him the check to sign and he discovered that his guest had eaten a dollar and eighty-five cents' worth of asparagus tips.

HOLLYWOOD in its heedless haste left him by the wayside, forlorn, save for his small coterie of friends, his good son George Archibald and his books. Hollywood—even New York—had dumped him. It was a very emphatic brush-off on his part. They feted—and forgot him.

But now he is to be again in the arena... a subject of attraction.

For this week Pappy Goloin's "Parole at Midnight," which Frances Marion is to produce for Metropolitan release. The galact role will offer an opportunity for dear snowy-haired Emile Chautard to regain his place in the spotlight where he rightly belongs.

He was one of the first of the imported directors—coming from France—where he had been for twenty years Madame Rejane's leading man. In an almost forgotten French production of "Napoleon." He was Gene, he gave the memorable interpretation of Napoleon, and he created the title role in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Then he became interested in the cinema, and two decades ago was the first version of "The Merry Widow" in which Maurice Tourneur, now a celebrated director, played leading role.

Chautard returned to France was heralded with a fanfare of publicity... an all-important personage. Emile Chautard! Not so long ago when he lived in quiet obscurity, he and I used to talk over those glory-hedged days. He directed Pauline Frederick, Elise Ferguson and Alice Brady. "I could not speak the lan-

guage," he would gestulate, words still wrong with me. "I was too young to learn my speech. But now... pouf!"

That was a year ago. Today Emile Chautard is again in Hollywood's fond fancy.

"YOU are a low-bred." "You’re another!" retorted Rudolph Valentinio, according to a Paris correspondent, as he deftly dodged a straight left and dropped the distinguished-looking stranger with a powerful right hook.

The unexpected encounter took place at the Mogador Theater in the lobby, just after the bar had left his box at a showing of "The Eagle." Curious onlookers were deprived of seeing a sensational fight by the prompt intervention of Beltram Masses, the Spanish dictator, who shot a red flag at the combatants that gentlemen in Paris fight only with swords or pistols on the field of honor.

The immediate exchange of cards revealed that the man now called Rudolph had been the Baron Imre Lukatz, Budapest millionaire, who has told people he is the fiancé of Vilma Banky. Exasperated by Rudy's love-making with Vilma, the Baron had waited for Valen-

tino behind a pillar in the lobby.

Later, while Rudy was entertaining a party at a supper club, the Polish Count Kourkzow, Baron Karl at Budapest—second of the Baron Imre Lukatz—met Valentinio’s representatives, Count Sainte Juste and the painter, Beltram Masses, and decided on an encounter at dawn the following morning in the park of a private chateau near St. Cloud.

Straight from the supper party, our correspondents relate, Rudy made an appearance at the hotel at 8 o'clock. With outstretched hand he advanced toward Rudy:

"I realize I was in the wrong," he said. "Your love scene with my beloved fiancee drove me insane. If you have ever loved as intensely as I have, you will understand. Shall we be friends?"

Rudy understood. They shook hands and returned to Paris and ate breakfast together.

It was hoped that Mary Hay might go to see Dick Barthelmess in his recent 'Edition,' and thus begin steps toward a reconciliation between them. But young Mrs. Barthelmess and their daughter remain at one hotel, while Dick is at ‘Tony Ruth’s’ in a drowsy red with his hotel. His illness is not critical, only serious enough to postpone indefinitely the beginning of his next picture.

The musical motion picture that was tried out in Germany recently was not the success that its sponsors hoped for.

A film version of Richard Strauss’ ‘Der Rosenkavalier’ had been produced, and it was presented at the Dresden Opera House last month with Strauss himself conducting the orchestra.

But it did not make the sensation the producers expected. The Berlin critics say that the attempt to combine the Strauss score and the film into one form of art was unsuccessful. In fact, the film had to be stopped in one or two places to permit the music of the score to catch up with the action of the story.

The gala opening of ‘The Merry Widow’ in Los Angeles!... Jack Gilbert with Donald Ogden Stewart and the humorist’s mother Miss Ogden Stewart; Miss Sharon Jaffe, a crisp petticoat skirt... Lew Cody as master of ceremonies... Alma Rubens in boyish
lof and golden wrap with Ricardo Cortez in girlie long looks for his new picture. Ric's tresses vied with Edmund Lowe's, who is also shunning tonsorial chambers for the same reason.

Oh, it was a lovely, lovely affair with all of Hollywood's most sparkling lights attendant. There was Lillian Rich in palest yellow, Bebe Daniels in white crepe meteor all embroidered in shimmering crystal beads, Colleen Moore in sprightly green with her handsome husband, John McCormick; Connie and Norma Talmadge with "Buster" Collie and Joseph Schenck in a party with Sid Grauman and Sam Goldwyn with his lovely wife Frances Howard, the Harold Lloyds—Mildred in palest blue with flat French flowers in pastel colors chasing each other about the scallops of her bouffant frock.

And beautiful Norma Shearer was the only celebrity who wasn't present. The reason for her absence, Lew Cody explained, was that her mother would not allow her to stay up so late. Which we doubt.

Marcus Loew, the man of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purse, refused to make a speech at this opening lest the premiere of "Ben-Hur" call for a lengthy eulogy.

And so home and to bed, with apologies to Samuel Pepys and Adam Scollaw.

The old Lasky barn—ten years ago the cradle of the great Paramount organization —was the scene of an anniversary celebration when all of the stars and players of that company gathered to greet the press fraternity over the flowing bowl of soup. By the wizardry of a well-furnished prop room one would never suspect the sumptuous banquet hall of ever being a barn. Rather an illustration from Aladdin's story, hung with tapestries and silks and long tapers aglow.

And to add to the Far Eastern atmosphere there was Greta Nissen in the oriental costume for her newest role. Betty Bronson was present, and Mary Brian; Charles Emmett Mack and Neil Hamilton; Wally Beery and Ray

The five-button vest is the latest import from Hollywood. May McAvoy brought it to New York when she came east to play with Ben Lyon in "The Savage" for First National
HATTON clad in tattered and torn khaki costumes for "Behind the Front," each with a pouch over one shoulder. A pint of milk left there not be enough food to go around!

Pola Negri with furs and her fathomless eyes; Ernest Torrence who presented Jeste Lastone as "chief" of Paramount, with Burnet Richter's painting of "Old Ironsides" which James Cruze is to immortalize in the gelatin; and Clarence Badger, Raoul Walsh, Alan Dwan, Alco Mills, Charles Bird. Belé Dan-iclis with the very black imprint of a rubber heel on her pretty cheek—a souvenir of the morning's cinema scramble, and William Powell, immaculately attired as usual, the latest debonair addition to the Lasky fold of players.

And, sitting at the head of the table was Florence Vidor looking so distinguished and beautiful and charming, as ever.

Theodore Roberts on one of his infrequent public appearances, although he is increasing his visits to the Lasky lot, received the warm felicitations of his friends. Dear old Theodore, with his inevitable cigar, leaned happily from his wheelchair like a benign saint.

MILL SILL S was telling about some of the interesting occurrences that take place in the operation of a steel mill, many of which were photographed in "Men of Steel," First National's new by the same picture that was made at the Ensmie Mills in Birmingham, Alabama.

One of the most interesting is the "steel funeral." There is a custom in the steel mills that when a worker falls into a ladle of molten metal—a not uncommon occurrence—the ladle with its tragic contents is buried with elaborate ceremony. All the steel workers of an unfortunate victim take part in the funeral.

In the story, "Men of Steel," one of the characters is supposed to meet this untimely end, and the steel funeral ceremony took place offstage and was staged for the picture. A hole twenty feet in diameter was dug and the ladle lowered into it.

THE building fever is certainly at its height in Hollywood.

Everybody is wrap up in house building and furnishing.

"A great way for this company to save money," Irving Thalberg, who is one of the presiding geniuses of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, said the other day, "is to start a contracting business on the side. Everybody that comes here wants top salary, or top price, all I care they're building a house. I think the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contracting company, operated on a cost basis, would save the picture company a lot of money."

HER fans will be happy to hear that Jewel Carmen, after a retirement of six years, is to come back on the screen as the lead in Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous play, which is being made into a picture by Joe Schenck. Robert Lewis is directing his wife, Miss Carmen, in her screen return.

But when Jimmy Cruze was making "The Pony Express," a friend, on being told the title of the latest Cruze effort, was somewhat surprised and told the great director so.

"Why, they started the title of this picture out at the U. several weeks ago," exclaimed the friend. "That's all right. Don't worry," said Jim. "I'll spot them three months and still beat them to the screen."

And he did thirty weeks.

Cruze's picture was released some time ago as "The Pony Express" and the U. christened their picture, in which Hoot Gibson stars, "The Flaming Frontier.

The two pictures are in no way alike, the only similarity being in the title and now that's changed.

Hoot Gibson isn't really superstitious. But—

Some eleven years ago he was hurt while making "Chip of the Flying U," and was laid up in the hospital for nearly six months.

Now he is working in the same picture, only this time as the star. And the jinx seems to be sticking.

Six different directors were engaged before the right one was finally secured and the story ready to make. Then they tried for a location in the Grand Canyon, but it was "shooting" there and that all hotel accommodations were taken. So they had to wait.

The picture is now being filmed and at Lone Pine, but Hoot admits he won't feel happy until it is all done and in the cutting room. He's just a trifle afraid "Chip of the Flying U" is boodooled.

A GREAT change has occurred in the surroundings of Harry Langdon, that great little comedian who is now making pictures over at the United Lot for First National.

In the old days at Sennett the Langdon company was the only one which kept musicians on the set at all times—this was the only thing which distinguished him.

Today he is surrounded by henchmen. An ex-pugilist sits at the door to the set and refuses anybody and all comers admission unless they have an order from the business manager. I sent in my own card (can you imagine me having a card?) the other day and in a few minutes another ex-pugilist came in and said I couldn't see me until after five in his bungalow.

"After live in his dressing-room," I repeated. "I'd admit it was a bit of a shock."

"It's my BENGAL," the ex-pugilist replied, and he meant it. "So in his bungalow I meekly repeated. I'd even have said "in his hat" if the hard-visaged lad had insisted.

All I know now is that Miss Yidor, the ex-pugilist's companion, has a little after five. I waited. I had to, because I wanted to see Langdon and I found it almost filled with hangers-on.

"My guv'ment explained Harry, with a wave of the hand.

"All of 'em?"

"Sure—all six of 'em," explained Harry, as we took a seat outside on the running board of a machine and proceeded to business. We had to. There wasn't room in the Bungalow—too many gaz men.

The four Harry Langdon himself really hadn't changed—just his surroundings—and I was glad, for I like Harry and think he is a regular fellow.

BOB LEONARD seems to be bravely recovering from the shock of being married by Mae Murray. Now that the charming Mae is no longer "a man," B. L. is spending much of his leisure time with pretty Gertrude Olmsted. Gertrude was guest of honor at Leonard's New Year's Eve party at the Silver Chariot, and was the first next day at the East-West football game at Pasadena, which is rushing 'em pretty hard, even for Hollywood.

FOR the first time since Hollywood became the film capital of the world, the picture people threw a big party the night before New Year's and got together and celebrated the arrival of the New Year. And more than five hundred screen stars took advantage of the opportunity at the meeting of the Silver Club at the Biltmore Hotel New Year's Eve.

After half the film colony gave a perry for

Buoyant, steady and graceful

There's a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about dancing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thou-

The patented cup-shaped center Indicated by arrow, does it

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Foot Comfort Appliances

You can oil paint

HOOT GIBSON isn't really superstitious. But—

Some eleven years ago he was hurt while making "Chip of the Flying U," and was laid up in the hospital for nearly six months.

This advertisement in PHOTOPLAY Magazine is guaranteed.
The other half and almost everyone was "among those present." There were beautiful ladies in handsome gowns, and dashing swains too numerous to mention. An attempt would read much like "Who's Who" in pictures and it would be much easier and require far less space to tell who wasn't there.

Anyway a few of those who gave parties were Colleen Moore and her husband, John M. Corraine, Bob Leonard, at whose party Gertrude Olmsted was guest of honor, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, quite the latest and one of the most popular of screen stars, Blanche Sweet and her famous husband, Mickey Nelan, Eddie Lowe and Liliyan Tashman—and, oh well, we might as well stop here.

It was a great party—everyone had a great time.

And this might be the proper time to say that Charles Furthman, the real organizer of the Sixty Club and its leading spirit, the man who made this gathering possible, denies that he is in anyway connected with the new "400 Club" of Hollywood. He says all of his spare time will go to the perpetuating of the Sixty Club.

Gloria Swanson is not the only film star who has a Marquis.

Alice Calhoun has one, too. Only Alice's is not flesh and blood, with a neat mustache and monocle.

Alice's Marquis is an ornate little motion picture show-house in Hollywood and she is its one-woman potentate.

Alice with her "Marquis Theatre" takes her place in the financial hall of fame that has been established by her cinema sisters. Ruth Roland, Agnes Ayres, Helene Chadwick, Kathleen Clifford, Phyllis Haver are but a few of the girls who own everything from an apartment house to a laundry or florist shop.

He had spent the forenoon sliding down the drainpipe of a fourteen story building, the noon hour was dissipated by a saunter around the cornice stone and in the afternoon he ambled across a yawning chasm that was bathed by a slender swaying rope.

He never invited her again.

"Great Scott!" he growled disgustedly to himself. "She's powdered her face before every course." For men don't like to see women powder in public.

It's quite evident this young lady didn't know about Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. A little patted on your face after washing makes the powder cling—for hours. No need to bring out a powder puff every few minutes. Your powder has a real base.

Then, too, if you use Hinds Cream faithfully every time you wash your face, it will keep your skin youthfully soft and smooth.

Suppose we send you a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Just write to the address below.

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And, of course, the camera recorded his breathtaking stunts, for it was Reed Howes. His movie was made a holiday, Joe's. Reed said to Joe Brown, his producer, "I want to take a spin in a friend's new 'plane."
"What! Risk your life in a 'plane? Nothing doing—that egg is too white!"
So the next day was spent by Reed in scaling the flagpole of the City Hall.
I MET Renee Adoree's sister the other day. She is a beautiful girl—not the adorably cuddly type of the more famous Renee, but a prettier girl, nevertheless. Her hair is that dark auburn, her eyes are large and blue, and her name is Mira.
Both of the Adoree sisters were born in France where they were trained to be acrobatic dancers and later on a circu.
Renee came to Hollywood and pictures, but Mira went to Mexico City where she was a celebrated toe twirler. Then, about three months ago, she decided to visit our Renee in Hollywood.
Now she's in pictures, too.

FAST on the melodious heels of "The Merry Widow" comes the announcement that Paul Powell has been chosen to direct that musical success, "The Prince of Pilsen" for A. H. Sebastian.
If you will recall your cinema history of not so very long past, you will remember that Powell was the man who made Mary Pick-

ome and "Pollyanna," and under whose skilled guidance many a picture has been launched to a successful life.

From coming from newspaper and editorial work, in which he had an enviable career, Powell was one of the first of a long line of writers to see the possibilities of the screen, and he learned his craftsmanship under the tutelage of Griffith. He was also one of the first American directors to lead a caravan of players to Europe to make pictures.

Powell has surrounded himself with an ex-

celling cast which includes, besides Sidney, Myrtle Stedman, Anita Stewart and Alan Forrest, so there is no reason why "The Prince of Pilsen" should not be as enjoyable as the famous film of the same—and with a goodly share of comedy froth.

GEO GE SYDNEY, the amiable Hebridean gentleman of the celebrated Bowash and Perlmutter surname, is not easily incited to wrath, but the other day found him ready to wave a final farewell to the motion picture business.

In "Partners Again" George has a dream more like a nightmare, in which he sees himself, in flannelette nightgirt, tripping girly along the wing of a soaring 'plane. Although the scene was taken on a studio stage, George was in a precarious position—and a very exhausting one.

"When I was being a movie actor isn't it all it's cracked up to be," thought George, as he watched the spinning ground forty feet below him. Then he heard the uplifted voice of W. W. Kilgour come to him: "Bring the smoke pots! We'll take that cloud sequence now, while we're at it!"

Giant wind machines were rolled into posi-
tion, the smoke pots were placed and lighted, and George was soon spouting in a bank of smoky fumes.

But the crowning wo came when the flames came too near and lit his uninked locks.

George is thinking of returning to the stage.

THE people deep consternation on the face of the "Kiki" set.

Norma Talmadge, in the plaid and frizzes of her tawdry costume, powdered her face for the sixteenth time in desperate attempt to thaw out the coldness of her companion, Miss Griffith, the director, glummed beside her.

All one of a lone goose egg.

Not the goose that laid the golden egg—that might be worth waiting for—but one ordinary goose egg that the French technical director of the studio had told him he would not be surprised to make the scene correctly Gaulish. Ronald, as the French theatrical producer in the story, must have a goose egg for breakfast.

Not until now, the egg makes its appearance... and by that time with the mounting production costs it was worth its weight in gold.

A NO THER motion picture school has been founded. The graduation of Paramount's first class of pupils comes simultaneously with the opening of the American Film University at Universal City, California.

ELM JANNINGS is coming to America. He has signed a long term contract with Famous Players-Lasky and will make his first American picture early in the summer. His director has not been disclosed yet, but one hears that D. W. Griffith will make the first picture with the German actor. Jannings will not remain in this country exclusively, but will make one picture a year for UFA, and will also appear on the stage in Germany.

THE best dressed woman in the movies—need we say who—was in the terrible predicament of having nothing to wear the other day.

Gloria was notified to get ready for a Southern location on her present picture, "Tamed." No one knew where Florida, but that's where the company ended up. And there was Miss Swanson at Miami Beach without a filmy shawl to her name. So for two days she was practically housed in her hotel because she would not appear at the open air teas and things in winter clothes.

T O counteract the chill winds of February read this.

Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman are going to Africa to make the "Garden of Allah." "Heavenly," said Norma. This should, by all the laws of art and man, be hot stuff. Norma and Ronald under a tropic moon—use your own imagination.

This will happen, of course, after Norma has finished filming "Kiki," the story on which she is now working with Ronald playing across from her, and likewise after screening "His Woman," a picture she will make with Tommy Meighan.

"The Garden of Allah" will be produced by a union of forces of Joseph Schenck, Norma's husband, business manager and studio owner; Louis B. Goldwyn, Ronald's manager. Schenck is contributing the rights to the story and Norma, while Goldwyn is contributing Henry King, the director; Frances Marion, the scenarist, and Ronald Colman. Puzzle: Do you or don't you regard that as a fair exchange?

BY the time this appears in print, Ouida Bergere, the scenarist, will have become the wife of Basil Rathbone, stage and screen actor. Miss Bergere recently secured a divorce from Grant Withers, the stage and screen director. He wrote "The Dark Angel," and is now engaged to Florence Vidor.

ALLEEN PRINGLE was the house guest of Miss Bergere when she first came to New York last month. But the two had a fuss one night and Alleen left in a huff. It seems the picture was not the one to which she was used to, and her husband, in his efforts to please her hostess—all of them were from Kenneth McKenna.

THE persistent whispers that all was not rosy in the Rex Ingram-Alice Terry family were put to flight last week when Dorothy Sebastian returned from Nice, where she had been the guest of her mother, and heard the good news.

"There isn't an iota of truth in the story," Dorothy declared. "I never saw such a happy couple as Rex and Alice. He adores her. He used to take Alice every other day while she was here working in a picture. And when we..."
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 casts of current Photoplays

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"BEN-HUR"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

—From the novel by General Lew Wallace. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Fred Niblo. Photography by Rene Guissart, Karl Struss, Percy Hilburn and Clyde De Vinna. The cast: Ben-Hur, Ramon Novarro; Mezvah, Francis X. Bushman; Esther, Mary McVoy; Jory, Betty Bronson; Princess of Hur, Claire McDowell; Tirzah, Kathleen Key. Israel, Lionel Atkeson; Simonides, Nigel De Bruiller; Sherk Helimon, Mitchell Lewis; Sanballat, Leo White; Artus, Frank Currier; Balthasar, Charles Belcher; Amrah, Dale Fuller; Joseph, Winter Hall.

"THE SEA BEAST"—Warner Brothers.

—From the story by Mrs. E. W. McNelly, adapted by E. W. McNelly. Directed by Ed Lacy. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: Alphonso Coley, John Barrymore; Esther Winiste, Dolores Costello; Dick Coley, George O'Hara; Flash, Mike Donlin; Onegece, Sam Baker; Nell, George Burrell; Sea Captain, Sam Allen; Stubbs, Frank Nelson; Muta, Mathilde Comont; Ruan, Vizzacaro, James Cawley; Pip, Vadin Uranoff; Fedolah, Sojin; Daggo, Frank Hagney.

"STELLA MARIS"—Universal.

—From the story by William J. Locke. Scenario by Charles Brabin and Mary Alice Scully. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: Stella Maltin, Mary Philby, Mary Philbin, John Risoa, Elliott Derton; Louisa Risoa, Gladys Brockwell; Sir Oliver Blondon, Phillis Smalley; Lady Blondon, Lillian Lawrence; Waterfall, Jason Roberts; Dr. Hyey, Robert Bolder; Mary Houston, Eileen Manning.

"THREE FACES EAST" — Producers Distributing Corp.

—From the play by Anthony Paul Kelly. Adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan and Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Rupert Julian. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: Miss Hawke, Frances Deering, Jutta Goudal; Frank Bennett, Robert Ames; George Bennett, Henry Walthall; Valdar, Olve Brook; Mrs. Bennett, Edythe Chapman; John Ames, Clarence Burton; Dirdg, Ed Brady.

"THE AMERICAN VENUS" — Paramount.

—From the novel by Townsend Martin. Scenario by Frederick Niblo. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: Mary Gray, Esther Ralston; Chip Arnone, Lawrence Gray; Hugo Niles, Ford Sterling; Mrs. Niles, Marie Dorothea; Horace Niles, Kenneth MacKenna; John Gray, William B. Mack; Sam, Dorse De Grimalot, Artist; W. H. Benda; King Neptune, Ernest Torrence; Neptune's Son, Trion, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Also seven of the leading contestants in the 102 Atlantic City beauty pageant: Misses Broum, Newark, San Francisco, Bay Ridge, Birmingham and Seattle.

"THAT ROYAL GIRL" — Paramount.

—Story by Edwin Balmer. Adapted by Paul Schofield. Directed by D. W. Griffith. Photography by Harry F. O' Rourke, Henry Houck. The cast: Doreen, Cap Dumpster; Her Father, W. C. Fields; Calvin Clarke, James Kirkwood; Fred Kellar, Harrison Ford; Adele Kellar, Marie Chambers; George Jarett, Paul Evertx; His Herman, George Conklin; Mrs. "Girl," Florence Auer; Mrs. Clarke, Ida Waterman; Clark's Fiancée, Alice Laidley; Lola Nezom, Dorothy lawn; Eleno, Drew Davidson; Oliver, Frank Alworth; Hefer, "Booby" Watson.

"JUST SUPPOSE" — First National.

—From the play by Horace Vincent and Daniel J. Keene. Directed by wagon. The cast: Prince Rupert, Richard Barthelmess; Linda Lee Slagoff, Lori Moran; Connie Ann Tehy (Toni), Geoffrey Kerr; General Baron Karnsby, Henry Vibarti; The King, George Selvin; The Crown Prince, Harry Short; Mrs. Slagoff, Bijou Fernandez; King's Private Secretary, Prince Roknikinu.

"YOMANHANDLED" — Paramount.

—Story by Arthur W. Herring, directed by Luther Reed. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: Bill Dana, Richard Dix; Mollie, Esther Ralston; Juno Myby, Corn Williams; Gene, Olive Tell, The King, The Count, Uncle Bemu, Edmund Breese; Lucille, Margaret Morris; The Butler, Ivan Simpson; Pinky, Edgar Nelson.

"BRAVEHEART" — Producers Distributing Corp.

—From the play by William C. De Mille. Adapted by Mary O'Hara. Directed by Alan Hale. Photography by Faxon Dean. The cast: Brahehe. Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Nelson, Lillian Rich; Hobart Nelson, Robert Eedson; Frank Nelson, Arthur Houston; Secretary, Rock, Clay. Van, B. Arrow, Jean Acker; Sally Vernon, Sally Rand; Sam Harris, Henry Viktor; K-Vote, Frank Hagney.

"THE FIRST YEAR" — William Fox.

—From the stage play by Frank Craven. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by Thomas H. Inlett. Tom Tucker, Matt Moore; Grace Livingston, Kathyrn Perry; Dick Loring, John Patrick; Dr. Myron Livingston, Frank Currier, Ms. Livingston, Frank Cooley; Airy, Miss Brooks; Mrs. Bartow, Margaret Livingston; Hattie, Carlylyne Snowden; Ms. Barstow, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"TOO MUCH MONEY" — First National.

—From the play by Israel Zangwill. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Robert Breddley, Lewis Stone; Annabel Broadway, Anna Q. Nilsson; Dana Stuart, Robert Cain; Duke Matters, Derek Glynn; Robinelli, Edward Elks; Mrs. Robinelli, Ann Brody.

"HANDS UP" — Paramount.

—Story by Reginald Morris. Scenario by Money, Joe and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: Confederate Spy, Raymond Griffith; The Girl He Loves, Marion Nixon; Other Girls, Lois Sloan, Virginia Lee Corbin; Mine Owner, Mack Swain; Union General, Montagu Love; Abraham Lincoln, George Billings; Sitting Bull, Noble Johnson; Brigham Young, Charles B. French.

"THE ENCHANTED HILL" — Paramount.

—From the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by James S. Hamilton. Directed by Irving Willat. Photography by Al Gilks. The cast: Dick Purdy, Jack Holt; Gilu Ornbus, Floresca Victoria; Taken, Orlo Winters; The Purdy, Mary Brian; Link Hallisell, Richard Arlen; Ira Todd, George Bancroft; Tommy Scott, Ray Thomson; Jasper Doak, Brandon Hurst; Pauline, Hulda Curtis; The Woman, George Kuwa; Conchita, Matilde Comont; Curley MacMahan, Willard Cooley; First Killer, George Maegrid.

"INFATUATION" — First National.

—From the stage play by Somerset Maugham. Directed by Irving Cumings. The cast: Violent, Constance Talmadge; Sir Gerard St. George, Little, Percy, Marmont; Ronald Perry, Malcom MacGregor; Osman Pasha, Warner Oland; Lady Etheridge, Carlissa Selwyn; Ronnie's Sister, Lota Lorraine; Paso's Wife, Claire du Mar; Mrs. Pritchard, Martha Mattox.

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"COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE"—Associated Exhibitors.—From the novel by Larry Scott. Directed by Burton King. The cast: Don Welty, Jay Jurgis; Jeanne Macdonald, Betty Compson; Arnold Bruce, House Peters; Harrison Blake, Rockcliffe Fellowes; Harvey Vernon, Emmett King; Steve Macy, Ber-
nice Randall; Helen Gough, Thomas Burke, William Conklin.

"BROADWAY LADY"—F. O. C. Story and continuity by Fred Myton. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Rosalie Ryan, Evelyn Brent; Mary Andrews, Marjorie Bonner; Bob Westbrook, Theodore Von Eltz; Phyllis Haver; Joyce Compton; Mervin Westbrook; Clarissa Selwyn; Martian Edwards, Ernest Hilliard; Johnny, Johnny Gough.

"THE PALACE OF PLEASURE"—William Fox.—From the stage play adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Richard Modjes, Edmund Lowe; Lina Moniz, Betty Compson; Premier Exporters. Henry Koller; Joe, Harvey Clark; Anita, Nina Romano; Capt. Fernandez; Francis McDonald; Premier's Vallet, Sammy Bilum; Caesar, George Seigmann; Don Jose, Jacques Rollins.


"SHIP OF SOULS"—Associated Exhibitors.—From the novel by Emerson Hough. Directed by Charles Miller. The cast: Langley Barnev, Bert Lytell; Christine Garth, Lillian Rich; Doris Barnev, Gertrude Astor; Silken Henry; Earl Metcalfe; Angus Garth; Russell Simpson; Annette Garth; Inez Seabury; Churchill; Cyril Chadwick; Hensley; Jean Perry; Dargie, Pete Maurer; Albin; W. J. Miller; Radio Operator, Capt. Jack Irwin, U.S.A.

"THE GREEN ARCHER"—Pathe.—From the novel by Edgar Wallace. Scenario by Frank Leon Smith. Directed by Spencer Bennett. The cast: Valerie Hollow, Allene Ray; Jim Featherstone, Walter Miller; Abel Bellamy, Burr McIntosh; Julius Sabini, Frank Lacket; Pay Sabini, Dorothy King; Walter Hollow, Steven Grattan; John Wood, William R. Randall; "Cold Harbor" Smith, Walter Lewis; "Spite," Hazel; Wally, Oettel; Butler; Tom Cameron; Elaine Holding, Kay Allan; Creager, Jack Tanner.

"EAST LYNN"—William Fox.—From the play by Mrs. Henry Wood. Adapted by Leonore J. Coffee. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Lady Isabel, Alma Rubens; Archibald Carlyle, Edmund Lowe; Sir Francis Lacy; Lord Telford, Frank Keenan; Barbara Horr, Marjorie Daw; Richard Horr, Leslie Fenton; Afo Hollifilm, Belle Bennett; Miss Cornellia, Martha Mattox.

"VOLCANO"—Paramount.—From the play by Lawrence Eyre. Adapted by Bernard McConville. Directed by William K. Howard. Photography by Ira Kellman. The cast: Zelotti de Chasouls, Bebe Daniels; Stephanie Squicquero, Ricardo Cortez; Quebno, Wallace Berry; Maitour Squicquero, Arthur Edmund Carere; Celestine; Dali; Paul Mino de Chas-ouls, Eulalie Jensen; Maitour Andre de Chasouls, Brandon Hurst; Marie-Clemente de Chasouls, Margery Whitties; Peter Brodick; Robert Parry; Auctioneer, Nixon Edwards; Al-istine, Emily Barry; Cab Driver, Billy Franey; Mother Superior, Edith Yorke; Niva, Evelyn Sherman; Cashier, Smoke Turner; Madame Timmoh, Madame Conroy.

"THE VOYAGE OF THE ELISE"—Pathe.—From the novel by Zita Helene. Directed by Em-}
Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 85]

ROB G.—Welcome to the family, Bob. Yep, I've been to your town, saw the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall and all that. A good town, I'd say. John Gilbert's an American, born in Logan, Utah. Rumer Adoree is about twenty-five. Yes, "The Big Parade" is sure a two time picture.

J. M. B.—No, no. Strongheart is not dead. He's working now on "North Star." Mary Pickford and Mae Murray are the same age, thirty-three, but Mary was born a month sooner than May. Dorothy Devore will be twenty-five in June. She's married, alas. She's an American. Percy Marmont is about thirty-five. Could Percy be other than English? Anyway, he isn't other. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. I agree about his work in "Lord Jim" but Percy's always fine.

An Alberta Vaughan Fan.—I'm getting lots of letters from you folks this month. That flapper certainly has captured a molot of you. She was born in Ashland, Ky., not quite twenty years ago. She has dark brown hair and eyes, is five feet two, weighs 105 pounds and started in pictures in 1921. I'm sure she'll send you her picture and I don't believe she's got a secretary so she'll get your letter personally.

Miss M. H.—You shouldn't be so backward in coming forward. Your questions are just as queer as anybody's. No, no, Ramon is not married. And he's twenty-seven, too. Tommy Meighan uses his own name. Yes, he's married to Frances Ring. Richard Dix is the dimpled darling. He was born in 1895. His hair isn't black—it's brown like Tom's. He weighs, Richard 1 mean, 180 pounds. From all I hear—and I hear a lot, believe me—Pearl White likes Paris and the musical comedy stage so much she'll stay there. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine. You and your father want to be stars, do you? It's a long, long lane to Hollywood.

John Love.—What are you, a scales' dealer? Here's your weights and measures. Rod La Rocque is six feet, three and weighs 181, Maurice B. Flynn is six, one and weighs 200, while Victor McLagen is six, three and weighs 215. There you are, my boy.

"Inmate of a College Town."—What-d'ya mean "Inmate"? I thought they only had those in asylums. I tickle you to death? Aw, go on. Don't die on me. I'd miss you so. Betty Bronson's address is the Lasky Studios. Hollywood. Lawrence Gray of the profile and Gloria is twenty-five, born in San Francisco, educated there and his first picture was "The Dressmaker of Paris."

M. F.—Betty is very popular this month. See her in the question just above yours? Little Miss Bronson is just sixteen. Corinne Griffith is twenty-five. Corinne is five feet, three and weighs 120 pounds. In other words nice and slim.

Clive Brook Admire.—Waiting with reluctant feet where Clive brook and the question meet, I suppose. Clive was born in London the first of June, 1891. He is married to Mildred Evelyn, his height is an inch less than six feet, he weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes.

Fifi.—Well, well, well. All excited about our Herb, aren't you? Well ease your heart for Herb's not married. Do you want me to send him your letter?

[Continued on page 125]

"You didn't come a day too soon"

The sure way to avoid trouble in your mouth is to see your dentist in time. Go to him at least twice a year as a sensible precaution. He will keep teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious trouble.

Don't let carelessness or a false feeling of security give dangerous pyorrhea a chance to fasten itself in your mouth. Four out of five have this dread infection at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

A little foresight will keep you among the fortunate who escape. At least every six months let your dentist go over your mouth carefully to detect signs of gum infection and start now to brush night and morning with Forhan's for the Gums.

The entire family should brush with Forhan's. It's a pleasant tasting dentifrice that firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It gives the teeth a thorough cleansing and keeps them white and clean.

You can't begin using Forhan's too soon. Delay may exact a heavy toll. It's unwise to take chances with pyorrhea. Get your tube of Forhan's today. All druggists: 35c and 60c in tubes.

Providing Yourself With the Proper Period

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

More woodwork is used than in Spanish houses and the windows are much wider. The walls, while made of plain plaster over brick, are painted in colorful patterns. The furniture, retaining the same general lines that characterized the same period in Spain, is built to sit higher from the floor and has more of a tendency toward curves.

In this little room the wall niche bearing its statue of the Virgin and Child serves to bring to the room the definite religious influence that dominates all Italian and Spanish art of that time. If you are doing a room in either of these styles and genuinely desire to keep it in period, religious paintings and small ecclesiastical statues are necessary for the proper atmosphere. Italian rooms, in contrast to the Spanish, are generally low ceilinged, giving them an air of intimacy.

THE same period in England, however, was toward massiveness, space and simplicity, as the reproduction of the great hall of Chetwyn Manor on the upper left of page 65 shows. Choosing a background like this for one's self must be done with due thought. Its whole atmosphere suggests a great estate, many servants, large parties, culture and a general prosperity of living. Yet the simplicity of feeling demanded today is very present. This, by the way, was not so much a matter of taste on the part of the old furniture makers as it was their lack of ability. They could put a straight board upon four straight legs and call it a table.

It resulted in beauty, but that wasn't their fault. The round balls, for instance, shown ornamenting the legs of the refectory table in the window space were among the first decorative additions the English carpenters of that era discovered they could create. You will find them on nearly all English furniture. Likewise, the monasteries were the only places furnished for permanency. Hence the survival of so many refectory, or monastery eating tables today.

The davenport before the fire, which we have regarded as a truly modern convenience, is actually an old English one, though the piece here used is contemporary.

Color was brought into English rooms, not through mere decorative fabrics, as with the Spaniards and Italians, but through tapestries which told a story. This, to me, is a particularly beautiful room, though to erect it under present labor costs would be very expensive. But if you feel you can live up to it, you can't go wrong in choosing it.

Finally, for those who demand it, I include a small French bedroom, done in characteristic French style with the worst gawgs removed. One thing must be borne in mind. French furniture is definitely feminine in feeling. Don't design such a room for a man. English, and most Spanish and Italian, is definitely masculine.

ALL French furniture, except the very earliest, is light in feeling and fact. The woods the French builders used were lighter. They understood more about lacquers, enamels, paints than the others did. While a great deal of Spanish and Italian furniture is painted, particularly the bedsteads, the colors used are more primitive. The French painted nearly everything, but used the pastel shades quite extensively. They brought the cane bedstead, here shown, into being. The French prints, as their name implies, are theirs exclusively. The chaise longue, at the foot of the bed, is a Gallic creation.

Therefore, for femininity, frivolousness and gaiety, the French fashions. For permanency and quiet dignity, the English. For intimate warmth and friendly simplicity, the Italian. For colorful austerity, the Spanish.

Forward, ladies, and pick your periods.

3170 Miles From Broadway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

of the attractors, Also Jacqueline Logan, Helen Lee Worthing—many others.

For several years Lilyan was one of the headliners and during those years she won the appellation of "Broadway butterfly," which is trite, for butterflies have a fleeting way of fluttering from flower to flower, while Lilyan had one purpose in view toward which she toiled.

Finally, Lilyan—purpose still in mind—graduated to a speaking part in a recent play.

In "The Gold Diggers" she was a female platinum prospector—in "The Garden of Weeds" she was another de luxe pirate on the Highway of Eros. In many other plays she represented the sophisticated sibylhood.

THEN one day she became interested in a townswoman Hollywood and in the belief product thereof. Edmund Lowe, her fiancé, was there emoting for the films. James Cruze, the director, was to make a picture version of "The Garden of Weeds." So the night-blooming flower of Broadway packed her imported luggage and came West.

She packed the silks and fine fabrics of the gowns that molded her slimly elegant figure into one of Broadway's smartest dressed women. She slipped into her fur wrap and clutched about her as only Lilyan knows how, and set forth for Hollywood.

She knew she wasn't such strangely beautiful as film beauty is gauged. But she well knew she had something that every pretty cinema aspirant of distinctive—a positive assurance—a radiating self-confidence. It's quite unbeatable, you know. And, too, there was Lilyan's figure—of which she did not boast, but which has been before observed. It is her dryland-like form—and the careless way her frocks embrace her—that convinces you she is a lineal descendant of sinuous Salome.

"I came to Hollywood," said Lilyan, "with the idea that I would give myself three months in which to make good in pictures. If I was not well on my way to a certain success within that time, I would return to Broadway."

So Lilyan came to Hollywood. But Hollywood did not come to Lilyan—immediately. Hollywood—being truly feminine—has a way of glancing, narrow-eyed, over a frigid shoulder at a newcomer. Especially when the newcomer has the Taskman schnifflution. Lilyan bided her time.

First came her oft-repeated stage role in "The Garden of Weeds" for Jimmie Cruze, and before she finished that role, came an offer from another company, with the result that Lilyan was working in two pictures at once, and so it was to a celebration even to an experienced film actor.

Success is music as sweet as the metallic ring of gold, and Lilyan was soon gathered to the bread bosom of Hollywood. Not only because
of her splendid and rapid ascension, but because Lilyan was Lilyan—clever, entertaining, witty—a brilliant addition to any social affair, be it tea or dinner party.

This all happened one year and four months ago. Lilyan is now a star under the Metropolitan banner with a covey of successful characterizations to her credit. And she is about to commence on a new life as all good little film titles say. She is to leave the lurid lairs of light ladies and become a sweet and amiable heroine. Which is a shame, I think.

Very few women on the screen are as cleverly naughty as Lilyan. Or should it be naughtily clever? And there are so many charming heroines! Perhaps Lilyan will inject into her good interpretations a bit of the tang that made her wicked women so absolutely fascinating. I should not be surprised if she did, for Lilyan has the infallible knack of seasoning the most insipid roles with a goodly share of personality.

So now Lilyan, Broadway’s gorgeous night-blooming cereus—thousand one hundred and seventy minutes from her native flower pot (by Southern Pacific figures)—thrives in Hollywood’s orange groves.

And, funny dear Lilyan! Do you know one of the things she thrills at most, despite all the daily tokens that show she is really one of Hollywood’s favorites? She likes the tinkle-tinkle of the phone and the polished voice of a shopkeeper saying:

“Miss Tashman? We have just received a few flocks from Paris—several from Lelong and Worth. We shall hold them for you to make your selection.”

She likes the feeling that she is really of Hollywood—Lilyan Tashman to its tradesfolk and kings.

Confessions of a Movie Critic

[Continued from page 70]

worth while. I love Shakespeare, Tolstoi.

“I have also thought about Ibsen,” she continued. “I adore the sombre colors. The tragic moods. The unutterable silences.” She was meditative for a moment. “Grey is very becoming to me.”

Whereas last week, Poline Bari gave a tea in her sixteen-room apartment. Curled up white, fully in the mauve-lined window seat, she paced out over the Hudson where, in the growing twilight, loomed the famous sky-line of Jersey.

Poline is the exponent on the screen of what was called “the new type.” She tames temperamental tiger rags and pulls cigarette rings into the faces of trusting lads.

Her face lighted up. She clapped her hands. “I am still here. I can’t,” she breathed, “to live in a vine covered cottage. Away from the jaded artificiality of things. I want to cook cereal. I want to tat edgings for dotted Swiss curtains.”

“I crave,” pulsed Poline plaintively, “to raise nasturtiums.”

And while speaking of celebrities who have met me, I’m not betraying any confidence when I say that Ivanhoe Baggot rumbled his sleek hair the last time I went to a dinner he gave, and sighed:

“I don’t know why it is,” he ruminated, handing another macaroon to a man who writes intimate revelations for one of the famous fan magazines, “that my director insists upon my doing drawing room dramatics. I yearn to do the more elemental parts. Out in the open spaces where I can wear flannel shirts and puttees. I am essentially, you know,” confessed Ivanhoe, “one of the strong, silent men of the West.”

There is a disarming directness about the

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You need Frostilla Lotion because you need more natural moisture—“precious moisture” we call it—than your body can provide. Not for your body skin, because that is protected by clothing. But the skin of your face, neck and hands is exposed. Raw winds, artificial heat—also hot sun and summer burns—dry out the moisture of the skin, leaving it rough and scaly.

But exposure can do no damage if there is enough “precious moisture” to protect the skin. Frostilla Lotion will give you the additional amount that is needed. Use it regularly on your face and hands, and that skin will be as soft as the skin on your body.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

male stars. If they part their hair on the side, they show you a picture of the Little Woman. If they part it in the middle, they admit they left some well-known unessential character in the background to give the public what it wants. And if they brush it straight back, they confide that they, too, were once a pioneering newspaper person.

And they may even stage their personal appearances. But in almost every case that is due to the prompting of their press agents.

And I don't believe press agents any more.

When I was first ordained an authority on motion pictures, an enthusiastic publicity promulgator called me up, and said that the release of a photoplay would wear a gown composed of 10,000 pearls. I printed that statement. And then, because of a dawning, later justified, suspicion, I went to see the picture. And there were only 6,951.

My concluding confessions, obtainable only in next month's issue of this magazine, will reveal to you the secrets of successful scenario writing, and give you further penetrating glimpses into the life that the well dressed movie critic lives.

Bucked Into Stardon

saddles, I must admit I thought they were pretty fresh calling it a saddle. Looked to me like the kind of a saddle that isn't what's funny. Their champion buster they put up to ride against me and that had made all them slighting remarks about how easy it would be for me in those fools like I used—say, the horse bucked him up in the air, and he come down on the back of my saddle and nearly bussed himself in two. He was astounded.

"What happened to you?"

"Me? Oh, I done all right. I took the stirrups off that funny little Australian affair and then I just took my hardback, so I didn't have much trouble winning."

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

"It's funny about me and pictures," said Harbor. "You can't rightly say I ever went into them. And I was always getting out. But I guess I was branded to stay. You might really say the cause of me becoming a movie actor was a snowstorm."

"A snowstorm?"

"Well, you see, it was like this. When we come from Australia that time, I went on riding in contests and hippodroming around these cowpunchy, making a pretty good living one way and another, but not feeling like they was much future in it. But still I didn't have nothing defjinie in my mind. And the longer it went on like that, the more disgusted you might say I got. Dust and dirt and sleeping and eating all kinds of places in all kinds of weather.

"Well, one morning in about 1015 of 12, I guess it was, I was in a little town by the name of Davenport, up in Washington. I was going to ride there in a rodeo that day, but when I went to the stables, I found all the horses tied up, and they didn't have nothing to do with me. So I didn't much think of that and I stood out looking there, and I put my hand in my pocket and I found a letter from my mother. She was living in Los Angeles, and the letter was all about sunshine, and flowers, and things like that. I just made up my mind maybe I'd better go down there to Southern California for a while. And I says to myself, 'If you can't make a living no other way, maybe you can ride in some of them moving pictures.' So that's what I done.

"Well, they took you in. But you said you were in and out two or three times."

"Well, I didn't mean in pictures, or doubling, or doing stunts. But I wasn't being about an actor. Still, when you're trying to make a living at pictures, you got to take what comes. I rode when I could, and I was an assistant director, and a third cameraman, and I took care of horses, and there wasn't much I didn't do. But when things got too tough, I'd point me up my face and go be an extra man. Then one day I made out just I couldn't stand that any more. So I seen where there was an automobile race in Fresno, and I went up there.

"But Fresno is my Jonah. Twice I went there to get out of pictures and both times luck took me back to me again. But I always liked riding in races and sometimes we had them at the rodeos, to wind up with—I was a lap ahead and didn't have but half a mile to go, and I got a horse right plowed into the front of my car. I says, 'Hoot, you better go back to pictures. Things is against you in this game.' And a year or two later, I got plum fed up with pictures again and I seen there was a rodeo in Fresno with a lot of prize money up, so I thought I'd go and maybe get my pockets a little filled up. Well, they did it.

"I was riding at the same darn field they'd had the auto race on, and it didn't look like I had a chance to lose the $500 purse. Just then my cinch busted and I spilled on my head. Another lad got the $500, so I had to come back in pictures,"

"Then later along came the war. I went over in the cavalry."

"In the cavalry?"

"No. As I was saying—"

"What'd you go in?"

"I went in the tank corps."

"Why, for, when you knew so much about horses?"

"Well, I always kind of liked machinery, and I thought I'd make a motorcycle around with that. And when I came back I was broke and went back in pictures."

"There were a lot of other cowboys in pictures. How'd you get to be a star?"

"Well, that was my luck. It was like this. I had a darn good job with Tom Mix. I liked it, cause it was a swell outfit and I was eating regular. But I'd had a hankering after directing and I'd made a few too reckless off and on. So one day Universal sent for me and wanted to know would I direct two reel westerns. I told 'em I had a good job and didn't want to give up. But they said they was sure about this directing thing, but they swore it was. I was getting $50 a week and they offered me $500 at the end. So I told Tom, and he said that was great if I could get a chance to direct and go take it."

"So I went out next day and got my script and it looked like I had a real job. But before I got to work they said I was sorry but it was all off, because the guy they'd been after all the time was going to take it all after. So there I was out of a job and felt pretty sick. But the chap that got my job directing was an old friend of mine, so I went to look here. I'm glad you got it, because you have been an assistant director a long time, but I'm out on your account. I don't see no reason why you couldn't play that young coowpancher juvenile in there."

"He said I could and I did, and the folks liked me back east. They thought I looked real western. So they signed me up to act in a lot of two reel westerns, and every now and then we've added another reel and now I'm a real star. My last picture," The Fleming

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he was taken ill. Los Angeles and the hospital, the return home apparently cured, and then the swift relapse. He had just celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday.

FROM operations, George Loane Tucker and Clarine Seymour, that vivid girl of the Griffith studio, died. Tucker was the greatest director next to Griffith. His "Miracle Man" was a great work. So, too, was "The Cinderella Man," one of the sweetest films ever, in which Tom Moore and Mae Marsh starred. As for little Clarine—they called her "cute beautiful" on the lot; she was absolute star stuff.

Do you remember Alexander Johnson of the movie's earliest days and Kate Lester, that magnificent grande dame? T. B. got Johnson, a long time leading, awful death. Kate Lester considered one of the most beautiful women on the stage during her generation, died Octo-

17th in the Hollywood hospital from burns received in the preceding evening. Unfortu-

nately she has some trick kind of gas heaters in the dressing rooms—they have disposed of them now. Miss Lester had just come in off the set and closed her dressing room door. The next moment the explosion was heard and by the time rescuers came she was enveloped in fire.

Finally two tragedies, one of extreme youth and one of old age—Lucille Ricksen and "Pop" Lubin. In 1923 the Wampas nominated Lucille Ricksen a baby star. She was just that. She had grown up in movies. In 1923 she was playing the parts of eight-year-olds. The next year she attracted the attention of Mickey Neilan who made her a leading woman. From childhood to maturity she is the one player who can claim to have a complete emotional part opposite Conrad Nagel in "Rendezvous." Her frail child's body couldn't stand it. She took to her bed for a long illness. Her mother has tended her in the hospital and night after night for months. She became very tired. One day as she drew near Lucille's bed she stretched out her arms for rest. She never moved from them again.

It frightened the little girl badly, but she lingered on for three weeks. "Oh, hold my hand," she'd cry to Lois Wilson, her loyal friend, who sat at her bedside. "Hold my hand. I'm going to die. I'm going to die." That was her cry for days.

Then one day Lois, Paul Bern, and Lucille's brother, Marshall, were there close to her. "I think mother is waiting," Lucille whispered. "Good-bye, everyone." And then there was stillness in the room except for the icy movement of the air as it stole through the windows in that gray hour just before dawn.

Yet "Pop" Lubin was more tragic, for he was old. Seventy-two years old and very tired. His given name was Seigmund, but the kindly nickname stuck. He had been born in Breslau and came to this country to start an optical shop. He got interested in lenses, then in the camera and then in making pictures. He started by staging duplicates of famous prize fights, photographing them and selling them as single reels.

It became one of the big four of the early movie days. Wealth came too. He dreamed of a German industrial empire founded by himself just outside of Philadelphia and spent his money lavishly.

He couldn't stand the gaff. Litigation came with Edison, then with the government over patents and final dissolution. He was poor again, and much older. He had his living to earn. He ended up at the same little optical shop from which he had started.

Even death is not simple in the movie colonies. Somewhere in the midst of the unknown they are, these twenty-seven people of sorrow.

What an all star cast, playing the tragedy of Hollywood!

"See if you can laugh that off," said the fat man's wife, wiring a button onto his vest. "Life.
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

SWEET ADELINE—Chadwick

CHARLES RAY in another of his country roles. This drab story is sprinkled throughout with delicious bits of comedy that are welcome. And in these spots the comedy is so good that one wishes they would be carried out through the entire picture. A country boy goes to the city to sing in a cabaret and makes a decided hit singing “Sweet Adeline.” Adeline is his sweetheart... Success—Wealth—Happiness—End.

THE PRINCE OF BROADWAY—Chadwick

HERE is a picture that will be a wow among the boys. It’s a prize-ring story of a heavy-weight champ who trained on Broadway and naturally was defeated. His childhood sweetheart reforms him and under the guidance of Jim Jeffries he stages a successful comeback. Many famous fighters are introduced: Jim Jeffries, Capt. Bob Roper, Frankie Genaro, Ad Wolgast, Tommy Ryan, Dilly Papke and Leach Cross. Can you imagine the whoops of the youngsters when they see their heroes?

THE GILDED BUTTERFLY—Fox

A CASE of a good little bluffer getting along in life. She managed to move in the highest circles in Europe and live in luxury—without having a dime. BUT when she was called to task by the man who had been her bank roll—oh, well, that was different. Alma Rubens, Huntley Gordon and Bert Lytell head the cast. Not so good—that is, if you’re fussy.

THE RED KIMONO—Vital

SOMETHING terrible. It started out with a good story by Adela Rogers St. Johns and was directed by Mrs. Wallace Reid. But somewhere the great qualities of those ladies’ talents got completely lost. It’s that one about the innocent, downtrodden girl, the city slicker, the white slavery, the slicker falling for the other girl and offering her a wedding ring, the shot, the trial, repentance. And then what do you suppose comes? Surprise, surprise, c’est le war. No matter how much trouble it is, avoid this one.

MY LADY OF WHIMS—Arrow

CLARA BOW is again the carefree flapper who defies family conventions and lives with a chum in Greenwich Village. Papa hires Donalad Keith to sort of spy on her and naturally the inevitable happens, but not until the director has injected some would-be suspense action. It will please.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE—Associated Exhibitors

WELL, again the wrong fellow is accused of bribery and the girl’s father goes to jail. Now the girl has just been admitted to the bar (don’t judge us wrong) and she endeavors to defend her father. All sorts of criminal offenses are committed in this picture in the name of heart interest and only some good acting on the part of Betty Compson and Jay Hunt make it a passable movie.

THE BROADWAY LADY—F. B. O.

A NOITER case of a chorus girl with-a-heart-of-gold who marries into a wealthy family. In order to make the plot seem more complicated a murder is thrown in for good measure and of course the innocent party accused. All ends well, everybody’s happy. Fair.

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HERE is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. A simple, scientifically prepared questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., indicating whether it will be worth while to develop your ability to draw, and showing how much training will be needed. You will be frankly informed as to what your score shows. This analysis may show you the way to a bigger future—a real career.

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DON'T let carefree hours be spoiled by uncertainty over the looks of your hair.

It's so easy today to keep hair smooth, smart—all evening—all day in fact.
Stacomb trains the most difficult hair to be smoothly in place. Brings out all the natural lustre. Yet never leaves hair matted or greasy looking.
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Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample of Stacomb.
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Do not neglect the warning of the itching scalp—keep your head free from dandruff and the pox and oil ducal tendency. Freshen your scalp. Use of Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine. For sale at: Druuggists', Barbers', and Hairdressers'. Write for Free Booklet.

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and you will find a marked improvement, After treating the hair with this healing and stimulating medicinal preparation, shampoo with Glover's Imperial Medicated Soap.

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How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free booklet, W.H. DAVIS, M.D., 123-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE—Fox

SHE was a gay senorita who had a wicked voice that charmed all men. He was an outlawed royalist who kidnapped her from all her admirers and forced her to marry him. Nothing to get excited about. Betty Compson and Edmund Lowe head the cast.

SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE—Universal

JUST Western lokemon dealing with a young girl who assumes charge of her father's ranch only to learn that the foreman has a half-interest—and incidentally he loves her. She spurns him, but through time realizes her love for him. If you can stand the usual Western you can sit through this picture.

SHIP OF SOULS—Associated Exhibitors

WE are told, that far up north in the snow country men are driven mad by the silences and solitudes. To be exact three men go crazy during the picture and you almost join them as you see some men sailing in a queer little boat throughout the picture. Lilian Rich and Bert Lytell are in the cast—and if you like them you'll enjoy the picture.

THE GREEN ARCHER—Pathé

IF the following episodes are as thrilling as the first three, you can be assured that you will enjoy this. The action of this picture gallops with a speed that makes you clutch the arm of your neighbor and breathe in gasps, wondering what's coming next. W. A. Crane, Walter Miller, Burr McIntosh and Frank Lacey comprise the capable cast.

EAST LYNNE—Fox

THIS decayed old melodrama is almost entertaining in the Fox film version. The film play is well cast, with Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Lou Tellean and Belle Bennett playing the principal roles. It has many beautifully pictorial natural settings of the countryside of East Lynne. The story, of course, is rather impossible, but these capable players make it seem almost convincing.

VOLCANO—Paramount

THE plot is not new—that of the lovely girl forced to renounce love because she thinks she has black blood and then it's not true—but the picture is packed with charm and romance. The color of its setting, the tropical isle of Martinique, emerges triumphant and glamorous. Baby Daniels appears very beautifully in flouncy hoop skirts and gives one of her best performances. Ricardo Cortez is excellent. Fine entertainment.

Last Minute Reviews

on pictures released too late to be included in main reviews

FREE TO LOVE—Schulberg

CLARA ROW, as a reformed crook, does her best with an impossible role. It's all about a self-sacrificing girl whose past threatens to ruin the man she loves. Donald Keith is the man.

THE UNCHASTE WOMAN—Chadwick

An unsuitable comeback for Theda Bara. The famous queen of vamps is just as attractive as in the days gone by and her work is excellent. But she is burloned with an unsuitable story, poor direction and continuity. Nevertheless, it looks good to see Theda again.

Glowing Cheeks and Sparkling Gayety

intercept most vitally the glamorous spirit of youth and beauty. And brilliant scenes of estive gayety bring out most radiantly the vivid freshness of Port Rouge.

It was the ardent glow of youth that inspired the creation of this new handmade rouge. So fine and satin-smooth is its texture that its vicarious coloring shades with exquisite subtlety into the natural tones of your skin. Direct application to the skin before powdering effects more lasting adhesion. A second application, after powdering, accentuates the warmth of the blush.

Shades for every complexion, day or evening wear, in dainty gold-finish metal case, 50c.

For permanent results, use Port Rouge in cream form as a base for the compact. In shades to blend with your complexion, 75c. Port rouge Launce to match, 75c.

Send 12c for a sample of Port Rouge. • compact or 1 cream (check one desired).

ROSS COMPANY

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Clear-tone Skin

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples. Blackheads. Acne eruptions on the face or body. Barbers itch and Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has been tried, Tested and Proven in over 100,000 test cases.

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Write today for my FREE Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for fifteen years.
L. S. GIVENS 135 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

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The secret of a youthful face will be sent to you without cost if you will return coupon below.

Beauty Exercises which remove wrinkles, close a face. Will smooth out dark spots, give roundness to sagging cheeks, repair the effects of time. Know the exercises, how to do them, how to blend them into your beauty routine. Beauty Exercises given gratis to all who request them.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this FREE BOOKLET, which will show just what you can do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful.

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Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week

Beautiful, firm flesh which no one would ever mistake for fat or flabby. Neither swelling, puffiness, tightness, or hardness. Weight gained for the skin. You will certainly be amazed and delighted with results. Write enclosing a 25 cent stamp.

The Star Developing System
Dept. 127, Springfield, Ill.
THE STILL ALARM—Universal

SOME excellent fire scenes supply the thrills here. This famous stage play is filled with all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. A wife, weary of the drudgery of housework, leaves her husband and elopes with the villain. Years later she is recouered.

BLUE BLAZES—Universal

NOTHING unusual as far as the story is concerned, but plenty of hard riding, slain-ning, lighting and, of course, love, for those who like their Westerns. Pete Morrison is the star.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—Pathé

A GOOD Larry Semon comedy taken from the famous stage play. Many of the typical Semon gags are present and they supply a number of chuckles. Good entertainment for the children.

THE PRINCE OF PEP—F. B. O.

RICHARD TALMADGE does all his stunts in this story of a young doctor who loses his memory and reappears as a modern Robin Hood. Some excellent comedy situations are introduced and the boys will get a great kick out of Talmadge’s stunts.

Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 117]

FRITZ.—You think me a conceited young man do you? Fritz, how you wrong me. You are making me baw my ancient and honorable head with its snowy white hairs over my typewriter and break down in sobs and sorrow. Nevertheless, to prove to you what a kind old nature I’ve got I’ll answer your inquiries. The bees in Hebe Daniles’ name are just like the bees in the garden. Bebe is not married, wise young girl. So you love Gloria, Norma, Mary P., and Lois M. Aren’t you the lovingest thing?

ROMANA REU.—I fall for you and I’ll be true, Romana Reu. Do you know you’ve got one of those poetic names? Tis true, Romana Reu. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., but she soon decided to leave the dust of that old behind her for the gold dust of Hollywood. It was the seventeenth of November, 1906, that Betty was born. By 1922 she was in pictures with “Peter Pan” her wonderful chance at fame. Her latest work is the Madonna in “Ben-Hur,” and very beautiful she is.

ANOTHER BETTY.—I never heard of a Betty who wasn’t a darn nice kid so that makes everything jake with you and me. Your favorites are Malcolm McGregor and Norma Shearer. Very good judgment, I’ll say. Malcolm is married and his birthday is October 13th. The first one happened in 1906. Sorry, but I don’t know of any stars born on January 11. Don’t be bashful. Write again.

BILLY.—Send “Brickbats and Bouquets” to PHOTPLAY, 221 West 57th St., N. Y. C. Whom do you want in the magazine? Tell me, Billy, and I’ll tell the boss. Harrison Ford is thirty-four. He’s divorced. You’ll see a picture of your Harrison in next month’s issue.

E. V. E.—Are you really? That was a very nice letter of yours. Sorry your other got lost. Your friend, Huntley Gordon’s latest picture is “The Gilded Butterfly.” Did you see his picture in this issue? Doesn’t that make you happy? Happy New Year yourself.

R. L. BALTIMORE.—His name is Rex Lease and he isn’t married, so go to it. Thanks for the New Year’s greeting. That was very nice of you to remember a lonely old man with nothing but ten thousand questions to answer.

Watch This Column

“THE FLAMING FRONTIER or
THE INDIANS ARE COMING”

A Thrilling American Epic

This is a picture that every red-blooded American will want to see. In it the great plainsman and hero-scout, Col. George Custer, lives over again, as well as his gallant comrades, and the scenes in which he won his greatest glory and met his untimely end, are re-enacted with startling vividness.

It is the story of the battle of the Little Big Horn and the Custer Massacre in which the crafty villains were Chief John Gall and his treacherous Medicine Man, Sitting Bull. It portrays Custer’s heroic efforts to subdue the Indians and defeat the gatring in Washington.

During the action, Pres. Grant, Gen. Sherman, Red Cloud and Sitting Bull appear actively, and the magnificent courage with which every American schoolboy is familiar is shown in a great series of thrilling scenes. A beautiful love-story runs through the play and all in all it will prove one of the most intensely interesting of American pictures.

In the cast are such sterling actors as Hoot Gibson, a young lieutenant who sacrifices himself to aid Custer’s cause; Dustin Farnum, who essays the role of Col. Custer; Anne Cornwall, George Fawcett, Kathleen Key, Ward Crane, and Noble Johnson, as well as various tribes of Indians, troops of cavalry, and several thousand others. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre now to get “The Flaming Frontier or The Indians Are Coming” as well as “The Midnight Sun” with Laura La Plante; “The Phantom of the Opera” with Lon Chaney; “The Cohens and Kellys”; “Sporting Youth” and “California Straight Ahead,” “What Happened to Jones” and “Skinner’s Dress Suit,” all with Reginald Denney. When you see them, please write me what you think of them.

(Carle Laemmle

You can have autographed photograph of Hoot Gibson for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. New York City
When the Movies Were Young

(continued from page 99)

Dillon, Del Henderson and his wife, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Arthur Johnson, Owen Moore and Mack Sennett. Mack was the studio's nickel-mine.

He was never known to spend a cent until the historic day that he presented Mabel Normand with a seventy-five-dollar diamond.

When Mabel returned the stone, Mack tried to sell it for a ten-dollar profit.

Tom Ince's pale young wife came around occasionally, when she could find somebody to leave with the Ince baby, and Violet Mersereau helped out once in a while.

They all wore one another's clothes, and a silk dress or an overcoat assured anyone an engagement.

By 1909 Griffith was feeling his wings a little. He was on a royalty basis with Biograph and, though none of them could quite believe it, the pictures were selling.

There was a whole month when the Griffith check came to $300.

Linda banked it all.

She couldn't believe such good fortune could be permanent.

The Biograph director decided upon a dramatization of "Pippa Passes," from Browning's poem. Standard poems and novels were always chosen because the plots were accessible. Nobody ever thought of copyrights or things of that sort. Griffith hunted and hunted for the girl to play the lead in that picture. He saw her finally in the waiting room of the studio.

"She is just the girl I want," Griffith said, and signed her. Her name then was Gladys Smith.

Again Griffith had stumbled on a million.

You know what her name is now.

Blanche Sweet joined the company by the same chance. Griffith thought she was terrible and said so.

But Blanche stuck and she finally played in such tender bits as "The Smile of a Child.""

"A Baby of the Rose of the Wilds," and similar offerings.

Sidney Olcott came into the studio and impressed them all. For Sidney had been a moving-picture pioneer when he made "The Village Cut-up" way back in 1904, and was supposed to know all about the business.

Mack Sennett did the "Curtain Pole," where in he played a mad French count and proved himself to be Biograph's best comedian. After that, they had to keep him.

And all this while Hollywood was only a place where the Japs raised carnations! Young Tom Ince went out there, and the Griffiths visited his studio.

Their hearts were with the old Biograph outfit, however, and they decided to stick to the East, a decision Griffith hasn't abandoned very much to this day.

Then almost overnight, Mary Pickford, announcing her secret marriage to Owen Moore, went over to the Imp company. Cecil De Mille, son of a playwright, Jesse Lasky, a vaudeville booking agent, and Sam Goldfish, his brother-in-law, a clever salesman, formed a producing company.

Trade papers appeared and fan mail, and there was even talk of a ten-cent movie.

"The time will come," said Griffith, "when you will see movies presented on Broadway just like regular plays."

That was too much, however, for anyone to believe. That Griff is always right. They let him dream until "The Birth of a Nation" arose them.

"When the Movies Were Young." That is the story. Mrs. Griffith tells.
A Victim of Prejudice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

her sweeping triumph than Carol. She flitted around in a haze after reading the glowing reviews of the New York newspaper and magazine critics. Her eyes dimmed.

"Why—why, they like me," brokenly.

The wondrous surprise in those words threw wide the inner door that houses the real Carol. They showed for a fleeting moment a bruised, quivery little thing, the Oliver Twist of motion pictures, grown wearily accustomed to slurs, to knocks, to taunts.

Indeed, one critic went so far as to discover Miss Dempster had sex appeal. This delighted Carol. She chortled like a youngster riding on the shoot-the-shoots in an amusement park with a bag of peanuts clutched in one nerve-chilled hand. "Isn't it wonderful!"

From the way she said this, we had a sneaking hunch Pollyanna might really live in the same apartment house, even though May Allison does call us "the girl cynic."

Carol Dempster's charm is due not only to her butterfly-ish enchantment in life and those about her. It is her fitful moodiness, restless imaginativeness, girlish whimsicalities, brooding youthfulness. She is an intriguing mystery girl with the elusive qualities of a "Peter Pan" and a sophomore edition of Marie Antoinette.

"That Quoyle Girl" defied the world first some twenty odd years ago when she had a tiny red list at her nurse in Duluth, Minn. The Middle West had been pronounced by wily picture producers as the home of the motion picture public. It grinds more to us now, since we know Carol Dempster hails from there. When she was a tot, the Dempsters moved to a ranch in Santa Barbara County, California. Here in joyous freedom, Carol blossomed into girlhood, roaming the fields and the mountains, a bobbiesome, mischievous child. From Dame Nature, the greatest teacher there is for those whose eyes are open, she learned color, rhythm, drama. It grew all around her.

Carol relates with guilty humor her envy of the sister who had a gold filling in her front tooth. Rethinking herself she might have one too, Carol slipped into the woods and, encouraged by murmurous leaves and an impish brook, concentrated ferociously on boring a hole in her front tooth. That she failed in her endeavor was certainly due not to effort!

WITH dreamy eyes, she narrates the days she spent horseback riding through the alluring beauty of her country. At night, she went to steal away by herself and yield ecstatically to the Lorelei that was the harmonious nocturnal noises the moon-kissed earth and heavens. Romance, Beauty, Life.

Carol left her beloved ranch when in her early teens to study dancing at Denishawn, in Los Angeles. Miss St. Denis became keenly interested in her youthful pupil, persuading in her a second Pavlova. With the perversity of talent, however, Carol's interest switched to the cinema and one fateful morning she betook herself to D. W. Griffith's studio.

We can just see her prancing onto the lot, chin up, eyes sparkling. We can see her suddenly losing courage when confronted by the business-like casting office sign and the many extras waiting their turn to ask: "Anything today?" Often times, Carol resembles an elf, fearfully brave until a new sound sends her scurrying to cover.

It so happened that the gods smiled on this timid, adventurous girl, for before she could flee, D. W. Griffith, himself, happened along and espied Miss Dempster. Mr. Griffith scrutinizes a person once, and can immediately tell you what that person is all about. Scant wonder, as we realize now, that he signaled her out for permanent work.

With success greeting her so generously, Carol tossed aside dancing. Whereupon Miss

Your Excess Weight

Can be eliminated, as millions are now doing.
No abnormal exercise or diet. Simply correct the internal cause in this easy, pleasant way.

Few are Fat
In these modern days

Note how slenderness prevails in every circle nowadays. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was. Every idea of beauty, health and fitness calls for normal weight, and people are conforming.

All must realize that a new factor has appeared. People have found an easy, pleasant way to reduce, a scientific way. And the over-fat by millions are now gaining normal weight.

This is to tell you that method, to offer a test at our cost, then under our guarantee. You owe to yourself this knowledge if you suffer overweight.

Correct the Cause

The cause of excess fat usually lies in a certain gland. Correcting that condition stops the extra fat formation. Modern research has proved this beyond any question. All animals, all human beings respond to this treatment at once.

The treatment is embodied at its best in Marmola Prescription Tablets. They have been used for 18 years. The use has grown and grown, until people are now using over a million boxes yearly.

The use involves no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily, and lives a regular regime. When the weight returns to normal, stop Marmola. If excess fat appears again, check it out at once in this way.

No Mysticism

Marmola is not a secret prescription. Our books state every ingredient, all their effects and the reasons. You will know exactly how Marmola acts, and why. It acts on the glands which cause fat.

The results are so reliable that we send a guarantee to all who mail our coupon. Your own druggist signs it. If you fail to get what you desire, every penny is returned.

The reduction is not rapid. It rarely exceeds one pound per day, as advised by the best authorities. Then the body can adjust itself to the new conditions. Wrinkles are not created. The amount of reduction is always at your command. Go your own way as regards exercise and diet. Rely on Marmola to correct any abnormal condition.

Be Slender
As you used to be

Nowadays the over-fat are regarded as abnormal. They are becoming more and more uncommon. You can see that everywhere. Almost all can attain a normal weight in an easy, pleasant way. Millions have proved that out.

Prove this to yourself, for your own sake. Excess fat blights beauty, health and fitness. You cannot afford it. Learn how easily you can remedy and prevent it—just by correcting a gland. Many of your friends are doing that today. Please learn why.

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Supplied by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for a 25c sample free, our latest books and our guarantee. Clip it now.

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all day long

The girl who prides herself on her attractiveness calls Bathasweet her favorite luxury, not only because it entrances her senses, but because it adds so greatly to her loveliness throughout the day.

Just a sprinkle of it in her rub, and she bathes in water as fragrant as a flower garden, and so soft it cleanses the pieces as no ordinary water can, leaving her skin delightfully comfortable, radiant and smooth as velvet to the touch.

Then for the rest of the day an almost scentless perfume clings about her, keeping her always sweet and fresh and lovely. Yet Bathasweet is inexpensive, 25c, 5c, $1.00 and $5.00 at drug and department stores.

FREE—A can sent you free if you write to
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**Photoplay Magazine**—Advertisement Section

Milder Mustard for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without Children's Mustard, the new, milder form of good old Mustard especially prepared for babies and small children.

At night, when awakened by the crying, stony cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

Children's Mustard, like regular Mustard, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble. It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops stony coughs and colds.

The Mustard Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S
MUSTARD
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

The Truth about Hair Coloring

Not affected by salt water, bathing, perspiration, oils, hair tonics, shampoos, or previous dyes. Will not stain scalp or rub off. Guaranteed perfect in every detail. Easily applied at home. 14 Shades. P. P. 44c. Dyeless detection. White Henna for lightening hair guaranteed dark $1.25. Free advice and booklet on request.

B. PAUL Dept. Z.B., 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.C.

At all drug and department stores

**Photoplay Magazine**—Advertisement Section

A Comedy of Errors

[Continued from page 42]

... doubt, that Gilbert Roland is a romantic young lad, and besides, he was playing in Pola Negri's pictures and, well—you never know what will happen.

For three weeks, however, wires and letters chased each other back and forth between the four interested parties in this up-to-date comedy of errors. Last week Herbert Brenon made the final scene of "Dancing Mothers."

"Good-lay," said Miss Bow and Mr. Keith.

"What's your hurry?" asked Brenon;

"Where are you going?"

"We have some important business to settle back in Hollywood," replied Clara.

And that is about all there is to the story, except that Clara managed to get back to Stater's dome in the nick of time, "All's well that ends well." and Clara and her boy friend, and Donald and his girl friend, were all set (at last reports).

Love in Hollywood

Press Agent (to feminine star): I love you. Will you divorce your husband and marry me?

Star: No, but I can arrange to have some of my jewels stolen if that will help you any.

—Life.
The Enigma of the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

lacking in range. From the moment she steps on the screen there is the feeling of inevitable doom. Too gentle for this world's pain, her only hope of happiness appears in death or the cloister. And so obviously is this fate written in her every aspect that suspense is lessened. The emotion she arouses in one is that of an intense and poignant pity. Pity is akin to love, but it can never be love, even though it is heartrending.

Miss Gish is a student. She does not rely on inspiration. There is nothing spontaneous in her work. It is carefully motivated, studied and timed. This in no way detracts from her worth as an artist, or a possible genius. Leonardo da Vinci fashioned the smile on the face of Mona Lisa as mathematically as Lillian Gish has drawn a similar smile on her own likeness. Like her, also, he was divinely detached and unemotional. He would follow a man to the gallows to catch the expression on his face that he might express the anguish later on his canvas.

Miss Gish has that infinite capacity for taking pains that the greatest artists have had. Unfortunately she is not a free artist as is the painter, the sculptor or the writer who relies only on his implements. She works in a medium that requires collaboration. A film cutter can ruin utterly the finest masterpiece. A director or a scenario writer without understanding of her peculiar gift can fail in providing her with the proper setting for it. A supervisor with a set commercial formula can, by applying it to her pictures, make her of a commercial failure.

As a class, Lillian Gish may be commercially successful, but as a regular commercial routine star, grinding on schedule with whatever material is at hand, her fate at the boxoffice would be as tragic as it invariably is on the screen.

More than any other star Miss Gish must be her own producer. Whether or not she has the capacity remains to be seen, and whether or not she is permitted to be is still another matter.

Her stellar power has been tried in but two pictures, "The White Sister" and "Romola," a success and a failure. Her performance in "The White Sister" was as fine as anything she ever gave the screen. Her story and her character were carefully devised. In "Romola" she was but a figure on a moving tapestry, and as such she is no more effective than many other actresses. She was not as big as her reputation.

WITNESSES of the playing of scenes in "La Boheme" felt this strongly. The acting methods of John Gilbert and Miss Gish are entirely different. Gilbert works on mood. Lillian would film a scene only after it had been rehearsed several times. When the time came that the scene was actually being photographed she knew exactly the effects she was going to create and where. Gilbert was loud in his praise of her. He expressed the opinion that she was the great artist of the screen and that she knew more technically than anyone else. Yet plainly his work was suffering under that method.

During the first and second rehearsals of the scene his work would be magnificent. After the fifth or sixth repetition of it, he was stale.

The term "technician" should not be disparaged, provided it is properly employed to signify one who gains effects mentally rather than emotionally. It is what the screen requires. The camera does not wait on heaven for moments of inspiration, and no human being could go on feeling his part through several rehearsals and a half-dozen "takes." It has to be felt first over the script and then

LUSTROUS HAIR

You can awaken in your hair a living radiance—just as a master hairdresser would—if you use his secret of natural lustre—a touch of benna in the shampoo. The secret is yours, ready for use at home, in HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO. The clear, faintly fragrant liquid of HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO contains just the right touch of benna to bring out all the richest natural radiance of every type of hair—blonde or brunette.

If you cannot obtain HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO from your dealer, send 60c to Hennafoam Corporation, 325 West 42nd Street, New York

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No More Wrinkles

You too can have a firm complexion, smooth as satin

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD
Restores youthful freshness, revives beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. A sure way to regain the charm of a clear, wholesome complexion. Amazing results in short time. Removes wrinkles, crow's feet, brown lines, furrows. Restores elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues. Fills hollows of face and neck.

Removable Bust Developer
Builds youthful firmness. Makes skin smooth and soft. Most welcome discovery—not an experiment—how wonderful! Happy during many years. Write today for FREE trial sample and Beauty Secrets. Envelope 10c [stamps] to cover cost of mailing, MME. FUOLAI A

HER METHOD DOES IT!

Clears Skin Like Magic
New Surface Softness
Blemishes Dissolve!

You can have a beautiful complexion! Your skin can be pleasant, and of lovely texture! You've heard of Lucille Young's amazing beauty aid—it's a so.

This remarkable woman was handsome once—had a skin as poor as it now young and blooming. Lucille Young made her own——and figure too. Do you want it?
mathematically planned for effect if chances are to be taken.

Miss Gish is perhaps the greatest student among motion picture actresses. A humorous story is told of how she learned to swim. An instructor had told her that she should learn to float first if she wanted to be the best swimmer. Water terrified her, but she bravely clamped a clothespin on her nose and went floating for days until she was proficient. Today she is a mermaid. That is Lillian Gish—thoroughness, conscientiousness, perseverance.

Will she overcome all limitations, her own and those artificially imposed? Will she prove to be, as many believe she will, the greatest actress of an immortal screen?

Personally, I feel that she is going to be either one of the greatest or a complete failure. A half-way position for her is impossible.
and for the oil cells to return to normal. Then, after about seven or eight months, never wash it more often than once in two weeks. You should weigh about 11 to 12 pounds. I always like Rachel better than this colored powder, except for the most pronounced pink and yellow blondes. I think you’re pretty young to be using so much powder.

### BLONDE.

If you use a natural bleach, like real henna, there’s no reason why it should affect your physical health. Yes, the face does look fuller when hair is parted in the middle. The cleansing cream you are using is a splendiferous one. Witch hazel has a drying effect, but it if you suffer from enlarged pores, it is a good facial treatment for you to use. If you are a golden blonde with clear complexion, back in shiny materials like satin, clear white, bronze, peacock and delft blue, as well as navy, the various shades of gray, the pastel colors, that is, light blue, violet, yellow, pink and green, all are very becoming. People love these shades of growth. Sometimes people grow until their early twenties. Usually, however, one stops at about 18.

### LUCY OF PHILA., PA.

I think you must have been incorrect in your measurements two years ago. I have talked to several doctors since receiving your letter and they say they have never heard of a person’s losing so materially in height as your letter states. The change in glove and shoe sizes might simply be a difference in make. If you are sure that you are correct in your measurements, however, and the condition of which you write continues to go on, go to a reputable physician at once for consultation.

### PESSIMISTIC REGGIE.

I think you shouldn’t be. You’ve much to be happy over—that you’re a working girl and very young and beautifully slim. Don’t diet any more. You can even add five pounds without danger, but you are very wise to leave candy out of your eating list. Why are you so anxious for a “steady” beau? Don’t you know that means settling down and the end of adventure for you? You have proof that you are attractive to the boys and I think that should be enough for you now. Wait a few years, Peggy, I dare you grab your “steady.” You’ll be grown up then, know more about yourself and life, and be more certain of the type of boy you want to love, and what love is. Write me again if you want to. I am really very interested in your problem.

---

**Bricklets and Bouquets**

[continued from page 20]

In a profession where willingness to lay bare to the public each intimate thought and character, amounts almost to a sin, Mr. Colman’s gentlemanly reserve is quite refreshing. He leaves something to the imagination, thereby adding charm to his personality. One feels that there is a latent power and strength of character in such a man—a depth that is not sounded by the average interviewer.

His antipathy to the title, “the screen’s greatest lover,” is wholly justifiable. That is publicity of the cheapest kind, attracting only people of mediocre intelligence; the kind that made Valentino’s popularity of short duration. However, one need not fear that Mr. Colman will become maudlin or spoiled thereby. He is made of sterner stuff.

**Zida C. Ivey,**

218 N. Main St.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Permit me to occupy a portion of your space, not in eulogizing the beauty of my favorite actor—for I haven’t any—but in registering a few words of praise in appreciation of a finished

---

**Develop a Superb Singing Voice**

“Physical Voice Culture” is a remarkable book on voice building, shows you how to realize the amazing possibilities of your singing and speaking voice. It is yours to keep! It costs you nothing! It shows you how to build a strong beautiful voice in a simple, easy, natural way by silent physical exercises in the privacy of your own home.

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This wonderful, scientific method will increase your voice at least 100%, or every cent of your tuition will be refunded.

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**BURNS and SCARDS**

Stop the throbbing and smarting at once with a soothing touch of

**Resinol**

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCURRENT MAGAZINE.
Drunk at 7
Then by 8:30 watch how things have changed
Sometimes on rising in the morning you
feel that the day is spoiled. Some clogging of
the system affects your fitness, your good
nature, your vim.
Then do this: Drink a glass of water, hot
coffee, or your favorite tea, and you will
be sparkiing, pleasant drink.
That drink will flux the intestines, wash
out the poisons and waste. The results
come quickly. They come from the acids
of lemon and grape combined with lithia, etc.
Note how things change in an hour. Then
remember you can bring them any hour of
the day. And in a sparkling drink.
Let a test show what it means to you.
Send the coupon for it now.

Wych Chemical Co., Inc.
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Mail me a Free Sample of Jad Salts.

IF YOU HAVE FOOT TROUBLE
this advertisement is of vital importance to YOU

DOCTOR ALVIN HAMBURGER, M.C., the na-
tionally renowned specialist on ailments of
the feet, who has heretofore treated patients only
at his New York Clinic, now offers a course of Home Treat-
ment to any sufferer who cannot come to his Clinic.

THESE FEET TROUBLES ARE CURABLE
through inexpensive HOME TREATMENT
PATIENT'S OWN CORNS
CRACKED TOE WEB FUSCING BETWEEN TOES
HALLUXES FALLEN ARCHES
by Dr. Hamburger personally. Formerly
years he has been New York's foremost
Feet Specialist. His successful
results are numbered in thousands. Many
have grateful patients
are both men and women

LET THIS CURE PROVE IT. FREE.

The Doctor Hamburger Instr.Slute.
548 Seventh Avenue, New York
Dr. Hamburger

I am suffering from

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention PHOTOPLAY

screen artist. Yes, John Gilbert is an artist, in spite of his
small stature, little Jad Sals, and you will have a sparkling, pleasant drink.
That drink will flush the intestines, wash
out the poisons and waste. The results
come quickly. They come from the acids
of lemon and grape combined with lithia, etc.
Note how things change in an hour. Then
remember you can bring them any hour of
the day. And in a sparkling drink.
Let a test show what it means to you.
Send the coupon for it now.

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548 Seventh Avenue, New York
Dr. Hamburger

I am suffering from

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention PHOTOPLAY

Dr. Hugo Neuren. Pasadena, Cal.

The Ten Handsomest

I don't agree with Mrs. St. John's selection of
the ten handsomest men on the screen. I
think a screen writer's selections are usually
the fruit of arbitrary whim.
There are not ten but twenty handsome men on
the screen. There are plenty of good looking
men, but that is something else again.
Harlow Ford, Ben Lyon, and Lloyd Hughes are
all screen looks, nothing more. So is William
Collier, Jr., Forrest Stanley and several others.
These are not heavyweights, neither are they
remarkable for strict regularity of feature,
ability or personality. Richard Dix has the latter attribute and is probably
what people call looking in real life, but that massive nose and other rough
features prevent him having any claim to being handsome.
Of the nine I should select, any one of them
could be imagined off the screen. It is hardly
an impartial list, for I dislike Men who have
only the mildest interest in Meighan, and
have liked Ian Keith in only one picture. George
O'Brien is to me completely uninteresting
except in a few, and I am tiring even of Barthelmess because he is obviously
such a keen business man. My list is: John Barry-
more, Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess,
Thomas Mitchell, Ronald Colman, Rudolph
Valentino, Ian Keith, Edgum was, and George O'Brien.

Pola and the "Machine"

Los Angeles, Calif.
What are they doing to Pola Negri? Before
she saw the Status of Liberty was a great
actress. She was like a diamond, all ice and
flame, with sharp, brilliant facets. But now,
though she may retain those qualities under
Lubitsch's direction, with any other direction
the diamond becomes a piece of glass.
Of course, the stories they give her are
atrocious. But at the risk of shocking Herbert
Howe, I want to say that Pola, the wild and
terrible, is far, far too tame.
Why doesn't she demand good pictures?
Why doesn't she stamp and rage and display
her famous temper? Should not the producers
are ready to offer her anything from Lucrècia
Borgia to Salvation Nell?
There are dozens of great roles that seem
almost too have been written for Pola. Who
else could give us Lady Macbeth, or Oscar
Wilde's Mary Stuart? What other actress
could play Anne Kar von von?
Why, the original Daisy in "East of Suez" would have suited her perfectly. A half-case,
torn between two worlds, kept from each
the chains that bind her to the other. The
poetic, over-the-edge of the Eurasian.
What a role for Pola Negri! And on the screen
she was changed into a pure minded gal who was
pursued by the villain in the most approved
diamond novel.
Pola Negri is too fine an actress to lose to
the machine.

A Pound Every Day
Nature's Way
Frankly I discovered it is possible to reduce by Nature's method. No dieting, no exercis-
ing, no drugs. FLORAZONE actually removes excess body desiring. 

Simply dissolve Florazone, a fragrant powder, in your bath, sit on it in
15 minutes and reserve equal to one pound of weight that
FLORAZONE
Absolutely Harmless—Nothing Internal
Preservative, active and thousands of users recommended this natural
way to reduce day by day. Preservative and harmless, this is the easy
way to reduce, and keep off weight. Reduced by Nature, the方法
in treatments satisfactory, includes free booklet, Money Back Guarantee.

FLORAZONE Corp. Suite C, 100 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

FREE Book on
Deafness

Write today for 15 jej, free book giving full particulars and testimonials of
those who were saved by the hearing whose hearing has been restored by this
most effective, harmless method.

WILSON COMMON-SENSE EAR DRAMS
require no medicine but effectively replace what is
d-ajax or defective in the natural ear drums. They
are non-toxic, non-invasive, and are easily fitted into the
ears where they are inviolate. Soft, safe and comfortable.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO. Incorporated
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BUNIONS
FEBODYE, the miraculous new solution, ban-
derms and Corns, Blisters and other skin troubles
throughly by magic. You can have simply fancied symptoms popularly with comfort.

SENT ON TRIAL
I want you to have relief from Bunion. I will
charge you nothing, and if you are not satisfied with the
NAY LABORATORIES
160 N. LaSalle St., Dept. M, Chicago, Illinois

MIDGET NAMEx CARDS
THE LATEST NAY
50c. Per Book
Each book contains 50 perfect letter cards, each
5< in., in genuine leather case. Choice of
black, tan, green or red. A perfect
name card. Name in Old English type.
Price complete 50. Postage, cost or money order, satisfaction guaranteed
or money refunded. Address WANTED.

MIDGET CARD SHOP
28 S. Second Street
Harrisburg, Penn.
Help! Help!

New York City.

Incredible! A list of the ten handsomest men of the screen with Conway Tearle left out!

To begin with, his figure is in perfect proportion—slim, lithe, not too tall, with the telltold, controlled grace of the athlete—beautiful in repose and plastic in action.

His features are balanced to a point of perfection, and their contour would rejoice the heart of a sculptor. The brow is royal and the eyes, pure black, can flash like a whip, sparkle like cut jet, or become soft and dense as velvet. These eyes give his face earnestness and pathos, yet at the same time are full of laughter, wit, and knowledge of life.

Mr. Tearle's nose has the broad base and chiseled nostrils of the intellectual head, and the mouth with its beautifully cut, mobile lips has a play upon it that is singularly winning. Most men's mouths are just features—his is a decoration, and when he smiles his dark face flashes into almost dazzling animation.

There is imagination in his face, and a grave, warm beauty that is arresting, picturesque and truly charming.

Conway Tearle is one of the few who can wear the costumes of bygone centuries with an air of absolute ease, and when so dressed there is about him every imaginative grace and every appealing charm.

To my mind, Conway Tearle's handsomeness, his talent and his innate distinction are beyond discussion.

NATALIE HEATH.

Three Cheers!

St. Louis, Mo.

Let us cheer Vilma Banky. I saw her in "The Dark Angel" and am waiting impatiently for "The Eagle." She is so feminine and yet not overly sweet. I hope she plays with Romul Colman some more. They are an ideal couple.

By Jove, I don't see how the stars of Hollywood can resist Miss Banky. I admire Norma Talmadge for befriending the beautiful Vilma. She surely won't lose anything by it, and I love Norma more now for her kindness.

A friend is a treasure to a lonely stranger.

E. M. H.

A Brickbat for Her Favorite!

Hartsville, S. C.

So at last Mac Murray has discovered that it takes a good leading man and director as well as a good leading lady to make a good picture! Or, if Miss Murray had no say concerning her leading man, then this is for the person who cast "The Merry Widow." I have seen Mac Murray, pictures in which she "hated" the camera, continually, but not once in "The Merry Widow" was she guilty of this. That picture was splendid in every detail. I wish Von Stroheim would direct Mac Murray and John Gilbert in another picture. They are my favorites—all three of them!

L. F.

Dix as Ivanhoe

St. Louis, Mo.

I liked the suggestion in last month's Photoplay of "Ivanhoe." If it is done, I hope the plot will not be changed. It is perfect and any attempt to improve it would ruin a good, unusual story. The book furnishes excellent descriptions of the characters. I suggest Richard Dix as Ivanhoe.

FERN GROSENHEIDER, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]
A Modern Miracle Film—"Ben Hur"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

diving between the horses and throwing himself on the ground between the chariot wheels, coming forth like Jonah from without a scratch and just as miraculously—

While the chariot scene may appear the more hazardous on the screen, the battle of the galleys was fraught by far greater danger. The night following the burning of the galleys in the bay of Leghorn in Italy was a night of terror; during that long stretch of darkness men lacerated continuously in rescuing drowning fellows who had been caught by the timbers of the sinking crafts.

A sudden wind coming up over the bay fanned the flames more rapidly than had been calculated, so that the main galley sank in less than thirty minutes, with men plunging into the water until the bay resembled a cauldron of humanity.

The greatest care had been taken to engage only extras who were expert swimmers, but so great was the temptation of money to the poor Italians that many took oaths to ability they did not possess. The orders were to remain on the decks until they were hot. The extras bravely heeded the instructions until the soles of their feet were burning, then plunged into the sea to cling to the prow as it slowly sank.

Two thousand men participated in these scenes, which were photographed from rafts and from a platform on the mole. None of the fourteen galleys used were those built at great cost for the first attempt at the production. Those were condemned by the Italian government as unsafe. Furthermore, they averaged too small to be as impressive as they had to be.

The second fleet was modeled after the design of the Roman crafts. The ramming of the great Roman boat by the pirate craft was effected by having a high-powered motor boat, attached by cable beneath the Roman galley, drag the pirate at speed through the water until it shivered into the side of the larger vessel.

The Roman galley had been soaked with oil, which felt no actor could realize the part to the satisfaction of all, and in this the producers of the pictures have concurred with him. The figure and face of the Savior are never seen on the screen, only the hand. Even on the road to Calvary you see only an arm supporting the Cross—and footprints of blood on the stones. Scenes of "Ben-Hur" were created that the world will never see. Done in all reverence, there were, nevertheless, several magnificent scenes from the life of Christ that had to be cut.

A whole sequence about Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor who condemned Jesus to death, was filmed. Niblo regards it as one of the great moments of the picture. It had to be eliminated for fear of religious controversy. The same was true of the scenes on Calvary. One end of the Cross was photographed, showing only a hand pierced by a nail, and dripping blood. The hand turned, relaxed, and the blood ceased to drip. Then darkness came over the whole scene, for He was dead.

THE cost of "Ben-Hur" is estimated at a point between four and five million dollars.

The company spent a year and a half in the actual filming of "Ben-Hur" in Italy and in California. Nearly 2,000,000 feet of film were photographed. From these seven reels were brought to the screen.

Twenty thousand people were employed on the production.

The Circus Maximus shown required four months to build with 800 men working in shifts. It is 1575 feet long and 410 feet wide.

5,000 people were employed in the galleries as spectators and in addition 10,000 movable dolls were used in the upper sections.

4 months was spent in filming the race.

48 horses appear in the race of the 12 chariots with 150 horses utilized in all. 53 reels were photographed to make the one reel of the chariot race now shown. 42 cameras were trained on the scene.

14 galleys were built for the scenes in which 2,000 men participated.
They had a lot of trouble with a halo for the Virgin. An art director suggested that the proper effect could be obtained by the use of gauze supported by tiny long pins radiating from a wire crown. An official of the company, a millionaire, asked how much it would cost. He was told about $5.

That wasn't expensive enough for the executive, so several days of fumbling with expensive and useless effects were put in. When the art director dared show up again with his $5 halo about $20,000 had been needlessly spent.

In contrast to the chariot scene where cheers are evoked, the picture ends with a burst of reverence following the crucifixion, and the words of Ben-Hur:

“He will live forever in the hears of men.”

Even so will this picture live, for it was rehearsed creatively and delicately acted, as worthy an offering as human hands can make it—A Tale of the Christ.

Can Jack Gilbert Get Away with It?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

less an authority than Elision Glyn said to me, “Poor Jack Gilbert. I’m afraid that’s the end of him. I’m quite sure the public will never put up with seeing his hero drunk and lying in the gutter. Too dreadful, really. He should have refused to do it.”

But as Prince Duniio Jack Gilbert steals the picture and is besieged by women fans with letters of congratulation upon his fine work.

In “The Big Parade” Jack plays an American doughboy, and a real one. Men who were over say “The Big Parade” and Jack’s work in particular tore open all the things they were trying to forget. It is almost too realistic. Raw, brutal, humorous, violent, ugly, dramatic, utterly fascinating, real, heart-rending—all these things his work is, but it is never heroic. Jim Apperson is just a real human being, sometimes a little stupid, sometimes uncouth, sometimes afraid, sometimes gloriously brave and big, but he certainly isn’t any tin soldier with a sword and plumes. There was never a time when Jack didn’t sacrifice everything and anything to realism and fine acting.

So far, Jack has done everything that they said he couldn’t. He has flown in the face of all old conventions of what would and wouldn’t go on the screen. Can he get away with it? Will the public back him up in this hidebound tradition? Right now it certainly looks like it.

Do You Know the Type of Child That—

fills the inkwell with burnt matches?
disappears for days and is ultimately discovered asleep in the dog kennel?
weighs more than his father?
swallows the handsome nickel-plated teaspoon you gave it for its birthday?
falls into the goldfish aquarium?
is always asking unanswerable questions?
chews your best cigars to pieces?
kicks its nurse downstairs?
speaks seven languages?
having discovered the wicked burglar in the act of cabbaging the family silverware, convinces the wrong-doer of his evil ways, and sends him away—a cleansed and repentant man?

—College Humor.

Why I Use Lemon
For a Hair Rinse
By Estelle Taylor

“A sticky curl from soap, remaining on the hair after shampooing, leaves the hair comparatively limp so that curls and waves won’t stay. Ordinary rinsing with plain water, even though repeated, won’t remove it.

“That’s why I now use lemon juice. Its mild acid cuts the curl, so that the water of the rinse takes it out completely. My hair is then lustrous, soft, and enhanced in color. And it holds a curl or wave—a boon to women who wear bobs. “This is the harmless and effective way. Just feel and see the difference in your hair after you have tried it. Hair isn’t really clean until you use this rinse.”

Estelle Taylor.

Get a dozen California lemons now and try it next time you shampoo. California lemons give the best juice for a rinse. Learn other ways in which these lemons aid in beauty culture.

Send coupon for free book that tells all about it.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 1103, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free book, “Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic,” telling how to use lemon for the skin, in nourishing, and in beautifying the hair.

Name:

Address:

City:

There'll be Jollity at Jobyna's on St. Patrick's Day

YOU'LL be there, and I'll be there, and we'll all be there, for Jobyna Ralston is the best of hostesses. Her parties are always gay, with never a dull minute. Only a few of us know that she got her ideas from the Gala Book. Her St. Patrick’s Party, for instance—all the decorations, invitations, costumes, games and favors she found in it. The Gala Book is full of ideas, for every Spring holiday affair; 32 pages of new ideas that spare you the worry and that make your party a success. And it costs so little! Get the Gala Book and give a party. Get it now!

Dennison's St. Patrick's Day goods and the Gala Book are sold by stationers, department stores and many druggists.

Dennison's, Dept. C—6
Framingham, Mass.

Send me the Gala Book which Jobyna Ralston used is so handy. Enclose 10 cents. (15 cents in Canada)

NAME:

ADDRESS:

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
Nothing else can do this work

Instead of going, disillusioned, to Texas, Dorothy looked around for other worlds to conquer and her eyes rested on the blazing trail that many of our women scenarists have helped to forge. Frances Marion, June Mathis, Marion Fairfax, Jane Murfin, Bess Meredyth, Dorothy Farnum. Dorothy Manners decided one day to be among them, and as the shortest cut to that goal she commenced writing short yarns on films and film folk. She still hopes some day to be a great scenario writer.

Then there is Kathleen Kay and her partner, Maude Marsh, who have just signed a contract to design costumes for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Kathleen is a New York girl. There are motion picture studios in New York, too. So that changed movie-legend guessing about her bonnet with the result that Miss Kathleen Kay . . . it's almost Kathleen Key, isn't it? . . . besieged the studios looking for a chance to act before the camera.

The casting directors greeted her with joy. “You are just the type to do this character role of the old woman who saw the murder,” they rhymed. Of this street urchin with tousled hair is a great part for you.”

“But I want to do lovely romantic roles and be wooed by a gallant knight,” she wailed.

“Not with that ruddy-faced young lady,” they told her. “The character road for you. You might have it remodeled by a plastic surgeon. Wonders have been done with his scalpel.”

But Kathleen refused to bob her nose for art—and she and film acting parted forever.

At that time she met Maude Marsh—one of the clever sisters of the equally clever Miss Maude was interested in costume creating, as was Kathleen, so they formed a partnership and opened a little shop in New York where the name of Kay-Mash was soon synonymous with gowns of gorgeous appeal. Then they came to Los Angeles and opened a shop where Patsy Ruth Miller, Margaret Livingston, Dorothy Devore, and old film stars came to be outfitted with the Kay-Mash skill. And now comes the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offer of costume supervision.

Was she sorry she didn’t give up the glory of stardom for shams and thread? No! She and her partner are too busy to pine about a little thing like lost film fame.

Patricia Poulde, as she is known and loved as “Pat” by every extra in Hollywood . . . spends her time telling movie-struck youth about the hardships of motion picture life. Many is the youth, in her capacity as casting director of the Metropolitan Studios, that she has advised to go out and get a job “anything,” she cautions, “except motion pictures. Get a job where you eat regularly.”

A

AND “Pat” has no ulterior motive in giving this kindly and true advice. She herself was an extra girl some years ago. “Pat” came all the way from a remote little Canada town to conquer the film world. During her extra days “Pat” knew hunger . . . and knew that sinking feeling of having nothing but a very few cents between herself and the world. And now she’s happy to be a casting director.

According to “Pat’s” statistics only one person out of every thousand who attempts picture fame makes a comfortable living out of it. And that does not mean stardom. She also figures that in getting established—in getting acquainted with the studios—a beginner does not make expenses of the first year, and months of that year is spent in looking for less than two months’ work. Think it over, you aspirants of slender purse.

“Pat” is a real friend of the people who rightly remark: “You really should be in pictures, my dear, you are so pretty.”

You Are So Pretty

[continued from page 29]
How Beautiful New York Actresses
Get Slender With
SILPH REDUCING GUM
FAT ROLLS OFF
WHILE YOU CHEW

Mrs. M. S. Howe of Troy, Ohio, says,
"I have taken one dollar's worth of SILPH and lost 10 pounds."

"The first order of SILPH has helped
me wonderfully—I lost 7 pounds in a week." Miss C. Collins, Genese, Ill.

Traveling for Pleasure
After considerable urging, Herr Schulze of Berlin took his wife on a tour of Northern Europe.
Arriving in due course at Nordkap, the promontory of Norway, they viewed the midnight sun, and Herr Schulze idly rocked on a rock:
"Sitting here with wife. Fine! Schulze, Berlin."
Three weeks later a neighboring rock read: "Sitting here without. Finer! Meier, Hamburg."—Ludgge Blatter (Berlin).

Why-Women Attract
The fountain of youth, charm and beauty is growing HEALTH—both physical and mental. I insist any woman who wants charm, beauty, health and youth to tell me her problem, whether it be over-weight, under-weight, nervousness, constipation, muscle complaint, or other handicaps; my knowledge is YOURS, MY FRIENDS, I can afford to send this coupon for my FREE booklet on youth, beauty and health.

Mrs. O. Slade, Dept. D, 1487 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

Kill The Hair Root
My method is the only way to prevent the hair from coming back. For three months, easy, business, harmless. No nausea. Booklets free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture, 20 years in business.
D. J. MAHLER, Providence, R. I.
Brickbats and Bouquets
[continued from page 133]

That Royle Girl
Moline, Ill.

Why not more about Carol Dempster? She is a splendid actress, and though not a ravishing beauty, she is very pretty. And she has a beautiful figure. Her acting is so original that even if the picture is rotten (as was "That Royle Girl"), you can be entertained by watching her.

BOBBY.

What More Can Be Said?
Manatee, Calif.

May I call the attention of Catherine Kelly of San Francisco, who declares that Valentino is "as graceful as an elephant" to what Samuel Goldwyn says in his book, "Behind the Screen," chapter 16, under the heading "Rodolph Valentino."

"When in Hollywood about four years ago I learned to know by sight a young man who frequently stood around in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria. He was very dark and slim, and his eyes had the somberness of the Latin. I was especially struck by the grace of his walk and of his gestures. Even when he leaned against a cigar case I did he with a certain stateliness, and you felt that the column of some ruined temple overlooking the Mediterranean would have been much more appropriate than his present background."

Further on in the same chapter, Rex Ingram's impressions of Rudy are also given:

"I was attracted at once by Valentino's face and by his remarkable grace of movement," said Ingram, "and I made a mental note of him. There's a fellow, thought I, who would be great in pictures, and if I get his old job of directing back I'm going to use him."

FLORENCE KING.

Connie More Beautiful than Norma
Detroit, Mich.

Prithie, how can anyone compile a list of the most beautiful women of the screen and ignore Constance Talmadge? There was a burst of protest when Norma was omitted, but not a word against the criminal omission of Connie. Both Norma and Connie are beautiful and wonderful but Connie far eclipses her sister.

And as an actress and a comedienne, none can come up to Connie. Someone has put Dorothy Gish ahead of her. I challenge that person that Photoplay's list of ten handsomest men could not be improved upon.

JOE DENNIS.

Fair-minded Fan
Creston, Iowa.

There seems to be quite a controversy over H. J. Watkins' statement about the "papas" in November Photoplay.

When I first read his letter I thought "Hurray for you," but after reading the comments of the other readers on this subject, I have seen both sides.

Just as someone said that a younger man would not have been good in "The Sea Hawk," just as ridiculous would have been Milton Sills in "At Sea with Yachtsmen," so I say that the "papas" are not needed.

Actors should stick to parts they are suited for. It is natural to suppose that a man will have had his romance before he is forty-five. The best way to present a variety of pictures to suit everyone, with both young and older actors playing parts as near their real age as possible.

DOROTHY.
(Dorothy Giffey)
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mon rumor was reserved for the designing
Yolanda. This discrepancy occurred to his
friend at once; here was a chance for a little
of the delicious-encouragement stuff.
"I thought you had a chalked slate for the
afternoons," said the subtle Mr. Bowman.
"Is that so?" retorted Mr. Lee in a discon-
tented and moody manner. The observant
Mr. Bowman regarded him more closely.
There was a bleakness in his expression which
might almost suggest that the sugarly had
taken giving him the air of a man who, of course;
but the relent himself might be developing dim
doubts on his own. A little more false cheer
might not come amiss.
"You shouldn't be sticking around here,
you ought to be starting out after some sweet,
gentle girlls for a matinee," said Mr. Bowman
heartily. "All work and no play, you know,
Dick, my boy!
Mr. Lee responded with a certain lack of
cordiality, throwing a shoe. Mr. Bowman
dodged and took hope. Judging from his
present demeanor, there might be a chance for
the rabbit yet.

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the pitiless city might well take some thought
for the future, you know."

"Oh, tomato juice," said Mr. Lee tersely.

Meanwhile the flash of authentic gin re-
mained on the reading table, facing the time.

A lurking beast of prey it was, and from day
to day the airy Mr. Lee trod in narrower and
narrower circles about the bar. But in spite of
having beheld the course of this cog ap-
proach, a little shiver played along the spine
of Mr. Bowman on his waking up one morning
and finding Mr. Lee with his head far down
the hot sweet throat of a leopards, as Mr. S-
Smith dans has it. The line of the liquid stood
halfway down the flask.

Mr. Lee looked up with a gleam of low cun-
ing in his eye. Dry agents always bring
demon run over in Ho'oken today," he ex-
plained with pitiful bravado. "Got to take
camera man over and get some shots, very
distractin' sight." he concluded weakly.

It would seem it escaped Mr. Bowman's
memory that he himself had lurled the leopards
in, a long time ago. He shook his head, sor-
rowfully. "I am pained," he said, "that a
bright young company should climb the
ladder so high, only to skid from the eminence
—it is deplorable in the extreme."

In fact, he carried the pity of it to the office
with him and brooded over it. After awhile he
swung around in his chair, and his wandering
regard came to rest on the back of the
chair of the dainty secretary, powdered and
shapely under its clustering gold-brown curls.
A delicately young assistant, the dainty se-
tary, sensible though probably seduced.

Such a girl as she, now, in the place of the artful
Yolanda—

But as a matter of fact he did not know any-
thing, really, about Yolanda. She too
might have been—might have been—some-
ting on that order for all he could say. Was it
possible that he, the upright Tomlinson Bow-
man, had been working a hardship on some
deserving young thing through the stern
measures that had been taken for the salva-
tion of the soul of Richard Lee? The doubt as-
sailed him like a flash, and vanished.

OTHER disturbing concerns were awaiting
the vacillant Mr. Bowman next morning
when he awoke. Mr. Lee was already up, and
perched on the reading table in his pajamas.

"I propose to give that unequalled damsel one
more chance to come clean with me," he an-
nounced in a cynical though husky voice.

Pressed for details, Mr. Lee proclaimed
that he had posted a last luncheon invitation to
the unknown Yolanda the previous evening, and
that all would be over if she would stand him
up on this; the nettle might nod on the
graves of lovers for all he gave a damn. He fol-
lowed up this assertion with a burst of hoarse
laughter. The trained eye of Mr. Bowman
traveled at once to the flask on the table.
The line of the liquid stood a bare quarter-inch
from the bottom.

But it was the cynical and hard tone of Mr.
Lee that most distressed the gentle Mr. Bow-
man. Drinking intoxicating liquor was bad
eough, heaven knows; but to speak dis-
respectfully of women—

The thought of it troubled him at the office
all morning. He sat in meditation for a long
time, while Lonnie was getting out the mail;
so clever child, she could always be trusted
to keep the job going. She knew things, too.
In the course of hours it occurred to him to query
her in the matter of this latest symptom of Mr.
Lee's decadence.

She regarded him with her blue reflective
eyes. "I think Dickie will live," she re-
assured him casually, and yawned daintily and
murmured something about food. So they
went out to lunch together as usual. But the
thought of the crisis in Mr. Lee's life still clut-
tered up the consciousness of Mr. Bowman.

"The poor fellow wrote a final note to
Yolanda last night, imploring her to lunch
with him today," he said. "I admit his course and

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"Why, you have changed your mind about that book," murmured the pretty lady.

Mr. Bowman leaned over Yolanda. Yolanda—ah, lavender name! "Yolanda," he said intensely. "I knew I was speaking hard by of Dickie Lee. Even Yolanda should have his dream. But I am repenting. I am going to open a bank account. I am going to leave this den of luxury and seek some simple life. Let me say where I am going. I can look out and see the stars. And after a long time I can come before you and say, 'I have erred, but ah, I have suffered, I have learned and I am here at last to clasp you to my heart.'"

"But must you really go looking through attic windows, and all that?" murmured the girl of dreams, lifting her head to look up into the eyes of the strong, silent man. Her hair brushed his cheek as she tilted her face, questioningly. "That will take a lot of time, won't it?"

"No," said the eyes of Mr. Bowman. He had the old expression of respect. "It would, wonder girl, it would," he said in a mused tone. "This, then, is the Only Way." And he swept her into his arms, and the crowd, and the lips met, and the clock ticked on.

Outside around the corner the sun shone down upon the street, the street of silent laughter, where the charlottes were grinned at and the sidewalks were fridged with sugar, and where the magic of mating, that great leaver of things-as-they-ought-to-be, unsheathed its radiant wings above the workaday world.

WHY DO THEY CHANGE THE STORIES ON THE SCREEN?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

Our daily life is sometimes inexorable. The screen beckons us and offers us amusement and forgetfulness. To weep a little is pleasant relaxation. To get us to like to carry away the burdens of a heavy heart.

"Stella Dallas," which I also wrote for the screen, has what is technically called an "unhappy ending." It is a story of a green common mother who gives up her sensitive flower-like child (born of an aristocratic father) that she may blossom in a better environment than the mother. We all believe in "unhappy endings." When upon close analysis it isn't an unhappy ending. There is glory and touching beauty in self-sacrifice. A mother, though we may feel sorry for her, can be some joy if she can serve the child of her heart.

The screen story of "Stella Dallas" is basically like the book. It is a great story of that kind of mother which probably are unfolded upon the screen are different from the actual narrative in the book, but the feeling is exactly the same.

It was necessary to invent pictorial situations which would express the types, their relations to each other, and the motives for their acting as the author saw them. These changes extend through more than half of the picture. In the latter half of the picture, the author had written scenes which with slight changes could be brought to the screen.

The effect of the whole gives the impression of a careful adaptation of the book into screen language. Students of screen technique might be interested in comparing them.

If we successfully interpret books or plays, the public scene scarcely aware of the minor changes.

There were many who saw "Pollyanna," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Stella Dallas," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," which were among the twelve screenplays I wrote for Mary Pickford (who think they remember having read in the books) many of the scenes they saw on the screen were not even in the books at all. I never contradict them. It is a compliment to our work; we know then that we have interpreted well the author's idea.

Fanny Hurst pays a great tribute to the screenwriters. She admits that she has seen several pictures which photographed the narrative of the books she had enjoyed and that she had been disappointed from the fact that the author wanted the skeleton of those stories in new gars especially designed for the screen. This is because she has of late carefully studied mov-

ing pictures.

It has been several years since we did "Hu-

moreseque." I remember how disappointed I was when she reviewed the film. She was indignant. She wanted her name taken off the screen and mine left on. It was in such small measure her short story as she had written it. She couldn't understand why that little girl

had been added. Why we went further and brought the soldier back to his sorrowing mother. She had sent him away never to return."

Now Miss Hurst knows why we make these changes; because of that vast audience of ours, an American audience whose inspiration is four square. One often becomes interested in noting that all the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal pictures have happy endings? Also "Abraham Lincoln," who then we're heard that Abraham Lincoln's martyrdom does not hold forth an eternal and all-inspiring hope?

NOW hearken to the scenario-writer's com-

plaint! The star system has forced us to make changes in stories we do not always agree with. But often we are under contract and the producer's in-terest, if not his actual, may not be the same. Sometimes it is a splendid story for a man. The woman plays an important role in it, but a passive role.

He hands it over to our poor pickled scribes and says: "Make this into a great vehicle for Norma Talmadge, or Gloria Swanson, or Mac Murrin!"

When the smelling salts revive us we go to work.

What happens to the author's story? !!!! * * * * !!! We tear it down, we reconstruct it, we make the woman dominate, and the male character as passive as every woman would like to have her own husband. We end up with a splendid vehicle for a woman star—and the cyclone-wrecked story.

"That Graustark!" Many have criticized the changes. Perhaps it would have been a better picture if we had followed the look, but not a better picture for Norma. It was a man's story. The American dominated every scene and every situation.

The director, the producing-organization, and the scenarist were not considering "Grau-

stark" as a book, but were concentrating upon Norma's line. Those who read the book were disappointed to see a free translation of the story upon the screen, but those who had not read the story were delighted with Norma's interpretation of the character of the Princess, who dominated every scene and every situation.

The proof we have of this is the theaters; for records are kept, and have been smashed whenever this picture has been shown.

As I am writing this, the small boy who lives across the street is standing on the curb and singing out, when he is alone. "Come on everybody, I can lick you! I could lick the whole world if I wanted to!"

He is whistling in the dark to keep up his
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You can succeed, a picture must be a good picture.

"Before Mr. Chaplin made his pioneer picture, sex drama on the screen were like the old aside days. They were raw and obvious. The pictures made at that time by Mr. Cecil De Mille were hailed as great works. But I am sure if shown now they would not be so regarded. They would appear raw and crude and not sufficiently portraying life, not showing real people, but as exaggerations and generalizations about life and sex, don't broadly to explain them to people."

"After the delicacy and realism of 'Womyn of Paris' and the charm of Mr. Lubitsch's work, pictures of the cruder kind can no longer possess. The kind of sex pictures which were produced in the past now appear brutal, vulgar, what is termed raw, yet without being true to life itself. So people will not accept them. Instead of tending to make audiences approve of such pictures and enjoy them, the present thought of the world is exactly against them. It is true that we have been going through a great period of looseness, and perhaps of license. That, of course, is the result of the war."

"If you will look back into history, you will see that it has always been, and is not anything new and startling. After the Crownvoll era of stern repression and Puritanism in England, the pendulum swung to the very limits, as with Charles in the Puritan era. The victorian era followed upon an age of dissipation and now the pendulum has swung again. It is always so."

"But the world has progressed. Frankness and honesty about sex matters of all kinds is the result of our present education. Wisdom is used in more homes now than ever before in the history of the world, and the great facts of life are rightly and beautifully explained and understood, instead of being barbarously concealed and distorted."

The picture-going audience has not yet entirely accustomed itself to the new school of realistic presentation of sex, inaugurated by Mr. Chaplin. The Lubitsch school, which will present a new era of sex pictures, of subtle and true and delicate slices from life, is making headway and is bound to become popular. But even the young followers of this school have not altogether found themselves.

"So you see," concluded Madame Glyn, with a wise smile, "the answer to your question and the explanation of the absence of sex pictures among the first twenty is that sex in a picture is only a part of the picture. It is only the subject."

"First of all, to succeed, a picture must be a good picture."

GUIDE (at ancient castle): This is the most. Are there any questions you would like to ask?

"How can I get one of those in my eye?—Life.

"It isn't Sex. It's Good Pictures"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

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Is your scalp dry?

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Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

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HAIR PREPARATIONS
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Our modern diet of soft, luscious food robs our gums of the stimulation which coarse, fibrous food once gave. They become tender and soft, sometimes they bleed—and a "pink tooth brush" warns of greater troubles to come.

**How Ipana and massage make weak gums healthy**

Speak to your dentist at the first sign of trouble. Very probably he will advise gum massage—to restore stimulation to the softened gum tissues. Very probably, too, he will advise that Ipana be used, for it was by professional recommendation that Ipana first became known.

Because of its ziratol content, Ipana will strengthen your gums, and render them more resistant to disease.

**Start with Ipana — now!**

So get a full size tube at your druggist's. And twice-a-day take one extra minute for this gentle massage with the brush after the usual cleaning with Ipana. Your gums will soon grow firmer and your teeth more brilliant.

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As we gather round a festive board to enjoy a delicious dinner, with its succulent viands and its creamy sauces, few of us give a thought to anything but taste—the physical pleasure of eating!

Yet these same dinners that "melt in the mouth," are the cause of most of those stubborn troubles that beset our gums and teeth. For under our modern regime of soft food the gums are cheated of the stimulation they need to keep them in perfect health. Rough, fibrous foods, nature's own stimulant for our gums and teeth, are practically absent from our present-day diet.

How massage and Ipana help the gums to health

And this stimulation, the dentists tell us, must be restored, if our gums are to be firm and healthy, instead of dormant and weak—the prey to many kinds of troubles.

So, very logically, the dentists are urging gum massage with the tooth brush to supply this stimulation—to quicken the flow of fresh blood through the tiny capillaries that nourish the gums. And thousands of dentists, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana Tooth Paste, recommend that the massage be done with Ipana.

For Ipana's ziratol content will make the gums more resistant to the onset of disease. For years ziratol has been used by dentists in their practice, to restore tone to the gums and to allay bleeding.

Many dentists are advising the use of Ipana

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. He will probably vouche for its benefits. In fact it was by professional recommendation that Ipana first became known.

So, if your tooth brush ever "shows pink," start to use Ipana immediately. Simply massage the gums gently with the brush after the usual cleansings with Ipana.

And even if your gums never bother you, remember that Ipana will enable you to keep them in perfect health!

Switch to Ipana for at least a full month!

The coupon offers a ten-day tube. Use it if you wish. But when the health of the gums and teeth is concerned, persistence is of first importance.

So, next time you are at your druggist's get a full-sized tube. While you are using Ipana, you will enjoy a new sense of oral cleanliness, and your gums will be started on the way to normal firmness and health.

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A DELICIOUS dinner at an attractive restaurant—a dainty luncheon at home. How enjoyable they are, how much a part of our lives!

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When you know what Paramount has You seek what Paramount shows

Anyone who enjoys great motion pictures and checks up where they come from, keeps a sharp eye on Paramount's production program.

Seeing great entertainment is merely a question of knowing what is being released and "when will it reach my theatre?" Here are six current Paramount Pictures you will enjoy to the last fade-out:

**Behind the Front**

*with MARY BRIAN WALLACE BEERY * RAYMOND HATTON

An Edward Sutherland Production from a story by Hugh Wiley.

Here is the comic side of Army life in wartime pictured in a way that is making all America hold its sides.

Somehow these two scapegrace doughboys win the audiences more than regular heroes, and the way they make love and war is the last word in irresponsible sincerity.

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City

**The Grand Duchess and the Waiter**

*with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor*

Directed by Sam Taylor

Here is the prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! Go to the theatre as gloomy as a mummy and stay that way if you can! This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

**The Song and Dance Man**

*with Tom Moore, Bessie Love and Harrison Ford*

From George M. Cohan's famous comedy success. Real romance lives and thrills within the make-believe of stage life, human beings loving and fighting and hoping behind the grease-paint.

**Dancing Mothers**

*with Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Gwenn*

Produced by Paramount Pictures

A Paramount production starring Conway Tearle, Alice Joyce and Clara Bow. This is the Paramount picturization of the famous stage play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Gwenn which set all New York talking about the neglected wife who dances her way to freedom and love. More material prosperity divorced from happy, human comradeship will never chain any real woman, and "Dancing Mothers" shows you why in a show worthy of Paramount's greatest traditions.
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.

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of Photoplay

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AMERICAN VENUS, THE.—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Wulsten and Lawrence Grey are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE.—Paramount.—A possible story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

ARIZONA SWEET STAKES, THE.—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE.—First National.—The story not up to the Bartelmess standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

BELOW THE LINE—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

BEN HUR—Metro-Goldwyn.—The undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of Ben Hur, the young Jew who aimed to serve him. Ramon Novarro is simply magnificent. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

BEST BAD MAN, THE—Fox.—Unsuitable for family story plot but Chan Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

BEST PEOPLE, THE.—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hothead who must unite marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

BIG PARADE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

BLUE BLAZES—Universal.—A fair Western with Pete Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES—First National.—A gay go-get and use the quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny. With Lela Wilson in the role of a flapper from Christ. (Feb.)

BOBBED HAIR—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harn and Marie Prevost are always funny. (March.)

BRAVEHEART—Producers Dist.—Rod La Rocque's first starring picture, and a good one. The romantic tale of an Indian in love with a white girl, played by Lillian Rich. (March.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus gal. Good entertainment. (February.)

BROADWAY LADY, THE—E. B. O.—Pretty good story with Evelyn Brent as a chorus girl with a heart of gold who marries into society and is innocently involved in a murder. (March.)

BUSTIN' THROUGH—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

CALGARY STAMPEDER, THE.—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts that will thrill you. (December.)

CALL OF COURAGE, THE.—Universal.—Art Acord as a Lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

CAREER OF A STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Regina Denny. (November.)

CIRCLE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea subject drama. It is neither interesting nor real. (December.)

CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a heist, A good story. (January.)

CLASSIFIED—First National.—Don't miss this one. Copperhead's 'most beautiful' proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knives, and Dorothy Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

COAST OF FOLLY, THE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed. (Nov.)

COBRA—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valantino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

COMING OF AMOS, THE—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jesta Goudal, as a Russian princess, in a picture by B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

COYOTE MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Tom Terriss as Shakespearean in a picture which is presented with snap and cleanliness. (February.)

CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE—Rayart.—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

DARK ANGEL, THE—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. (November.)

DAUGHTER OF THE SIoux, A—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

DESERT'S PRICE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good fights. (February.)

DESPERATE GAME, THE—Universal.—A mildly amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. (Nov.)

EAGLE, THE—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fans will like this. (November.)

EAST LYNN—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe and Lou Tellegen play the principals. (November.)

ENCHANTED HILL, THE—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)

EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flitting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman—Divorce Admits. (February.)

FIGHTING HEART, THE—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are good. (Nov.)

FINE CLOTHES—First National.—A subtle story adapted by Percival L. Foster, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (November.)

FIRST YEAR, THE—Fox.—A highly amusing comedy of the vicissitudes of married life during the first twelve months. Many of the incidents will strike home. Matt Moore is funny and pathetic. (March.)

FLOWER OF THE NIGHT—Paramount.—Jo Hergesheimer's special story for Pola plays a duet. Negro fans will like parts of it. (December.)

FLYIN' THROUGH—Davis Dist.—Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

FREE TO LOVE—Schulberg.—Chara Bow as a rowdy cowgirl does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

GILDING BUTTERFLY, THE—Fox.—Alma Rubens blurring her way through society and Europe without any money. If you're funny about your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE—R. B. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. (October.)

GOLDEN COCOON, THE.—Warner Bros.—An unsatisfying Western of loveliness, with Hume Cronyn as a bandit and Betty Bronson as the heroine. (November.)

GOLDEN PRINCESS—The Paramount.—A charming story of a young girl's downfall, publicity. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12
Mike!
She's a marvelous madcap—is Mike.
Sure she's a she—
Sally O'Neil herself—
Winsome, winning Sally
In a role that fits her better
Than her overalls!
William Haines, too, as a railroad Romeo
And Charles Murray and Ford Sterling.
Laugh those off! You will!
And gosh!
We nearly forgot The Pink Elephant
And Joe
The dapper Duck,
Another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Record Release!
Marshall Neilan made it—and wrote it.
And maybe it doesn't move—
Every moment of it!
The Laugh of your life!
For the love of Mike
See it soon!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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Letters From Readers

$25.00 Letter

Winchester, Mass.

What more delicate appeal to the finer sensibilities and to the higher underlying emotions could be made by any other motion picture than "Stella Dallas"? Its tender pathos, its poignant sadness, elevate one's mind far above the sordid and the commonplace.

The acting portrayed in it is marvelous, as is the stimulating effect it produces in arousing the best in human nature. It is no sign of weakness to feel the eyes grow moist and a lump arise in the throat on beholding it. Rather it indicates that the higher feelings are not dormant within you. It happened to me as much the second time I saw it as it did the first time.

The cast shows the evidence of careful forethought. Belle Bennett has certainly portrayed the part of Stella with amazing genius. The charming and radiant personality of Lois Moran has won the hearts of all who have beheld her.

It is a production with more power than any I have yet had the opportunity of beholding, and it is my earnest hope that I may see it at least once again.

H. T. W.

$10.00 Letter

Tallulah, La.

Just ten years ago I sat enthralled before the wonder picture, "The Birth of a Nation." Last night I saw it again. Let all those who contend that the movies are still in their infancy see this picture.

The wonder picture is mediocre enough now. The photography seems amateurish seen in the light of marvelous effects produced now. The unnatural, jerky, rapid action is strangely reminiscent of the Keystone Kop era.

But the players! A tightness came into my throat to see them as they were a decade ago, and to realize what they are today.

The poorest work in the picture was that of Lillian Gish, and she is the only one of them at the top of the wave at present.

Henry Walthall was in his prime, handsome and fascinating, but how lined and weary-eyed he is today!

There was a young and heart-tearing Mae Marsh, seemingly of infinite promise, which she has failed signally to fulfill.

There was a sweet-faced brunette in the role of Olive Cameron, whose name and features I could not recall.

And, heartbreakingly, there was Wallace Reid in all the amazing beauty of his splendid youth and strength, making his first bid for the fame and love which were to be so abundantly his. A bare ten years ago—and all that charm and beauty has been ashes these three years!

D. Maupassant tells us that he is wise who does not disturb the resting place of old letters; perhaps the same is true of pictures.

AN OLD-TIMER.

$5.00 Letter

Norfolk, Va.

I am much distressed over the sudden "vogue" of John Gilbert. Do let us all take care. We are speaking of him as "the man of the hour." What a threat that carries—for an hour is soon gone.

We should see John Gilbert not as a dazzling personality, but as an actor of true worth. Here is an artist of rare versatility, fine sensitiveness and splendid intelligence. In "The Big Parade," how he makes us see the glory, the madness, the cruelty, and the heartbreak of war through the eyes of one eager boy!

The danger of John Gilbert's present dizzy eminence lies not with him, but with us. He is honestly and unaffectedly giving us his best. Heaven grant we may not make him an "idol," only to cast him down! Let us, instead, sign him on a "long term contract" in our hearts.

M. E. H.

Praise for Gloria

Rome, Ga.

There has been much unfavorable criticism lately concerning the many different roles affected by Gloria Swanson. I, for one, consider her one of our most versatile actresses. A great deal of her charm and appeal lies in the fact that in each of her pictures she is different. Usually we can tell what kind of picture we are going to see from the names appearing in the cast; but a Swanson picture always offers originality and individuality. I hope Gloria will never fail her public, and that in spite of a French title, she may realize what it means to be held in so great esteem by American citizens.

MARThA PORTER.

Cleaning Up the Love Scenes

Hutchinson, Kan.

To persons looking for good, clean entertainment and fine acting, I would recommend the screen's perfect lover—Ronald Colman. To those wanting suggestive love scenes full of sex attraction, Mr. Colman will be disappointing.

I notice Mrs. Glynn does not mention Ronald as having IT—and I am glad she doesn't. That is just why he is such a wonderful man. He has something deeper than IT. A quality that cannot be described in mere language. Here's to this handsome young Englishman who is doing his bit to clean up the love scenes in the movies.

I am an ardent fan, and love each and every one of the movie folks, from D. W. Griffith to Irving, for they are all doing a wonderful work.

Also, let me add a few posies for those clever cartoonists who make us laugh with "Felix" and "Aesop's Fables."

MAE KEESLING BANDEr.

A Green Hat Candidate

Fresno, Calif.

Adela Rogers St. Johns proved all right that Norma Talmadge is our one and only great actress—now. But Mrs. St. Johns also says that Bebe Daniels has possibilities of becoming a great screen actress. There! She has made one of the truest statements ever.

All these years Bebe Daniels has been wasted by Paramount in trite stories, but she is ripe now for becoming the screen's greatest actress. Is Paramount going to let this opportunity slide by? Is Bebe Daniels just to be another actress, or is she going to be a great actress—a name to be conjured with?

Paramount will soon do, I hear, Arlen's "The Green Hat." There is the opportunity to make Bebe Daniels a great actress. Let her do Iris March. Already I am beginning to pick episodes that stood out in the book, picturing [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]
N OBODY deserves popularity better than Priscilla Dean, whose pictures are the delight of more than a million devoted fans. Her sparkle and gay charm, her daring escapades, her altogether bewitching way of slipping in and out of danger, have endeared her to audiences everywhere.

And now this fascinating star is making for you three wonderful pictures—crowded with fresh comedy, breezy situations and hair-raising thrills. Watch for them!

Another Priscilla Dean feature coming is
"Forbidden Waters"
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"THE DANGER GIRL"
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HOLMES MAKER—The Universal—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

JOE OF THE BEES—The—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

JOANNA—First National—Well, Dorothy Mackeall is always a good girl, but she never seems to be able to play an American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—The—F. B. O.—Not worthy of French films. Gene Stratton, the girl, is very interesting. (December.)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. (October.)

KING OF MAIN STREET, THE—Paramount—A dandy picture. It is a new page in the history of John Barrymore, the incomparable trio. A beautiful fantasy of the little slavesty's dream of marrying the rich girl. (February.)

KNOCKOUT, THE—First National—If you like Milan Slosa, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. (November.)

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner—A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

GOLDEN STRAIN, THE—Fox—A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

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Brian Reviews of Current Pictures

Mystic. —Metro-Goldwyn.—Alfred
Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a.
false-fortune teller. (November.)

Never the Twain Shall Meet.—Metro-
Goldwyn.—A good performance by
Margaret Sullavan and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather
dull story of Manhattan in its Age of In-
ocence. (October.)

New Brooms.—Paramount.—It won’t
sweeten your fruit. but it’s a good story
and like all “ Mary Poppins.”

Everybody dotes but Bessie Love. (January.)

New Commandment, THE.—First National.
—It is a very fine little story about the
thril-

Best picture of the year this is. (January.)

Not So Long Ago.—Paramount.—Aside from
the work of Richard Barthelmess and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather
dull story of Manhattan in its Age of
Innocence. (October.)

Old Clothes.—Metro-Goldwyn.—This
last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Only Thing, THE.—M-G-M.—Conrad
Nagel with sex appeal! and a mistake. Eleanor Board-

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Other Woman’s Story, THE.—Shubert.—
A tiresome story that might have been a good
melodrama. (January.)

Outlaw’s Daughter, THE.—Universal.—A
whale of a climax in this melodrama with hero
and villain fighting to the death in an aerial
battle. (Feb.)

Outsider, THE.—Fox.—An intriguing story of
a mysterious healer who poisons London’s medi-

cal

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Peacock Feathers.—Universal.—An intelli-
gent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well
directed by Sigm. Gadre and capably acted by Jaque-

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Perfect Cowl, THE.—Chadwick.—A very
bad comedy with Larry Semin. Might have been
funny in two reels. (February.)

Plastic Age, THE.—B. P. Schulberg.—The
eoggle of set again. Another one of those
usual jazz dramas, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

Pony Express, THE.—Paramount.—James
Driscoll directs another great story of the West. Won-

d fantastic acting has been done by Bessie Love, Ricardo Cortez and

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Prince of Pep, THE.—F. B. O.—Richard
Talbott as a young insurance agent. This
becomes a modern Robin Hood. Some good stunts.

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Proud Heart (title changed from IIS
PEOPLE).—Universal.—This picture is

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Ranger of the Big Pines.—Vitagraph.—
The usual outdoor type of adventure story, with

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Red Hot Tires.—Warner Brothers.—Just a
mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Red Kimono, THE.—Vital—Avoid this picture.
It is a very stupid version of a good story by Adela

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Regular Fellow, A.—Paramount.—(Re-

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Ridin’ the Wind.—F. B. O.—Fred Thoms-

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Road to Yesterday, THE.—Producers Dist.
—A poor melodrama for a gory circus train wreck.

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Rugged Waters.—Paramount.—Outside of a
few good storms and some roaring sea stuff, it’s just
an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

Sally, Irene and Mary.—M-G-M.—An
extremely bad rewrite of a very fine story. With
a splendid cast and a goodly sprinkling of tears.

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Satam in Sables.—Warner Brothers.—Lowell
Shelton’s film. A. J. Whelan and S. O. Neill is a little
rose from Montmartre. (December.)

Scandal Street.—Fox.—An interesting picture
because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a
movie actress and her husband who are both
married at the same studio. (January.)

Sea Beast, THE.—Warner Brothers. The ex-
quisite Dolores Costello overshadows John Barry-

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Scarlet Saint, THE.—First National.—A
terrific story and inexcusably sexy. (February.)

Scrappin’ Kid, THE.—Universal.—A conveni-
tional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

Seven Days.—Producers Distributing.
—The picture is a good rewrite of the story and it is
well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (No-
ember.)

Seven Keys to Baldpate, THE.—Paramount.
—Jealousy and murder and all of that sort in this.
You're lost. A corking comedy-melodrama with
Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (January.)

Seven Sinners.—Warner Bros.—A hilarious
crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook
heading a good cast. (February.)

Ship of Souls, THE.—Associated Artists.—Ex-
Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell in a story of the north where men are
people by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

Simon the Jester.—Producers Dist.—A
hodge-podge story about a clown with a broken heart,
played unbelievably by Eugene O'Brien. (Feb.)

Six Shootin’ Romance.—Universal.—A con-
ventional Western with Bley and Jack Hoxie win-
ing an unbrideable bride. (March.)

Skiller’s Dress Suit.—Universal.—Regi-
maj and Denny and La Plantee screaming funny with
the story of the Laurel and Hardy comedy. (November.)

Skyrocket,—THE.—Associated Exhibitors
—The best picture of motion picture people
very far, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce’s debut on the screen.

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Slave of Fashion, A.—Metro-Goldwyn.—
Whereas a guileless Chadwick is a bloody silly
but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma
Shearer and the charming Lew. (October.)

Slin’ at Trouble.—F. B. O.—A nifty pic-
ture with Betty Field. Betty Field is working on
the construction of a dam. (February.)

Some Punks.—Chadwick.—Charles Ray
in his old hick role is fairly amusing. (February.)

Son of His Father, A.—Paramount.—One of
the pictures of the season, from a Harold Bell
Wright story. (December.)

Song and Dance Man, THE.—Paramount.
—Tom Moore and Bessie Love in an interesting story of
love and life. Bessie does the Charleston again. (March.)

Soulmates.—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly
unassuming romance between an English lord and a

The last time you killed a year, the final
of a haircut. Maybe that’s worth a quarter. (January.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
SPLENDID CRIME, THE—Paramount.—A comic murder drama, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

SPLendid ROAD, THE—First National.—A color picture; a tender story, with Louise Nisollen giving a fine performance. (February.)

SPORTING LIFE—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the building, racing and sporting world. (February.)

STAGE STRUCK—Paramount.—A rip-snortin' comedy with Gloria Swanson jagging clogs in a cheap dance hall. (January.)

STEEL PREFERRED—Warner Bros.—William Boyd stands out in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama. (February.)

STELLA DALLAS—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

STELLA MARIS—Universal.—Mary Philbin in a dual role; that of a deformed slave and a beautiful cripple. A lovely story. Do not miss it. (March.)

STIRRING' UP—Columbia.—A brick comedy with Ford Sterling as an earnest husband. (February.)

STILL ALARM, THE—Universal.—Has all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. Dreiling makes an excellent husband and wife with charming villain. (March.)

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—Pathé.—A good Larry Semon comedy taken from the stage play, full of gags and laughs. (February.)

STORM BREAKER, THE—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. (December.)

STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional gambler, played by Herbert Breslin splendidly and acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel and Margaret Lindsay, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

SWEET ADELIE—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the country boy, goes to New York and makes a bit of a success in the music business. (October.)

TAKING NOTE—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis as a small-town mayor is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

THAT ROYAL GIRL—Paramount.—Carol Dempster will surprise you in this萍。It's a peppy comedy about a girl who makes a success of life. (February.)

THREE FACES EAST—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and come in and see this film, the story of the return of English and German secret service during the war. (February.)

THREE PALS—David Dist.—An interesting story, badly played and badly directed. (January.)

THREE Wise CROOKS—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity, but the results are not very satisfactory. (February.)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor. (December.)

TIMBER WOLF, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones does his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

TIME, THE COMEDIAN—M-G-M.—Worth seeing for the good performances of Mae Busch and Lew Cody. (October.)

TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS—Davis Dist.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (Feb.)

TOO MUCH MONEY—First National.—Lewis Stone in slickspit comic—can you imagine it? But he is surrounded by a cast of comedians. (February.)

TOWER OF LIES, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Well played by Lon Chaney and Nat Pendleton. (February.)

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

TRIPLE ACTION—Universal.—Rightly named, enough action for three Westerns. Hides, Rights, parachute jumps by a sheriff. (January.)

TROUBLE WITH WAVES, THE—Paramount.—Amusing domestic comedy with Florence Vidor. (February.)

TRUE NORTH, THE—Gothic Pic—A splendid novelty of Alaska and Siberia with plenty of thrills. (February.)

TUMBLEWEEDS—United Artists.—Bill Hart returns to the screen in a story of the days when the Illinois Central Railroad was a reality. (February.)

UNAFFECTED WOMAN, THE—Chadwick.—Theda Bara returns to the screen in a magnificent manner and with bad direction. (March.)

UNGUARDED HOUR, THE—First National.—Dana Andrews is a young Negro boy who goes out to capture a woman-hunter, and we learn he is being none other than Milton Sills. (February.)

VANISHING AMERICAN, THE—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this is one of the finest American Indian melodramas. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. (December.)

VOLCANO—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with Bebe Daniels as a girl who believes she has black blood in her veins, and is forced to renounce her love of the white man. Ends happily. (March.)

WAGES FOR WIVES—Fox.—A nice little comic domestic comedy, with Florence Vidor. Every man should split fifty-fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

WALL STREET WHIZZ, THE—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about the scenery. (September.)

WARDERER, THE—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Alaskan Eskimos. (February.)

WATERFALL, THE—First National.—A detective story, well acted and directed, with Denny Moore, Ford Sterling and Estelle Ralston. (October.)

WAVING FIFES—Verson—Constance Bennett and George Hackett save this picture from the usual cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (January.)

WEDDING SONG, THE—Producers Dist.—Don't pass up this cooking c ooky ear. Lettrice Joy is a very nice maid. (February.)

WE MODERN—First National.—If you aren't bored with Happer pictures by this time, you will enjoy Colleen Moore as the English Happer. (Feb.)

WHAT FOOLS MEN—First National.—A nice little story of a young girl who falls in love with a new here, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—Universal.—A peach of a comedy with Regina Denny, Marion Martin and Jack Mulhall. (October.)

WHEEL, THE—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Maldon Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

WHEN WOMEN LOVE—First National.—A good sequel to the original. (December.)

WIFE WHO WANTED THE—Warner Brothers.—Irving Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the usual hokum. (November.)

WILD BULLE LAIR, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson gives a splendid performance of the role of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with nice scenery and an active plot by Busby Berkeley. (October.)

WILD, WILD SUSAN—Paramount.—Amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod LaRocque. (Oct.)

WINDING STAIR, THE—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that fails short through a colorless performance by the cast. (January.)

WINDS OF CHANGE—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama well worth seeing. (November.)

WITH THIS RING—Schuberg.—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

WOMAN (HANDED)—Paramount.—Worth breaking—a poem and a story. An absurd story with Richard Tee on the Great Open Places, with lovely Esther Ralston in Paramount's new Technicolor. (October.)

WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who comes to Iowa to visit relatives, with Pola Negri in her American debut. (February.)

WOMAN'S FAITH, A—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

WRECKAGE—Rogers.—A fairly entertaining melodrama, with Anne Cornwall, Sandy Hipple and performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)
Let tippity-witch Colleen draw back the curtain and show you the world of fashion on parade. "In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown when I first wandered down into town."

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The Musical Comedy triumph, dazzlingly Screened!

James Montgomery, Author;
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GEORGE K. ARTHUR—CHARLIE MURRAY

Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN
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Moore in "Irene"

The Musical Comedy triumph, dazzlingly Screened!

James Montgomery, Author; Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy, Composers

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City
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Every advertisement in PHOTOTVAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed
New Pictures

LOVELY as the dark lady of the Sonnets is the new Mildred Harris soon to appear in Universal's "The Mystery Club." The ex-Mrs. Chaplin, now the happy Mrs. Terry McGovern, dyed her blonde locks for Mr. Laemmle's picture. A sensitive beauty, Mildred deserves success.
A QUICK route to fame is to become a comedian's leading woman. Which is what Jobyna Ralston did. Harold Lloyd wanted a sweet young thing in his company. He glimpsed the daintiness and charm of Jobyna. She got the job. She still has it.
CLARA and the whale. That's the way it began for little Miss Bow. She and the whale put over "Down to the Sea in Ships." The whale then retired from public life but Clara kept right on going up. Now she is one of our flippest flappers.
WITH all his artistry and Will Hays' consent, Adolph Menjou is going to the Devil. In fact, he is the Devil himself in "The Sorrows of Satan." Which is as it should be, since no one can make sin more scintillating than this sophisticated gentleman.
ALWAYS the husky two-fisted he-man before the camera, Milton Sills in private life is a quiet, genial soul given to books, music and a rose garden. His latest characterization is that of a laborer in "Men of Steel" with Doris Kenyon and May Allison.
FLORENCE VANDIVER won a magazine beauty contest and got a chance at the Lasky Studio as reward. A chance was all Florence needed, being one of those fatal brunettes. After seeing her rushes, Paramount put her under a long time contract.
EDNA, LITA, GEORGIA. Three little girls from school who became Chaplin's leading women. Here's the newest addition to their ranks, Merna Kennedy, eighteen, and pictorially inexperienced. She will be in Charlie's "The Circus."
For Beauty's gentle care

this delightful new form of genuine Ivory

"How lovely!" you exclaim when first you see the new graceful cake of Guest Ivory. Like so many millions of other women, you too are instantly charmed by its petite daintiness.

And then what a happy discovery to learn that this delicately-modeled cake in its fresh blue dress is really genuine Ivory Soap— the genuine guardian of delicate complexions for almost fifty years. Surely, never was a soap more fittingly garbed to rest upon white washstands. Never was a soap more faultlessly fashioned for feminine fingers.

And most assuredly, one can find nowhere a finer, purer soap at any price. Guest Ivory costs but five cents.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

For the face and hands

99% Pure

As fine as soap can be

5c

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PHOTOPLAY

April, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

REX INGRAM had better come back to America to make his future productions or retire to his beloved Tunis.

It was Rex Ingram's own business if he wanted to go to Nice to regain his health. He has, I hear, improved it vastly; but judging from the picture he made there, he has improved it physically only. Not only was the picture a great dramatic disappointment, but there were episodes in it of suggestive perversity that will detract from the reputation of this great director.

REX INGRAM has gotten to a point in his profession where he cannot be supervised. He was a commercial asset to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, and rather than lose him they agreed to his plan of producing abroad. "Mare Nostrum" is the first result. It cost $800,000. The Broadway wag who translated it as "Horse liniment" before the opening was more of a prophet than a translator.

Griffith found that he could not carry on all ends of the business of production alone. Neelan, Von Stroheim, De Mille, have all done their best work with the co-operation of more practical minds. On his own De Mille has done nothing outstanding. I doubt that Ingram cares whether he makes another picture or not, and while I have been a great admirer of his I feel that the public will be equally indifferent if he turns out another like "Mare Nostrum."

DURING the making of "La Boheme" Lillian Gish protested so hard against kissing Rodolphe, played by Jack Gilbert, that not a kissing scene was taken. Miss Gish felt that it was not in tune with her personality to play a part in which she was the object of passionate love.

Then the picture was put together and run for a small group of critics. Their unanimous verdict convinced her that she was wrong, and for two whole days Lillian and Jack went through kissing scenes while King Vidor held the megaphone and stop watch.

And now she is billed to do Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

A NEW profession has developed recently—the supervisor. A few years ago one man tried to supervise every picture made by his company. He was the producer. He tried to read every story submitted, edit every continuity, direct the selection of director and players, and smooth out the film finally presented to him. Jesse Lasky, of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, carried a superhuman burden for years under this system, but has now acquired a general staff of supervisors who relieve him of the maddening detail.

Today a supervisor has charge of from one to four units and is responsible for the finished product. They earn from five hundred dollars a week to the salaries of Irving Thalberg of Metro and June Mathis of First National, both of whom receive weekly pay checks of two thousand dollars—and earn them.

"HOW does one become a supervisor?" I have been asked. You cannot learn to become a supervisor in any college but the university of studio experience. Thalberg was Carl Laemmle's secretary and took on all the responsibility he could find. Mathis was an actress and became a scenario writer. Earl Hudson, John McCormick and Bernie Fineman of First National were publicity men. So was Schulberg, of Famous Players-Lasky. He had a heartbreaking experience making his own productions, but he is on top again. William LeBaron and Julian Johnson, of the eastern studios of the same company, were writers. LeBaron wrote musical comedies and Julian was editor of Photoplay. Tom Geraghty, Luther Reed and Lloyd Sheldon were all newspaper men before they took up scenario writing. This is no attempt at a complete list, but it would seem to prove that the most direct route is writing and editing, combined with a thorough knowledge of the mechanics of the business, and a keen sense of showmanship.

ON another page of this issue is the story of Thalberg. He has had more outstanding successes to his name than any supervisor in the last two years. He was not a writer, but he knew how to have his writing done for him, and he had the other qualities.

These boys are seldom in the limelight, but they are the folks who are responsible for the pretty consistent line of pictures you are seeing today.

If any one of them could have influenced Rex Ingram in his production of "Mare Nostrum" it would have been an infinitely better picture.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]
How They Do It!

Millions are asking how the motion pictures are accomplishing the marvelous new effects which have been developed in the past few years. It took months of investigation to give you the answer.

Do you remember how you thrilled when the Red Sea parted to let Moses and the children of Israel pass through, only to close again and swallow up Pharaoh and his pursuing warriors in C. B. De Mille's stupendous "Ten Commandments"?

How you gasped as T. Roy Barnes fled from the burning tenement with Claire Windsor in his arms as flames and smoke spattered about times and debris crashed on all sides in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model"?

The destruction of Pontius Pilate's palace with the crushing of hundreds underneath the ruins in "Ben Hur"?

The rescue of Doris Kenyon by Ronald Colman in Fitzmaurice's great picture, "A Thief in Paradise," as Miss Kenyon's runaway horse reared and stood poised on his hind legs on the very brink of a precipice?

Conway Tearle's hairbreadth escape from the mountain of rushing water in "The Great Divide"?

The stirring battle scenes in "The Big Parade" in which giant shells burst all around, tearing huge craters and spreading death as our boys marched on and on through No Man's Land.

How Blanche Sweet carried Ronald Colman to safety as the blazing roof fell and seemed certain to bury them. This in "His Supreme Moment."

I could go on and remind you of train wrecks which have brought you from your seats, of battles against storm and shipwrecks at sea—of thrills and hairbreadth escapes and terrible disasters.

How many times have you gone home from your motion picture theater and wondered how these things were accomplished, discussed with your family and friends what possible method could have been used to achieve the seemingly impossible?

After months of investigation, I am able to give you an explanation of the thrills in the pictures I have men-

By Cal York

This great outdoor scene is made up of three parts and was made right in the studios of the Paramount Company at Astoria, L. I. It is composed of three parts: a miniature four feet high, six feet in front of the camera; the top part of the cliff, fifteen feet high, eighty feet in front of the camera; and a painted back drop, a few feet further away. In the long shots, or distant views, you see the whole in convincing reality. The close-up shots are shown in the white frame, the bottom of which indicates where the miniature ends and the larger set begins. This scene is from Gloria Swanson's new picture, "The Untamed Lady" tioned and to explain to you the general method used in most other similar scenes.

First, I will tell you how they parted the Red Sea. This was done by a process of double printing, worked out by Roy Pomeroy, technical director at Lasky's. But that, marvelous as it seemed, was but a simple thing compared with the miracles now being wrought on celluloid by Frank Williams, the wizard of Hollywood, who has dreamed out and perfected the moving or traveling mat process of printing, which has made possible most of the recent marvels of the screen.

To part the Red Sea, Pomeroy first built, on the Lasky lot, two wooden walls about the height of the ordinary room and backed them at one end with a scenic drop to represent the Red Sea country. These walls he covered with a jelly-like substance made from silicate of soda and sulphuric acid, which shimmereed and shook and photographed like water. The floor space between these two walls was made to look like sand. He then photographed this set.

Then, with two cameras set up at the open end, he emptied thousands of gallons of water between the walls from huge water tanks behind them. One of the cameras was cranked backwards, and this showed the parting of the Red Sea. The other camera was cranked forward, and showed the waters joining together. Both were done in slow motion, which will be explained later.

The next step was taken out on the desert.

Wire fences were built a few inches further apart than were the jelly walls built on the stage. First Moses and his followers, with their live stock, were marched between these wire fences, which were just outside the camera lines, and therefore did not show in the picture.

What the fences did do, however, was to keep the goats and donkeys from poking their noses outside the camera lines, which would never have done
An amazing revelation of the latest discoveries of pictures which produce miracles before your eyes

Remember that in the "Ten Commandments" the double printing put the moving people into a vacancy on the film—the blank space left in the miniature between the walls of water. Also, that the double printing of the moving water over the Egyptians simply obliterated them.

But Frank Williams can put moving actors photographed in Hollywood into a moving background photographed anywhere in the world—put actual life and dramatic action into miniatures, which, during the previous years when they had worked with miniatures, seemed absolutely impossible.

Williams has made possible scenes that could never otherwise have been shot in motion pictures. It is not only that he has reduced the cost so that often he can give the producer scenes that would otherwise have been prohibitive because of building sets, etc. But he can give them scenes that couldn't be physically shot in any other way—such as a huge building crumbling and toppling in an earthquake and actually burying hundreds of people. It isn't only that he can make hairbreadth escapes with his actors and animals, as was sometimes done to get effects in the old days. He can make thrills that only the actual killing of animals and men would render possible—and this without the actor or animal being anywhere near the scene.

He can build a miniature town, put real, living people into it, and have them go through any necessary dramatic action, and then he can make a miniature torrent somewhere else altogether and have it sweep away the town with its laughing, singing, dancing population and make you believe when you see it on the screen that it actually happened.

These things he does by the patented process of the moving or traveling mat. It is a matter of printing, remember, more than of photography. Williams himself photographs nothing. The negatives from which he works are all shot for him, in his direction, and the miracles are performed in his laboratory.

It hasn't been easy for Williams to attain his title of the miracle man of films. He has given to the moving picture industry some of its greatest discoveries. Like all great inventors, he has been scorned, laughed at, at times almost starved, forced to work under unspeakably difficult circumstances. But, none of these things moved him.

A big, quiet, simple fel-

These two drawings explain how the runaway horse thrill in George Fitzmaurice's "A Thief in Paradise" was made. The upper drawing shows the cameraman getting his shots of a very steep and very real precipice. It also has the horse with its rider and the rescuer sketched in on the edge of the precipice where it actually appears in the picture.

The lower drawing shows the run that was made before the dead white background, with the horse leading and Ronald Coleman coming to Doris Kenyon's rescue.

The upper drawing was the background negative and the lower drawing the moving mat negative, and by the Williams' process the rearing horse, rider and Colman seemed to be actually placed on the brink of the precipice.
Joe Schenck's chief lieutenant, could have bought a half interest in Williams' big idea for a couple of thousand dollars. Today it is rumored in Hollywood that Williams has refused a cool half million for the same half interest.

THE way he finally made it was this—he'd work a while as a cameraman and save a few hundred dollars, and then go back to work in his laboratory—usually the bathroom in the place he was living—until his savings were exhausted. Then back to the camera for another stake, and so on.

In 1912 he was cameraman for Mack Sennett when they had the back end of a little grocery store for a studio. During this time Williams made his first attempt to use the moving mat process. It failed, however, due to the inaccuracies of the cameras and printing machines of the time and the crude film in use.

But Williams wouldn't let go of the idea. He kept right at it,

WILLIAMS started as a cameraman at the old Essanay lot the year he was out of high school. He was fifteen years old and knew just enough about a camera to turn a crank. He has spent seventeen years at his work, and it was as far back as 1912 that he started work on the moving mat process.

He had no money and few would listen. He was laughed at—Ford, Edison, Marconi, Fulton, all went through the same experiences.

At one time, not so many years ago, John Considine, who is low, only thirty-two years old. Shy, rather diffident of speech, he makes everything he does look easy. When he comes on a set, his quiet presence is scarcely noticed, and cameramen and technical experts go on spluttering and arguing, and when he is finally appealed to, he settles the problem so simply that everyone wonders why he didn't think of it himself.

A rolling stage at studios of the Education Film Co. in Hollywood. Upside-down scenes and rolling ship scenes are easy with its use. It is possible to show ship interiors on the stage inside the cylinder which duplicates exactly the movement of a ship in a storm.
and finally, in 1917, he again tried to perfect his process, working in a laboratory furnished by Adolph Zukor, of Paramount. But again he faced defeat, and for the same reasons—mechanical inaccuracies and improper film.

FINALLY, six years ago, his efforts were crowned with success. The Williams moving mat process was used in a Universal picture, "Wild Honey," and acknowledged commercially. Williams received a great deal of help and gives much credit for this to Elmer Sheeley, then a Universal art director, especially in the building of the miniatures.

Through the better grade of film, a motor-cranked camera set on a solid tripod, and through his own printing machine, built according to Williams' own drawings at a cost of $18,000, one whose accuracy is to within one ten-thousandth of an inch, all the obstacles which had frustrated him solo long were overcome, and Williams' moving mat process came to life, as perhaps the greatest single invention in motion pictures since that of the camera itself.

Once having demonstrated what he could do in "Wild Honey," in which he made a miniature stream appear a rushing torrent over a hundred feet high which pursued Priscilla Dean down a dry stream bed and finally engulfed her, Williams did not have much trouble getting producers to listen. This "Wild Honey" thrill was the forerunner of all big water spectacles, and when shown to C. B. DeMille gave him the idea for the parting of the Red Sea. DeMille admitted that this flood was the greatest spectacle he had ever seen up to that time.

In trick photography miniatures have always been a very important part. It would hardly do to build a huge building to have a woman carried from the blazing structure, and this the Williams process makes unnecessary.

TAKE the thrilling rescue from the burning tenement in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." A replica of a New York tenement was built in miniature at the studio where the picture was made. We will say for illustration that the scale used in erecting the miniature was one and one-half inches to a foot, or one-ninth the actual size.

In working with miniatures there are two very important things to be considered, and these must be worked out with mathematical precision, if Williams is to be given a perfect negative on which to transpse living actors through his traveling mat. One is to make the miniature look the proper height. This is done by placing the camera [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

Never Before Told

This set of illustrations graphically explains for the first time the marvelous traveling mat process invented by Mr. Williams, which makes it possible for one cameraman to take a background in Europe, another to take the action of moving persons in Hollywood, and to combine them in one motion picture so that when it appears on the screen the action seems to take place against the background so perfectly that it cannot be detected by the human eye.

Follow this explanation carefully, and the method will be clearly demonstrated to you.

No.1. This is the negative of the moving figure taken in front of a white background. In the negative, white appears black and black appears white. It is from this negative that the Williams traveling mat, which has revolutionized motion pictures, is made.

No. 2. This is a print made from the No. 1 negative and is printed on film of extreme contrast. In this the white and black values are given their true tones.

No. 3. This is the No. 2 film intensified in a silver nitrate solution so that it becomes a dead black silhouette, while the rest of the film is transparent.

No. 4. This is the background negative which can be taken any place in the world or made from still photographs or from miniatures. This background negative can have in it any motion required.

No. 5. This shows the most important step in the Williams' moving mat process. In front you see the moving mat or drawing No. 3. In the middle is the background negative, drawing No. 4, and at the back is the unexposed film on which they are to be printed concurrently. By this double printing, you get a print of the background negative, which leaves an unexposed portion in each frame, corresponding exactly to the figure you see in drawing No. 1.

No. 6. The result of the double printing being made in No. 5, which leaves a silhouette blank space of the moving figure, is again double printed and into the blank space is printed the real photographic action taken in the original negative.

Thus you see that one double printing has left a blank silhouette space into which the real action is double printed in every detail.
There is No Formula

By Gloria Swanson

My formula for success? As the old lady said when she first saw a hippopotamus—"There ain't no such animal." What I mean is that I have not, I never have had any formula which could be applied to all cases. So many elements have entered into my life, even from the time I was a baby, that I am unable to pick out any one cause for being what and where I am today.

But I can give you one rule which, if adhered to, will make success more easy of attainment. It is contained in the old proverb from the Arabic: "Only the fool makes the same mistake twice." In other words, every experience in life, whether good or bad, contains a lesson. If you will find this lesson, if you will profit by it, if you will make use of it later in life when the occasion demands, you will find that your problems will be simplified and your path to success infinitely more easy.

Almost everyone, when asked to what his or her success is attributable, says: "Work; unremitting labor." That is so trite that I am tired of hearing it, but it is none the less true in the great majority of cases. It is true in my own case also, to some extent.

But, as I said, there were other elements. I must have had some innate adaptability for a theatrical career. That gave a foundation on which to build, at least.

Then there was what motion picture people call "the lucky break." Don't tell me there is no such thing as luck. I know better. I've had it—both kinds—but the good has predominated.

Of course, there has been work—hard work. But it always has been work that I enjoyed, and every new bit of work has taught me something. Trite though it may be to say, I know that, no matter how strong your foundation, no matter how carefully your plans are laid, your superstructure cannot be erected without work.

But, far back of all these, before I knew anything about any inborn love for the theater, or work, or the lucky break, I was fortunate enough to have a background which few girls are privileged to have. For that my parents were responsible, and I have never ceased to give thanks that they were as they were.

To them and to their treatment of me as a child I give the lion's share of the credit for what I am.

My father was the greatest single influence in my life during the years when my mind was plastic, when it was in the formative state. But for him I might have been a stenographer or a clerk in a department store. (Incidentally, I have been ac-

If you believe Gloria didn't always intend to be a success, look at this picture taken when she was less than no time at all. Gaze on that mouth, those eyes, even those nose. Those are determined features, you'll agree with me. partner

You'd expect—if you didn't know her—a girl like Gloria would have some secret talisman for success. But just like anybody's maiden aunt, Gloria recommends WORK. 'Sierce!
for Success

But there is a rule that helps to bring it

cused of holding that last-named position, but really, I never did.) It was his philosophy in my up-bringing more than anything else which gave me the wisdom, the ability and the strength to take advantage of the opportunities which, later in life, came my way.

It was due to him that the possibility of failure in anything I might wish to undertake never has entered into my scheme of life. Don't misunderstand that statement. It is not actuated by conceit, by egoism. What I mean is this: Many people, with a definite object in view, permit themselves to be daunted by possible difficulties. They look ahead, see that the path to their goal is not perfectly clear and straight, and they erect in their minds a wall of possible failure which, while wholly imaginary, is, nevertheless, hard to surmount.

I have never erected such a wall for myself, and I have started some enterprises which, to an onlooker, might have seemed extremely difficult, even impossible, to carry through. If I had had that wall of doubt to surmount, I probably should have failed. Without that staring me in the face, success was infinitely more simple.

Again I want to plead not guilty to any charge of conceit in this regard. It was self-reliance, not egoism. I was brought up to believe in myself, to feel that whatever I desired I could do or get if I went after it the right way—and kept after it. I was educated by my father not to a disregard, but to an absolute ignorance of the possibility of failure. In the English hunting field, it is the ambition of every sportsman to "ride straight"; that is, to let no obstacle turn him from a direct course after the quarry. That was the training my father gave my mind.

Of course, I did not [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]
Your Name! What Does

This article shows how you can figure out the influences of your name according to rules of numerology, as many famous folks have done

By Elizabeth Sears

The rules say that Doug's "vibrations" are happier than Mary's

According to numerology, 1926 will be Mary Pickford's great year

FEW years ago a brisk young Western chap came to New York, intent upon conquering it in a business way. At a dinner attended by many men of distinction, he met a former schoolmate who had become rather noted in his own line of work—so noted, in fact, that if I mentioned his name, you might recognize him at once.

"Hello, Bill," greeted his former schoolmate, cordially.

The man bent a reproachful look on him while he was shaking hands.

"My name is David, now," he reminded him. "For the luva Mike don't call me 'Bill.' No one calls me 'Bill' any more."

The Westerner thought his schooltime friend was having a joke with him.

"Why the change to Biblical nomenclature?" he said. "You haven't had to change the rest of your name, too, I hope."

The schoolmate took it very seriously.

"The name of 'Bill' was a cross vibration," he explained. "It was causing me many obstacles and difficulties to overcome that were entirely unnecessary. I merely changed my name to a happier vibration—and I have been wonderfully successful ever since."

The newcomer, never having heard of vibrations or numerology before, was plainly mystified. He wrote home confidentially that he had met his old friend Bill and that too much success had turned his brain a bit—he said very odd things.

As a matter of fact, the friend had merely exercised his right of choice in the selection of the new materials for success and had harmonized his numerical vibrations with that of the line he wished most to succeed in.

Everybody has ability in some line. It is merely a question of knowing in just what direction it lies and in learning how to use it after we have located it. For even a mountain of gold would be of no material benefit to you if you did not have the machinery for putting it in active circulation—would it?

Numerology teaches you not only how to release your ability but how to hook it up with opportunity. And ability hitched wisely with opportunity will bring the happiness and peace of mind that every human seeks.

It is the simplest thing in the universe—the secret of cause and effect. It is the law on which the universe is based—the law by which the worlds revolve—as old as life itself.

Follow this law and your life winds on with a precision and a system that makes your work easy to your hand.

Fight it, either consciously or unconsciously, and your life becomes tangled in a snarl of baffled aims and purposes.

It is like rowing a boat in a strong and friendly current—if you guide your boat properly the current will do the rest.

When you deal with mathematics, as you know, you are held to a definite law and its operation. If you are given a sum in multiplication, for instance, you must multiply by the rule if you expect to work the problem.

You cannot work it according to your own sweet will and accept such answers as please your fancy. There is one correct rule and one correct answer and unless you do it right, there is little achievement in trying to work the problem at all.

That, in short, is the law of Numerology. Each life has its own numerical law—each year has its own numerical influence—each day has its definite numerical rule. But, just as you cannot hope to successfully work the hard problems in cube root until you have mastered the rules of addition and subtraction, so you cannot master the law of Numerology in one sitting.

It is not a system of fortune telling. Nor is it a magic formula by means of which the world will place garlands of success at your feet without effort on your part.

But by a twenty minute study each day of charts as set before you in this series, you can master its laws and learn to so work with them as to change your entire viewpoint on life within six months.

The laws of your neighbor may not be your laws as he may be set to learn a lesson vastly different from yours.

Therefore, while you may sympathize with him, you do not envy nor emulate him. You concentrate your attention upon your own problems and your own opportunities for service to humanity.
it Mean to Your Destiny?

It is not at all mysterious. It is merely a rate of vibration from which we derive our conceptions of form, color, sound and motion.

Life is eternal and death is merely a change in the rate of vibration into another form, with the God Consciousness as the motive power.

The success of our life, therefore, depends upon the amount of that God Consciousness that is recognized by us. Everybody has witnessed the seeming mystery of seeing the spokes of a wheel vibrate so rapidly as to be lost to sight.

Common sense and familiarity tell you that those spokes have not vanished—they have only vibrate so rapidly as to vanish from the sight. On one plane of vibration they radiate placidly from the hub.

Speed up the rate of vibration and they become as one spoke. Hurry it still further and they vibrate so fast as to become invisible to the eye.

NOTHING cryptic or mysterious or magical about that, is there?

Individual problems are often seemingly difficult to adjust, because in the ordinary concept of life everything is regarded as being on a group basis.

We are continually making our adjustments according to this group idea. Marriage, for instance, although it is an individual proposition, must conform to the family group concept. So that each fact in the study of Numerology must be regarded in its relation to the unit.

Numerology, therefore, is only a key by which we may regulate natural power and use it advantageously. It is such a tremendous power, that one must learn to work with it carefully, else its terrific force may prove to be a menace instead of a benefit.

Many who use it unconsciously, without recognizing it for what it is, have suffered from an abuse of its power.

Work slowly and carefully, in studying each chart before hurrying on to the next, in order that your mind may be fully prepared for each step.

There's a lot more to it than in figuring out the numbers of your name. For if you do not know what to do with them, once you have them figured, where are you?

Mystery has no power or force within itself—it is only something that we do not understand. A total eclipse, for instance, in an educated world, is an event that draws scientists to learn more of the operations of the law of the universe. Savages, on the other hand, believe that if they beat drums loudly and long enough, that the dread visitor will pass away of itself without doing them any harm.

The vanishing of the spokes in the wheel under high speed would be mysterious did we not understand the laws of vibration, but knowing them, the thing is robbed of its mystery.

By learning how to divine your numerical influence from your name and the date of your birth, you will have the chart of your life set plainly before you. It will be your strength if you study and follow your law and your weakness if you work on your negative plane instead of your positive one.

The origin of Numerology and trouble us beyond the fact that we know that Pythagoras sought for new sciences to teach his pupils and went into Egypt to seek an unknown law that was practised there. He found it in use in the temples there and its origin then was lost in antiquity. There were no written instructions to his pupils, but he wrote down the laws and the only record for ages was that which was passed by word of mouth from one student to another.

The science of Numerology, however, was taught in China, in Persia, in India and by the Greeks and Hebrews. The Kaballa was one of the first written keys to the mysteries and has taught the false sense of the limitation we put on our own powers and the logic of relying upon the law of numbers and its influence.

The numbers of your name, for instance, when properly compiled, will give you the motivating power of your life—it tells the innermost aspirations of your soul and just what powers have been given you in this world to attain your inner ambition. It tells you the line of endeavor in which you will best succeed.

Your birth number tells you the lesson you have come on earth to learn. For you are literally working out your own salvation, you know. And knowing this, it is your job to pay attention to that lesson. The lesson your neighbor must learn is not yours and any envy you expend on the success that may come to him, only

[continued on page 120]
Overnight, at nineteen, Dolores Costello is the sensation of the screen. Being her father's daughter has been at once a help and a handicap. One company, not recognizing her latent beauty and talent, let her slip through their fingers with the result that she is now Warner Bros.' greatest gift to mankind.
"The Exquisite Dolores"

That is the name which Howard Chandler Christy gave to Miss Costello

By Ivan St. Johns

We were dining one Tuesday evening in the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador, that being the habit of many of the picture colony.

Connie Talmadge and Buster Collier were putting all other dancers to shame, and Virginia Valli had a bizarre new haircut, and Bob Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead were adding a little more weight to the rumor of their engagement.

At our table were two of the most beautiful women in the room—Mrs. Ray Long, whose profile is one of the screen’s greatest losses, and Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy, who inspired her husband to create the Christy girl and become famous as an artist. Mr. Long, who of course is the great editor, and Mr. Christy were along to protect their wives from producers with picture contracts under their arms.

Mrs. Christy is one of those marvelous dinner partners who can stop talking brilliantly in order to listen intelligently. You have no idea how rare women of that kind are becoming.

"I said to her, "This girl is lovely. She’s charming. She’s she’s—just what is the one right word for her? There’s a right word for every woman, isn’t there?"

"Oh, decidedly," said Mrs. Christy.

"Lovely—charming—No, I’ve got it. Exquisite. Exquisite is the word for her."

"I’d bet you a new hat," said a voice in my ear—odd, the way husbands are always listening in on your dinner conversation with their wives—that I know whom you’re talking about.

Now there are a lot of girls in Hollywood, as you may have heard before, so the odds were against him and you might think I’d have been safe in taking him up. But this fellow Christy is too highly rated as a connoisseur of women and beauty to make that safe at any point in the game.

"The girl in Hollywood to whom the word exquisite belongs exactly and entirely is Dolores Costello," said Howard Chandler Christy.

So I was glad I hadn’t wagered him a new hat. It’s hard enough to get shoes for the kids these days without buying hats for distinguished artists.

"We were up at Mary and Douglas’s the other evening when they ran Jack Barrymore’s new picture, The Sea Beast." he went on, "and I was entranced. She’s one of the most beautiful girls I’ve ever seen. I said then that we should christen her ‘The Exquisite Dolores,’ as a Prince of Wales once titled Mrs. Robinson, ‘The Exquisite Perdita.’"

Well, a man likes to have his judgment backed by authority, and all this gave me courage to confess that after ten years in Hollywood, I had my first "screen crush."

"Congratulations," said my wife, from across the way—really, you have no privacy at a dinner party any more—"I’m glad to know you’ve such good taste."

It’s almost insulting how sure that woman is of me!

"Who is this wonder?" said Ray Long. "I suppose it reveals an abysmal ignorance, but I never heard of her. You mustn’t blame me because I’m only a poor editor from New York and I can’t keep up with pictures."

So I told him.

At that, it didn’t display any ignorance, for this little Costello girl is the very newest of the new finds. I first fell for her when she rescued me from the boredom of the James Cruze-Fannie Hurst potboiler, "The Mannequin." Only the memory of "The Covered Wagon" and the fact that it brought me my original glimpse of the exquisite Dolores will ever make me forgive Jimmy for that one.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
Lloyd Hughes and his beautiful wife, Gloria Hope, whose promising screen career was sacrificed at the shrine of her love for Lloyd. Nowadays she is simply Mrs. Lloyd Hughes and declares fondly that's electric lights enough for her.
Just an American Youth

No Valentino, no Gilbert, no sheik or fiery lover, but how folks like him

By Madeline Mahlon

WHAT sort of a palpitating story can you weave about a man who has been married to the same wife for four and one-half years? And still loves her.

Who has known her for seven and one-half years. And still adores her.

Who rarely drinks—but smokes cigarettes...manfully.

Whose first trip to New York occurred a year ago and he's upward in his twenties.

Who is as handsome as Adonis and certainly deserves to be the eleventh of Photoplay's ten handsome heart-tremblers.

Who has fine eyes and beaming teeth.

But who has no past from which to pluck veiled allusions about erotic meanderings, or to manufacture subtle innuendoes about a dimly-curtained orgy.

Just what chance has poor Lloyd Hughes, handicapped as he is, to achieve any publicity?

And yet, unfortunately as it may seem to the reader of flamboyant literature with an appetite whetted to sensational seasoning, it is gratifying to note the requests that come in, fanwise, for more information about Lloyd Hughes. It is more than gratifying. It is encouraging. It is stimulating. It renews faith in human nature.

It may mark the beginning of the Great American Renaissance. It may be the voice of the backbone of the nation, rebelling at the horde of foreign talent men and women, being slud down its throat. Anyway it's a mighty howl for the typical American youth, after many seasons of sloe-eyes and slow motions.

I AM cursed with a sentimental feeling for Lloyd. Not the sentiment that Ronald Colman...or Richard Dix...inspires. Oh, no! But the thrill you get when you pick up your School Girl Days Memory Book.

"This is the invitation to Undine's Hallowe'en party...and this favor is from Myrtle's picnic that summer day." Circumspect little tremors.

Whenever I see Lloyd a prudent quake rolls over me, snake-like. You see, Lloyd was the very first actor in greasepaint that I sighed in Hollywood.

He was playing with Colleen Moore in "The Huntress." I, just employed on the same lot, was on the still-hunt for a real live actor in greasepaint and mascara. Lloyd, being first glimpsed and fully living up to my expectations of what an actor should look like, remained forever enshrined in my memory.

But that's not unusual. It would make no difference if Lloyd were an actor or a drummer of canned goods, he would immediately and lastingly impress with his wholesome manner.

He typifies the real American boy. Clean as the wind of the prairie, invigorating as a cool swim at dawn.

He is of the wholesome clan of Richard Dix, Conrad Nagel, Jack Mulhall. Maybe not as magnetic as Dix, lacking the asceticism of Nagel and without the gay Celtic humor of Jack Mulhall, but nevertheless, as typical of the American youth as could be found in any of our colleges.

Lloyd is a real Westerner, minus the chaps and vernacular.

He was born in Bisbee, Arizona, and when a little lad moved with his parents and only brother to Phoenix, from whence they eventually migrated to Los Angeles. He received his education in Los Angeles and in approved Alger fashion, during his summer vacations, apprenticed himself to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. Which accounts for the fable that Lloyd stepped from the butcher's delivery wagon into the more...

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 119)
Easter Bonnets Done in Sonnets

By Margaret E. Sangster

As worn by Colleen Moore in "So Big"

DESPITE the bows and furbelows they weren't very pretty.
The bonnets that the 'nineties bought, and yet each girl would wear
A gaudier monstrosity—and like it, mocc's the pity.
Although it veiled her pretty eyes, and hid her lovely hair.
A ruffle and a willow plume; a ribbon and a flower
With wired velvet for a frame—one must be smart, you know!—
And fashion is a playful jade, that laughs at us, one hour,
Before she suddenly swings back to styles of long ago.

Despite the bows and the furbelows they weren't very stunning,
The bonnets that the 'nineties wore—it is a sorry fact.
But there were faces that could make such garish headgear cunning.
And there were smiles that dazzled one with what the bonnet lacked!
Oh, fashion snickered in her sleeve and whirled the years away,
And looked ahead and saw the hats that women wear today—

Nineteen-Twenty-Six Models

As worn by Claire Windsor and Helene Costello

SHE wears a hat of straw and lace and buds and crepe-georgette.
When she would be a springtime song, a waltz tune softly played;
But when she looks, on havoc bent, through laces that have stayed
Across her eyes, beware of her! She makes the heart forget
To beat in time, and there is power and passion and regret
In her half hidden glances! Do you choose the penitent maid—
Or do you like the siren best, or are you half afraid
To place your choice on either? Oh, each one is sweet, and yet—

Perhaps there is a siren, too, half hidden in the glance
Beneath the flowered, girlish hat—and, oh, the lattice lace,
May hide a wistfulness unguessed in a hall-smiling face!
Oh, both of them spell mystery and magic and romance,
For any lady in a hat that frames her loveliness,
Is touched with charming secrets that no man may ever guess!
Hail and Farewell

A tribute to the memory of Barbara La Marr by one who knew her

It is very hard for me to write this story.
I should like to lay it among the flowers about that golden bier where she lies so quietly, the great heart and restless spirit still at last. I should like to kneel down beside her there and say, "Just from me to you, Bobby. Because I loved you always."

But it does not seem to me that there are colors enough upon my pen, nor depths enough in my heart, nor music enough in my poor words, to write the last story of Barbara La Marr as it should be written.

The fatal gift of beauty! Helen's laid mighty Troy in ashes and Cleopatra's cost Mark Antony the world. But Barbara's destroyed only herself.

She was like a great Jacquilinet rose, warm, sensuous, sweet — sweet. The perfumeless orchid could never suggest Barbara, because of her sweetness. And I cannot think of her as dead. Somewhere she is going on, the dross of that fatal beauty burned away and the generous soul marching to new music. No creator, rich though he be, could afford to waste some of the things he gave to Barbara. They must continue.

It carried her to the very pinnacle, that beauty. But sometimes, knowing her as I did, I think it gave her none of the things her heart really longed for, and that the saddest thing about Barbara La Marr was not her death but her swift, hot, violent life, that preyed vampire-like upon her beauty and allowed so much of her genius and womanliness to waste.

Wind-swept, storm-tossed Barbara. In her heart was always that dream-haven of a home, and children, and the one man to whom she could be faithful companion and gentle comforter as well as love's delight. But she never quite reached it. How could she be true to her course when continually life tempted her to rich and pleasant isles, where she might rule as queen—and the moon of her own loves changed the tides and deceived her again and again?

Life wore her out. In her thirty years, she lived centuries. Perhaps no other woman except Mary Stuart ever packed so much life into so short a space of time.

Perhaps she is glad to lie there quietly, her eyes closed, receiving the final applause of tears. It was the last thing she said, "I am so tired. I want to rest."

I shall never forget the first time I ever saw her.

Twelve years ago—thirteen, maybe. I've forgotten. I was a cub reporter then. I had been sent to cover the story of a girl who had been kidnapped by her sister and some men, and brought back to her father by the strong arm of the law.

It was in a lawyer's office, I think. Might have been the district attorney's. The details are blurred.

But one thing is not blurred. The divine beauty of that girl.

I remember that she had on a dark blue serge sailor suit, well above the tops of her high, brown shoes, and a funny, black poke bonnet. But I thought then, what I have known since, that the face inside that poke bonnet was the most beautiful I had ever seen or ever would see. She was always beautiful, and in the end she came, of course, to have every aid and setting for beauty that money could buy and art devise. For all that, I think she was most beautiful as a girl, in her cheap, common, clothes.

She was shy, frightened, nervous. She hadn't wanted to go away with those people. But they must have seen, even then, that such a face was worth a fortune. We sat down in a corner, and at first she could not talk. She believed their designs had been evil. Then we began to giggle over something or other—she was only fifteen, and I was about seventeen. I suppose. And then we became friends.

We were friends from that moment until I got a telegram from her only a few days ago signed, "Love forever, Barbara."

I will have to be forever now, Bobby.

Not long after that I stood in a Los Angeles courtroom and heard the judge speak that famous line, "You are too beautiful to live in a big city."

Shall I tell you what Barbara did? I have never told it. But it was so like her. She giggled. I think she thought he was kidding her. But outside in the marble corridor, she burst into tears on my shoulder. Because that sentence meant that she had to go back to Imperial Valley—back to the country. And Barbara loved the pavements, and the lights, and the crowds, always.

Back she went. But you cannot shatter a heart like that away from life. There was a big, bronzed Arizona rancher, who used to ride by the little ranch where she lived with her father and mother. She rather liked him. I expect she smiled at him. Barbara could no more help smiling at men than the tides can help following the moon. And her smile was a candle for moth. Anyway, he picked her up one day on his horse and rode away with her. It was very romantic. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOTS
Satire, Humor and Some Sense

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., June 6—The event of the month was Marion Davies’ costume ball. It far overshadowed all recent film achievements in point of interest, being as lavish as ‘Ben Hur’ and as sightly as any Ziegfeld art collection.

Elinor Glyn was there, and everybody who has ‘IT’, say nothing of those who pursue IT.

Entering in my Erte creation of a monk’s robe over white golf pants I beheld a dimpled knee projecting out from behind a pillar and instantly recognized Ann Pennington. All should wear her mask on her knees if she wants to be disguised. Her costume was the same as she wears on the stage.

"Is there anything to drink?" I queried politely, having in mind a lemonade.

"You would know," shouted John Gilbert with an implication I thought disrespectful toward my holy habitat.

John was pinked out as ‘Red’ Grange. There was a whole team of ‘Red’ Granges.

"We were all coming in together," complained King Vidor, ‘but Jack had to spoil it by busting in an hour ahead.”

That was in character, I reminded him, Red being always the first across the line.

MARION intervened with the complaint that no one would dance with her because her poke bonnet held them all at a distance. This declaration brought the whole team into play.

Without any help from Elinor I would say that those who distinctly were IT at the party were: The hostess, attired in a Louis XVI costume, which was fetching for all the wearer’s declaration against the bonnet; Anita Stewart wearing pearls and not too many; Florence Vidor as a Venetian enchantress; Claire Windsor as an Elton schoolboy; Lilyan Tashman in a lackless ballet costume without too much skirt; Mrs. Charlie Chaplin as the Empress Josephine; Ann Pennington as Ann Pennington; and Adela Rogers St. Johns as a bride.

OUR Adela announced that she had always wanted to be a bride but had never been one, so decided to take this occasion; whereupon Ivan, her husband, grew hery, being dressed as a bull-fighter against his will and wanting to do something to belie his pretty pink shirt. ‘What I mean,’ soothed Adela, ‘is that I got married in a suit, and that’s not being a bride.’

After all clothes do make you what you are. I observed monkishly, with regard for my Franciscan golf outfit.

At this stormy moment the strife of the St. Johns was ended by the appearance of Charlie Chaplin, as Napoleon, doing a Charleston. It was good, but matched against Ann Pennington’s it was just another Waterloo.

All in all, the fete was as opulent as anything that’s been given at Buckingham and a lot more fun, as the Prince of Wales would say.

NOBILITY from abroad, as well as the royal family and Jack Fair were merged in the democracy of the Charleston with Marion’s friends from the studio—and they include the whole Metro-Goldwyn lot.

The haughty lady of literature who said she didn’t relish the idea of Heaven because it sounded so dreadfully democratic might not have enjoyed Marion’s fete. And then again, it might have converted her to the idea of Heaven. Personally, being a sauntering character, I hope Heaven is staged as well.

THE Valentinos having secured their divorce, the front pages are now cleared for another world war. Both said they were glad, and I’m sure all the rest of us are too, after reading the dispute as to babies or doggies. By the way, which won?

Rodolpho has more feuds than a Balkan state. In Italy they tried to howl his picture off the screen. In Paris a mythical gent called Liederkrantz, or some such aromatic name, challenged him to a duel. And in Connecticut Natacha refused flat-footed to appear in a theater where his latest opera was being unwrapped.

As if this were not enough newspaper space for one man, the marital hero comes home, according to press dispatches, with a peignoir made of a paisley shawl and lined with white fur.

Maybe it’s the Erte creation Lillian Gish refused to wear. After all, Lincoln wore a shawl, so why not Rudie?

A STRING of barber shops is being operated in Hollywood by a company including Lew Cody, Ronald Colman, George K. Arthur, Jackie Coogan and Renee Adoree. Boyish bobs will be in greater demand than ever with Messrs. Colman and Cody sponsoring the shears.

And with Mlle. Adorce as a tonsorial artiste we’ll all be deep in mud packs. Men who avoid the barber chair as they would the electric will now go there with a song, and I, for one, will welcome a trimming regularly.

THE British Federation of Labor is starting a campaign against American films.

"It is intolerable," snorts one, "that the British people should be soaked from childhood up in the manners, slang and false ideas of beauty, taste and success of the California city.

Determined to deal Hollywood a death-blow they may go so far as to recall Elinor Glyn—British arbiter of manners, beauty and taste. Then how will we know whether we have IT?
Herb went to a party. He pursued it. Then he learned a bad reputation is easier to overcome than a good one.

We have this consolation. Elinor already has given as "I Three Weeks," "Six Days," "His Hour," "The Great Moment" and so now only has a second left anyhow.

If all the English and other foreigners were suddenly withdrawn from Hollywood we wouldn't have enough left to corrupt the youth of a Fiji isle. Consider our idols: the English Chaplin, the Canadian Pickford, the Mexican Novarro, the Polish Negri, the Spanish Moreno, the Hungarian Banky, the German Lubitsch, the Austrian Von Stroheim, the Scotch Colman, the Russ Nazimova, the magnificent Italians Valentino and Montana.

Judging by the letters I receive from the British press I gather that they feel very much like the American in respect to entertainment; they patronize what they like regardless of home ties.

Ever and anon a blustering American patriot, whose grand pop over steerage stowed in garlic, writes in to plead for the exclusive patronage of American stars. By the same high sentiment we should prefer Rupert Hughes to Thomas Hardy, Eva Tanguay to Galli Curci and Paul Swan to the late Leonardo da Vinci.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce announced at the preview of "The Skylark" aboard the Leviathan that medals would be given to listeners-in who picked up the program in England. More vocal power to the silent drama!

Producers are on the vie to find novel situations in which to give previews. "The Skylark" was the second to be shown on a boat. The Warner Brothers tried to show one in an airplane, but the reviewers declared it was nerve-wrecking enough to view one of the "classics" on earth.

So far as this authority is concerned I feel most classics could be shown on Mars without great local loss. However, as an aid to producers I suggest the following settings for forthcoming features:

"Old Ironsides" in the hull of the original frigate, with reviewers dressed in diving suits, "The Rough Riders" on horseback, "Siberia" in the actual locale, and "The Old Soak" three miles out, or most anywhere in New York (late of the U. S. A.).

Pola Negri gets in and out of engagements with the rapidity of Houdini from the handcuffs. Her secretary recently accused a young sheik of spreading the report he was engaged to Pola.

"Not I," retorted the young man. "If we were going out for publicity I'd be original."

Pola's latest picture is titled "Because I Love You," to which we add, "But Who?"—thus making it a song.

Valentino was the latest at two o'clock Monday.

"If much but always sad," sighs Pola.

Princess Bibesco, wife of the Kumanian ambassador, fell off her horse while riding the paths of Pickfair. Simultaneously her husband was recalled from his post because of criticisms which the Princess made of America. This seems highly unfair—anyone is liable to make a few criticisms when falling off a horse. I daresay the Prince of Wales doesn't love England as a future king should when he hits it from a saddle.

It is fitting that Wally Beery should play P. T. Barnum on the screen, for Wally was the faithful old nurse to Mr. Barnum's elephants and knows the family well.

Wally is a sentimental fellow. He was the first husband of Gloria Swanson, and to this day he cherishes a mule named Gloria which he affectionately beats over the mountain trails.

Movie actresses strive to be society ladies, and society ladies seek to be movie actresses, with both succeeding quite commendably. Nowhere is a lady quite so much a lady as in Hollywood. In remarking one of these, Michael Arlen said, "She acts as a lady should—and only as a film actress could."

The reputation that Hollywood has so strenuously built up is being feebly threatened. Will Hays started the propaganda about Hollywood being just a regular town with as many happy homes as any other. Now Michael Arlen, whom we tried our best to entertain, goes back to England and declares that Hollywood is not a modern Babylon and that there are no orgies here.

It's just such reports as these that are driving the tourists to Florida. If something isn't done to protect the bad reputation of Hollywood, real estate values will be shaken worse than by earthquakes.

Paraphrasing Mr. Wilde: There's only one thing worse than a bad reputation, and that's a good one.

An aphrodisite of notorious love affairs entered the Montmartre cafe, and everyone stopped chittering in silent tribute to her.

"It's funny," mused Alice Terry. "If a respectable mother of six children walked in, no one would give her a glance."

I disagree. Hollywood is not so hard-hearted. We'd feel sorry for her.

Ladies of Hollywood are all of a pattern. They dress alike, bob alike and dance alike. "Every woman is just another Nash," sighs Ernst Lubitsch dutifully.
NOW this little girl is Mildred Gloria Lloyd. If ever a baby was born mouthing a silver spoon, Mildred Gloria's she. Papa Harold is a star and a millionaire. Mother Mildred's a beautiful lady. Could any kid ask more? Mildred Gloria's second birthday comes May 21st.
Teeter Totter

They were at different ends of the social scale. Then love began its balancing

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

Very much aloof on the stern sat Gina Malotte

They were born to be lovers; and they were not even friends. Fate had put them on opposite ends of the teeter totter of caste. A teeter totter swings up and down Positions of the riders may be reversed—up, down—down, up. But as long as they ride, they will never come together on a common level of secure stability.

The only way it can be done is to walk carefully, accurately, and simultaneously towards the middle of the board. There the riders can stand, clapping hands, and move the board at will. Up, down—down, up. The freed ends swing skyward, drop earthward. It does not matter to the two in the middle of the board. They are balanced, steady. And they are together.

Roger's home was on the lower stretches of Fifth Avenue. Just where it runs off, like the black sheep of a respectable family, into the medley of small criss-crossing streets that have become infested with green grocer's stores, and the ever increasing population of Little Italy. That was where Gianina lived. There was no topographical line of demarcation between the Avenue and the Street. Yet they were farther apart than the poles of the North and South.

Roger Lafayette Trenton had been most correctly brought up. His early training was exactly what might have been expected of a son of a family for which a town, a battle, and goodness knows how many counties, had been named.

Gianina was the daughter of an Italian green grocer on Fourth Street. Their manner of meeting was spectacular and memorable.

Roger had found a puppy who had strayed on to the forbidden concourse of the Avenue, a bruised and battered derelict of dogdom. He realized suddenly that one of his chief underlying wants had been a dog. A real dog. Not a yippy one with watery eyes, such as his mother's friends carried in the crooks of their arms, but a friendly dog, who would wag his tail when spoken to, and could be taught to lie down and roll over.

The puppy was certainly of no pedigreed line. In fact, there seemed no specifications of any kind concerning him. He was small, yellowish, short-haired and large eared. His tail was as nature had arranged it, and there was a black spot that smudged one eye, suggesting the results of a fisticencounter. He was just an optimistic, flea-inhabited pup, with an eager licking tongue and feet many sizes too large for the rest of him. But Roger thought he was wonderful.

"Bruiser! Your name is Bruiser!" Roger told him ecstatically. The puppy wagged himself frantically, and proclaimed himself adopted.

Bruiser, however, was a son of the people. He loved alley cats and garbage cans. Thus it was one warm day in spring he escaped from his leash, with Roger running after him, and loped happily down into Fourth Street, a Street of Many Smells.

He was seized upon by a black-eyed Italian boy and dragged into a circle of young hoodlums bent on careless, brutal fun. But the rowdism was checked by the arrival of a panting, gray-eyed boy in a very correct suit, who held a leash in his hand.

"Put that dog down!" he said, breathing hard from the unaccustomed exertion of running. "He's mine!"

The puppy made frantic, helpless efforts to release himself. His cries were almost unendurably human.

"Oh, he's yours, is he?" the boy sneered. "Well, you can have him if you can take him!"

Roger found himself surrounded by a group of black-eyed, scowling faces. He wanted to back away. But they were all around him. There seemed to be no words spoken. He knew that they were going to rush him. He knew that he would have to fight. His face went white and tingly, and his breath came in short gasps. Somehow he got his back against a wall. Then like a whirlwind, they were upon him. He still held the leash in his hand. He struck out blindly with it.
Suddenly he knew that he had an ally. From nowhere at all, a girl came charging, her long black hair swinging, her black eyes savage and battle-lustful.

"You dirty bums!" she shrilled at them. "You cowards, you big cheeses! Picking on one! Hurting a little dog! You beat it for home, Pepino, before I knock your front teeth through your head!" She sent Pepino whirling into the gutter.

Bruiser, released, scuttled for the Avenue, yelping shrilly. The girl made a jump and landed on another boy's back, where she clung, biting and scratching like a tiger cat. She felled him by the surprise of her attack, gave him a kick in the ribs for good measure, and jumped another assailant, just as he was throwing himself on Roger's weakened front.

They all went down together in a screaming melee of legs and teeth and flailing arms. Green grocers now came out, leisurely picked off a combatant here and there, shook them soundly, swore at them in Italian and sent them scurrying.

The two finally stood facing each other, still ferocious, still panting. Roger really noticed the girl for the first time. She had the biggest, blackest eyes he had ever seen. He thought her quite the most beautiful girl in the world.

"I say——" he said awkwardly and admiringly, "you surely can fight!"

"You ain't no slouch yourself," she answered graciously. Then her fingers went out cautiously to the bulging pouch beneath his blackened eye.

"Gee, they bloodied you some, didn't they?"

Roger assumed a masculine nonchalance.

"It doesn't matter—not at all. I fancy we gave them something to think about—don't you?"
“Roger,” she cried out to him, “if this is death, let us die together!”

She nodded, suddenly made shy by the strangeness of his manner of speech. She rather liked it. But she knew instantly that he was of The Avenue. She regarded him with a distinct withdrawal. She admired him. But he was not of her world.

They were not to meet again until some eight years later. In those eight years Roger had “done” Europe with a tutor, and had, by guidance of precept and example, become a thorough-going snob. Recalled to America by the death of his mother, there was a lengthy period of time spent at the Milready Preparatory School in company with other bored young gentlemen of his “set.”

When he was eighteen, however, he found himself suddenly restless and longing for physical and mental activity. He could be very blunt at times, despite all the time and money that had gone into shellacking him with polite restraint.

He sought his father in his study one evening, and announced his desire and intention briefly, conclusively.

“Father, I’m rather sick of being a jellyfish. If it’s all the same to you, I’d like to go to work.”

Burke Trenton looked at his son curiously. It struck Roger that his father was looking very bad indeed. There was something about his eyes—what was it? He failed to place that look until he caught Bruiser with an evil-smelling bone which he had dragged into the hall. Bruiser expected to be punished. He expected it at any instant. His eyes were frightened, furtive, apologetic—the eyes of a thief. Roger rebuked himself sharply for the thought. Absurd—of course.

“Well,” said Burke Trenton slowly, “that isn’t such a bad idea. There might come a time when business training might be an asset. If you really want to [continued on page 78]
**STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP**

This contemplative highbrow youth with the watch chain and the formal tie little fancied he'd grow up to paint his face and be a play actor. His name was Ernest Carlton Brimmer and he lived up to it. Now he's Richard Dix.

**MORE** movie marriages! Cupid's arms must be wearied from tolling the belfry bells for the film folk.

There were Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, who gathered into their car several intimate friends and sped away to Riverside to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. It's Alma's third dip into the matrimonial sea and Ric's first. But that really isn't news, for friends of the two have been expecting it any day... they're supremely happy—both the newlyweds and their friends.

And Elinor Fair, who was a Wampas Baby Star of some years ago and sank into oblivion, to be swept to the crest of the wave when she was chosen for the feminine lead in DeMille's "The Volga Boatman," decided that she couldn't live without William Boyd. And Bill, having the same thing in mind since he first met Elinor when they were introduced as male and female leads, respectively, of "The Volga Boatman," persuaded her to fly to Santa Ana, where they became Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd.

**THERE'S** Roy D'Arcy, too, of the toothpaste smirk in "The Merry Widow," who was married to a beautiful Kentucky society matron—Mrs. Laura Rhinock Duffy. It savors of romance—their meeting. Mrs. Duffy became intrigued by D'Arcy's portrayal of the Crown Prince in the picture and when her father went to California, she accompanied him, and there met the flesh-and-blood counterpart of Crown Prince Miko. Followed the wedding march.

Louise Glau, also, has left the path of single blessedness which she has been treading since 1918 when she divorced Harry Edwards, a director, to become the mate of another director—Zachary Harris of New York. But before she became Mrs. Harris—about two weeks before—she filed a suit against the estate of the late Thomas H. Ince to gain $105,000 which she claims is due her because of a breach of contract. She was formerly a star under the Ince banner, you know.

And then a secret wedding that has leaked out. Rosemary Thoby, one of the best known vamps ever on the screen, married Harry Myers—Harry who delighted our hearts in "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." They were married in San Francisco a year and a half ago. Rosemary had been engaged to Harry Myers before he married the woman who is now his ex-wife.

**SOME** admiring friends sent a telegram of congratulation to Dolores Costello after seeing her performance in "The Sea Beast." The wire read:

"We think you are one of the greatest artists the screen has ever seen."

To which the exquisite Dolores responded:

"So's my old man."

**FEODOR CHALIAPIN,** the Russian singer, has expressed a desire to play in a picture with Pola Negri. He has been visiting Hollywood, seeing, hearing and talking movies and watching them being made.

Chaliapin and Pola have known each other for a good many years. They first met at a court function of the late Czar of Russia. The occasion was a memorable one inasmuch as Chaliapin was jailed for singing the song of the Red revolutionists.

He may appear with Pola in her next picture.

**OVERHEARD** at a Hollywood party as Mae Murray made her entrance, wearing a beautiful white evening gown, but for some unaccountable reason, a pair of cloth of gold sandals wrapped almost to her knees:

*Famous director to beautiful star:*

"Mae's not satisfied with playing The Merry Widow! She wants to be Ben Hur now."

**THERE is** a strong report circulating through Paris that when Pearl White goes to Cairo to make a series of desert films, she will be backed by a Prince of Egypt, who will also appear in the pictures with her.

The Prince, son of the Khedive of Egypt, believes he can outdo Valentino as a screen sheik, people say. Besides investing some of the royal exchequer to finance Miss White, he will play the leading masculine rôle opposite her. He seems to feel that the public is fed up with the pseudo sheiks that the films have featured so long. Now he is going to show them what a real sheik looks and acts like.

Just how the Prince's father, the Khedive, will take his son's entry into motion pictures is causing much wonderment in Paris.

**REMEMBER** when Corinne Griffith was quoted as saying that she couldn't stand being married to a man who had anything to do
As if it weren't enough that they are being starred by Cecil De Mille, Elinor Fair and William Boyd had to up and get married. And to each other, too. They met while playing "The Volga Boatmen." An elopement to Santa Ana did the rest.

with the movie business? And that was why she divorced Webster Campbell, a director, and married Walter Morosco who had given up a stage career to manufacture boilers.

Well, Walter's starting to direct now. Warner Brothers have engaged him to direct Irene Rich's next picture. Friends say Corinne is hearing up well under the bow.

"THE Best Similies of 1925," recently published, contain several anent the movies.

"Busy as a kiss-timer in a moving picture studio."

"As idle as a book in a movie star's library."

"Ever ready—like a taxi in a movie."

"Stands out as clearly as the bathrooms in a Cecil De Mille photoplay."

HOLLYWOOD and Broadway are wondering what is to become of the two children that Barbara La Marr adopted. The boy, Ivan, aged 5, is now at the home of ZaSu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery. The girl, aged 7, is at an expensive private school in Hollywood.

ZaSu took the little boy to her home at the beginning of Barbara's illness. Whether or not she intends to bring him up with her own young daughter remains to be seen. The future of the little girl depends upon the generosity of Hollywood and possible help from Barbara's father, W. W. Watson. Miss La Marr's estate amounted to less than ten thousand dollars.

THE foreign invasion of stars and directors continues. Among the latest is "the blond Valentinio" of Germany, whom Carl Laemmle brought home with him. His name is Andre Mattoni.

He is a son of an Italian father and an Austrian mother. I don't know what this makes Andre, but German film fans have claimed him for their own.

Mr. Laemmle also brought over E. A. Dupont, UPA's most popular director, who made the film, "Variety," which is causing a sensation in Europe. It will be released in this country under the title of "Vaudeville."

And ere long arrives Lya de Putti, another Hungarian rhapsody, to become a Paramount star. She made a great impression on visiting American producers in Dupont's picture, "Variety," which stars Emil Jannings.

Now we have Vilma Banky of Budapest, Pola Negri of Poland, Greta Garbo of Norway and Mille de Putti, all top-notchers, from foreign lands.

FATTY ARBUCKLE is to have a chance to earn some money at last. Metro-Goldwyn have engaged him to direct a new picture called "Over Night," which will feature Conrad Nagel.

However, the film company is playing safe. Fatty's name will not appear on the credit list. For directorial purposes he has taken the name of William Goodrich.

Thus all those towns which are still barring Arbuckle pictures will have no kick coming against showing the work of Mr. Goodrich.

Fatty has given up all hope of returning to the screen as an actor, but he is an excellent director of comedy.

Paramount must love trouble. With Pola on the lot, it now peps up things by importing Lya de Putti. Lya, known around Berlin as a temperamental baby, recently jumped out of a hotel window there. Her first picture to reach here will be "Variety." Undoubtedly.

"SORRY," says Gloria, "the stork is not hovering over our house. The report has been greatly exaggerated."

Well, she ought to know.

AND now Tove Jansen Blue is preparing a layette. Tove Jansen Blue is, in Beverly Hills and Hollywood circles, Mrs. Monte Blue, the beautiful wife of Monte, and the newcomer is expected early in the spring.

Of course, Monte hopes it will be a Little Boy Blue, but Mrs. Monte is preparing a layette all in blue—for a girl baby. A blue outfit for a Baby Blue.

JACK MULHALL says the most athletic girl he knows is the one who walked five miles for an ideal.

NO wonder Victor Schertzinger stopped writing songs for a living and turned to directing motion pictures. When he wrote "Marchetta," the ballad that ran a close second to "Yes, We Have No Bananas" for wave lengths traveled, the music publishers thought $50,000 was a good price for the song.

In a recent suit against the publishers, it was revealed that "Marchetta" earned them $750,000.

HENRY KING, than whom there is no more modest director extant, told us out Ronald Colman's entry into motion pictures.

Mr. King, you recall, directed "The White Sister," in which we first saw Ronald.

Mr. King was prowling around Italian theaters and Jewish theaters and vaudeville, looking for a man to play opposite Lillian Gish.
Being particularly good at discovering Latin screen material—she found Rudy Valentino, you remember—June Mathis, the famous scenario writer, recently discovered Balboni, a cameraman then. Now he's a First National director and June's husband.

Disease couldn't lick Theodore Roberts. In 1923 he was taken ill. His life hung in the balance. Now he's coming back, not quite strong, but well enough to sit in his wheel chair and good enough to be starred in "The Cat's Pajamas."

He had engaged Tyrone Power to play an Indian and instructed his assistant to send over Mr. Power's costume, part of which was a pair of Indian pants built along the lines of a cowboy's chaps.

Just before dinner Alan was called to the phone. It was Tyrone Power.

"Mr. Hale," said the actor. "I've just received the most extraordinary trousers as a part of my wardrobe. I can't possibly appear in them."

"And why?" asked Hale.

"Because they have no seat in them."

MARIE PREVOST had two good reasons for being unusually happy last month—her rapid recovery from the effects of an operation and a new contract with Metropolitan Pictures. And then came the news of her mother's death in an automobile accident.

Mrs. Prevost had been motoring to Florida with Vera Steadman of the Christie Studio and Al Christie, comedy producer, in Miss Steadman's car. The automobile was running at thirty miles an hour outside of Lordsburg, New Mexico, when a back wheel broke. The car spun around twice and turned over, pinning Christie and Miss Steadman beneath it. Mrs. Prevost was killed instantly; her back broken. The chauffeur was unhurt. Mr. Christie and Miss Steadman received superficial bruises.

MICKEY NEILAN was some seven hours late on his set one day. And the company waited and shivered—and then shivered and waited some more.

"Must have lost his script," hazarded a member of the cast.

"Sure," says the prop boy. "Must have lost his script and is now hunting through all the shirts in the Hollywood laundry to find it."

(You see, Mickey Neilan is famous for being)

in this picture. He saw Colman at the Empire Theater in "La Tendresse." Ronald, it seems, had come over from England and had knocked vainly at all the studio gates for months. So when a director, named King, sent for him, he thought it was a joke.

The first thing Mr. King said to Ronald was, "Let me part your hair." He took a comb and proceeded to regulate the mop of raven locks. Next he took a pencil and drew a mustache on Ronald's upper lip. "Seems silly, Mr. Colman," Mr. King almost apologized, "but a mustache is just what you need. Grow one."

"S. He did and he got the job.

NOT, gentle reader, Norma Talmadge and Tom Meighan will not make a picture together.

When the script for "My Woman" was submitted to Mr. Meighan, he found to his dismay, so they say, that Norma's part was fat and promising, while his—well, he's willing to co-star with Miss Talmadge but not to support her, cinematically speaking.

So it's all off and the two stars are looking for two new stories.

JOHN GILBERT and King Vidor came to New York to attend the premiere of "La Boheme," and Eleanor Boardman trailed along soon after. Eleanor hints that she may marry in the spring, but refuses to divulge the name of her fiancé. Divulging being our favorite indoor sport, we'll let you in on the secret. King Vidor's the man who has won the heart and hand of this independent, outspoken young person. They haven't announced their engagement, but Hollywood knows it to be as much a fact as the also unannounced engagement of Florence Vidor and George Fitzmaurice.

Now, where does that leave John Gilbert? Well, he's paying a lot of attention to his lady lately, with Leatrice loafing in the back-
one of the few surviving directors who "shoot from the cuff"—which means the only script he ever has is what's in his head, aided by an occasional note on the cuff.)

A RATHER devoid of riches Hollywood star was talking about the magnificent new mansion she was building in Beverly Hills.

"Why, I've even got a feudal system installed," said she, gravely.

RATHER, he was making: "The Prince of Pilsen." The man's name is "Chester"—last name unknown—and he hails from anywhere. Powell was posing them for a still picture.

CHESTER was standing so he partly obscured Anita Stewart, the star, and Allan Forrest was in the scene, too.

"Aw, gee! Mister Powell, I better stand in the back 'cuz nobody kin see de ledy!"

The director and camera man fainted.

ADOLPH MENJOU refuses to talk about his divorce suit. He charges in the suit that Mrs. Menjou scolded and found fault with him, calling him "good-for-nothing, puffed-up and conceited."

PATSY RUTH MILLER told me this story. But she refused to divulge—beg as I might—who the original was.

There was a certain youth in Hollywood, noted for his manly beauty, who had achieved a sudden success in pictures. One day, in the flush of his rapid ascendancy, he kindly presented a friend a picture of himself. And they went to the art shop to choose a frame for the picture.

Said the art shop keeper, scrutinizing it for a moment—it really was a handsome picture:

"This should have a narrow frame... because the head is so big!"

And the friend replied, blandly:

"Ah! You notice it, too?"

ALL the first-nighters turned out for the recent opening of Susse Hayakawa in "The Love City" on the stage in New York. Mae Murray, May McAvoy, Tom Meighan, Lila Lee, James Kirkwood, Hope Hampton, Ben Lyon, May Allison and Aileen Pringle were among the enthusiastic audience.

The play is a melodrama of the Orient.

JUST a poor lost little orphan. That's the way the press painted out Nita Naldi, the beautiful bait of many a screen drama. Almost had her adopted by J. Searle Baracy, a wealthy New York clubman.

Can't you picture our little Nita, shivering in the cold in a backless seamed gown with only a rope of pearls protecting her throat from the cruel blasts of the cold? Caviar? The foundling—or fondling?—story emanated from Paris.

But Nita, with her customary sense of humor, laughed when she heard the fabrication, said there was nothing to it, that she wasn't even going to marry the beneficent Mr. Barclay, that French women were the loveliest in the world, that life in the Gallic capital had her completely captivated, and that she did not know when she would return to Hollywood.

The world's perfect extra has been found! Paul Powell discovered him when he was making "The Prince of Pilsen." The man's name is "Chester"—last name unknown—and he hails from anywhere. Powell was posing them for a still picture.

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Sports events become doubly attractive when this smart sweater suit, shown on Norma Shearer, is worn. Trimly tailored, of zephyr wool, it comes in maize, powder blue, beige, pink, violet or white. Sizes 34-42. $15.00.

Miss Shearer's new tiro-piece frock shows a smartly different neckline. In navy, beige or Lanvin green this frock is perfect for evening wear. 1/,-.50. $1.00.

Oxfords now walk in the afternoon, and those of kid in suadeene, ivory, opal or blue-ke roee, with contrasting leather trim, are particularly smart. Sizes 5-8, AAA to D. $12.50.

The sandals come in suadeene, patent or white, with contrasting dotted trim. Sizes 2½ to 8 and AA to D. $10.50.

This charming crepe de chine gown in shell pink, peach and buttercup, sizes 34-44, is special value at $4.95. The crepe de chine red and step-ins cost $2.95 each, trimmed with dainty embroidery. Shell pink and peach, sizes 33-44.

Blanche Sweet wears this frock in "The Far Cry" and we have had it copied for you in a semi-made dress of flax crepe. The colors are French blue, rosewood, gray or Nile. Sizes 14-20 and 34-42. The price is $10.95.
**SUGGEST SPRING**

The smart little felt hat above may be ordered in the new spring shades for the modest sum of $3.95

This felt hat is for the more mature woman, and comes in a 24 inch headsize. The price is $9.75

The gay silk neckerchief shown above is smart to wear with your tailored suit or coat. Price $7.95. Pocket handkerchief to match is $1.50

Don a bouffant taffeta evening frock like Mae Murray's and fare forth to spring festivities with a high heart. Pink, rose and maize. Sizes 14-20. $29.75. Crepe satin is smart and practical for early spring wear. This little frock of Miss Murray's ties its sash perily in front. Black and cocoa. Sizes 14-20. $18.50

These handmade undergarments of fine batiste trimmed with hand drawn work and real fillet lace, are remarkable values. The rest and step-ins cost $1.95 each, and the nightgown is $2.95. White only. Sizes 34-44

The diaphragm belt sketched above may be worn over, or in place of, a corset, and gives the much-desired straight front and back line. Price $3.00. State size. The shanty little bandeau comes in white or pink satin, sizes 32-38. Price $1.00

This semi-made shantung dress is adapted from one worn by Clara Bow in "Dancing Mothers." "Semi-made" means cut out, ready to be put together, with the most difficult part of the work, such as the tucking on the skirt, completed. Natural color only. Trimmed with green, red or blue. Sizes 14-20, and 34-44. Price $8.95


DANCING MOTHERS—Paramount

H E R B E R T B R E N O N scores again. The renowned creator of film fantasy has here turned out a realistic, fast moving drama of smart night life.

It concerns a gentle wife who would a-flapping go. Her sub-deb daughter and her distinguished husband leave her home, night after night, while they seek the white lights. Finally, mother puts on her smartest evening gown and rebels. The complication is that she falls in love with the same handsome bachelor who is loved by her daughter and her husband’s sweetie.

Clara Bow’s performance as the pepy little daughter is beautifully handled. Norman Trevor does very well by the father. But Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle as the mother and the lover are rather disappointing.

PARTNERS AGAIN—POTASH AND PERLMUTTER
—United Artists

A B E and Mawruss are thoroughly delightful as usual. This time they are in the automobile business. Abe, with his yard wide streak of sentimentality, gets hooked into a scheme that he fondly hopes will cover Mawruss’s fat fingers with square cut diamonds. Instead, he loses everything but his shirt, and thereby hangs the tale. Of course, it is up to Mawruss to get him out of the scrape.

We think there is more real romance between Abe and Rosie Potash than in all the impassioned love scenes ever devised by Madame Glyn. There is young romance in the picture, too, between Abe’s niece and his head mechanic.

The number of laughs and thrills that director Henry King has wrung out of a runaway automobile and an aeroplane, is incredible. George Sidney is always a lovable Abe.

THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER—Paramount

A D R A M A T I C bonbon that will not improve your mind nor help you hold your husband nor solve how to pay the mortgage. But how it will delight you if you belong to that class which finds an uplifted eyebrow more stimulating than a heaving chest.

It is love in high society with a charm as gentle and exhilarating as spring about it. Like all well made bonbons, it is pure and sweet and ultra-sophisticated.

Malcom St. Clair has directed it flawlessly. Another picture of this calibre from this young man and his will be a name well worth following to any box office.

The title tells the whole story. In fact, the story matters not at all in this picture. It is the talents of Adolph Menjou and Florence Vidor shining forth from it like bubbles in champagne that make it the delicious thing it is.

Florence, appearing more beautiful and smartly gowned than ever before, plays an impoverished and very grand Duchess. Menjou is a French sportsman, who pretends to be a waiter simply to know and serve her. Suspecting his lowly love, the Grand Duchess, not suspecting his wealth, determines to humiliate him into leaving. She makes him wash the dogs. She makes him take them, four wolfhounds and two poms, for a walk in the park. She makes him sleep on her doorstep and retrieve her book from her bathtub. Menjou executes all her commands, suave and smitten to the end. And then when love begins to dawn on the Grand Duchess—well, go see it for yourself.

Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma down to the baby.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month
IRENE PARTNERS AGAIN THE BLACKBIRD
THE GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER
BEHIND THE FRONT DANCING MOTHERS

The Six Best Performances of the Month
Adolphe Menjou in
"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"
Dorothy Gish in "Nell Gwyn"
Alice Terry in "Mare Nostrum"
Clara Bow in "Dancing Mothers"
Wallace Beery in "Behind the Front"
Raymond Hatton in "Behind the Front"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 152

THE BLACKBIRD—Metro-Goldwyn

LON CHANEY has placed himself in the foreground as one who can accurately analyze any human soul and any human emotion. This is one of the finest characterizations to Chaney's credit. He doesn't resort to heavy make-up to put over his character. Even when he appears as the cripple, he shows how he merely throws his shoulders and hips out of joint and hobbles on crutches.

As clever as Chaney is, Tod Browning's direction is just as remarkable. In the delineation of his English characters and haunts his interpretation rings true. He has a born storyteller's gift of entertaining narrative—for he wrote the story.

It is one of those crooked affairs that is filled with suspense. Excellent entertainment and so mystifying that we'll wager you'll like to see it again.

Don't pass it up.
MARE NOSTRUM—Metro-Goldwyn

A MOST disappointing film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." Most of the New York critics dodged the issue, because of its foreign atmosphere and the reputation of Rex Ingram. Doubtful of its entertainment value they attributed to it artistic merit which it does not possess. A repulsive quality to it sent this writer to a soda fountain to get the bad taste out of his mouth.

THE RECKLESS LADY—First National

BELLE BENNETT and Lois Moran are together again in another vehicle with a mother love theme. But it hasn't the poignant heart-appeal of "Stella Dallas." It's about a mother who frequents the gambling houses in Paris in order to furnish her daughter with the necessities of life. Of course the daughter is ignorant of the mother's carryings-on, but all the dirt comes out in the wash. Good entertainment.

DANCE MADNESS—Metro-Goldwyn

THERE'S nothing new in the plot—hubby wandering away from the fireside and wife setting out to win him back—but the whole picture is filled with such a gay and humorous charm (thanks to Robert Leonard, the director), that you'll just love it. And, too, it establishes Conrad Nagel as a splendid comedian. It's too sexy for the children.

ROCKING MOON—Producers Dist.

A GOOD story against a new and interesting background. Rocking Moon is an island in Alaskan waters, owned by Sasha (Lilyan Tashman), only descendant of the Russian settlers who discovered it. Sasha raises blue foxes. The beautiful creatures scamper through the picture. Laska Winter gives an interesting interpretation of a half-breed Indian girl who wants the love of a white man.

MEMORY LANE—First National

WRITTEN and directed by John M. Stahl, this is one of the most delightful and charming romances screened. To begin with, the production is not pretentious, and Stahl has done his work with feeling and discrimination. As to the story—well, it's about two boys and a girl. The cast is excellent—Eleanor Boardman is the charming heroine; Conrad Nagel and William Haines, the rival lovers.
CHARLES RAY—not as the country bumpkin, but quite the man about town—is so decidedly human that we'll never forgive him if he goes back to his former roles. Charlie marries a beauty contest winner and when she learns of his wimmen she leaves him. He makes good and proves that he's worthy of her love. There are a lot of laughs throughout, and we know you'll enjoy this.

OUR favorite plot is back again, and it affords as much amusement as ever. Director Scott Sidney has handled the racing scenes well and not forgetting that the audience likes to chuckle now and then. The big race scene is very thrilling. In fact, the audience became so enthused one would think everyone had placed five over the board. Splendid entertainment.

ANOTHER silly vehicle featuring Matt Moore and Marie Prevost. It's not the fault of the members of the cast, for goodness knows, they seem to be struggling to try and save this from the boredom class. The fault lies in the ridiculous story—an heiress, in search of adventure, befriends a coal heaver and endeavors to make him the toast of society. Then she falls in love with him and—happy ending.

NEW YORK loves to advertise—even itself. Its scenes of gay and glamorous luxury lure many a young village hopeful to New York and disillusion her, but this story proves that a good girl can fight the city slickers despite all the temptations. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]
Manhattan Technique

Certainly it's true that a chorus girl learns a lot about acting

By Ruth Waterbury

“They slyly me,” she drawled, “these movie people. I never met any of them until I went to play my first picture. In the beginning I couldn't believe them. They go around saying, ‘This is a wow of an idea,’ or ‘Listen to this gag, baby.’ She paused and searched for expression. She sighed, ‘They slyly me,’ she confessed finally.

Describing Louise presents its difficulties. She is so very Manhattan. Very young. Exquisitely hard-boiled. Her black eyes and sleek black hair are as brilliant as Chinese lacquer. Her skin is white as a camelia. Her legs are lyric. She has been one of the decorative daughters of the night life of New York for three seasons. George White first displayed her in the “Scandals.” Ziegfeld got her next season for the “Follies.” He hung on to her until the movies nabbed her.

She started in pictures with “The American Venus.” It was only a small part. After all the picture had the specially signed Fay Lamplier, the chosen Miss America; Esther Ralston and the entire Atlantic City beauty pageant for eye fillers with Ford Sterling, Edna Mae Oliver and Lawrence Gray to do a little acting. Nobody intended Louise to be particularly important and Louise didn’t bother to mention to anyone that she was.

Then Paramount saw her rushes. They signed her for five years. That’s how good she is. A good chorus girl learns a lot of things, and Louise was an excellent chorus girl.

When she started work on her second picture, Menjou’s “A Social Celebrity,” she found they had given her the role of a manicurist. It was a very little rôle. No one remembers Louise having kicked about it. She said she’d play it. Mal St. Clair was the director.

But somehow Greta Nissen left the cast and the leading feminine rôle. Somehow the part got rewritten, and almost before anyone knew it Louise was playing it. It was still the part of the manicurist, but it was also the lead. Menjou says she is one of the finest actresses he has ever seen. So does Mal St. Clair. So does the Paramount publicity staff.

Yes, Louise is very good indeed.

She was in bed when I called, most of her completely obscured by a bathrobe of Turkish toweling. It was noon, but she had been up earlier horseback riding. After that, Louise explained, she had to receive in bed.

She started her career at Denishawn, that school of dancing of Ruth St. Denis’ and Ted Shawn’s. She studied two months and then they signed her to dance on tour with them as one of their leading soloists.

“You must have been very talented to be starred by them so immediately,” I said.

Another wise glance winged its way upward.

“They needed somebody in a hurry, somebody young and inexpensive,” Louise explained. The possibilities of kidding Louise seemed very remote.

“Miss St. Denis is very strict,” she added. “She wouldn’t let us smoke or eat candy or stay up late or anything. We did nothing but work and dance. Some [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]
A STARTLING daughter of the girl revues of Broadway, Louise Brooks wandered into Famous Players' studio to do a bit. She did her bit so well the whole studio realized they had discovered a potential star. On the opposite page you'll find her story.
THE months since her marriage to Lefty Flynn have found Viola Dana too happy to be very ambitious. Finally Mickey Neilan coaxed her to do two pictures. Then Universal began telephoning her. The result is Vi's name on the dotted line for "Crashing Timbers."
NORMA SHEARER can be shorn as a butcher’s boy. Yet she remains one of the most feminine of stars. Beauty, intelligence and talent are hers. Following her vacation in New York, Norma returned to Hollywood to play in “The Devil’s Circus.”
BEAUTIFUL Florence Vidor is now appearing in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," a Continental comedy which will introduce this erstwhile demure lady into the realm of sophisticated screenhood.
The Dissatisfied Beauty

BY Adela Rogers St. Johns

Some women are born beautiful and others acquire beauty. For instance, Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge have both acquired beauty. Mary's beauty is as much a result of the loveliness of her mind as anything else. Norma's is the result of careful and intelligent development of her good points and a skillful, an inspired, use of her marvelous grace and of lighting and photography raised to the nth degree. Either of them can shield their beauty and become quite plain.

Florence Vidor, on the other hand, was born with a face of such proportion and coloring that at all times and under all circumstances—I have seen her after three sets of tournament tennis and when she woke up at five A. M. to the call of an alarm clock in a location tent—she is beautiful.

Also, there is a great difference between a pretty, even a beautiful woman, and A Beauty.

A beautiful or pretty woman is simply one who has sufficient degree of good looks to please the eye and dazzle the senses.

A Beauty is a woman whose looks will overshadow everything else about her and become the one paramount fact of her personality and existence if she doesn't look out.

We have thousands of pretty girls and women in Hollywood. We have some start in types and some who have acquired a large degree of grace and beauty to use in their dramatic work. And we have three or four real beauties.

Of these, to my sense of things and I think to most of Hollywood, Florence Vidor stands out most prominently.

And she is the only dissatisfied beauty I have ever known.

There are many of them. They have all done that is necessary in life. Their dispositions, their intellects receive practically no attention.

Now, in consequence of this, it is a provable fact that many of the screen stars who possess real beauty and nothing else, have slipped into early oblivion. It wouldn't be kind to mention their names here, but if you will think a moment you can place it out for yourself.

Mostly, that happened because they thought being beautiful was ENOUGH. They gave nothing more. They created nothing. People got tired of just looking at them and oblivion engulfed them, while girls like Colleen Moore, Renee Adorée, Norma Shearer and Bebe Daniels, none of whom would ever claim to have been given real beauty in the beginning, have swept to the heights.

Not so long ago, it looked as though Florence Vidor might be headed for the backwaters, after several stupid pictures.

Instead, she has swung upward with amazing speed, and as a result of her work in her last two PARAMOUNT pictures, "The Grand Duel," and "Sea Horses," the powers that be are openly declaring that she is to be one of the really great stars, while rumor whispers that she is being groomed to take Gloria Swanson's place on the program.

Why? How did she manage to avoid those stagnant waters? Because she is the dissatisfied beauty. That's all.

The tight that girl is making and has always made to let her beauty dominate her, not to let it swamp her and become the chief thing about her, is one of the game things I've ever seen.

Florence doesn't think just being a beauty is ENOUGH. She doesn't think it's anything of importance at all. She tries to build her whole life on the basis of ignoring it altogether. That is why she is, to me, the most remarkable woman in Hollywood.

I have never known Florence Vidor to take advantage of her beauty. Just as most women intrude their womanhood upon important matters, just as most women take advantage of their sex in contests or arguments or street cars, deny it as they may, so do most beauties intrude their beauty. They use it to gain their own ends, to put you at a disadvantage to subdue a situation. They substitute it for brains and culture. Not Florence Vidor. She always meets everybody, man or woman, upon their own ground.

I have seen her discuss and argue all sorts of questions—she has very definite and deeply-thought-out opinions on a wide variety of subjects—with such men as Michael Arlen and Laurence Stallings and the great Hungarian playwright, Vadija, with such force and honesty and humor that before you knew it they were paying her the supreme compliment of treating her as an intellectual equal.

Yet that isn't because she was naturally endowed with great brilliancy. She has a sure, receptive mind, that cannot be shaken by mere words. She has a real, gorgeous sense of humor. She has cultivated and improved all of these. By reading and studying and application, she has gained culture and polished her wit. With care and thought she has gained a poise which permits her to use all these things to their very best advantage.

She exerts herself to be charming, which is not always the habit of beauties. I don't mean that she is affected. Her naturalness is the most attractive thing about her. But she can listen appreciatively, she can encourage and stimulate others to do and be at their best. She is not above taking pains, as all women now and in the past who wish to be charming have always done, to see that everyone is comfortable and to somewhat control the conversation and atmosphere of her home.

[Continued on page 125]
How to Be a Producer

By Dorothy Herzog

The simplest way to tell that is to relate how young Irving Thalberg got that way abandoned to learn shorthand and typewriting. Secretarial work won him next. He became man Friday to an exporter and eventually rose to bossing himself. This position offered no future, so determined young Irving cannoned himself and millionaired it to Long Island on his savings.

Here he met Carl Laemmle, rotund president of Universal Pictures. Thalberg didn't know if Universal Pictures were postal cards or a tabloid paper, but he soon learned. The boardwalk acquaintance blossomed and the two men swapped ideas. Mr. Laemmle liked the youth's vitality, enthusiasm and ferocity, and offered him a secretarial job. Irving turned it down flat. It came too easy. Perhaps this was the first and last time Carl Laemmle ever met with such an experience. He served to make him remember Thalberg.

Some time later, C.L., as Irving calls him, went a-visiting to his company's distributing offices. What was his surprise to spy his boardwalk vis-a-vis ensconced behind a desk. He learned Thalberg had just walked in and talked himself into the job. Whereupon C.L. transferred him promptly to the once disdained secretarial position.

From this Irving learned the intricacies of running a huge motion picture concern. He learned what the exhibitors wanted, or thought they wanted. He learned how the public responded to various types of pictures. And all this time he was working a la a family of ants. When C.L. departed for Europe and left his alert secretary on the Coast, Thalberg plunged avidly into production routine. He achieved so much in a short period that C.L. gave him the job permanently. In less time than it takes to sew a button on an overcoat, Irving Thalberg had risen to be general production director of the massive Universal plant.

So "they" — the picture folk — pointed to him as the "boy wonder," "the Miracle Man," a genius of motion pictures. George Randolph Chester, now denied, took exception to such rantings and penned satirical fiction for a great weekly around young Thalberg, baptizing his story character, Izy Einstei. Through Izy, Irving became a national figure.

Now it happens that Mr. Thalberg has, foremost among his business code, three principles: Stick to a good idea enthusiastically until it materializes; work eight hours daily in three unions; never remain in a job when you have everything from it you can get.

Obeying the latter principle, he left Universal to become Louis B. Mayer's lieutenant. Mr. Mayer, then an independent producer, gave his aid plenty of rope. Instead of hanging himself, Thalberg did tricks with it, tricks that box-office and public relished.

So it came about that when Mr. Mayer merged with Metro-Goldwyn, he took Irving Thalberg with him. That wide-awake organization rewarded the youth's impressive results by making him Vice President, raising his salary to dizzy figures and placing him in charge of his own... (continued on page 130)
Miss Camilla Livingston
of the smart younger set tells how a girl should study her looks

Her summers are as gay and varied as a printed silk. To Paris and the Lido at Venice; to Newport to visit a chum; at her father's country estate at Huntington, on the famous North Shore of Long Island.

But no matter how busy she is with these gay good times, she manages to give her youthful skin the care it needs, rejoicing that so little time is required with Pond's Two Creams, which she daily uses as follows:-

FOR cleansing the skin and keeping it supple apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly every night before retiring and once or twice during the day, especially after exposure. Leave it on a few moments, so that its pure oils may bring to the surface the dirt which clogs the pores. Wipe off all cream and dirt and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, apply more cream at night and leave it on until morning.

FOR a finish, a powder-base and a soft protection, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after a cleansing with the Cold Cream and always before you powder. Now your skin has a soft even surface to which your powder clings smoothly and long. And if you use this cream before going out, it will protect your skin from all extremes of weather, and from wind, sleet and dust.

Buy Pond's Two Creams—the Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars—and follow this method Miss Camilla Livingston and her friends use to keep their skin fresh and fit.

Free Offer Fill out and mail coupon if you would like trial tubes of each of these famous Creams and a folder with instructions for using.

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People accost her in restaurants, the subway and office to demand what kind of scenarios movie producers want, and if it's true you gotta have a drag to get them accepted.

Confessions of a Movie Critic

By Rose Pelswick

Part III—How It's Done

What Has Gone Before:

The life of the movie critic was sparkling related, and phases of interviewing celluloid celebrities revealed. These concluding chapters bare the remaining secrets of the profession, and then, knowing all, you too, may be able to be ordained an authority on motion pictures, and have admiring friends say to you, "What interesting people you must meet in your line of work!"

People stop me on the street, in restaurants, in the subway, and even in the office, and, holding up a copy of last Thursday's paper in which I had interviewed a prominent producer on the subject of "Has the Amateur Scenario Writer a Chance?" demand, as one golf player to another, "What kind of scenarios do these producers want, and is it true that you've gotta have a drag to get them accepted?"

For the benefit of whomever this may benefit, I have here outlined several favorite situations. If one company can't use a script based on them, send it to another. Film producers welcome amateur scenarios, as the process encourages the sale of postage stamps.

First of all, there is the hardened miner who comes to Devil's Hollow, and falls in love with little Nell, the miner's nugget.

There is a villain who tries to get hold of the plans—any plans will do—and Nell is iniminated to protect the girl from the city. So the Nature's Nobleman strides into the saloon and shoots up thirty-eight bandits with two shots of his gun before the Royal Northwest Mounted and the United States Marines can come to the rescue. After which Nell shows him her mother's picture, which is in the locket she always wears, and saddling Pinto, they ride off happily into the dawn of a new tomorrow.

The "papa love mama?" motif is very good. Mrs. Vandyke Schuyler is a society butterfly, and Mr. Vandyke Schuyler is a Wall Street Power in spots. Each goes his or her separate ways, leaving little Imogene Schuyler alone, except for fifteen servants, in the palatial mockery of a home. Imogene plays in the backyard with the gardener's little boy and develops a case of the mumps. Both parents are hastily summoned to the child's bedside, and at the poignant prattle, are reunited. There can also be a fire, a locked door, and a faithful dog.

A child is found in the desert, with a crest embroidered on its underwear. It is adopted by a prominent sheik, and twenty years later, a beautiful Boston debutante, commuting on a camel, is captured by wicked Bedouins. The young sheik, Ali Bi rescues her and makes fervent protestations of his love. There are desert duels, a flash-back and a religious uprising, and it is discovered, believe it or not, that twenty years ago, jealous relatives who wanted to get hold of the family emeralds, had left this heir to one of the greatest British fortunes on the desert sands to be sunburned.

"We are lost!" the captain shouted as he staggered from the bowl. Dick, who has been unable to join the college activities because of the early hours required... (Continued on page 125)
The Joyous Art 
of Being Well

How thousands conquered their ills, found fresh vitality, youthful energy—
with the aid of one simple, natural food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health, Health Research Dept. 16, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"AS WRESTLING COACH at the University of Michigan I first found out the value of Fleischmann's Yeast. To a number of athletes suffering from boils and stomach trouble I recommended it as a trial. The results were surprising. Stomach troubles were helped almost at once while boils and skin afflictions soon disappeared. At the Detroit Physical Culture Show, where I had a booth, I talked with scores of men and women who had benefited by it. Thus I found that Fleischmann's Yeast helps the average man or woman as well as the athlete in training."

CLIFFORD L. THORNE.
Detroit, Mich.

"MY SKIN BROKE OUT in ugly blotches. Eating irregularly caused stomach trouble. Then I became constipated. One day a friend advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I started to eat it that day. In a month's time I was a new person. Every blemish had vanished from my skin. My eyes sparkled. My appetite was excellent. All as the result of Fleischmann's Yeast."

ETHEL PATRICK, Boston, Mass.

"AFTER THE WORLD WAR, I returned home with health greatly impaired. I suffered from numerous ailments, including constipation. One day by chance I saw Yeast cakes served in a restaurant. I decided to try them. I soon noticed I was getting back my appetite and my constipation was leaving me. I am now feeling fine—due to Fleischmann's Yeast."

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The Movie Outline of History

Second of a series in which we present to you the movie heroes

Originally came the knight! He, according to the long shots, was the first tin soldier. Masked here behind what looks like an ancient and honorable coal grate you see him battling for his lady fair. 'Tis she semaphoring from the tower. Such a knight as this did not need sex appeal—just a real good heart and beefy biceps. The cemetery at the left is his own private resting place for his luckless rivals.

The second step in heroes—the big army and navy man. In the nick of time and the neck of the woods he always appears to save the fainting heroine. Gad! what a guy! A strong, severe, son of a sea cook.

And third, that old, old cry down the ages, "Fireman, save my child!" Out of the smoke and flame, on to the celluloid, he comes, our movie hero, clutching the toothful kiddie and tossing him out of camera range. As his reward he wins the little widowed mother to support the rest of his life.

Yet who—or what—can compare with our modern hero, Hollywood's great gift to girls, the strong silent he-man of the great open shirt front? Pure as Ivory soap, spotless as a sepulchre, he is not a man to have his women trifled with. One blow. He hooks the villain, while beautiful Bertha decides to hook him in marriage. They are each other's forever, or till alimony does them part.
Are you curious?

"There isn't much of a secret about it," she replied to her friend's question.

"But your hair is so much more attractive than it used to be."

"And more than that," she said, "I'm finally rid of that unsightly dandruff that used to bother me so much."

"How did you do it?"

Then she explained about Listerine's usefulness in treating and beautifying the hair.

* * *

* The method is really very simple. Just mark down the following statement as a fact: Listerine and dandruff simply do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you know your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—Listerine.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

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We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS
Negligees for Hours of Ease

Chosen by beautiful stars to please you

A sweet patootie in a pajama is Norma Shearer. They’re of old rose velvet with a sleeveless jacket of gorgeously brilliant Chinese brocade.

Connie Talmadge has to make her arms behave while within this creation of gold lace and fox over gold chiffon. Also she has to watch her diet.

From one queen to another is the story of Aileen Pringle’s negligee (right). Its beautiful lace once made a wedding veil for the Czarina Alexandra of Russia.

If you’re a blonde angel like Claire Windsor, at left, choose this style. Of peach chiffon and silver age, its inspiration is the Moyen age.

An underskirt of silver cloth, pale green chiffon, rhinestones and satin, these combine in beauty and dignity for Myrtle Stedman’s wear (right).
THEY KEEP THEIR HANDS BEAUTIFULLY GROOMED
THIS EXQUISITE WAY

ALL over the world, thousands of women have solved a most important problem of personal grooming.

It used to be such a difficult thing to keep their cuticle smooth and shapely— with its provoking way of growing tight to the nail and splitting off in shreds.

Now it is so simple.

No cutting or jabbing to injure the tender skin. Just a gentle working around the nail base with the antiseptic liquid Cutex, and the rims are freed from the nails quickly and safely—transformed to the prettiest ovals imaginable!

And every other detail of the manicure is now cared for with Cutex preparations as effectively and quickly.

No wonder fastidious women everywhere use this famous method. You will find Cutex preparations in Paris, London, Madrid ... in all the smart shops at the French Resorts, in the fashionable stores on Fifth Avenue—places patronized by those women who observe the niceties of the toilette.

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FIRST wash your hands in warm, soapy water. File the nails. Dip the orange stick in Cutex, twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Now gently loosen and remove the dead dry skin that clings to the nail base. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips to clean them and smooth the least bit of Nail White under the tips. Now rinse your hands again. The cuticle is smooth and shapely, the tips flawless. For the final touch, use any of the splendid Cutex polishes, cake, paste, powder or the lasting liquid.

This same gentle care once a week will keep your hands lovely always. Buy one of the convenient Cutex sets from 35c to 25.00 wherever toilet goods are sold. Separate preparations, 35c.


SEND 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex, Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, entry board, orange stick, cotton and helpful booklet.

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Under the most trying of hygienic handicaps!
—plus an easy-disposal feature every woman will appreciate

By Ellen J. Buckland, Graduate Nurse

THE oldest of hygienic problems remains a problem no longer!
By perfecting an entirely new method, modern science has supplanted the old-time sanitary pad with protection that is real.

Dainty frocks, sheer and misty, go now with care-free minds—any time, any day. You are immaculate, and know it beyond all doubt!

Factors that have upset former hygienic theories

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton—covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a sheet of tissue—without embarrassment.

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If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

You can get it anywhere, today

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it provides. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed you without charge.

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learn something of business I will give you a card to William Eldridge. I think he can find a place for you in his office."

Roger lifted surprised eyebrows.

"In his office?" he echoed. "Why, that will be all right, I suppose, but I rather thought that you would take me in with you—in a small capacity to begin with, of course."

"I'd rather have you learn the details of some other business," he said. "His voice was just a little vague.

So Roger went to work in the office of William Eldridge, elderly bond dealer and broker. He found contentment in the routine. It was with a glow of satisfaction that he roused to the ringing of the alarm clock, dashed into a cold shower, and took Bruiser for a brisk walk on the Avenue. He liked the office, with its air of cleanly, dignified dealings. He liked the feeling of being a part of "big business." He came to regard himself as a very important part of the firm's financial success. He was not popular in the office. He was known—rightly—as a snob.

Roger found another happiness in the suddenly awakened interest displayed in him by his father. Burke Trenton spent many of his evenings at home now, and he talked with his son as man to man, concerning business. He was sympathetically anxious to know of Roger's work. He questioned him as to details, how this and that was arranged; what pools his firm was participating in; what mergers were being contemplated. He encouraged Roger to find out things he did not know.

Then on an evening when he was twenty, one of his bored acquaintances proposed that the entire endowed group should "go slumming" in the region of Little Italy; and for an explicit destination take in the Beauty Ball that was being given that night at Mussolini Hall. A contest was being held among the fair maids of Little Italy, and the winner was to have a trip to Hollywood, with the promise of six weeks' work in a motion picture. It was sure to be rich, the competition between the wop damsels. Not awfully amusing, of course, but then it was something with which to pass an evening.

Mussolini Hall was crowded with light and color and music. The elite of Little Italy throned the wide oval dance floor, and the undertone of softly slushing feet was like the sibilant dragging of waves upon a sandy shore. The music was joyous, blaring. The girls were decked out in their loudest finery. And their dark eyes went, intermittently, hopefully, to the flag-draped box at the end of the hall, where in state sat the dressed and perfumed rulers of the ward, with a group of rather bored looking individuals who were loudly whispered to be "the movie directors! The guys who pick the winning dame!"

Roger had dropped his air of boredom as completely as if he had checked it at the door with his hat and top coat. For he was dancing with Gianina. It was the fourth time he had danced with her. He found in her an instinct for rhythm that matched his own. Her beauty was not the full blown, heavy-boomed type of the eagerly dancing girls about them. She was exquisitely slender; her skin was the creamy white of the magnolia, and her great dark eyes had the tiniest upward slant at the outward corners. Her mouth was richly red. It was not a sensual mouth. Rather was it humorous, fastidious, impersonal. They had found each other quite by accident. Not only the superficial finding that an introduction had accomplished, but the deeper, inner sense of kindred spirits come suddenly upon each other. Their minds were grooved to fit each other. They danced without talking. But between the intermissions they chatted like children.

"You are just the same, I would have known you anywhere," he declared for the fifth time.

"You look a lot the same too," she answered, "except that you are cleaner."

They laughed happily at that.

"I still have my dog, Bruiser—the puppy you started the fight for."

"Oh, have you really? Funny little dog, wasn't he? One black eye. I remember he looked as if he had been in a fight himself."

It did not occur to him to be surprised at Gianina's diction and poise. She could not have been her exquisite self without them. He did not know that on the day of the fight, some eight years ago, her ear had caught the inflection of a style of language new to her. She had liked it. And she had adapted it painstakingly, through schooling and observation, until it had become a part of her.

That night the teeter-totter was poised. It was at rest. They could have come to the middle of it then, and clasped hands. Already their minds were reaching out to each other. And their eyes were bridging the gap between them. They smiled at each other now with a kind of wonder—they danced again, and then again.

"You picked a super-gorgeous wop femme," remarked one of Roger's friends enviously in the next intermission—"beauty, isn't she? Funny about these wop girls, how they get their good looks. Take a slant at her old man!"

Roger looked. And it was as if an icy shower called him gaspingly out of a warm and pleasant dream.

Her father! That fat Italian grocer with the bulging eyes and the bristling black mustachios! He felt suddenly sick and weak. He excused himself with only a muttered word, and left the hall. He walked hurriedly, interminably. Fool! Crazy fool! A girl of that class! To have thought of loving her—of marrying her—he. Roger Trenton, giving his name to the daughter of a wop grocer—fool—unspeakable fool—

Gianina's eyes searched hopefully for him at the beginning of the next fox trot. She said, "No," in swift, impatient succession to a score of sleek-haired youths from The Street.

A slim, rather bored gentleman in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]
From Cheramy comes Youth in April Showers

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April Showers Crème Rouge, in light and dark shades. St. Toilet Water, diffused loveliness. $2.00. Perfume, sparkling vials of enchantment, $1.00, $2.50 and $3.00. Sachet, breathing the freshness of Youth. $1.00. Double Compact, a little silvery jewel with beauty inside. $2.00. Face Powder, in the five true tones, 75c.

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This Cheramy has achieved, and more... From the traditions of Old France Cheramy has now created April Showers, the Perfume Of Youth!

It is an odor of poetic loveliness... glowing with the languorous freshness of Springtime... It will add to your charm that bit of sorcery your mirror cannot show—and give you the self-confidence and assurance which is the very soul and essence of Irresistible Youth.

More precious than jewels or fresh as anything 'ed to loveliness is the youthful vitality of a clear, soft skin—for in one's face all charm and animation are centered. That you may have—and keep—a beautiful complexion, Cheramy Youth Creams have been created. Cleansing The, Tissue Building, $1.00 and Vanishing Cream, 50c. Use these creams every day, and see how remarkably your skin responds to their sure and simple treatment.

CHERAMY
NEW YORK
Cappi and April Showers
Deauville! Most colorful spot in all southern France! Gathering place of the ultra-sophisticated! What a glorious pageant of fashion is witnessed there!

Echoed now from this fashion center comes a delightful new mode. Now one chooses her powder puff as a definite part of her costume—to blend with stockings, garters, lingerie; to complement her charm. And, translated into a lovely new powder puff—“Corail”—Gainsborough bring this, fashion’s latest offering, to you.

Color borrowed from the sunset; velour of luxuriant softness, plus the other attributes of quality so typical of Gainsborough puffs—gives to this new Corail an added chic. You’ll love the coral color from which it gets its name.

This and other Gainsborough powder puffs come in sizes for every need, for vanity, dressing table or bath. Corail in velour only, prices 15, 20 and 25c. Other puffs in wool or velour, prices from 10 to 75c.
BE picturesque and let who will be tailored. That is the fashion edict for spring. Bebe Daniels illustrates with this elaborately beautiful costume in "Miss Brewster's Millions." Of gold lace over a cloth of gold slip, it is trimmed with tiny mirrors.
Sleep -- Nature's Great Restorer!

To make your sleep most comfortable, restful and refreshing—equip your beds with

**WAY Sagless Springs**

Only by looking for the red stripes on the frame can you be sure of getting the patented Way features which mean so much in lasting sleeping comfort and restfulness. The "Way" story is an interesting one—write for it.

**Way Sagless Spring Co.**
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**Vilma Banky, the beautiful, the bewitching and the non-vapid**

**The Girl on the Cover**

*By Cal York*

... entered upon the scene Mr. Samuel Goldwyn of Hollywood, U. S. A.

Samuel had heard of Vilma and Villa's company had heard of Samuel. Mr. Goldwyn wanted to get to Miss Banky but the Gloria Film Company, the producing unit of UFA for which Vilma worked, didn't want Miss Banky to get to him. So they kept the golden Vilma working so busily the scouting American was unable to see her until it was almost time for him to return to America.

A wise, kind America-loving sommelier, however, told the young lady about the opportunity that was hanging in the balance. She rushed to Mr. Goldwyn and caught him an hour before train time. In that hour she signed the contract that brought her over here.

Her first love scenes in "The Dark Angel" opposite Ronald Colman, drew weak women to tears and strong men to poetry. Her second picture, when she was first married to Valentino, "The Eagle," proved her so valuable that Mr. Goldwyn decided he couldn't afford to loan her again to any other organization. Forthwith he purchased "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Garden of Allah," that tempting, torrid romance of Robert Hitches, just for her. All of which simply goes to show what happens when a girl like Vilma starts at work.
Now—This fine “hard-milled” soap keeps your skin smooth—fragrant—youthful

Look closely at an exquisite complexion. Notice its clean, fine texture, delicate as the petals of a flower. Pores are practically invisible.

**The Safest Beauty Treatment**

Cleanliness is the surest way to enviable skin. But cleanliness is not mere application of soap and water. Care in selecting the soap you use is most important.

Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face and hands. It is “hard-milled,” which means the cake is hard and firm—not the least bit squishy. With Cashmere Bouquet only enough soap penetrates the pores to cleanse them. Thus no soap stays in the pores. It all dissolves bringing dust and dirt out with it, leaving the pores clean and unstifled, which is the way nature meant them to be.

*Expert dermatologists, physicians* who know all about skin, say water and the right soap should be used every day to keep skin smooth and youthful.

Cashmere Bouquet is the right soap. Its fragrant lather is so gentle, so cleansing, that it fairly caresses your skin and leaves it soft and lovely.

Careful special processes make Cashmere Bouquet safe for your daily use. This “hard-milled” cake is pressed into almost marble firmness. Secret essences are added to give that indescribable fragrance that prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest fabric treasures.

**But let’s get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.**

Try this Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate’s Charmis Cold Cream.

**A Book of Beauty Secrets**

This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
As he paused for breath, in the middle of his selling talk, Bebe cut in:
"Yes, I know. The two girls turned out to be wax figures."
And while the salesman was recovering from the blow, Bebe stepped on the gas and was gone.

The movies have gained a new value.
You remember the story told by King Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived. Two women came before him, each claiming to be the rightful mother of a certain child. There were no records to prove which of them was telling the truth and which was lying. So Solomon ordered a sword brought to him. He announced that he would divide the baby in two and give half to one woman and half to the other. The one woman remained calm. The other wept, and cried out that the child be spared. It was to her that Solomon awarded the infant.
Now the movies, taking the place of Solomon, have recorded just such a judgment. With all the seeing, unprejudiced eye of the camera, the emotional reaction of two women brought together before the court has been secured.
It was Pathe News who made the "scoop." Pathe was called into a Detroit courtroom to help decide by its filming of two "mothers" emotional reaction which of them loved little Irene Przybila best.

Irene had been born to Mrs. Julie Przybila before her mother was married. Her care was given to Mrs. Przybila's sister, Mrs. Irene Gossens. Mrs. Gossens loved the little girl and cherished her, from those little baby days up to the time that she could patter about and talk a bit.

Then Mrs. Przybila married. She announced she wanted her baby back again. She was her rightful mother. She wanted her child.
But Mrs. Gossens wanted her, too. She had grown so used to having little Irene about. And so they went to court.
Judge Vincent Brennan, faced with the problem, ordered the cameramen in. By a simple statement that movies were being taken of the whole courtroom the two women's attention was kept from the camera. There were three dummy cameras and one actually loaded with film.
It was when Judge Brennan announced his verdict that the child would be sent to an orphanage that the masterful scene recorded above was caught. Mrs. Gossens (left) burst into tears that streamed down her tortured face.
Mrs. Przybila showed simple astonishment. After viewing the finished negative, the judge and a group of psychologists awarded the child to Mrs. Gossens.

"SAY, partner, that horse you're leading is pretty lame." A lean-faced man stopped a horse-drawn vehicle at a busy Los Angeles crossing. Behind the truck another horse limped painfully. "We're taking him to the stable," explained the driver of the truck. "He went lame on us up the street."
"But you can't go any farther with the poor animal," the lean-faced man protested. "Can't you see it's in great pain?"
Two traffic officers, attracted by the crowd that had gathered around the truck, came up and investigated. Then they ordered the driver to send for a horse ambulance. This was done. The lean-faced man turned and started away.

Pathe News caught these emotions registered at the decision of a Detroit "Solomon" case. A foster mother, Mrs. Irene Gossens (left) and the real mother, Mrs. Julie Przybila, wanted the custody of little Irene Przybila. The judge announced he would send her to an orphanage. The camera's truthful eye caught the two women's real reaction to the verdict. Mrs. Gossens' obvious grief won her the baby.
CONRAD NAGEL

Brilliant idol of the screen, gives new reason for beauty and loveliness of modern woman

I have noticed," he says, "that women who possess an entrancingly glowing skin, almost invariably attribute its loveliness to the magic effect of OPAL HUES.

Who could be better qualified than he to discern the real reason why famous stars are lovelier than ever before, not only as you see them on the screen, but face-to-face before the camera, in the harsh light of the studios?

No beauty standards are higher or more exacting than in the movies. For the camera misses nothing. Under the cruel glare of the Klleg-lights, every feature, every blemish, every detail of skin texture and complexion stands out in sharp relief. No test is more severe. No light is half so searching.

Under these trying lighting conditions Mr. Nagel constantly observes the famous stars whose radiant beauty baffles the unflattering lens of the camera. Little wonder then that he says, "I am for anything that enhances the beauty of beautiful womanhood and Peter Pan OPAL HUE Beauty Powder certainly does that."

Most clever women already know of Peter Pan OPAL HUE Beauty Powder—that strange new powder impregnated with myriads of elusive OPAL HUES. These rare, precious, cleverly blended OPAL HUES impart to the features instantly a smart new beauty that reveals utmost beauty in every light—bright light, soft light, spot light or sun light.

Peter Pan was originally created by Fallis for the personal use of leading stars of the stage and screen. So remarkable were the results produced by its soft, tiny OPAL HUES that the secret of its amazing power soon became more generally known. Smart New York society instantly seized upon this strange new powder. Its many beautiful women became more lovely than ever by its use. Now practically every clever woman finds Peter Pan indispensable—her most precious beauty requisite.

Of course Peter Pan must be infinitely more than a face powder. It is really a beauty treatment—every time you powder. Of finest ingredients—stays on for hours. In four new shades—at $3.00.

In a glistening black and gold box

$3.00

No other powder like it—imparts brilliant new beauty instantly. Read the amazing story that comes with each box. At finest Beauty Shops and Toilet Goods Counters everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon for generous trial box TODAY!

Generous Trial

If you are unable to procure Peter Pan from your dealer, send $1.00 for a generous size box of this exquisite powder and the amazing story of its creation (trial size not sold in stores). Mail the coupon at once.

FALLIS, Inc., Perfumer
1513 Riverside Drive
Cincinnati, O.

Enclosed is $1.00 for generous trial box of Peter Pan OPAL HUE beauty powder and the amazing story of its creation.

Sealed in Silk—$3.00 the Box

In a box of glistening black and gold

Give shade wanted

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Finer things

A good looking comb, like a good looking home—or a good looking automobile—inspires a pride in possession.

Ajax combs command a certain admiration for their beautiful, sleek black appearance—for their modishly distinctive lines.

Perhaps that’s why women who know insist on Ajax combs for themselves and for the members of their family. Or perhaps it’s because Ajax combs in addition to being good looking are good wearing, good for the hair—good!

Ajax Combs are sold through leading departments, drug and specialty stores everywhere and manufactured by

THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., Inc.
251 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

Here, we have the Shearer shingle simplified. It’s so simple it isn’t. Norma’s merely cheating when she gives her ears the ozone. She tucks her locks back in a French roll to play an earful flapper, or lets the locks come softly forth to portray the sweet kid she really is out jewels. She said she would marry him if he would buy her a certain diamond dog collar that she admired. Being in moderate circumstances, the chap had a tough time of it, but five years later he was able to purchase the diamond collar.

But when he brought it to the girl he found she had developed a guile and it took him two more years to get sufficient diamonds to make it fit.

THE Winning of Barbara Worth will really be made at last. In spite of the several contests run to find a girl to play Barbara Worth, the role is to be done by Vilma Banky.

When production of this Harold Bell Wright novel was begun three years ago, Florence Vidor was cast for the title role. Harold Bell Wright thought Florence was the ideal Barbara Worth, and we thought so too, at the time. Actual filming did not begin, however, due to unfavorable conditions in Imperial Valley, California, the locale of the story. A few months ago a contest was begun to find another Barbara. This time Marceline Day, a Wampus Star, was chosen.

Now the story has changed hands and an entirely new cast is being assembled. Sol Lesser has sold the rights to “The Winning of Barbara Worth” to Samuel Goldwyn, and Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman will do the picture. Henry King, who directed “Stella Dallas,” will direct.

BEBE DANIELS was saved from serious injury the other day by her hair. Not by a hair’s breadth, however, but by her luxuriant crop of black hair. Her latest picture—a female version of “Brewster’s Millions,” with Bebe as Miss Brewster who crashes into pictures—called for her to do some dare-devil stunts that made her Lloydian exploits. In the days when she and Harold appeared together in comedies, diminish in proportion to the value of the mark.

Bebe wouldn’t have a double. When the script called for her to transfer from a speeding motor to a bicycle, Bebe did. But the bicycle swerved and Bebe landed on her precious head. After first aid was given at the Lasky Hospital, Bebe was taken home where she remained for several days before returning to the pictures.

BEBE is still wondering why anyone should send her poisoned candy. The United States and British customs officials have so far
Live the THRILLS of the land of

In this Free! trip to HOLLYWOOD

Live the thrills of the Land of Romance. Step into the realms of movie make believe! "Impossible!" you say. Not at all. You have that chance now, in the great Romance-Hollywood Moving Picture Contest which opens to the winner acquaintance with famous stars and directors, opportunity to see big feature films produced, to take part, possibly, in their creation.

The winner of this contest will be given a free trip to Hollywood and allowed to choose a companion to share it. All expenses will be paid by the makers of Romance Chocolates.

Here are the conditions. The makers of Romance Chocolates have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, one of which is packed with every pound box of Romance "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get your copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
158 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.

READ the easy conditions of the famous Romance Hollywood Moving Picture Contest!

Conditions of Contest
1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay"; the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner — and a friend — receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today — it gives all the details.

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
Her Letter

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

Here I am at the crossroads and I don't know what to do. My trouble is the boys. I have many friends, but I don't want to have boy friends. I haven't got one and I feel so out of it. When we go on parties, I am always the extra girl. I am considered very pretty. I'm healthy and happy. This is the only trouble I've ever had.

Being very frank, I've not so many girl friends, either. Mostly they are acquaintances, school chums, girls I've grown up with—but not friends. One or two are very close to me, but I am not what you can truly call popular.

Perhaps it is my commonness that is to blame. I've never learned to dance or play. I'm not a very good conversationalist. But I feel I could be a good friend to lots of people, particularly boys.

I want to be popular. And some day I want to be a good wife.

My Answer

The price of friendship.

Are you willing to pay it, my young correspondent?

Friendship has a price, you know. Popularity is not something that grows up around us automatically. Popularity and friendships are as surely earned as dollars and cents. Some people earn popularity just as some earn money more easily, because their natural talents are more highly developed. But just as it is possible for everyone who has the desire to earn a living, so is it possible to earn popularity.

It is courageous to admit "commonplace-ness." It gives you an honest starting point, and only that. Since you know you are not "commonplace," there's hope. You can get over it.

The price of friendship is work. The qualities that can friendship are the products of courtesy and charm.

The first necessity for popularity, particularly with boys, is good appearance.

Beauty is not in the eye of the beholder. While beauty attracts us all, while we all want to possess beauty, we are rarely interested in the individual behind a beautiful face. Few are ever true friends to a beautiful woman. Thus fine features are as apt to be obstacles as aids to friendship.

Prettiness, however, is a true asset. With good grooming, good health, careful diet and a good carriage of the body, every girl can seem to possess prettiness, whether her features are regular or not. And simulated prettiness will do just as well as real prettiness in the long run to the altar.

Good grooming comes from the hairbrush, the clothes brush, the bathbowl, the green vegetable diet and the flat iron. A lack of good grooming is laziness. Getting underweight or overweight, except in cases of illness is mere slackness. So is a shiny nose or a shiny, dusty hat brim. Be neat and an initial round of the battle is won.

It costs money to learn to dance, or play the piano or to twist a ukulele but the twin arts of listening and conversing can be cultivated by the poorest girl.

Every girl who wants to be popular should learn to talk well. To talk well you must think clearly and to think clearly you must be interested in your subject. The trouble with most of us is that we are not actually interested in anything, and so we have become, though most of us are only one-third alive.

The other two-thirds of our personalities are engaged in dreaming and aging. It is the intelligent, successful individual who assembles the whole personality into one unit and makes the poet happened to be the subject, or "Ah, Valsequez," if painting was being discussed. No one was ever positive that she didn't know of the celebrity being talked of. Thus she paved her social way, since all the speaker and the hearer, for he has an appreciative listener who is eager him on to show off his cultural knowledge.

In listening, then, be really interested. Don't let the speaker drag you—nudge him out to make him deliberately—bolster up his ego by giving him your complete attention. Then wait and see. You will no longer need to be lonely in the moonlight.

Courteous, too, is simply interest in the other person. If you are truly polite, you are never uninteresting. Your good manners, the thoughtful courtesies—they include such things as remembering what brands of cigarettes, candy and soap your friends prefer, how many humps of sugar in their tea—these are charms within any girl's reach. They are more flattering to your friends than a carload of roses.

Finally, if you can possibly attain it, a parlor stunt. Sitting at home and expecting popularity to come to you because you are a pretty girl born of a nice family is hopeless. You must earn your way socially. The girl who can play the latest popular tune; the girl who is an accomplished sportswoman; the girl who can dance anything from a foxtrot to a Charleston; the girl who can read cards or palmistry or handwriting or tell fortunes from tea leaves—any one of a hundred little tricks and stunts—will add a little more price of popularity in her hand and a well established friendship credit.

The Price of Friendship

Is This Month's Problem

Write me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, I will be glad to send it. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

In addition I have had printed for you directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance—advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, care of skin, general health. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for them.

EPPIE VAN A.

There are many things to be taken into consideration in the purchase of facial creams. Climate is one of them. A tendency toward dry skin is best met with a heavy, cold atmosphere which ultimately will make living in a steam-heated house must be mixed with treatments that bring oil and fats to the skin. You say that you have a good complexion with quite a lot of color. That sounds to me as though it were in very good condition, indeed, and the preparations you are using were being beneficial. Cleansing creams are not usually used in combination with soap and water. They are intended to take the place of soap. Most vanishing creams have a drying tendency. When little skin already dry I would advise you against the use of artificial astringents. For your complexion either a light or dark red or pink lipstick, depending upon which color best compliments your eyes. A little experimenting will tell you and the right rouge shade is worth the cost it takes to discover it. The best all around exercise for a healthy skin on one who doesn't want to reduce but does want to keep fit is the squattting exercise combined with an arm movement. Standing with the feet close together in a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]
Science has produced an invention that reads your hair

The Nestle Meter Scale Tests Your Hair in Advance

The Nestle Laboratories in New York offers a personal service by mail that aids your Nestle Permanent Wave to produce the perfect Permanent Wave.

M R. C. NESTLE, international authority on hair, has solved the problem of permanent waving. Among other famous men, Professor Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, declared in 1909 that Mr. Nestle’s invention of the permanent wave “is the greatest step forward in hair science ever made for the comfort of women.”

The New Nestle Meter Scale—
a great advance

Now, Mr. Nestle brings forth an invention of as much importance to the study of human hair as the X-Ray is to the human body. This is a machine that literally "reads" your hair—that reveals its special characteristics and forever takes the guess out of the permanent wave. The Nestle Meter Scale removes a great responsibility from the operator. Guided by its readings, the permanent waver knows exactly what kind of hair you really have and exactly how to wave it for perfect results.

These readings give him insight and foresight, discover what the eye cannot see, and so make possible a new system of permanent waving that is adaptable to every head of hair:

The Nestle Circuline Process

for perfect permanent waving

This is a personalized treatment designed to carry out “to the letter,” the readings of the Nestle Meter Scale. Whether your hair be normal, snow-white, black, bleached or dyed—whether you want a tight, medium or loose wave—any one of the 6,000 Nestle Wavers can produce it.

Know your hair before you have it waved—the reading and recommendation cost you nothing

Just fill out the coupon below—and send a small strand of your hair, at least 5" long and about the thickness of a pencil lead—with $1 deposit to cover cost of testing. Do not send combings!

The Nestle Laboratories will then send you a card giving the result of the analysis of your hair. This $1 Deposit will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave given anywhere in the United States where the Nestle Circuline Process is used. The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of this deposit. Over 6,000 hair dressers and beauty parlors in the United States use Nestle Permanent Waving apparatus.

Have Your Hair Read Now!

With exact scientific knowledge of your hair in advance, your permanent waver cannot fail to give you the style of wave you want—exactly as you want it. It is worth a great deal to be assured of perfect, permanent waves from now on and it really costs you nothing. Send your hair sample today!

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD.
Established 1905
12 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City
Originators of Permanent Waving

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., LABORATORY
12 East 49th St., Dept. 4-F, New York

Enclosed find $1 Deposit and sample of my hair for an official laboratory reading on the Nestle Meter Scale. It is understood that my $1 will be deducted from the cost of my next permanent wave at any hair waving establishment using the Nestle Circuline Process. You are to send me a record of your findings and your free booklet on permanent waving.

Name
Address

The Nestle Lanoil Company alone, possesses the patented Nestle Meter Scale, and only qualified establishments can offer the genuine Nestle Circuline Permanent Wave. Beware of limitations and misleading claims.

NESTLE'S CIRCULINE PROCESS

For the perfect permanent wave

Ask for an interesting booklet, "Taking the Guess Out of Permanent Waving." It is alive with helpful information on the care of the hair. It brings you full details of the new Nestle Meter Scale and the Nestle Circuline Process. Sent free upon request. Please use the coupon opposite.
You may have passed her on the 'Fifth Avenue' of any great city, or glimpsed her from a moving train—

She may be a native of New York, or a village maid of Indiana. She is one of America's Unknown Beauties—one of the thousands of lovely women unfound by fame.

And Tre-Jur vies with Nature to keep that beauty ever fresh.

In its Toiletries is a quality that enhances natural charm—in its trademark, a never failing symbol of value.

There's a delightful Tre-Jur Compact for every need—in gun-metal, gold or nickel plate, each a gem of ingenuity, each supreme in the quality and purity of its ingredients. And Tre-Jur Face Powder is more a matter of Art than chemistry. Delightfully soft, exquisitely fine—a generous quantity at 50c. Sold at your favorite store or sent by mail from us. Compact refills are always available.

HOUSE of TRE-JUR. Inc. 19 W. 18th St., N.Y.
22 Rue La Lande—Paris

TRE-JUR
FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS
M. H. W.—Don’t argue about who played with whom until you have first consulted your old friend in these columns. It was Neil Hamilton who played with Betty Bronson in “The Golden Princess.” Clave Moore is Colleen's young brother, and his first picture work was in “We Moderns” with his sister.

P. T. WESTBURY.—So you went to school with Constance Bennett at Miss Marshall’s in New York? I’ll bet you could tell us about Connie. She told us she was born on October 25, 1903. Can we help if it she changes her mind about her age when talking to somebody else? Ricardo Cortez was born on September 19th, 1899. He married Alma Rubens just last month. Neil Hamilton is married. He was born in September in 1899.

BOBBIE BROWN, MALENE, N. Y.—You can get a photograph of Richard Dix by writing to the Paramount Studio, Price Avenue and 46th Street, Long Island City, N. Y. Richard is not married—yet. Sally O’Neill's photograph can be obtained by writing to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio in Culver City, Calif. Don’t forget to enclose your two bits when you ask for the pictures.

STAR LOVER, NEBRASKA.—Ha! ha! Me a comedian? So’s your old man. People call me a funny guy but I can’t get money for it. We can get a photograph of T. Dixe, situated in Culver City, Calif. for a discount of Lenticule Joy. For Edmund Lowe’s write to the Fox Studio at 1411 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Edix married Libby Tashman, don’t you remember? The Dixy 5ths is a wedding breakfast with all the other stars about six months ago.

K. K., SAN FRANCISCO.—Have you no respect for your elders? What will the postman think of your toodle-ooing me on a penny postcard? Viola Allen played “The White Sister” ten years ago.

OSLY, TEX.—Welcome to the class, my dear. Your adored Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18th, 1895. I bet he’d love to get a birthday card from you. Florence Vidor has only one child, little Suzanne. And Lola Negri is not married now. She was divorced from Count Dombi-ski. I like you, too.

PATSY MARIE.—I shall break down and tell you all—about the fair Corinne. I, too, am a victim of her devastating devastation. Miss Griffith is 5½ inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes blue. She is married to Walter Moreo, son of Oliver Moreo, the play producer. Walter has recently been made a director by Warner Brothers and will do Irene Rich’s next picture.

TRIX T.—Thank you for your sweet letter, lan Keith was Gloria’s leading man in “Her Love Story.” Mae Murray has canceled her contract with the German producers and is now in New York waiting to sign a new contract with one of our own producing companies. Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Alabama, April 26th, 1902. She has been in pictures only about a year, and is at present working with Dorothy Macaulay in “The Dancer of Paris.” Dorothy is a friend of Alice Terry’s and Rex Ingram’s and just returned from visiting them in Nice, France.

B. B. B., TEXAS.—How could I be both young and wise? They don’t go together. Bennie Lyon is 25 years old; unmarried, six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He is not married. His mother travels around with him on his picture-making jaunts. She is young and enjoys it a lot.

VIRGINIA, DLEXTO.—You lovely child, you, sending me your love. But I return it here-with, with thanks. After the way you raved about Ben Lyon you can’t expect me to fall for such blarney. Look around in the column and you’ll find all the answers to your question about Bennie, for you have rivals, m’dear.

DUCHEE, READIN.—Your hero was born in Logan, Utah, July 10th, 1895. You can’t be a good fan if you don’t already know all about John Gilbert. Surely you know that he is divorced from Lenticule Joy and that they have a beautiful child, living with Leatrice Joy. John is not engaged or even interested in any girl at present. I saw him at the other night at the opening of “Mare nostrum.” He came alone.

AGGIE, CUMDEN, N. J.—That’s a good one—me on the cover of Photoplay! I’m still laugh-ing it off. Johnny Hines was born in Golden, Colorado, July 25, 1895. He has been on the screen eight years. He is five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Dark hair, brown eyes, and heart whole and fancy free.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five-cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they’ll do theirs.

JAMES.—Don’t feel yourself about whether you are a man or a woman. I am Peter Pan, ageless and with the wisdom of all ages. Dick Barthelmess works for Inspiration Pictures, at 595 Fifth Ave., New York City. He was born in 1895. The hero of “Thunder Mountain” is a newcomer named Leslie Fenton. He can be reached at the Fox Studios in Hollywood. Keep the needle to write me two more letters.

JOHNNIE WALKER, TEXAS.—What’s name, whatta name! Your letter cheated me a lot. You show good taste in liking Malcolm McGregor. He’s a fine lad, he is. Malcolm was born October 13th, 1896, in New York City. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Black hair and brown eyes, married to a non-professional.

MAXINE A.—Welcome to the fold. Betty Bronson can be reached at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. She is the star of “The Cat’s Pajamas.” Betty was born on November 17th, 1906.

A NEW JERSEY MOSQUITO.—I must say you’re not like your name. No, Ransom doesn’t play the violin. He sings beautifully the, I’m told. Ricardo Cortez’s name before going into movies was Jack Crane. You didn’t bother me a bit.

“DOLLY”—Mae Murray is not married. Mae is divorced. Robert Leonard, the director, was the former Mr. Mae. Do I think she is fascinating? Do you think I’m blind? I seem to see a lot of Mae. Edix works very steadily. You must have missed some of his pictures, that’s all. You say you’d like to see Ricardo Cortez in better pictures. Well, I’d like to see everybody in better pictures if you ask me, which you didn’t. Write your Ford in care of Paramount studios, Hollywood. A picture of me? Now, don’t be silly.

EVA K.—That’s a peach of a letter, Eva. When it came, the snows of winter were piled up outside my window but as I read it, it so warmed my heart! I thought I was in Florida, buying million dollar real estate. It was Charles de Roche who played the role of Phalasokin “The Ten Commandments,” the Chapman who played Richard Dix’s mother. So, you like Monte Blue better than all the Latin lovers. Well, there’s those who agree with you.

MARY GERACI, TRENTO.—Marion Davies is just twenty-six and Colleen Moore is five years younger, but Colleen’s married. “Marion isn’t, Sure, Norma’s got another sister besides Constance. Don’t you remember Natalie Talmadge, now Mrs. Buster Keaton? The idea of forgetting little Natalie?

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 107 ]
Woman to woman

Knowledge passes rapidly concerning feminine hygiene

In certain circles there is a frank discussion of this subject, but there are other women who constantly stumble along unguided. Many of them, of course, believe they know the truth, but their knowledge usually goes no further than the employment of poisonous antiseptics, such as bichloride of mercury and various compounds of carbolic acid.

New discovery banishes risks

Doctors will tell you that most compounds of carbolic acid are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning effect, but nevertheless they remain corrosive in their action. Scar-tissue and hardening of the membrane frequently follow their use.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. There is a new antiseptic and germicide called Zonite. It is immensely powerful and yet absolutely non-poisonous. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. And it means so much to women’s comfort, beauty and health assurance.

Women's Division offers free booklet

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet especially for women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. Send for it. Read it. Use the coupon below, Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

In bottles, 25c, 50c and $1
at drug stores
Slightly higher in Canada
If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Company.

[Continued from page 86]

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

Natacha Rambova." Rudy's divorced wife is now appearing to crowded houses in vaudeville. There seems to be great curiosity to see the former wife of the great star. Natacha’s act is a sketch depicting a Russian refugee taking revenge on a revolutionist and she is striking in a gorgeous gown of metal cloth woven to resemble a tiger's skin.

Well, well. Tom Meighan's young brother, King, is in the movies. Tall, dark, and handsome resembling Tom very much.

He left New York for Hollywood recently to be starred by Columbia Pictures. Tom was in Florida when his brother left.

"Will you autograph my chest?"

What was a poor girl to think? Margaret Livingston thought Wallace MacDonald was insulting her. Wouldn't you?

Then Wally shoved a pen and a small wooden box under her nose. And Margaret understood.

It was Wally's make-up box he wanted autographed. A cedar chest that bore the famous signatures of the many stars he has worked with. And he wanted Margaret to autograph his chest.

Doris Kenyon is fairly saturated with musical atmosphere these days. Not long ago she took over the house of Caruso's widow. In this home hangs two of the very few portraits in oil of the famous tenor.

Now Doris has taken up her singing studies again, under Futico, Caruso's former teacher.

Before going into the movies Doris Kenyon sang in a church choir. Victor Herbert heard her sing one day and at once placed her in one of his musical shows, and Doris seemed destined for an operatic career. But the movies won out.

Mrs. Ray Long, wife of the editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine, sees how movies are shot at the United Studios with Anna Q. Nilsson prepared to do the shooting. "Unbend that woman!" hisses "Trigger-finger" Nilsson, to which Charlie Murray answers: "When elephants nest in trees, old dear!"
May MacAvoy wears with her trim, tailored suit, beige cape gloves with simple cuffs that give a touch of smartness to her costume. Miss MacAvoy is making "The Savage," a First National production.

As Miss MacAvoy Chooses Her Easter Gloves

PROPERLY selected Easter gloves blend with the color of the costume and match other accessories, which are generally in beige, mode, bois de rose, wood, grey, natural or ivory. Gloves with bright trimmings should be considered in relation to the rest of the costume, so as to obtain a pleasing harmony.

Easter styles are varied to suit each wearer's taste and personality in dress. Novelty cuffed gloves can be had with elaborate trimmings to be worn with semi-formal dress, or in tailored effect for street wear. Slippers for sport or country wear are plain, but for town wear have sometimes a bit of simple trimming at the top.

For tailored slippers in lighter colors, washable leathers in cape and suede finish are especially favored. They are perspiration proof, and are easily washed or dry-cleaned.

You can select correct Easter gloves at your favorite shop. Our Spring Style Chart will be sent you on request.

THE ASSOCIATED GLOVE CRAFTS, 395 Broadway, NEW YORK, N.Y.
An Incident French
Beauties Probably
Never Will Forget
By Virginia Hoyt

We scarcely recognized her! That is an unadorned fact. When Celeste Dorsey came gaily tramping down the gang-plank from the Lussiana, our little group of "welcome homes" hardly knew her. She wanted to be her old self, of course. "What's the matter, dear?" she cried, as she threw herself into our arms.

"It was at breakfast I heard of a marvellous new method to beautify the skin," said Celeste.

**The tragic ending of a perfect love, the death of Mimi in "La Boheme." This is one of the highlights from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's special production of the immortal opera story. John Gilbert plays Rudolph, the poet, and Lilian Gish's "Mimi" is regarded as the test performance of her career.**

---

The musical atmosphere of the Casaro home has brought back all Miss Kenyon's operatic ambitions, but she has no plan, that's not to be sneezed at, so we don't need to worry about losing Doris.

GLOBE-TROTTING William Powell, who now wears the brand of Paramount, has accumulated numerous jokes in his travels, but one of the most ingenious is this: A gentleman of Hebraic extraction bought a horse for $200 from a trader of dubious reputation, and the trader specified that the Jew must accept the horse as he bought him. It was a fine-looking animal, so the Jew agreed and asked permission of the trader to let the horse remain in the stall overnight. The trader acquiesced.

The next morning the Jew called to get his horse. He could not see the animal's head over the top of the stall and hastened to it, only to find the horse had died.

"How about getting back my $200?" the Jew asked.

"Nothin'," you bought the horse for letter or worse!" the trader replied.

The Jew had the carcass hauled away.

Several weeks later the two men met.

"What did you do with your horse?" asked the trader.

"Had a racin'," the Jew answered.

"I sold ten chances at $100 apiece." said the trader.

"Yeh. But how about the guy who won the horse?"

"Him? Oh! I gave him back his $100." said the Jew.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY has finally won the suit brought against them by Mrs. Virginia Bridger Hahn, daughter of Jim Bridger, for defamation of her father's character in "The Covered Wagon." The picture shows the famous old Indian scout as the husband of Indian squaws and as a drunkard.

In ruling against Mrs. Hahn, the United States Court of Appeals, New York, declared that there was no likelihood of confusion between the defendant and plaintiff's father, and that the plaintiff had no vested right to the name of an old Indian scout. The decision was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"There's one born every minute and most of them live," Mr. P. T. Barnum once vaguely announced. You can sell them gold bricks, oil wells and street cars. But the latest wrinkle in the "sucker" game occurred the other day.

To begin at the beginning. Bebe Daniels' new picture is a female edition of "Brewster's Millions." It's called "Miss Brewster's Millions," is laid in Hollywood and Bebe, as an extra girl, has a million dollars to spend. In her mad haste to get rid of the money in the required ninety days she buys a worthless motion picture studio, an oil well—anything. So the Sunset Boulevard side of the Paramount Studio was converted into Bebe's picture investment and labeled "The Excelsior Studios." A short time after the set was decorated, two soft-spoken maiden ladies called at the Paramount reception room.

"Can you tell us where to find the general manager of the Excelsior Studios?"

"No, narn. There ain't no such thing."

"Oh, but there must be! The nicest man sold us stock in the Excelsior Motion Picture Company," with an entrance on Sunset Boulevard, and said we could visit it any time we wanted!"
Now—A new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up. That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and grease-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

MODERN beauty science has discovered a new way to remove cleansing cream—a way different from any you have ever known.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness that you'll love.

Now a test is being offered. Send the coupon and a 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

It will prove that no matter how long you have removed cleansing cream with towels, paper substitutes, etc., you have never yet removed it thoroughly from your skin... have never removed it properly, or in gentle safety to your skin.

What it is

The name is Kleenex... a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It is the first absorbent made for this purpose. There is no other like it.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins. Combats imperfections. Lightens the skin

On the advice of skin specialists, women today are flocking to this new way.

It will effect unique results on your skin. By removing all dirt and grime, it will give your skin a tone three or more shades whiter than before.

That's because old methods failed in absorbency. They removed but part of the cream and grime. The rest they rubbed back in. That is why your skin may seem several shades darker sometimes than it really is.

It will correct skin and nose oiliness amazingly. For an oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it constantly. That's why you must powder now so frequently. That's why, too, imperfections often appear.

This new way corrects those failures of old ways. One day's use will prove its case beyond doubt.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.

Or... obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes; the Professional, 9x16-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables... a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.

KLEENEX
The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

Kleenex comes in dainty
flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer... in two sizes:
Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches . . . . . 35c
Professional, sheets 0 by 10 inches . . . . 65c

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO.,
167 Quincy st., Chicago, Ill.
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

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Address

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BEAUTY you may have—
or envy!

Wouldn’t you rather have real beauty than artificial? A complexion that glows with the natural blush-rose of youth? Lips that are soft, velvety and alluring? With color as natural as Nature herself? Then try Tangee

A magic lipstick
Unlike any other lipstick Tangee changes from orange to blush-rose when you put it on—a shade that is warm, young, lovely and natural. It is waterproof—frictionproof—kissproof—permanent—and absolutely harmless—and lasts about five times as long as other lipsticks.

“The most precious make-up in the world”
That’s what Tangee Crème Rouge has been called . . . You take the thinnest bit and spread it quickly. You have, not color, but a glow, delicate, elusive . . . Now a tiny bit more. The glow is richer, more alluring. . . Experiment will show you just how much to use.

Color magic in a compact
In a handy form for your purse is Tangee Rouge Compact—the same lovely make-up in caked powder form—with puff and mirror—so easy to apply, anywhere, anytime. If you plan to be more lovely tomorrow . . . get Tangee today!

Caution: Do not let anyone offer you “something just as good.” All substitutes are inferior. Look for TANGEE in fancy letters on each container. Tangee Crème Rouge, 50c; Tangee Lipstick, 1. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c.

Mons. Doriot
TANGEE
Be Beautiful with Tangee

Special Introductory Offer
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition: (1) a generous free sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (2) “The Art of Make-up” written by a famous beauty expert. If our dealer’s name will be appreciated.

DEPT. 82, THE GEORGE W. LEFTE CO., 417 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Here he is, the gentleman of a thousand loves. Don Juan, as visioned by John Barrymore for Warner Bros. The lady getting the warm look is Estelle Taylor, all dressed up as Lucretia Borgia, that ancient vamp who was so playful with poison.

Why!” replied Virginia, with withering contempt. “Then I’ll have a bungalow on the lot, like all of the other stars!”

There is one polite truck driver in New York. He is Alice Joyce’s own discovery. Crossing Broadway recently Alice nearly became a casualty. She gauged the distance between herself and the curb and decided she could make it before the truck got there.

But three steps were lost on a bit of New York’s soft snow, and Miss Joyce barely made it.

The truck driver leaned out of his perch, and contrary to truck driving tradition, called friendly like:

“Watch your step, Alice!”

When Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nihlo (Enid Bennett) left for a three months’ vacation trip to Europe recently, they had considerable explaining to do to their five year old daughter, Loris, who has been previously taken to Rome while “Ben Hur” was being filmed couldn’t see why she should be left at home this time.

But Enid with great care told her that they had to be in New York for the opening of the picture, that they’d be hurrying around from place to place and it wouldn’t really be nice at all for a little girl.

A few days ago Loris got a postal from her mother from Europe, describing some scenery and ending with “Wish you were along, darling.”

Loris contemplated it a while, and then said to her grandmother, “That’s very silly of Mother and Dad. If they’d wished I was along all they had to do was take me. I suggested it myself. But they wouldn’t. So what’s the use now of writing postals like that?”

“Mare Nostrum,” the Latin title of Rex Ingram’s latest opus—in plain American it means “Our Sea”—temporarily halted Broadway when it first shone down upon that lively street from the electric lights of the Criterion Theatre.

Latin is a language that has been dead for considerable years and “Mare Nostrum” halted Broadway, as has been said, momentarily while its meaning was sought.

Then one of Broadway’s widest boys came along. He translated. “Mare Nostrum,” said the wise boy. “Horse Liniment.”

The White Star liner Olympic reached her port last week too late in the day for the regular inspection of alien passengers. And so one of our popular film stars was obliged to spend the night aboard ship.

Tom Moore. He still has an English slant on his passport, due to the cradle being in Ireland when Tom first gladdened the earth with his Irish grin.
Society's Most Famous Faces
kept young by her discoveries

How

DOROTHY GRAY's methods and preparations overcome the three telltale signs of facial age.

"To look one's age is a folly," says Dorothy Gray. "Looking as old as one's years is a crime against self."

Miss Gray says this with the assurance of an expert, one who has spent her lifetime in one worthy pursuit—facial rejuvenation.

Hers is now one of the world's most famous beauty salons. Leading women in society and on the stage come to her exquisite and palatial studio on Fifth Avenue, opposite the famous Vanderbilts château.

Dorothy Gray has become the leading exponent on facial rejuvenation. For the thousands who have come to her, often with the signs of heart-break in their faces, she has performed almost miraculous transformations.

Not by harsh surgery, not "face-lifting," not "enameling"—all so temporary and dangerous—but by scientific treatments with her own unique preparations.

Now, all can be had in your own home. You can obtain the identical results—just as if you had come to the New York salon of Dorothy Gray.

Through her years of practice with a large and fastidious clientele, Dorothy Gray has now perfected systems for home treatment.

You can erase years from your face if you're over 30. If younger, you can prevent age lines from coming prematurely.

A double chin, that first fatal sign of departing youth, can be restored to graceful lines. Droopy, flabby muscles can be "firmed"—sallow skin made glowing—thin and withered skin can be revitalized—lines and crow's-feet around eyes and mouth can be eliminated, erased.

Learn all about Dorothy Gray's famous treatments and preparations. She will gladly give you personal advice. Do not hesitate to tell her your beauty problems. Write in full, or use the convenient coupon below.

Dorothy Gray's preparations, with complete directions for treatments, can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country. If such a store is not conveniently near you, you may order direct.

Mail the coupon or write today.

Dorothy Gray
753 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please tell me how to:

☑ to treat a double chin.
☑ to round out a thin face and strengthen muscles under chin.
☑ to erase wrinkles and lines around eyes and mouth.

Name:
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City: State:

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Beauty
Over-Night

LOOK carefully at your complexion—after you have permitted it to remain, even for a single night, clogged with dust and make-up, uncreamed and unwashed! Note the coarsened pores—the sallowness—the drawn, lined appearance.

To keep your good looks, MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, who has devoted a lifetime to cultivating facial charm, advises correct care every single day. The scientific Valaze preparations made by this leading beauty specialist are now available to you. For every possible skin need, you can have a dependable, specialized aid to beauty.

Cleansing, Protecting, Molding
Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—the ideal cleansing and moisturizing cream, blends smoothly into the skin, exousts all dust and impurities—does not "travel back" about the eyes and forehead. Creates a fresh smoothness for every skin—at the same time, the only cream beneficial to an oily skin. Also an excellent powder base. 1.00

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Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—a stimulating, non-tinting cream—whitens the skin several shades. Clears away sallowness, photo freckles and darkened skin pigments. The skin clearing masterpiece. 0.30

Oily or Coarsened Skins with Blackheads
Valaze Beauty Grain—this marvelous soap substitute. Clears blackened pores—removes blackheads, whiteheads, impurities, greasiness, and restores coarsened skins, earning a delicate, smooth, fine-textured complexion. 1.00

Emphasize your charms
with these flattering, hygienic cosmetics
Valaze Complexion Powder for normal or oily skins. Valaze Novena Powder for dry skins. Both Supreme, fragrant. 1.00, 1.50, 3.00

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—the only authentic raspberry rouge. Raspberry Rouge—true red, becoming to every complexion. 1.00

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Blue. Rubinstein’s newest shade—youthful, sparkling! The ideal shade for blondes—a most becoming evening shade for everyone. 1.00

Valaze Lipsticks to match rouge. 50c, 1.00


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London

Now that America is a dry country, we have things like this collarette circulating among us. The shelves fold in, lowering the glasses and grape juice to the bottom. Clarence Brown is pouring Ronald Colman’s cold tea. This is one of the kicks in “Kiki.”

MRS. EARLE WILLIAMS entertained recently at a luncheon and tea for Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has returned from Europe and is about to start work on her second picture. Florence kept open house, everybody came to lunch that could and those that were working dropped in for tea. Among the guests were Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Ivy Shilling, Mrs. Thalberg, Florence Vidor and a number of others.

One thing cat parties of that nature always demonstrate—those two Talmadge girls are great foils for each other. Being sisters, you’d think they saw enough of each other at home. But when they go out, they are always to be found sitting side by side, playing into each other’s hands and keeping everybody roaring with laughter. They entertained the crowd that afternoon with quotations from their fan letters they have received. Among the many beautiful and highly appreciated letters that every star gets are always some from jails, insane asylums and private freaks that are a screen. And Constance and Norma certainly make a great act of anything they attempt.

DRIFTED up to the Montmartre Saturday to see what was going on. Most remarkable thing I saw was this little girl Joan Crawford, an M-G-M find, who really looked perfectly beautiful. In dull green satin, and dancing the Charleston very gracefully with Michael Cudahy, son of the once-famous Jack Cudahy. If she photographs as beautifully as she looked that day she should be an addition to the screen. A young Corinne Griffith without Corinne’s unattractive expression.

Somebody was having a party at which were Florence Vidor, very distinguished in black satin; Colleen Moore, all in blue; Mrs. Tom Mix, in a three-piece ensemble of dark blue silk trimmed with sable; Mrs. Wallace Reid, in strictly tailored black, and Catherine Bennett. That girl is a beautiful blonde. No getting away from it. And anything prettier than a really beautiful blonde I don’t know.

Syl Chaplin was very active on the dance floor. Lon Chaney and Raoul Walsh were attending to business, oblivious of all the gaiety and talking story a mile a minute. Leatrice Joy was there with the two Mayer girls, and she looked very lovely, in a deep, rich yellow dress, and a soft hat to match.

The last two times I’ve seen her she had on a most unbecoming blue hat, and I thought she’d gone off in her looks. But seeing her in this, decided it was the hat all the time. Mrs. Harold Lloyd, lunching with some of the very
Now you can take a Sun Bath every night—while you sleep—thus quickly renew the youth of your skin

Medical science has made wonderful advances in recent years. But one of the most far-reaching of all is the recent discovery of a method of storing the healing rays of the Sun in a pure cold cream!

Fred E. Goodall, inventor of the Goodall Process for treating vegetable oils and foods with a quartz lamp, has proved his right to recognition in this field.

**Recognized value of Ultra Violet Rays**

For years, scientists and medical authorities have recognized the unusual healing properties of the Actinic of Ultra Violet Rays as administered by a quartz lamp. Leading scientists have proven—by remarkable clinical tests—that vegetable oils treated with these healing rays of Sunlight actually become charged—irradiated. Thus these irradiated oils—when brought in contact with the stomach and other organs—produce the same benefits as the quartz lamp itself.

Able men of research are daily advancing in knowledge on the problems of thus treating the internal organs with Sunlight. But we—by means of the Goodall Process—are confining ourselves to the most universal problem of all—the care of the skin and complexion.

**Now Sunlight in a cream**

By the Goodall Process, with the quartz lamp, we have succeeded in storing irradiation in a cream. This is just another way of saying, Sunlight in a cream. Thus it is the only cream carrying the healing properties of Ultra Violet Rays. The name is RAY-CREME.

So now you can take a Sun Bath in bed every night in the year—regardless of the weather—without any burning effect. For the Actinic of Ultra Violet Rays only serve to heal. Thus you can save your complexion from wrinkles and sallowness—you can banish and prevent blemishes—by the regular use of this simple jar of Sunlight—RAY-CREME. A trial proves it.

**Special metal-lined jars**

For months we were puzzled with the seeming passive action of our cream. It seemed to lose its energy after a few days. Then we discovered the trouble—the Sun Rays were escaping through the jars! Now we have overcome this completely. Now each jar of RAY-CREME is metal-lined. Thus no light can escape through the sides of the jar. Thus please remember that when you buy RAY-CREME you are buying captured Sunlight. So keep the lid on tight when not in use. Else the Sunlight escapes. Frankly, if you fail to keep the lid on at all times, you might just as well use any cream on the market.

**Photographs tell the story**

Please look at the photographs at the right. You are looking at the first authentic reproductions of photographs of Sunlight in a jar. These photographs of RAY-CREME were taken in a sealed dark room. We can obtain enough light from a jar of RAY-CREME to "light strike" an X-ray plate! RAY-CREME is not simply one type of cream. It serves the purpose of every type of cream.

It is entirely self-sufficient. It meets every skin need. For Sunlight is nature's most powerful healer—the only food the skin can absorb.

We make no medical claims. We don't have to. Any doctor will tell you the benefits of Sunlight. We have successfully demonstrated that these healing rays can be stored in RAY-CREME by means of the quartz lamp. Can anyone, then, hesitate to believe in the youth-giving, tissue-building properties of RAY-CREME? Blemishes, such as blackheads, pimples, etc., cannot remain on a skin treated with Sunlight—RAY-CREME. A fair trial proves it.

**A years' supply for a dollar**

By using this coupon and securing a trial jar at the price of $1.00, you can obtain a YEAR'S SUPPLY FREE under our special offer. This sounds as extraordinary as RAY-CREME itself. We cannot put RAY-CREME in drug or department stores for a year. All orders must be delivered from our laboratory to the user. Hence, we offer this unusual opportunity. We mean just what we say—One Year's Supply For a Dollar. We will explain this by letter on receipt of your order.

---

**RAY-CREME**

(Actinized by the Goodall Process)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton at breakfast. Mrs. Hamilton eats fruit but Neil seems to feed just on long looks. Economical, anyhow, and it should help Neil to keep the cook and his waistline easily. Those looks may not last, though. The Hamiltons are newlyweds.

The company established a pay station and because Margery was confined to her room with a nasty cold, Mary went to the station to collect both checks. The paymaster refused to give Mary her sister’s check, despite all arguments. Mary left and stealthily waited around the corner for about five minutes. Then she returned to the paymaster with a petulant scowl on her face:

“I’m Margery Angus. I think you’re awfully mean to make me come all the way down here for my check!” said Mary—and walked away with Margery’s check!

THOSE on the recent sick list: Richard Barthelmess suffering with la grippe. Elaine Hammerstein, waiting for ten stitches to be removed from her cheek, following an ice spill. Seena Owen, injured during the filming of “Shipwrecked.” and Tom Mix hobbling around on crutches. Tom strained several ligaments during the making of a scene in his new picture.

Hollywood society has talked of very little else recently but Marion Davies’ costume ball, held in the Ambassador ballroom and attended not only by all the most celebrated stars but by a large number of titled and distinguished foreigners as well.

The big ballroom was turned by a decorator’s art into a lavish and beautiful Hawaiian scene. Two orchestras played the most enticing dance music and at midnight an elaborate supper was served at small separate tables scattered among the cocoanut palms.

Miss Davies herself appeared in the costume of a 19th century belle and I don’t believe she has ever looked so pretty on or off the screen. The soft blue veil of the quaint old-fashioned gown and the fetching poke bonnet with curling ostrich plumes of pale pink brought out her blonde loveliness in a fascinating way. She was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. George Van Cleve, and her niece, Miss Pepi Lederer.

IT was great fun to see Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks enjoying themselves, dancing together like a couple of youngsters. They so seldom go to big parties. Mary was Lillian Gish, she said, and wore Miss Gish’s little seamstress costume from “La Boheme” and Doug-
TWELVE LESSONS IN SALESMANSHIP

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Photo 4-26

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BETTY COMPSON

Three Big Stars
In One Picture

“Counsel for the
Directed by the
Burton King
From Leo J. Scott's
Famous Novel—
Personally Supervised by Edward Sillon

GLENN HUNTER
with
CONSTANCE BENNETT
as another of those
tovable bob characters

The PINCH HITTER
Directed by Joseph Henckery from
the Story by C. Gardner Sullivan

STRONGHEART
The most natural actor on the screen
in a smashing picturization of the
widely read Novel by Rufus King

“NORTH STAR”
Presented by
HOWARD ESTABROOK
Directed by
Paul Powell

Her grandmother is doing the driving but why should Bebe Daniels carry a riding crop? Can it be that this is a four-legged roadster? Or is the whip used to scare away the traffic cops? Darn mysterious, these movie girls.

las was Don Q., in a dashing black Spanish costume. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin were the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. Charlie has always wanted to play Napoleon and is always saying that when he gets ready to retire he will make one last picture of the “Little Corporal’s” life, playing the title role himself. He had a very lavish costume made of the Emperor’s white uniform. Mrs. Chaplin looked particularly lovely in an empire gown of sapphire blue velvet, and a lovely diamond coronet in her dark hair, which was paled high on her head.

Norma Talmadge was worn in a Russian ballet girl, in a strikingly individual little dancing dress in scarlet and blue, with high black patent leather boots and a stiff little patent leather helmet. And Constance was a Dutch boy, in bright blue satin pantaloons, her blonde hair worn straight and short like a real little Hollander’s. Buster Collier, who accompanied her, wore the outfit of a Bowery tough, topped by a brown derby.

Tom Mix wore a pure white vaquero’s outfit, trimmed in silver, and Mrs. Mix was a Vik- torian court lady, in purple velvet and ermine. The dress of that period and the hair dressed high gave her an opportunity to wear some of her most beautiful jewels, including a diamond tiara and a diamond collar of exquisite workmanship.

The costume voted by everyone the most beautiful was that designed for Florence Vidor by Banton, the Parisian designer. It was a Venetian affair, of pure white tulle, with a tight fitting satin bodice above the frothy skirt, a tiny white velvet hat with a black lace mantilla draped about it and touching the oval of her face. George Fitzmaurice and Ronald Colman, who accompanied her, came in regulation evening clothes, as did Joe Schenck.

Jack Barrymore was a tramp, with a large putty nose painted red and the most realistic looking suit of clothes that ever draped rags and tatters about a famous actor. But the hit of the evening among the men was Jack Gillett, who came as “Red Grange,” his foot- ball togs topped by a flaming red wig of gigantic proportions.

Miss Lillian Gish looked like one of Jane Austen’s heroines stepped straight from the pages of the book, in a little white frock and old-fashioned hair dress. The Princess Bitesco, who is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks and the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Oxford and Asquith, came in the full court dress of Roumania. Her husband is the Roumanian minister to the United States. Her brother, Anthony Asquith, was a torero, and Madame Elinor Glynn was a Spanish grande dame, in black velvet with a huge comb and graceful mantilla draped about her lovely red hair.

One of the most stunning costumes there was of Bebe Daniels as Joan of Arc. Bebe had a suit of armor made of cloth of silver. Her high boots were of silver leather, over white silk tights. On her breast hung a flashing cross of diamonds and she carried a silver cross with a lot of diamonds outlining it. She wore a short black wig.

Colleen Moore was the cutest thing imaginable in blue satin overalls, an enormous straw hat, and a bright red wig.

The comedy sensation of the evening was Marshall Neilan and Allan Dwan as the Smith Brothers. They made up to look exactly like the well-known pictures on the boxes of cough drops, beads and all, and they were a riot everywhere they went. Norman Kerry was in the uniform of a French officer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray wore elaborate Spanish costumes and Lillian Tashman was stunning in a ballet costume of black velvet and tulle, with very short skirts and full length black silk tights. She also wore a small, heart shaped black velvet hat over a white silk wig. Anna Q. Nilson was in peach velvet pantaloons and Renee Adoree was a French peasant girl. Corliss Palmer wore a hoop skirt of the Louis XVI period, in apricot satin and gold lace. Jack Pickford was a bell hop, Claire Windsor an Eton boy and Ann Pennington wore a white ballet outfit.

It will be a long time before this party is topped.

Quite a while since we’ve had a big opening in Los Angeles and the excitement that attended the recent first night of Douglas Fairbanks’ “Don Q.” was very welcome. Douglas and Mary and Charlie Chaplin combined to make it a very memorable occasion, for they acted as though the entire audience were their guests and I have seldom seen any one of the three so charming or entertaining.

Douglas made a sincere and impressive little speech after the enorous applause for the picture had subsided, well lighted with humor, and then introduced the members of the cast. Mary Astor, in pale pink, her gorgeous hair a delight to every eye, took a little bow, followed by Jean Hersholt, Warner Olin,
Lottie Pickford Forrest, Donald Crisp and others. Then Charlie took the stage and gave a brief pantomime in the Spanish atmosphere, the topic being a bull fight. It was a real privilege to see the great comedian doing his stuff in such a relaxed mood.

But the crowning moment of the evening was when Doug said that he wanted to introduce to them his "best pal and servant," Mary Pickford. As she came forward Mary was obviously nervous, but she looked too lovely for words, in a frock of pink and silver, quite long in the skirt and very simply made, with her shining curls piled high.

She made a faltering, hesitant, friendly little speech that did better than any flowery oratory, and brought down the house.

In the audience I saw Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, beside her husband. She wore old rose velvet, made empire fashion, with a rose velvet coat trimmed in chinchilla to match. Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, Colleen in frock of gray taffeta, ornamented by a soft lace bertha and pale pink silk roses, and a gray velvet coat entirely edged in platinum fox. Joe Schenck and Norma Talmadge, Norma in a gown of varied-colored metallic cloth, with a black velvet coat trimmed heavily in ermine and a small, black velvet toque, with ermine bands. (Norma has to wear a hat these days, because her hair is half and half for Kiki and won't do at all, she says.) Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, Kathleen Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and many other celebrities were there also.

Ever since Barbara la Marr became ill and went to the Altadena bungalow to live, the little boy she adopted has been cared for by ZaSu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery. The Gallery's have a daughter three and a half years old and Barbara's adopted son has been capital company for little ZaSu Anne. Now it looks as if the boy will have a permanent home with the Gallery family. They are considering adopting him legally.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

One of the best starts for a movie career is the right father. Ann Rork's dad is Sam Rork, the producer. Upon graduating from an exclusive finishing school, Ann announced she wanted to be a star. Daddy put her in "The Desert Healer," Judging by this still the rest ought to be simple.

You're teeth made white, glorious, charming!

—your gums like coral to contrast them

Both come quickly when that dingy film is removed this way. Please accept a 10-day tube to try.

Here are beautiful teeth for the asking. Those dazzling clear teeth that add so immeasurably to one's personality and charm.

Millions have found them in this new way. Dental authorities urge it. In a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth. Dull teeth thus are made to glisten. Gums are firmed and given a healthy, coral color.

Now a test is being offered. Find out what can be done with your teeth, quickly, amazingly. Just mail coupon.

Film—that's the trouble

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating. That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay.

Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known. Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film.

And firms the gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.
What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Under otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUCKE KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.
Buster Keaton directing "My, Bullying Butler" with Buster Keaton and Sally O'Neill.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1146 La Brea Ave.
Charles Chaplin directing "The Circus" with Charles Chaplin and Myrna Kennedy.

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Bobbi Vernon, Walter Higgs, Jinnie Adams and Ned Burns, all working on two-reel comedies.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1435 Gower St.
Bob Dillon directing the serial "The Silent Flyer" with Malcolm McGregor and Louise Lorraine.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 740 Gower St.
Ralph Cedar directing "Fighting Hearts" with Albert Vuich, Larry Kent, Al Cooke and Kit Guard.

Production will soon start on "A Poor Girl's Homecoming" and "The Non-Stop Fug" and "The Isle of Retribution." Cast not named.

Larry Semmon Prod. Production has started on "Spuds" with Larry Semmon and Dorothy Dawn.

Tiffany Prod. Louise Gambier directing "Pleasures of the West" with Jack Mulhall, Houda Hopper and Mary Cerr.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.
J. G. Blystone directing "The Silk Hat" with Tom Milne.

Emmett Flynn directing "Yellow Fingers" with Ollie Boren, Ralph Ives and Claire Adams.
Harry Beaumont directing "Sandy" with Madge Bellamy, Leslie Fenton and Harrison Ford.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.
William Wellman has completed "The Cat's Palomino" with Betty Bronson, Rudolph Cortez and Arlette Marchal.
Mat St. Clair directing an untitled vehicle with Polo Negri and Robert Ames.

Herbert Brenon directing "Beau Geste" with Ronald Colman, Allie Joyce and Walter Beery.

Alain Daxon directing "Paddedlock" with Lois Moran and Allen Simpson.

Clarence Badger directing "Get Off the Earth" with Raymond Griffith.

James Cruze directing "Old Tonto's". Cast not named.


METRO-GOLDWIN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Phil Rosen directing an untitled production with Conrad Nagel and Renée Adoree.

Lee Lipton directing "Fairy Mine" with Charles Ray, Eleanor Strother and Bert Rosch.

Hobart Henley directing "Bellyup the Magnificent" with Ramon Novarro.


Harry Millard directing "Lovey Mary" with Demi Love.

Production will start soon on "The Flaming Forest" with Reinald Barkner directing.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1046 La Palma Ave.
Harold Lloyd Prod. In between pictures.

Corinne Griffith Prod. Production will soon start on "I was Her Kingdom" with Corinne Griffith.

Christie Prod. Al Christie directing "Up In Hob's Room" with Marie Prevost.

Metropolitan Prod. George Meidford has completed "Shipwrecked" with Seena Owen and Joseph Schildkraut.

PICKFORD FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.
United Artists Prod. George Fitzmaurice directing "Son Of The Sheik" with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky.

Sidney Franklin directing "Silky Anne" with Constance Talmadge and Walter Pidgeon.

MACK SEXTEN STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Blvd.
Alice Day, Ben Turpin, Ralph Gravels, Billy Bevan, Maltese Hurlock, Raymond McKeen and Kurt Hille, all working on untitled two-reel comedies.

UNITED STUDIOS, 5341 Mirose Ave.
Frank Lloyd directing "The Wise Guy" with James Kirkwood.
E. M. Aisher directing "Good Luck" with Con- way Tear.

Al Santell directing "Molasses" with Jack Mulhall, Charles Murray and Gaston Dwan.
Production will soon start on "Ellis Cinder" with Colleen Moore.


UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Cal.
Herbert Bluche directing "The Man in the Saddle" with Hoot Gibson and Virginia Brown Faire.


William A. Seiter directing "Rolling Home" with Reynal and Marion Nixon.

Madelin Brown directing "The Girl on the Box" with Laura La Plante, Glenn Hanson and Zola Pitts.

Lois Weir directing "The Star Maker" with Mary Macklin, Francis X. Bushman and Grace Darmon.

Curt Snitler directing "The Frontier Rider" with Art Acord.


WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.
Alan Crosland directing "The Tarnished Knight" with John Barrymore.


Herman Rasmussen directing "Hero of the Big Screen" with Alva-Tom-Tom, Alva Colahan and Don Alvarado.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "Hell Bent for Heaven" with Patly Ruth Miller and Johnny Herring.

NORTH COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 867 East 17th St., New York City.
George Arlissland directing "Puppets" with Milton Sills and Gertrude Omstead.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

JACKSON STUDIOS, Jackson and Westminster, N. Y.
Charles Hines directing "The Brown Derby" with Johnny Hines and Diana Kane.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Frank Tuttle directing "Fine Manners" with Glenn Swanson and Eugene Graff.

Gregory LaCava directing "Take a Chance" with Richard Dix and Alyce Mills.
Edward Sutherland directing "That Old Army Game" with W. C. Fields and Louise Brooks.
D. V. Griffith directing "Sorrow of Satan" with Carroll Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Richard Corder.
Earl Koesten directing "The Palm Beach Girl" with Bebe Daniels and Larry Grey.

TECO ART STUDIO, West 44th St., New York City.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, Glendale, L. I.
Excellent Pictures. Will Nigh directing "The Nest" with Pauline Frederick, Holmes Herbert, Reinald Schuhedi and Jess Acker.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES.
"Twentieth Century Unltd" will be released as "High Stepping."
"The Second Chance" will be released as "Her Second Chance."

UNITED ARTISTS CORP.
"Swords" will be released as "Sparrings."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 46th St., New York City.
Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 356 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 435 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Office, 1500 Broadway, New York City.
Allied Film Corp., 1500 Broadway, New York City.
Fox Film Company, 100th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producer Distribution Corporation, 459 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothschild Film Mfg. Company, 1335 Derbyway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1500 Broadway, New York City.

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Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103]

One pupil of the Paramount School has succeeded to the extent of being put under contract by the regular Paramount organization. He is "Buddy" Rogers and his first part, outside of Paramount School’s feature, “Glorious Youth,” will be an important role in “Beau Geste,” which Herbert Brenon will film in the West Coast studio.

Before he entered the Paramount School, Buddy, whose given name is Charles, was a junior at the University of Kansas. The press

Another good girl gone comedy. Norma Talmadge has left the drama temporarily flat to portray "Kiki," a Paris guttersnipe and flip comedienne. "Kiki" was a rough-and-tumble Belasco stage success. Two excellent reasons for Norma’s success in the part are here shown

The difference between perfection and mediocrity in ankles

What wondrous miracle is it that “Pointex” works with women’s ankles? Listen and we will tell you.

Those twin tapering lines that spring from the shoe top at the back of the ankle do something infinitely greater than make “Onyx Pointex” stockings wear better. They make them look better. They create an illusion of slenderness even where slenderness is not. They emphasize the natural beauty of the ankle where it exists. They glorify it. They give it grace, charm, allure.

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Leading stores everywhere tell the “Pointex” styles listed below:

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Style 155, Medium weight 1.65
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At the left, just ankles. Below, shapeliness that gives evidence of fascination even the same ankles, but now clad in “Onyx Pointex”

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For sale at Druggists, Barbers', and Hairdressers'.

Write for Free Book
"How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp" by Dr. H. Clay Glover

The American Beauty is coming back. When Kathleen McDonald married, for the second time, three years ago, she announced her retirement from the screen. Still happily wed, she has returned to the studio to play "The Desert Healer," a First National production

department got mixed up on this fact and sent out a statement that Buddy has formerly been the janitor at the University.

It was on the ice at Red Bank, New Jersey, where the school was filming some ice boating scenes, that the handsome Buddy confessed an amusing studio marital mixup that threatened "Beau Geste."

Alice Joyee has been cast for the role of the aunt of the hero. The hero, however, hadn't been cast. Breton looked over the available people and finally decided upon Tom Moore. But, years ago, Alice and Tom were husband and wife, and for Alice to appear as Tom's aunt—and aunts, you will recall, are usually rather a bit older than their nephews—was a little too thick. So the lovely lady retired from the part.

"Buddy" was about to start for the Coast when we saw him. "I'm only hoping I'll have time enough to stop off home a couple of days on my way West," he said, twisting shyly about. "I want to see my mother. But, gosh, I dread the fellows at the University. Won't they razz me, though?" And he shook a doleful head.

He should worry, however. No less a person than Jesse Lasky says he is one of the greatest male finds in years.

The marriage that came pretty much as a surprise was that of Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman. Pauline had hinted around about it a couple of times—but then she used to be engaged to Gene Sarazen, the golf champ, and nothing came of that. Although gentlemen prefer blondes, they don't always take them seriously, so it was more or less a surprise when Lowell Sherman lifted the piquant Pauline off the train and rushed her to the Los Angeles marriage license bureau.

They were married by a deputy city clerk, Miss Garon's sister and Mr. Sherman's mother witnessing the marriage. Immediately after their own ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman acted as witnesses to the marriage of Edwin Martin, an assistant director working with Sherman, to Mae A. Feely.

The day following the wedding, Pauline Garon Sherman began work on a new picture called "The Virgin Wife." As soon as it is completed the newlyweds will go abroad on a honeymoon.

Sounds like a press agent yarn, but it actually happened. Word of honor.

Gloria usually takes her studio lunch at the same table every day, having the same waitress. The other day she chose to sit at the other end of the restaurant. After lunch her former waitress came to the marquis crying. And Gloria was so touched by the girl's devotion that she engaged her as a personal maid for her studio dressing room.

A Collection of the poems written by Barbara La Marr will soon be published. Here are two stanzas from one which she called "The Savage":

Yes, I would have put away God and the world,
And, into space, hope of eternity hurled.
To have clasped the dream form of love to my breast,
Forgotten all else but the lips I caressed.

For woman's life was love in life's beginning,
And the hypocrite alone calls it sinning.

But, if 'twere the highway of sin, I would trod Straight on—till I returned unto dust and sod.

George Hackathorne landed in New York from a protracted stay abroad just as his former sweetheart, Louise Glau, up and married Z. M. Harris, theatrical producer of Broadway. Louise Glau was one of the first screen vamps. She has been retired from pictures for a number of years.

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Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," free on request

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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 theatre. The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

Send a money order or check and receive the next issue and free issues thereafter.

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750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose hereewith $1.25 (Canada $1.50), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY Magazine for six months, effective with the next issue.

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The Gal from New Zealand

By Cal York

We have stars in our films from almost every country across the sea, including the Scandinavian. One of these days far off New Zealand is going to be represented in the cinema heaven. Already their representative is in our midst in the person of beautiful Nola Luxford. She was not "discovered" dancing in a cabaret by an American producer; nor working for a mere pittance in a foreign film studio.

Nola wasn't discovered at all. And still isn't.

Three years ago she crossed the high seas, without any invitation from an American film company, but with a grim determination to break into our movies. Miss Luxford had read columns of propaganda concerning the difficulties that beset young girls trekking to Hollywood to do just this. But like the thousands of others, she believed this wasn't meant for her. She was going to succeed. However, she wisely fortified herself with enough capital to last one year. New Zealand is farther away from Hollywood than Massachusetts or Iowa are, and Nola figured it might take a year for her to get started.

After finding a modest place to live, near the film center, the little New Zealander began the usual rounds of the studios. Then she discovered that most of the newspaper stories were true. On all sides Nola met girls, just as pretty as herself perhaps, who had been storming the studio gates for four and five years and were satisfied to get one or two days' work a week. She also encountered the legion who don't get even that much—the girls who often tramp the distance from one studio to another for lack of fare.

Miss Luxford from New Zealand was not discouraged. Again she felt these conditions were not meant for her. She refused to allow anything to halt her purpose.

Gradually casting directors began to notice her gentle beauty, and to remember her. Soon she became one of the two-day-a-week workers. Then she got some bits, and parts, and now—But this is not a success story. Nola Luxford is not a star, nor even a leading lady. She has advanced to playing in Western pictures, and is doing that just now. She has appeared opposite Fred Thompson. Her courage is indomitable, and with her beauty and intelligence, Nola's friends are convinced she will have a success story before long.

And all New Zealand is waiting for Nola Luxford to make good.
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Questions and Answers
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you something. 1 was really the boy in that
cherry tree cutting act but 1 let George Wash
ington get the credit for it. I'm generous that
I'm
1
like Jackie Coogan's hah cut.
way.
thinking of having my whiskers bobbed tint
way. Mary Piekford was Owen Moore's wife
before she married Douglas Fairbanks. That's

Helene Chadwick's own Dame. The villain
Lady of Quality" was Earl Foxe.

ktarjrom
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in

1

• l'he

Julian Eltinge began life in Butte.
Montana, in the year of 1883. They called
him William Dalton at his christening.
A. A. A.

Grace, California.

— You've

got no idea
You
aid a >heik.

how Ions white whiskers

BETTY LEE MONTAG

J$Y~

Tom

and Owen Moore
to see mine.
aren't twins. Merely brothers. Bert l.ylcll is
twelve years older than his beautiful Claire
Windsor, who was born in 1S07.

ought

J.

—

love

to <jfl IvUtr.i

from ~£ucu?

Southampton, I.. I. Yes, Thomas
Meighan has a good speaking voice. He was on

me aIuu

the stage before he went into the silences, SO
naturally he has a good voice.

nor Uie Aa/i of Cfna/o/e

Joe,

— /Acre U

—

D. S.. Oakland. Calif. Lew Cody is divorced from Dorothy Dalton. He's never reDorothy is happily married to Armarried.
thur Hammerstein and I hardly think she will
return to the screen.

BONNY, FaishavEN, Mass.

a/w

of cj/f<(ViA<n,/ior

Swanson has been married three times. Her husbands were Wallace Beery and Herbert Somborn.
The present husband is the Marquis

tina

and ine- AiunhaL

There you

"Can

a little

French

If yes!

my

I will begin, but
name, Yvette, not yet

ica

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granted,

know you.

I

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for

you

AmerBut I

1924 exactly ten months.
I mean your magazine, since the

American soldiers first came in Paris in 1017.
I saw your magazine then and since that time
my father bought it for me every month.''
Very well, Y'vette, I am glad to meet you.
Please let me compliment you on your English.
You write a very charming letter. Adolphe
Menjou is an American. He was born in PittsBut very likely his ancestors were
burgh.
French. You're a lucky girl
to have a father
who looks like Mr. Menjou. Renee Adoree
was born in your own France. Lille was her
birthplace.
Charlie Chaplin was born in

2/eA-,

,

south we make stationery
that wins the eye and heart. In Betty
Lee's phrase it is "Lovely paper, of
a delicious tint, in bewitching envelopes." Not one sort of paper merely,
but an amazingly rich variety in all
tints, textures and sizes, with all
manner of creative ingenuities in the
matter of colorful envelope linings.

your

girl join

and

Jjut Avme/ww

T><'own

—

Y'vette, Detroit, Mich.
I'll quote from
letter, with your kind permission, made-

your

numerous admirers?

(vnmd,

V

la

moiselle.

Qj"rance.

of

PAPER.. *d\t/t£ hzr /txauUi/c hrockA, it i&i/icAel-

playing

Richard Dix and Ramon Xovarro?
have three great fellows!

charm

of a a&LciouA- lint

uaca-. ^/vtn'/it h/iher,

Falaise de la Coudraye. Mary Philbin is
in "Stella Maris.''
You'll see it soon.
So all the girls are talking about John Gilbert.

de

QJru ruunt

J frluih.\ d Ja Mie fuifUT

SOMETHING.

beunicnlruj^ xnoelofreA-,

— Gloria

l/ic

.

To

see these papers is to understand
the renaissance of letter writing as a
line art. The lazy card, the shoddy
letter-head become unthinkable, when

—

jft^A*'

one can send such charming ambassadors to the world as letters on

—

Paris of English parentage.

—

H. L., Calgary, Canada J. Warren Kerrigan isn't married. He has one brother and
one sister. You have a pretty name; I am
sentimental about it, anyway.

—

H. M., El Paso, Texas. Colleen Moore is
married to John McCormick, but it isn't John,
the famous tenor.
Perhaps, Colleen's John
does sing tenor, but he never tries it in public.
The tenor's name is spelt McCormack. Lois
Wilson is still unmarried, in spite of all the
rumors of her engagement. Famous Players
filmed "Seventeen." Jack Piekford and Louise
Huff played the leading roles. I haven't heard
that Mary Piekford will film "Rebecca of Sun-

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Send 15c for Sampler-Portfolio of Montag Papers
and Envelopes. This usable assortment helps you
choose theone paper bywhich you wish to be known.
Booklet, "The Etiquette of Attention" included free.
,

Montag Brothers,

bybrook Farm" again.
[

continued on page

in

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Brioches, Los Aogclcs and
]

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write to advertisers please mention

rHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Atlanta, Ga.

New York


Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

THERE has been an avalanche of them—foreign stars and starlets.
Blondes and brunettes, male and female. They seem to arrive on every ship that hits New York. Directors too. And now several of the companies are reaching into Europe for their authors. Just another cycle. Some of them will make good and others will flop. But in the meantime there are American actresses who are not given an opportunity because the producers want to put their importations into parts where they cannot fail and which will make them commercially profitable.

Anyhow, Vilma Banky was brought in that way, and we are not complaining.

IT will be interesting to watch the progress of Lya de Putti, the Hungarian actress who is featured in UFA’s “Variety,” soon to be released by Paramount. From reports that have reached this country that baby has our tempestuous Pola tied to a cradle. If she carries on here like she is reported to have done in Berlin she won’t last long with the American public. Maybe that stuff about her jumping out of windows was mere publicity, but the buildings are so much higher here that she will probably confine herself to a quiet jump in the lake once in a while. Let’s give the gal a chance.

ISN’T it good to see Charlie Ray come back? At last he has decided, or his producers have decided for him, that he has grown up and should put on his motion picture long pants. That is what happens to him in “The Auction Block,” which is no world beater of a picture, but which brings Charlie to the screen in a new development and is worth seeing for that reason.

Ray has lived and learned. It cost him every cent he had and a lot he didn’t have to convince himself he was not a combination of star and producer, and it will be interesting, and I hope pleasant, to watch him work out his revised career in his new surroundings.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has contributed a lot to motion pictures. He has made some great discoveries among players, and still is making them. Justly proud of these, Sam remarked the other day that he was the man who discovered Fanny Ward. But when it was pointed out that his age on his marriage license was only forty-three, Sam hastily explained that he meant he had discovered Fanny for pictures.

IN the old days a great deal of bunk publicity came out of the motion picture offices. Some of it has been spoofed by PHOTOPLAY and other publications with the result that very little imaginary stuff is issued at the present time.

But the public, justly dubious of past publicity, is now leaning backward in its skepticism.

When a noted actress recently sought a divorce a hard-boiled cynic asked me if the newspaper stories of her procedure were not just publicity! And another doubting Thomas writes in to say, “You can’t make us believe that Gloria Swanson gets any seventeen hundred dollars a week.”

As a matter of fact she gets seven thousand.

Diogenes might find his honest man, but I doubt whether he’d find the man to believe him.

RUPERT HUGHES, defender of Hollywood morality, attributes strong drink and proflanity to George Washington.

Ibanez, the Spanish writer, attacked the King of Spain, taking care to be across the Pyrenees from Spain when he did it.

Rupert stands his ground at home in revealing the personal foibles of the Father of our Country, but what would have happened to him had he picked on a living ruler, as Blasco did, and attempted personal criticism of the living president?

Or, suppose some person of prominence had discovered a motion picture censor whose private life was not quite above reproach, and turned the spotlight of publicity on one of this hypothetical censor’s peccadilloes. How the ultra-good would rise to denounce the unhappy defamer! From the Father of his Country to the censor: from the sublime to the ridiculous—self-righteous minds know no distinction.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers

[continued from page 100]

BOBBIE OF PITTSBURGH.—Well, well, Bobbie. Are you on relation to the Pittsburgh stage of which I've heard? You desire the age, height, weight and whereabouts of Lew Colly. All right, Bobbie. I shall comply. Lew flew into this world in 1885, attained five feet, eleven and a half inches of height and 178 pounds. His disposition was so good that now he hangs his hat at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios. Lew is a half inch taller than that other Lew, Stone by name, who weighs four pounds less. Ronald Colman, while the same height, weighs only 165 pounds and Jon Cramey, an inch shorter than these three, tips the scales at only 155. On the other hand, the Beery boys go in for beef. Wallace having 200 pounds on his six foot frame and Noah 228 pounds draped over six feet two. John Bowker is also six foot tall but he weighs only 180, while your friend, George O'Hara, stands five feet, eight and a half inches and weighs 152.

J.V.S.—Wonderful concentration; possess! I couldn't notice in those love scenes in "The Dark Angel" that Ronald Colman appeared short. As far as I was concerned, he wasn't there at all. There was just Vilma Banky for me. But then! You know how it is when a man gets as antiqued as I. Howsoever, your eyes deceived you, for Ronald is not short. In fact, he's nearly six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Since you're interested in this matter of altitude, Nita Naldi is the tallest of the gals, Nita being five feet, eight, in her shoof feet. Can't say about stocking feet, for she never wears them—stockings, I mean. Next to Nita comes Anna Q. Nilson, who is five feet, seven. Close up to Nita Q., comes Claire Windsor, five feet, six and half.

Golden State Limited

-most luxurious California train


This advertisement is intended for those who have never tried the great train.

Rock Island and Southern Pacific Travel Bureaus in all principal cities.

Hollywood Ticket Office Phone Granite 1801-1902
606 Hollywood Blvd.
Los Angeles Ticket Office Phone Metropolitan 2000
212 West Seventh St.
B. F. Coons, Gen'1 Agent
Rock Island Lines
809 Van Nuys Blvd.
Phone Broadway 2445
Los Angeles, Calif.

A. J. Poston, Agent
Southern Pacific Lines
201 Benenson Bldg.
New York City

K. E. Palmer, Gen'l Agent
Rock Island Lines
733 Knickerbocker Bldg.
New York City

Made in Germany by a series of pictures he did for UFA, Andre Mattoni is being imported here by Carl Laemmle. Called the German Valentino, he's just like Rudy except for his features, his coloring—he's blonde and blue-eyed—and his Viennese ancestry.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Vivid Allure of Colorful Youth
glows in charming audacity from beauty's warm check!

PERT ROUGE is the new compact expressly originated to reflect the fresh vitality of radiant youth. Its hand-made texture is so satín-fine, that its ardent tints shade subtly into your own complexion. The colorists much longer, if applied directly to the skin. A little more rouge, after powdering, adds warmth to the flush.

Shades for every complexion, day or evening wear, 50¢.

For permanent radiance, use Pert Rouge in cream form as a base for the compact. In shades to blend with the compact, 75¢. Pert indelible Lipstick to match. 75¢.

Mail 12c. each for sample of Pert compact rouge □.
PERT cream Rouge □ (Check rouge desired.)

ROSS COMPANY
241-D West 17th Street New York

Pert Rouge

Norma Shearer, William Haines, in "A Slave of Fashion" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

So smart—and easy!
The new smooth mode in hair—

MAYBE you think your hair's too stubborn to achieve those new, satin-smooth effects.

But no matter how fluffy or wiry it is you can wear it this perfectly stunning way. Stacomb keeps your hair smoothly in place—all day. Helps prevent dandruff. In jars, tubes and liquid form. Any drug store.

Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Englewood Cliffs, N.J., N.Y.C.
Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name
Address

This fancy digus at the left of a regular motion picture camera is a new type camera that may revolutionize pictures. It is said it can bring depth, as well as breadth and height, to the screen. Its inventor, J. P. Berggren, is standing next to it. The other man is George K. Spoor, president of the old Essanay Company, who is sponsor for these "Natural Vision Pictures".

Every advertisement in PHOToplay MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
WARNER'S SPRING SHOWING

**MODERN STYLES FOR YOUNGER WOMEN**

**Corsette**

*3229*

is designed for the average figure which needs throat control and back flattening. Fashioned of brocade, with panel and thigh band of elastic, to give a smooth unbroken silhouette from hip to shoulder.

**$2.00**

*Corsettes*, originated and trademarked by Warner's, are made in designs and types for every figure requirement.

**Egyptian**

*7058*

Ornate, guaranteed not to slip out of place on the figure. Very new and smart. Made of dainty but firm fabrics combined with elastic webbing.

**$3.50**

You can't get stout if you wear a WARNER'S! It actually trains your figure into the smart youthful athletic contours which mean normal, healthy figure beauty. A WARNER'S gives luxurious comfort, perfect poise, success to your frocks and complete, unbounded satisfaction.

WARNER'S are sold practically everywhere. Your own store will advise you as to the best type of garment for your individual needs—at the price you wish to pay. The WARNER line includes all types of modern corsetry: *Corsettes*, *Wrap-arounds*, *Orientals*, *Egyptians*, laced corsets and brassieres, in countless variations for the solution of all figure problems.

Insist on seeing the name WARNER on the garment you buy: it means that the store guarantees wear, fit and satisfaction. *Trademarks Registered U. S. Pat. Off.*

**Wrap-around**

*393*

This model is guaranteed to stay down on the stout figure, to eliminate any roll of flesh at the waistline, to control the diaphragm and to flatten the back. Made of cotton with elastic panels and waistline section. Made up to size 40.

**$5.00**

**Wrap-around**

*0531*

is a delightful little girdle for slim figures. It fastens on the side and consists of comfortable hip panels of elastic, and front and back sections of brocade.

**$2.00**

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How They Do It

(continued from page 3)

the proper distance from the miniature (of course much closer than if it were a real building), and shooting from a lower level. The other is called a "tiny tree," which is a miniature tree that is tall and the camera set-up is close enough to give the miniature the proper height when it is seen on the screen, then you must be careful of the speed with which it falls.

A little tree falls rapidly—a big tree slowly. And here is where the timing enters. Ultra speed cameras are used. The faster you want to get a more pictures you get per second, and the slower the thing seems to move when you see it on the screen. You have all seen slow-motion pictures which had been made with slow-motion cameras, or what are more commonly termed ultra-speed cameras. And it is through this slow motion photography that the little tree falls at the proper speed to be the big tree it represents, or the miniature stream is made to run at the proper speed for a giant river.

And we get back to the fire which is still threatening "Our Nell." A torch is applied to the miniature tenement. At the proper count little invisible wires tied to window sashes are pulled simultaneously, the doors are opened below. And all the time the cameras, driven by motors at the proper speed, placed at the right distance from the configuration and almost flat on the floor, are grinning away and recording this great fire.

OVER on some other part of the lot, and at any time which suits the director's convenience, Mr. Roy Barnes, with Miss Windsor in his arms, dashes through a black velvet door and down a street backed with more black velvet.

Two things must be remembered, however. The actors must come out of the velvet door at the right spot and at the right time or "count." This is necessary so that Williams can make up the fire negative, which in the background of action in it, with the negative of Miss Windsor and Barnes, which becomes the moving mat.

The remainder is simple, and is done by Williams and his printing process over at his laboratory.

On the screen you see Barnes dashing from a burning tenement with Miss Windsor in his arms while, in reality, neither of the actors has been close enough to a fire to singe a single eyelash.

Blanche Sweet's rescue of Colman in "The Supreme Moment" was worked out in the same manner as this, as have been most other burning building thrills in pictures made in the last few years.

Now for the destruction of Pontius Pilate's palace with the smugging mass crushed beneath, in "Ben Hur." Of course the palace was done in miniature, while the people who did their acting out on the lot, where the street was built with a dead white backing. Again the timing had to correspond with that in the filling of the negative.

The throng of people was lined up and rehearsed. Two lines were drawn in the street a fixed distance apart—which represented the space where the ruins of the palace would fall, and the throng was sent dashing wildly down the street. At a fixed signal, all caught between the two marks fell flat on the ground. Those who had not reached the platform cleaner came and registered terror. Those who had passed the second mark fled on, looking back and also registering terror. You see, those caught between the two lines were used when the camera was under the debris of Pilate's palace—those on either side had escaped.

Then came the trick printing with the two negatives, with considerable painting out of those who had fallen flat between the two lines, and you have the palace falling on the panic-stricken throng in the street. The accompanying music and sound effects took care of the panic-stricken throng in the street.

The rescue of Dora Kenyon, which is also illustrated by the artist, was accomplished in this manner. One negative was shot of a very real and very steep precipice; the camera suspended on a platform far out over the edge to get the proper angle.

Another negative was shot of Miss Kenyon's horse racing madly along what looked like a track fence—but what was the inevitable white drop. Dora and the horse had to reach a certain mark at a certain count—over for the precipice. The horse had to reach a certain count—the horse had to run, and Colman had to reach the frenzied burst, starting from outside the camera line, and he, too, had to be shot on the right count. There could be no waiting for man or horse. They took it perhaps forty times before everything was exactly right, and then the two negatives (the foreground background and the moving mat) were ready for the printing work, and audiences got a great thrill.

You remember the mountain of water pursued by the master of the upthrusting sea, and the monster was made of one negative, and the boys marched on and on in the other negative, and Mr. Williams brought them together in his printing laboratory. Of course they shot the torrent in miniature, Conway and his horse made their hairbreadth dash on a dark night and in an artificial rainstorm with nothing but a director threatening—then, although there is quite a film-making the steed climb a slippery and sloping wooden bridge, which was on the back lot. Then up in Mr. Williams' laboratory, they finished one of the greatest thrills ever witnessed.

And the marvelous battle scenes in "The Big Parade," where were the big guns tearing huge craters in No Man's Land, and made on one negative, and the boys marched on and on in the other negative, and Mr. Williams brought them together in his printing laboratory. Of course it was by no means as easy as it sounds, for this was one of the hardest pieces of moving mat printing ever accomplished.

So critical is the public that the building, photographing and printing of these miniatures must be of the very highest type of workmanship. The director of the picture must know that this work in "The Big Parade" alone cost approximately $70,000 for the background negative and the moving mat negative. Then you had the thousands of tins of thun-

derous thirty-five feet long and more than seven thousand miniature shells were fired in a period of forty seconds.

On another picture "The Barrier" which shows a fierce storm at sea, icebergs, and a ship caught and crushed in an ice floe, more than $35,000 have been spent to create these background effects.

Mr. Waller, technical camera expert of the Famous Players Long Island Studio, had never seen a cyclone; yet he was instructed to produce effects for Mr. Griffith's picture, and he made on one negative, and the boys marched on and on in the other negative, and Mr. Williams brought them together in his printing laboratory. Of course it was by no means as easy as it sounds, for this was one of the hardest pieces of moving mat printing ever accomplished.

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Face and Hands
as lovely as the skin of your body

-thousands of women at last have found the way to attain it ... and keep it ... try this method FREE

WOMEN in every walk of life . . . of all ages . . . are asking, "Isn't there some way to really improve my complexion?" These women think it strange that the skin of their face and hands should be less attractive than the skin of their body.

There is a reason. There is a way to stop this "unequal ageing." Unequal because the body skin looks years younger and lovelier than the skin of the face and hands. The way to equalize this is Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

Frostilla Lotion has been famous for more than fifty years, for keeping hands soft and white in spite of housework and other duties—for preventing chaps and dryness. Thousands of women are now using it for their face and neck as well.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is the same as the natural moisture made by the tiny skin glands. These glands send natural moisture—"precious moisture" we call it—to all your skin. Enough for your body skin, because that is protected by clothing. But not enough for the skin of face, neck and hands, for this skin is always exposed. The result is that this exposed skin is almost always dryer, harsher, less smooth than the protected body skin.

It is easy to correct this. It is easy to supply the extra amount of moisture that the face and hands should have with Frostilla Lotion. Use it regularly on all exposed skin and you will keep it as soft and beautiful as the skin that is always protected.

Your skin quickly absorbs Frostilla Lotion without leaving the least bit of stickiness. Its fragrance you will love.

You need Frostilla Lotion always when raw winds, artificial heat, sun and summer burns, dust and powder dry the moisture from your skin leaving it harsh and scaly.

We want you to try Frostilla Lotion at our expense. Let us send you a trial bottle—absolutely free. Mail the coupon.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

Used by the Leading Movie Stars

In spite of the severity of outdoor acting in all kinds of weather, and the daily use of make-up, screen stars say that Frostilla Lotion keeps their skin in the best of condition, preventing roughness, chaps or irritation.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
them with Miss Daniels as Iris. Remember the scene where Iris takes a drink of water and a drop clings to her lips after she has set down the glass? That ought to make one of the loveliest close-ups yet seen in motion pictures. Or when she is lying in the bed asleep, her tawny hair tousled. That much for the beauty that Miss Daniels could attain. And how magnificently could she do that splendid climax? Helen could give to Iris March that quiet dignity, that godliness, that orichudious loveliness that Arlen gave her.

Malcolm St. Clair is the director to bring the Arlenesque sophistication to the fore, and by all means let the picture be done in color, with Iris’ green hat and yellow car.

D. Boden

Norma Not the One and Only

New York City.

I have long been an amused reader of the letters which the fans write to you under this department. Some of these letters offer sane and constructive criticism, but most of them seem to be written from the point of view of the moment and to be guided by the emotions of the writers, rather than by their best critical faculties.

I am glad to note in the latest issue of Photoplay that you give proper praise and credit to Renee Adoree for her thoroughly artistic performance in “The Big Parade.” There was not a single false note or the slightest hint of the theatrical in Miss Adoree’s touching portrayal of the little French peasant girl. I have read many reviews and comments on this picture, and, so far, you are the first to give her anywhere near the amount of praise that she deserves.

I was also very much interested in Adela Rogers St. Johns’ article on Norma Talmadge as our one and only “great” actress. I agree very heartily with everything Miss St. Johns says concerning Miss Talmadge’s beauty, intelligence, and ability to portray many widely different roles, but I object to her saying that Miss Talmadge stands alone.

How can Miss St. Johns ignore Pauline Frederick? Here is an actress who can match Norma “in shade and in any day for great performances. Who can forget the Pauline Frederick of “Madame X,” “Three Women,” and especially “Smouldering Fires”? That was a portrayal that Norma Talmadge would be proud to claim.

HARRISON AYES.

Rambova Boosters

New York City.

As believers in fair play, we would like to thank Photoplay for its defense of Natacha Rambova in February’s issue. Miss Rambova has been treated most unfairly by the majority of reporters and interviewers. They have placed her in a ridiculous light and made her seem petty by twisting her words spoken for publication.

We have commented among ourselves on the splendid, womanly manner in which Mrs. K. K. Rambova herself has conducted herself throughout the entire affair, and sincerely hope things will end satisfactorily for her through Photoplay’s assistance.

May we assure Mrs. Valentina of our moral support and best wishes for a successful career?

THE BEBE DANIELS GIRLS CLUB,

DOROTHY LUDGREN, President.

More Barrie-Brenon-Bronson

Pittsburgh, PA.

After seeing Mr. Herbert Brenon’s triumphs with “Peter Pan” and “A Kiss for Cinderella,” you must but marvel where this director has been hiding.

Those two productions were superlatives. Who would have thought the plays of Sir James Barrie could be presented in an adequate manner on the screen? In “Peter Pan” he makes use of the Brilliant dialogue of the speaking plays. Mr. Brenon seemed to get the utmost out of his material and preserving as far as was possible the delicious whimsy and humor of the great playwright.

Perhaps we shall be fortunate enough to see Mr. Brenon directing Betty Bronson in the role of the well-meaning but mistaken little daughter in “Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.” That would be delightful.

Mr. Brenon should make a wonderful picture of “Little Caesar.” The moving picture world needs more productions like “The Dark Angel.” Show and find clothes, with ready-made plots, do not make drama.

ELINOR WESTLAKE.

Yes, Name Her!

Annapolis, Md.

Here I come with a brickbat in one hand and a bouquet in the other. The bouquet is for Mr. and Mrs. Bronson—a dog I have never seen. And the brickbat I am going to throw at whoever is responsible for the pictures he has been playing in, and his supporting cast.

All the stars realize their popularity with the public depends upon the right kind of stories and parts. Just a few bad ones are enough to knock the whole lot. This same applies to Strongheart. Just because he is a dog is no reason why they should be careless about his stories. He is a wonderfully intelligent dog, and is more so than many of the clothes-horses that we have pardoned before us.

And name the vamps that has as beautiful eyes as Stronghart?

Fans, as long as Strongheart can’t talk for himself and get good pictures, let’s do the talking for him.

BEATRICE ANDERSON.

John’s Gum Chewing Lyric

Detroit, Mich.

Hard-boiled Detroit is being revealed this month for what it really is—a city with a heart of gold. The miracle? “The Big Parade.” Sols and hankies and strong, supporting shoulders in the theater, liner a mile long at the box-office, general enthusiasm, some vitriol from the hundred percenter and even cheering newspaper editorials. The w. k. public is not the dumb-dora as advertised. We appreciate beauty and sound sentiment, and we can swallow a dose of truth sometimes. I had never before realized the lyrical possibilities of chewing gum and hob-nailed shoes. We begin to see now that Sherman was right. And, at last, a “mother scene” that isn’t mushy dribbled, but sweet and quiet as it should be.

May Stallings and Vidor. John Gilbert and Renee Adoree inspire the rest. We want are to welcome them, yea, even at two dollars a head.

FLORENCE J. ELCONN.

Critics Criticized

Lexington, Mo.

It gives me great displeasure to throw this brickbat at my favorite magazine, Photoplay. I have always been pleased with the fairness of your critics in their reviews, but recently I have had cause to change my mind.

For example, in the February issue under the Six Best Pictures was “Stagestruck.” Of
Hey! Directors

St. Louis, Mo.

D. W. Griffith would be easily the greatest director if he would only give the audience credit for a little more intelligence than he had in the nickelodeon days, and realize that it is not necessary to explain every action and to label every scene.

I have never missed a James Cruze picture and will not do so if I can help it. Lubitsch has what Griffith lacks, and vice versa. Rex Ingram is always good. King Vidor and Herbert Brenon have come into prominence with "The Big Parade" and "Peter Pan." Henry King returns to form with "Stella Dallas." Mal St. Clair and Clarence Brown are rapidly rising directors, but Monta Bell seems to have stopped by the wayside to take a rest.

I would like to suggest that the name of the director be featured more strongly in the exploitation of good features. Except in the cases of Cruze, Griffith and C. B. DeMille, the directors' names are seldom mentioned. The reviewers, of course, accord them all due credit, but the general public gives it all to the players.

A good picture is always one well directed. Therefore the name of the director should be a promise of future worthwhile pictures.

M. H. Standish.

[Continued on page 123]

There is no Formula for Success

[Continued from page 33]

always get what I wanted. No one does. But I was taught that failure has its lessons, perhaps even more valuable, than success, and I have tried always to remember that and to profit by it.

I am and always have been of intense vitality. My parents recognized this. They never used the curb. They never attempted to suppress my emotions. If I went to my father with enthusiastic accounts of something I had been doing, he was never too busy to listen. I was guided—never led or driven. Any urge that I might have had for self-expression was always given free rein, even encouragement. That, I am convinced, was of infinite value in increasing my ability to express myself, and it is perfectly obvious what such ability means to an actress.

I know that because, as a child, I was never suppressed, never browbeaten, never ruled by fear, my mind was free from inhibitions and ready to go steadily ahead to whatever was in store for me.

My father was an army officer and we traveled a great deal from post to post. That, also, had its broadening influences and its educational bearing. At these posts much of my life was spent outdoors. My father developed in me a fondness for outdoor sports—skating, riding and other exercises—so that, in addition to my mental capacities, I have him to thank for my robust body and usually perfect health. I imagine I was something of a tomboy, but I never was checked, and I can assure you that the liking for sports and the spirit of

NEW PEACOCK MODELS FOR SPRING

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To New York's women of fashion, Peacock Shop, in Forty-second Street at Fifth Avenue, is now showing the first exclusive Peacock interpretations of the prevailing Spring Modes in Paris and New York. Send for the Spring Peacock Book, "Style Secrets for Every Woman," and select your models, just as if you were shopping amid the brilliant luxury of New York.

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He Adored

The Hair-Free Beauty of Her Soft White Arms

The hair-free skin of her smooth, round arms was like the creamy petal of a rose—soft as velvet to his impulsive caress. All women were not like that—he knew. She knew that before she learned of NEET her arms were blemished with hair.

The wonderful thing about Neet, then, with its hair-removing Cream, is that it is ready to use the moment you buy it. You merely smooth it on and then rinse away the unsightly hair. The liberal sized 50c tube can be had at almost every drug or department store. Call for Neet by name. Accept no substitute.

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Some thing DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—what kind in years?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can’t tell you what the color is, but it’s full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest camelias, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It’s only when the head is moved that you catch the camelias suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the “trick” Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, ask a package and use for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J.W. Kent Co., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Courage which were inculcated at that time have been of inestimable benefit to me in my screen career.

Another thing he did for me was to animate any self-consciousness I might have. When we were living at Key West and I was seven years old, I was asked to sing at a concert, and my parents told me that I showed not the slightest indication of stage fright. I was, however, uncertain how much help this would be to me in the future. I had been greatly excited over the idea, but the lure of the motion picture appealed that desire.

It was a matter of being in the Essanay studio for several months and then went to California. There I met Mack Sennett. I met him, and he told me to come to the studio three days later and we would have a chance to work. I felt like going with him, but I went, and found myself scheduled to play “leads” with Bobby Vernon in two-reel light comedies. This, by the way, was Sennett’s first serious work. I didn’t want to do it. I didn’t want to play comedies, no matter how light they were. I had been playing nothing else in Chicago, and felt that I was lost in those roles. Still, even in comedies, I was still in pictures, and dramatic roles might come. I stayed there some months and then sent to New York to continue my education. But again I was told that I must do comedies.

Then, out of a clear sky, came my chance. Even before I started my first comedy with the new company—the Triangle—I was told that there was a dramatic role for me. I was thrilled through and through. I heard the story. The character was I was to play had little to do except amusing Fred and dancing. I couldn’t swim a stroke and never had made a dive in my life. Can you imagine my sensations?

But I wanted that role and I was determined to have it. I went to the Y. W. C. A. tank and told the instructor what I needed. For three days I haunted that place—and I was so frightened that every time the instructor tried to teach me to dive I had to run into the tank. “This instruction doesn’t mean anything,” I told myself. “When the time comes that I must swim in the picture, I’ll be able to do it right.”

So I reported to the director. I was led to the end of a dock and looked down, fourteen feet, to the black, oily water. It was a night swim I was asked to make, and I had to jump into that black water—and someone told me it was sixty feet deep—the idea of the scene being that I was to rescue a man who was attempting suicide.

I hinted gently that a “double” might do the dive. The director told me, kindly I trust, that I had better do it myself, it would give me more confidence. The only thing it gave me was terror.

“Give me five minutes,” I said, and I’ll tell you whether or not I’ll do it.”

For that five minutes I sat on the end of the dock and looked at that water. I pictured myself struggling in the mud, sixty feet down. I imagined everything that could possibly happen. I bet the idea only, mere desire for this opportunity conquered fear and I realized that I couldn’t give it up to another girl who would have more courage than I. Besides, I might not get another opportunity.

So I told the director I would do it. He explained the scene to me, with that dazed look in his eyes that I didn’t feel as if I were going to die that night.

“Camera,” the leading man was called first while I waited on the side. “Miss Swanson!” I ran to the end of the dock and plunged.

I’ve always wondered whether or not I was fortunate that I didn’t have to swim for this part. I think I could have, even now. All I remember is that I went down—down—down to the bottom, sixty feet. At least, I imagined I went to the bottom, because I was struggling to get to the top, like an animal that is thrown into the water for the first time.

In a second or so I came to the surface. It had seemed like hours to me. In any case, I have been told that I was seeing red. There, a few yards from me, was the supposed suicide, paddling about comfortably. I looked

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at him. And then I struck out and swam to him as if I had been used to swimming all my life.

But, strangely, I have never been able to do that since.

From that time I played in a brief series of dramas, all for Triangle. Then came the lucky break. Cecil De Mille had seen one of my pictures and he sent for me. He wanted someone to play a dramatic leading role in one of his pictures. I saw him. He said he would do it. I was in the seventh heaven. And then Triangle got a ruling that I was under contract and couldn't leave. You can imagine how far I dropped out of my little heaven. It took all my philosophy to carry on, but I did.

Of course, that lucky break didn't seem so lucky then, but it really was because Mr. De Mille remembered me. The chance came again, and this time when I could go with him the picture was a much better one than the first one I was to have been in. This second chance came when the Triangle broke up. Mr. De Mille wanted a leading woman for "Don't Change Your Husband," one of his greatest pictures, and I got the rôle.

My work with him was a revelation to me. Endless attention to detail and infinite patience were among his characteristics. I did the best I knew, and studied Mr. De Mille. Every picture I made with him taught me something new, and I acquired a thoroughness of technique which has been invaluable.

I owe Cecil De Mille an enormous debt of gratitude. He impressed upon me, as my father had, the necessity for concentration, for patience, for care of detail, and every picture gave me something of value, something that I stored away for future use. The training was priceless, not only for what it taught me about myself and about picture-making, but also because it brought home to me anew what my father had always impressed upon me; that every experience in life contains some lesson by which it is well to profit.

I have never forgotten that. I never shall forget it. It is the same today as it was in my De Mille days. One can never learn it all, but there is nothing that happens that does not have its lesson.

If you can profit by those lessons, so much the better for you.

Just an American Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

pretentious vehicle of a motion picture career.

Nine years ago Lloyd went into pictures. He is not old now. Just in the mellow part of the twenties. . . . not too green and not too mature. And he knows the full value of the attainment he now enjoys. He worked for it—struggled for it—waited for it—. . . as every one does who makes for his goal success in motion pictures.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, but after seeing several of Jack Gilbert's fiery screen performances, I have only one flaw to find with Lloyd. He seems to lack the necessary animation that sustains suspense and excites applause. He lacks that fine flair for tempestuous emotion that sweeps the ladies into ecstasy. Every great lover of the screen and stage has it. Lloyd may achieve it later.

And, on the other hand, Lloyd may be wise in not cultivating it.

It may be that the greatest charm of Lloyd Hughes lies in the fact that he does not emulate the passionate procession of great lovers who rise to heights . . . and fall.

He walks steadily, slowly, loyally onward. As valiant as we are prone to picture the typical American youth.

And what is more gratifying than a glorified symbol of our youth?

Can you still command his admiring glances?

Does your mirror still reflect a youthful radiant complexion? Ask yourself these questions. If the answer is "no," then you are being unfair to yourself. Every woman—no matter what her age—by observing the laws of nature in the care of her skin can prevent fading color, blotches, and other blemishes, and keep ever fresh the charm of youth to which she is entitled.

Thorough cleansing is the first step in creating or preserving complexion beauty, and among medical skin specialists, cleansing with a pure soap and warm water is the method most highly recommended.

Start this simple treatment today and watch your skin grow younger.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap at your druggist's. Every night with warm water gently work the thick, creamy lather of Resinol Soap into the pores of your skin. Then thoroughly rinse off your face and splash on a dash of cold water to close the pores. Within a week you will see the difference. A finer smoother texture in your skin—a softening and then a disappearance of those insidious little blemishes—a ruddier glow of health—a more youthful appearance in your whole face.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., many women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches, and similar blemishes. All druggists sell these products.
Manhattan Technique

[continued from page 56]

of the girls get very artistic. I traveled all over the country and in Europe with them. I stayed two years.

"And after that the 'Scandals.' "

The corners of Louise's mouth curled slowly upward. "Yes, I did, in her quiet, lazy voice. "Immediately after. Fancy that."

Faint lights of amusement revealed themselves in the depths of her eyes.

She is just nineteen now. "For my third picture," she explained, shifting herself languidly. "I'm supposed to play opposite W. C. Fields in 'The Old Army Game.' I've played with him before in 'Folly.'"

Now they want me to play opposite him over there. "But I'm not going to."

"But they've announced you in the cast," I protested weakly.

"Yes," said Louise, oh, so quietly. "I know they have. They think I'm going to play it. But I'm not. I don't want to play a part where I race around a funny man all the time. And I won't."

She hadn't disarranged so much as a lock of hair while making this declaration of war. She has that magnificent simplicity. Louise will probably prevent the home-life of the Paramount studio from becoming monotonous before her contract is finished.

"I want to do things like Gloria Swanson," she confessed. "Most of these movie people—she paused. 'They sought for a phrase. 'They slayed me,' she drawled. "But I admire Gloria. I admire her career. She's going ahead and got just what she wanted. I like that."

Louise and Gloria may very well be sisters under the skin, only I doubt that the young Swanson had Louise's poise or Louise's exact knowledge of things. She was after. But the drive of ambition, the scuf-fing off of all unnecessary, cluttering things from the path of success, the magnificent, compelling charm of the complete, young realist, these are their common property.

Gloria, the magnetic, with her success as her bulwark, is definitely maternal.

"But Louise's room is cluttered with dolls and a toy dog as big as Vanya, the canine nursemaid of Peter Pan."

She explained that she was originally from Wichita, Kansas. "Isn't the family thrilled by your sudden success?"

"I asked."

She looked at me carefully. 'She stirred the bedclothes faintly. 'They don't know about it,' she drawled. "She waited and then smiled."

"My mother and father separated when I was five," explained. "My father thinks I'm terrible."

Her black eyes were languid. "In our family," she said, "it was everybody shift for himself. She smiled and waved her little white hand to indicate her apartment. It is a Park Avenue apartment, and in Manhattan there is nothing more utterly upper than a Park Avenue apartment."

"Well," said Louise. "I have."

Your Name! What Does it Mean to Your Destiny?

[continued from page 35]

detracts from your power to study your own lesson and to profit from it. Your birth number, in short, tells you the job you came on earth to finish. If you try to slack that job, it only makes it so much the worse for you. Whether you like it or not, it is up to you to do it and if you know how you can utilize the aid you may obtain from a careful study and a thorough knowledge of the influence of the name and birth numbers, you may put that job over with world to build. There are no lucky or unlucky numbers. It is lucky or unlucky according as you obey or flesh your numerical law—it is generally conceded to be unlucky when you are detected in breaking any law. Each of these nine numbers has exactly the same meaning where-cfr found. Each letter in your name has its number power. Added together and reduced to the common digit it gives you the numerical influence which surrounds you in this life and from which you obtain your help in emergencies. It is merely to use another illustration, like a man who has a commission to build a house. He is furnished with a blueprint and a quantity of materials. He may build it as he pleases. Should he choose to put the attic in the front porch and the cellar in the dining room, he may do so.

But if he intends to make a success of that house and one which will be a joy to live in, he will work from the Blue print and with the materials furnished him, regardless of what his neighbor is putting up on the next block.

So your blue print is contained in the power of your birth number. Your materials are furnished you from the power of your name, as well as the amount of motive power you can put into the building.

The majority of our difficulties, to continue this simile, are brought on by the fact that we refuse to recognize the blue print and overlook the material at hand. We roam about looking for better material or for stuff that was never intended to be a part of the structure we were sent to this world to build.

Simple enough when you understand it, isn't it?

Your life runs in cycles of nine. Every nine years, therefore, you may begin again, if you choose, to build more wisely. But unless you build with knowledge, the result will be as before. If you study the law of numerology with the thought of finding the power of application and adjustment that will enable you to smooth your own path in life and to meet every event with courage and power and conviction, you will learn that there is strength in every number. If you are seeking for a "lucky number" that will give you an easy path to a selfish personal ambition, go to a fortune teller—they have plenty of them.

Keep in mind the fact that your baptismal number is never accidental. It not only gives you power on which you may safely call in times of emergency; but it tells you, as well, the history of your past lives. It is a true and unchangeable history of just where you stand in a cosmic sense and how much you have yet to learn before you attain the perfection that means the completion of your cycle of experiences.

Artists, musicians and other professional people often change their name for professional reasons, but they would be wise to know the meaning of it.
Nine years ago, when this nation was preparing for war, it found the Bell Telephone System ready for service at home and abroad. The war found the Bell System prepared. From its technical forces so needful to meet our war-time activities in this country, fourteen battalions were organized to carry to the front the highest developments of the telephone art. No other nation had so completely a system of communication to aid in mobilizing its resources. No other nation was able to put into the field a military communication system of equal effectiveness.

Fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, gave to the world a new art. He had the vision of a nation-wide telephone system by which people near at hand and far apart could talk to one another as if face to face. He foresaw a usefulness for the telephone which could not be achieved without innumerable developments, inventions and improvements, to him unknown. But not even he foresaw the marvelous applications of telephony which gave to the American armies that fighting efficiency which is possible only when there is instant exchange of complete information.

Since the completion of its service in time of war, the Bell System has devoted itself to the extension of the telephone art as one of the great agencies for the development of the pursuits of peace.

**American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies**

**Bell System**

In its semi-centennial year the Bell System looks forward to continued progress in telephone communication.
creative genius, its impulse toward construction and its inflow of ideas. If you use it negatively, you will be confronted by conditions over which you will keep him to the line you make, and shatter yourself vainly. It will use you instead of your using it. And if you develop its destructive form, you use the power of the one to coerce a menace to your self and your country, signifying your ability to fight and to antagonize.

The key, then, to your name power lies in the alphabet as allied to the numbers, as follows:

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The method of obtaining your name control number is easily mastered. Place each letter in your name over its corresponding numeral:

- **D**OUGLAS
- **FAIRBANKS**

To arrive at the numerical influence of his motivating urge or ideology, we add the vowels of both names. This is the inner urge that activates him in any emergency and it is this urge that should be followed in any perplexity, for it represents his individual power. The vowels will be added like this:

- **D**OUGLAS
- **FAIRBANKS**

Adding these numbers gives us a digit of 3, a numerical influence that demands self expression in every event of his life. His birth date being May 23, 1883, we compute the numerical influence by ascertaining the number power of May and adding to it the numerical power of the day and the year, each of which is found by adding the figures and obtaining the digit of each. The months derive their numerical significance in the progression of the months. When the cycle of 0 is reached with September, the digit is found for October, November and December. The following is the table of the months:

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May being the 5 month, we add to this the digit of 3, which is also 5. The figures of 1883 added together give us a total of 2 as follows:

**May 23 1883**

5 5 2

Adding these figures together thus 5 + 5 + 2 = 12, which reduces to its digit, 3. This gives Mr. Fairbanks the same destiny number as his ideology. Anything that he really goes after earns him a bound to come his way, for he has but few difficulties to overcome, save in his own variable disposition, which makes it difficult for him to make up his mind or to keep it made up. He should be associated always with people who are adaptable and who are flexible. In fact, he will find himself the center of attention instead of being at the center of the stage and being a part of its action. It means the beginning of a new cycle for him and it is in his power to direct this cycle in any way he wishes and to push his career to its conclusion.

To sum up, you have been shown the method of finding your numeral power of both name and birth. The vowels of your name will indicate your individuality or motivating power in everything you do. It is the attitude, in short, with which you approach life. The sum of the vowels and consonants added together will tell you the aid that they contribute to you in meeting the problems of your destiny number. The birth or destiny number tells you the lesson you must learn in life and also shows you the influence each year will bring you and the manner in which you may use life and its opportunities to the best advantage. Keeping this key in mind, we will go on to the next name analysis, which is, of course, that of Mary Pickford.

You will recall that I cautioned you to give your exact baptismal name for an analysis—all of it, the discarded middle name and all. Mary Pickford having been born Gladys Smith, her name chart would read like this:

**Gladys Smith**

April 8, 1895

- Idaility: 1
- Aids: 2
- Destiny: 6
- 1926: 3

From this analysis, if the exact name and date of birth are given—and if not given correctly, then the analysis in any case is of no value whatever—and if the motivating urge of this name that of a 1. This indicates that she is of an unusually strong character, with a creative disposition and a capacity for management that would make her a power of strength in any field. She might, in fact, be a bit headstrong in her viewpoint, if she were not modified strongly by her aid number of 2, which gives her a tendency to seek a peaceful atmosphere and to create a sphere about her in her work. She has great administrative ability and attracts influential friends, great honors and public success. Her mind works quickly and usually dominates in any undertaking with which she is connected.

Her destiny lesson is that of responsibility. She has early had to face much responsibility both in character and work, both in lack of managing affairs that makes her a friend to be desired. She will always attract money to meet her needs and those of the ones who depend on her and as she is a cosmic mother and seeks to protect everyone and everything that comes within her circle, she is invariably mothering some person or some ambition. This influence makes your work and your play. She should work only six hours a day, for in this she puts in her best work and after that, she is only tiring herself out without getting any benefit from it. In fact, if she ever gets overtired, she becomes fussy and petulant and needs plenty of wholesome recreation to keep her number powers well balanced.
generously to all who call upon her. It also brought her conditions that made her face sternness and much hard and unpleasant routine work, but it has greatly developed her spiritual strength. She is apt to keep her real inner problems to herself and to show her friends only a pleasant and cheerful attitude. But very few people ever get very close to her real individuality. Her 1926 law will be that of expression. She will find herself putting into operation the plans she laid several years ago and should have a most active year before her. She will be of much assistance in carrying out plans of her husband this year, as it will be his dominating year in which he will have much creative value, with danger of losing much of its power through argument with others who do not vision so clearly as he does. His husband respects monotonous in every form and demands constant action for his money. 1926 will see him maturing new ideas and entering into a restless and emotional period with new ideas which will not always find favor with those about him. The tests of the coming year will demand all of his spiritual strength and if he will watch the October days, he can determine for himself just what problems he will have to meet during the coming year as they will be foreshadowed in the events of that month.

Brickbats and Bouquets
[Continued from page 117]

Ricardo's Far Away Fan
Victoria, Australia.
I'm afraid that the brickbat of "Babe" in the November issue is a feeble one. These days an actor can't be of the Latin type without being accused of imitating Rudolph Valentino. From what "Babe" says one would think that Ricardo Cortez' wonderful smile and devilish eyes were part of Rudy's apparel that could be borrowed at a moment's notice.

In Defense of Norma
Tulsa, Okla.
You're all wrong, Mrs. St. Johns. Norma Talmadge is a good actress, but don't kid yourself that she is anyone else in her pictures but Norma Talmadge. And she is becoming more herself in every picture. She has enormous potentialities, but Miss Talmadge seems to be letting up. It appears to me that she has nothing more to strive for, and that's the reason. I'll bet you a nickel it wouldn't make a particle of difference to Norma Talmadge if she never made another picture.

Althea Davis

Vilma Just a Pretty Blonde
Pittsburgh, Pa.
I can't see why all this hubbub about Vilma Banky. I agree with the reader who said she was just another pretty blonde.

We have a dozen blondes who are more attractive than a pretty blonde, take Laura La Plante and Blanche Sweet. Miss La Plante is young and not very well known; with the publicity break that Miss Banky has received because of "Babe," Laura La Plante would be as much discussed today as the Budapest beauty. And I do not think that Miss Banky will ever have the following that Miss La Plante has. It would be in Europe. Laura La Plante would be a much discussed today as the Budapest beauty. And I do not think that Miss Banky will ever have the following that Miss La Plante has. It would be in Europe.

I'm not saying Vilma Banky isn't beautiful or cannot act. She is and can. What I'm arguing about is the way people are raving without realizing that she got over first crack because she got such a good break by being "discovered," and cast in a good picture and with Ronald Colman. Hard boiled.

Don't Pay Me a cent If I Can't Give you a Magnetic Personality 5 Days FREE Proof!

No matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed.

You can give you poised that banishes self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistible popular. You will be magnetized, that will indebly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

I'll make you a fascinating force in social life, a powerful, dynamic, commanding figure in the world of personal power. You will become more popular, more prosperous, more gloriously successful than you ever dreamed possible!

Let me send you the proof absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in your personality, you need not pay a cent. I'll send you one person's experience and just say, "Tell me your principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

What Is Personal Magnetism

What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power? You have it—everyone has it—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fallacy or a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own personal force, released and magnified a hundred fold in an amazing clear, crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks, more valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handicapped, without it a business man is powerlessly, even a housewife. No actor, no teacher, no crat, no statesman can long hold his audience as well without this supremely influential magnetic force.

Personal magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest effort. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, realize your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from whom you were before.

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is the electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You feel eager to self-confidence.

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Hail and Farewell

[continued from page 47]

And she was tired of the country. So she married him. But he died.
The most important thing that happened to her in her youth, with the possible exception of the "too-briefly-lent" marriage, line with which she was so continually associated, was her marriage to young Laurence Converse. He was a good-looking young lawyer, whom I used to see around the gallery, with an air of importance, but quite easy and very charming manners. His family was well known socially, and rather well-to-do. Barbara fell in love with him and married him, all in a few weeks, and with which she was ever afterwards to be labeled, was her marriage to young Laurence Converse. He was a good-looking young lawyer, whom I used to see around the gallery, with an air of importance, but quite easy and very charming manners. His family was well known socially, and rather well-to-do. Barbara fell in love with him and married him, all in a few weeks, and

Touch a Corn
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Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

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You can get it on just where it is needed. Can be used where powdered henna dyes have been used. The shades blend beautifully. Can be used over other hair dyes or restorers. Directions in each bottle.

Eau De Henna comes in colors: Black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, dark, blonde, auburn. Price postpaid $2.50 or C. D. $2.12. White color desired. Order throug your Druggist, Department Store or Post Office, or direct from us.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 19, 112 East 23rd St., New York
Men or women can use Eau De Henna to advantage.

The Exquisite Dolores

[continued from page 37]

But while she was on the screen I was, as Mr. Christy said, entranced. Her loveliness is so different, so fragrant, so endlessly alluring. You never seem to get enough of her. When she off the screen you wait impatiently for her return, and when she does come on, you have each time a new and delightful surprise in finding that she’s even more exquisite than you remembered her.

Dolores Costello is the nineteen-year-old daughter of Maurice Costello, whom a lot of fans will remember as one of the first stars and matinee idols of the screen.

"And I nearly gave up pictures in despair," Dolores told me, "because I got so tired of everybody saying, 'Well, well, so you're Maurice Costello's little girl!' I remember you when— It seemed to me I’d never get a chance of my own."

She started her professional career less than two years ago in the George White "Scandals," then she went with her father on a location trip to Florida to see an Alan Dwan picture and played a bit. Back in New York, she played a few small parts around the Paramount Long Island studio.

She was doing that when she posed for James Montgomery Flagg for the illustrations of Adela Rogers St. Johns’ Hollywood novel, "Skyrocket.

"Flagg selected her, because she fitted, more perfectly than any he’d ever seen, the description of the movie-star heroine as ‘very, very slender, but with no bones showing anywhere.’"
Why they let her slip by them at Paramount nobody knows, and they must have been pretty sick about it when they had to borrow her from Warner Brothers for "Mannequin," following her hit in "The Sea Beast."

Properly handled, Dolores Costello should mean a fortune to the Warner brothers. Will they do it?

The Exquisite Dolores! I like the sound of it.

She will tell you, demurely, shyly, that she isn't the Costello girl who went to a French convent. "That was my younger sister, Helene," is the way she says it.

But somehow you feel that it must have been Dolores. She looks like a princess of the blood royal, brought up in one of those marvelous old French convents where all the sisters had titles under their coifs, and who might now be kidnapped anytime by anybody from a Turkish sultan or a desert sheik, to a Chicago gunman or the Prince of Wales.

Personally, I can think of no one who would be so well cast in the so-difficult-to-fill role of the Princess of Wales. She would be perfect.

She is certainly my candidate for the job.

In all Dolores has played the lead in four pictures. I have seen three of them and am now eagerly waiting for the fourth. "The Little Irish Girl," an adaptation of a play by C. D. Lancaster.

Dissatisfied Beauty

[continued from page 63]

Several years ago, she saw clearly the fate of the mere beauty. And she began to develop herself as an actress.

Nothing infuriates her so much today as to have critics or audience consider her beauty before her work as an actress. She works as hard over every role she plays as though she were the plainest woman on earth. The few clippings I have known her to cherish were not those that hailed her as one of the great beauties of this century, but those that spoke well of some performance she had given, which noted some subtle bit of characterization.

When she was making "Are Parents People?" and "Trouble With Wives," she literally slaved to find business, clever touches, natural situations to fit into her role. Mal St. Clair, who directed them both, has told me that he never worked with any actress who gave such sincere concentration to her performances or who gave him, as a director, so much assistance in the portrayal of a role.

AND believe me, "The Grand Duchess" and "Sea Horses" show the result of her careful study and preparation and her brilliant thought about them. They are parts as widely different as the poles and they show how she has grown as an actress and how her personality is developing to actually top her beauty. Whatever you do, don't miss "The Grand Duchess."

You will see in Florence Vidor a "clothes-horse" beyond even Gloria, with a bit of devil equal to Pola's, enough sex-appeal to equal Vilma Bánky, and the added charm of Florence's own distinction and intelligence. Incidentally, she has never looked so beautiful, but please don't tell her I said so. She does get so furious about it.

She will never acknowledge that she is beautiful, being a modest sort of person. But I happen to know that she sometimes thinks of beauty as a handicap, as something she must surmount and subdue if she is to do big things.

She wants to be its mistress instead of its slave, that's the thing.

I went with her and a group of friends to run "Sea Horses" in a projection room at the studio the other evening. There was a great director, a well-known New York columnist, a

But--

she just doesn't belong!

Do you remember, in one of the season's most popular books, the fine, brave girl who struggled so pluckily for an education at the University? She had a really fine mind, was sympathetic and not unattractive. Yet men passed her by.

Because, as they expressed it, she just didn't belong.

Why—with all her fine qualities?

A few words reveal much. We read that there was always an ugly half-moon of stain showing under her arms, no matter how cold the day. What a pity! To think that a little lapse like this, could rob her of her chance to "belong!"

Yet nothing was ever truer. The evidence of perspiration moisture and odor is a hopeless social handicap. And all because so many women do not understand that something more than soap and water, more than "home remedies" or simple temporary correctives, is needed.

You can be safe from that repellent clinging odor of perspiration, from those ugly stains that ruin your clothes, only if you use a really dependable scientific corrective.

Millions have found it, after years of experimenting. Their one absolute safeguard is—O dorono, the Underarm Toilette!

O dorono was formulated by a physician for this very thing. It is the original perspiration corrective. Years of laboratory research have perfected its scientific action. Physicians and nurses depend upon it for hospital use constantly.

It is an antiseptic liquid, clean and clear and lovely to use as a toilet water. And the wonderful thing is, you need use it only twice a week; it keeps the underarms and that "perspiring area" across the back dry and fresh and odorless. It protects your clothing—without any other precaution.

Get the twice-a-week O dorono habit. Its dependability is such a joy! Get a bottle at any toilet counter—35c, 60c and $1 or sent postpaid.

THE O DORONO COMPANY, 904 BLAIR AVENUE, CINCINNATI, O.

Ruth Miller

904 BLAIR AVENUE
CINCINNATI, O.

Please send me sample of O dorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.
big studio executive, an important critic and myself. We had dined first at Mrs. Vidor’s and I had watched her arrange the flowers for the table herself and do a dozen little personal things that only very thoughtful and considerate hostesses take time to do nowadays. During dinner we had discussed the authenticity of the records of Joan of Arc’s trial, the relations between the advertising departments of big newspapers, early Californian architecture, Venetian glass, and the transplanting of sycamore trees, and the relation of art and commercialism to each other in motion pictures.

When the lights flickered up after “Sea Horses,” the columnist, who had quite obviously fallen asleep, sincerely reported Florence was concerned during dinner, said, “Mrs. Vidor, I’ve never seen you so beautiful.” Florence shot him one outraged look, turned positively pale with indignation and walked out of the projection room. And at dinner she had been graciousness itself to some of his rather stupid and blatant opinions.

We consoled her. We told her it wasn’t true. That nobody would notice how she looked because she gave such a fine performance. Which was partly true. We told her that the picture would do a great deal to establish her as a very fine dramatic actress, which was wholly true. We also told her that she had what a great future was unfolding before her. I believe he is right, and that she is going to win and hold a great place for herself, and it will be a credit to the industry and an honor to picture audiences if she does, because she is a fine and noble woman.

And just to think it all came about because she was a dissatisfied actress. She has the spark of divine discontent that drives on and on. And she would have been a huge success at something if she hadn’t been a beauty at all, if that’s any consolation to her, and you can tell her I said so.

THE DANGER GIRL—Producers Distributing Co.

IT is rather a pleasing sight to see Priscilla Dean again. You remember what a good girl Priscilla was, but wait until you see what a clever secret service lady she is. But there I go telling you what it all is about. However, that won’t spoil the entertainment value for you, for there’s enough happenings throughout the picture to keep one guessing. John Bowers, Cissy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt make an excellent support for Priscilla.

COMBAT—Universal

H E who likes a lively romping tale crammed with action will enjoy this. A creature of brains and muscle who bluntly smashes all who dare oppose him—cracked crowns and shattered jaws are the thrilling tools by which he hammers those who dare bar his path—and who is he? the boss of a lumber camp, alias House Peters. There’s fights from the start to the finish and, as an added attraction, a forest fire is thrown in. The youngsters will like it. Fair.

DON’T—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

T HE title speaks for itself. This is one of the most ridiculous and silliest pictures seen. The story wanders all over, and some of the comedy sequences—well, my dear, if you can laugh you’re good. Sally O’Neil and John Patrick run around with a look on their faces as if they were wondering what it all is about. And at the finish you’ll wonder too.

THE TRAFFIC COP—F.B.O.

O NLY the admirers of Lefty Flynn will enjoy this, and the youngsters, too. Lefty and his big broad grin does his best with an impossible story. All about a good-looking traffic cop and a wealthy girl who falls in love with him. Needless to say the inevitable happens and everybody’s happy.

FLAMING WATERS—F.B.O.

IT looks as though F. B. O. went through their old picture book and picked a third of the thrill scenes from each one. Assembling them together they decided a good melodramatic story could be written around them. Instead this is one of the creepiest affairs of the poor old mother-in-law stock. The runaway automobile, the hero regaining the money from the villain and making a fortune, and then the rescue of the mother and the gal from a blinding flood. Yes, my dear, the comedy relief is pitiful.

THE FIGHTING EDGE—Warner Bros.

H ERE is a melodrama with no pretensions but with scores of thrills. Laid on the boundary line between the United States and Mexico it concerns the operations of a ring who smuggle everything from hootch to undesirable aliens. Kenneth Harlan undertakes to foil them, aided by Patsy Ruth Miller. That involves them in dungeons, secret panels, fights and, of course, love. This is not art but it’s exciting entertainment. The children can go.

QUEEN O’ DIAMONDS—F.B.O.

T HERE’S not very much to recommend in this picture, but we think you’ll live through it. All about a chorus girl who is unjustly accused of theft just as she was about to be assigned to a leading role. Her innocence is proven; she gets the part and her man and there’s nothing else to do but call it a day.

CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD—Pathe

A SERIAL—a red-blooded story of storm-tossed waters, of danger plungers who know no law and hardy seamen who risk their lives in line of duty. It is the usual serial stuff with lots of action. George O’Hara is the handsome hero, Helen Ferguson the heroine, and Jean Jarvis plays the naughty schemer.

THE COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS—Fox

O NCE finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story! List to this—a cowboy meets a countess and falls in love with her. He plans to follow her to her country, so he organizes a Wild West show and travels to Europe. He meets her, saves her from the villain and wins her for himself. The smelling-salts, please!

THE YANKEE SENOR—Fox

N ow, boys and girls, Mr. Tom Mix eves them a treat that is out of the role of a wealthy senor wearing white satin blouses with trousers to match. After the fashion show Tom decides to show graceful he is and the light fantastic a la tango—at least that’s what the sub-title called it. Then big-hearted Tom performs the heroic act and puts the villain in his place. Oliver Borden, the heroine, is the most appealing and attractive member of the cast. Oh, yes, Tom does his stuff, too.
Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address.

Gen. George Custer Lives Again

Every American school-boy has read of Gen. George Custer, or "Yellow Hair" as the Indians called him because of his long blonde hair which swept down to his shoulders — and their eyes have popped and their pulses have hurried when they read of the deeds of heroism which followed Custer's great campaign among the Dakota Sioux.

It is one thing to read of these things, and quite another to see them re-enacted as they are in Universal's fine film, "The Flaming Frontier." And all the heroes and warriors who took part in those stirring episodes, live again and fight over the battle of the Little Big Horn.

You will see Gen. Custer, President Grant, Chief Red Cloud, Sitting Bull. You will ride with them into the plains of Montana where all the fighting occurred, and you will see such acts of courage as will thrill you to the core.

You will see HOOT GIBSON, the riding fool, as a daring lieutenant in Custer's command. You will see DUSTIN FARNUM as Gen. Custer, and a marvelous cast of wonderful riders. You will see Indians by the thousands and the Wild West even as it is today. Don't fail to see this picture because I know just what it is. Edward Sedgwich directed it.

Don't fail to see REGINALD DENNY in "What Happened to Jones" and "Skinner's Dress Suit," two refreshing comedies which give this splendid young actor all the chance he desires to show his talent. Don't fail to see "The Phantom of the Opera." When you see these plays, write me your opinion of them — show where they could have been improved.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

You can have autographed photograph of Hoot Gibson for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave.
New York City
A Beautiful Bedroom Means a Beautiful Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

often necessitates all those rooms becoming a sort of general living room and the bedroom
must be moulded into the general decorative
scheme.

For a residence of this type I show the second
illustration. The necessary sleeping arrange-
ments have been dressed up. The board at the
head of this couch, in itself an excellent ex-
ample of "new art" craftsmanship, dignifies the
bed and adds to its beauty. The actual bed has
been created by putting a mattress on top of a
box spring, the spring being supported by four
small wooden legs, which are concealed by the
bedspread. This is a lot of decorative economy
that may be useful in any home. There are
many shops in New York, and I presume they
exist in other cities, that will allowances</s>
make for repose. Wearying the eye, they
it turn weary the mind and body.
And for the homemakers I want to add that
if the true way to a man’s heart is through
the stomach, the way to his success is through
the bedroom.
The man who is caught up on sleep is the
man who catches and keeps up with the band wa-

Confessions of a
Movie Critic

[continued from page 68]

for his milk route, jumps into the game from
the bleachers, and scores a touch-down for dear
old Alma Mater. He tries to escape from his
room after the game, but Betty, sweetest of the
pros angels, nudge her father, and father, an
alumnus, offers him a job selling bonds or
something.
And there is the unsophisticated little coun-
ty girl who determines to pay off the mortgage
on the family homestead, and goes to the big
city in a calico dress and a wrong impression.
A year passes, and an original touch can be
added by placing petting parties, pocket
flasks and swimming pools. And after a spec-
tacularly successful theatrical career, she
returns to marry the blacksmith’s son, because
she now knows the height of Broadway.

Any of the above, with variations, are good,
strong, original situations which should sell
easily. And as to whether you’ve gotta have a
drag to get them accepted—well, even though
I’ve thought up all these scenarios by myself
and submitted them, none of the film producers
seems to know a good, strong, original plot
when he sees one.

Came the Dawn

THEN, at the end of the year, every self-
respecting movie critic looks over his files,
and prepares an essay entitled “Looking Back-
ward,” “Motion Picture Past Performances,”
or “Regisseur In Pace.”
After a great deal of research, I present the
following list. Moreover, I find that if all
comments on cinematic subjects of the past
year were placed end-end, they could reach
wherever it is that things placed end to end
always reach.
One thousand and twenty-two discouraged
bookkeepers (certified accountants, floorwalk-
ers, or coat-hanger salesmen) left the cramped
quarters of New York (Philadelphia, Upper
Montclair or South Bend, Indiana) for the
wind-swept spaces of God’s own country.
Four hundred and twenty Kentucky Derbies,
such, upheld the honah of five hundred and
seventy-two proud Southern families; three
thousand plots showed what was wrong with
the younger generation; and ninety-four pro-
ductions proved the curse of drink.

One hundred and five Apache solo dancers
inspired eightytwelve orchestras to play “An
Homme”; there were twelve thousand railroad
wrecks; nine hundred and forty-eight automo-
biles collided; six hundred and fifty-one dams
burst; fourteen hundred ships were sunk;
twenty-seven thousand Indians bit the Holly-
wood dust; and more than eighty-five thousand
and thirty-three sub-tiles read, “Came the
Dawn.”

Thirty-nine thousand pairs of shoes were
worn out in fights at the edges of nineteen
thousand five hundred cliffs. Nine hundred
fools that were, who were led to ruin by eight
hundred and ninety-one brunettes, and nine
henna’d blondes. I counted three thousand
mementoes to mother, and fifty-five painey-
it’s to pop. And seventy-five hundred thou-
sand extras, carrying the same number of

Slender Figures

Are seen everywhere today
People get them in this easy, pleasant way

Look about you in any circle. Note
how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is
not onenth as common as it was.

Look at any fashion pictures. Note
how every style is now adapted to slim
figures. The very vogue of short skirts
shows that overweight is regarded as
the exception.

A new era has come in this respect.
Fat is now unpopular. It is regarded as
abnormal, affecting beauty, health and
fitness. Modern research has proved it
unnecessary. There is now an easy,
pleasant way to control one’s weight.

Countless people have learned that way
and proved it. They have told others
about it. In every company you can now
see the evidence of its efficiency.

The Modern Method

The modern method is internal. It
combats the cause of excess fat, which
usually lies in a certain gland.

That method is embodied in Marmola
Prescription Tablets. Simply take four a
day. Continue until you reach the
weight you wish.

Reduction is not too rapid. It
rarely exceeds a pound a day. So the body
adjusts itself to the new conditions.

Wrinkles do not develop.

Marmola is not secret. Our books
publish every ingredient, and explain ex-
actly how Marmola acts. You will know
the scientific reasons for results.

The results are so dependable that
to everyone who mails the coupon we now
send a guarantee. If you accept it, and
then are not satisfied, every penny
you pay is returned.

Ask Your Friends

Ask your friends about Marmola—
friends who have reduced. People all
about you now employ it. They will tell
you what Marmola does. That is how
the use has grown—by users telling
others.

Marmola has been used for 18 years.
The use has grown and grown, until
people are now taking over a million
boxes yearly to reduce and control their
weight.

The results are seen everywhere. A
large percentage of the figures you have
seen grow slender are due to Marmola
Tablets. You are bound to employ them
when you learn what they have done for
your friends.

Not This Way

Try the easier method

Some people reduce by strenuous ex-
ercise and restricted diet. The methods
require severe self-denial. They are hard
and often harmful.

Marmola does not require that. Its
action is internal—on the cause of ex-
cess fat. One simply takes a tablet four
times daily. Investigate this method for
your own sake. The coupon will bring
you all the facts, our samples and our
guarantee. Compare this method with
the others, then decide.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Supplied by all druggists at $1 per
box. Send this coupon for a 25c sample
free, our latest booklet and our guarantee.
Clip it now.

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Minutes for knowledge

You are busy. You haven't time to learn about things unless they can really interest you. Yet here's a way to learn about everything that concerns your personal life in almost no time at all. Just turn through pictured pages and run your eye down interesting reading. You learn of the best way to shave, dress, brush your teeth, make your food better, health stronger, home richer, self happier. The razor, underwear, tooth-brush that will act in the best way for you. New wonders you can buy—where to buy them, what to pay, the exact good they'll do. What thousands of other people are enjoying, just what those enjoyments are. Good taste in home decoration, serving of foods—how to avoid mistakes, make the most of yourself, the most of your money; how to save.

All this in just the few minutes it takes to glance over advertising columns. Fast knowledge! Advertisements talk to you simply, briefly. They spread wares plainly before you. You get their meaning at once. Form the pleasant little habit of getting their good news in every issue. Their facts mean wisdom for you.

Advertisements tell you where to buy, what, when and how—read them
up. inspired them, sponsored enthusiasm in them, and they returned to work determined to realize what he convinced them could be done.

After considerable hard work, the picture was completed and given to Mr. Thalberg to pass judgment on. Every man and woman in the company were touched to the verge of exhaustion by the long hours and strenuous efforts put into its making. What would her 26-year-old chief say?

"A great picture," he praised, "but the beginning and the end will have to be re-taken."

They were in a way that heightened suspense and drama and drew the story closer to its theme. Today, this picture rates the finest production of its kind as "The Birth of a Nation."

Thalberg has a decisive mind, mellowed with imagination, a fine sense of humor. He knows when a person is good or a picture is good. He gives a "hunch" when he is right.

That is the way he explains how he "discovered," though he did not, Norma Shearer, years ago. He saw Norma enact a small role, for which she received no screen credit, in a film yept as "The Stealers." He tried to find her whereabouts but failed. Years later, he learned she was making a picture in Buffalo. He communicated with her, but they couldn't come to terms.

When he went with Mr. Mayer, Thalberg suggested Norma Shearer to him as likely star material. Mr. Mayer signed her on his say-so. You know the rest.

Mr. Thalberg is desirous of increasing his roster of players. He wants newcomers and more newcomers, for players must be developed to inherit the spotlight the older stars will vacate. In an effort to find talented novices and unknowns, M.G.M. devotes an hour every afternoon to making screen tests of those recommended by friends, agents, studio employees, and strangers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent yearly for these tests and Thalberg estimates if three or four possibilities are found among the hundreds who get a test, the expenditure is justified.

Though he emphasizes the need of newcomers, he pauses to deplore the hundreds of girls who pour into Hollywood seeking fame and fortune in the "Big World." There are approximately one hundred applicants for one picture job.

He claims a screen aspirant cannot be a modern Laura Jean Libbey heroine because she is the exact image of Norma Talmadge, or Gloria Swanson, or Mary Pickford. Nor can her hope be upheld through physical accomplishments or drawing-room niceties.

Mr. Thalberg points out that a screen hopeful should have something to GIVE before she can GET anything from this business. Norma Shearer gives freshness, youth, buoyancy to the screen. Renee Adoree, smouldering emotions, coquetitiousness, allurements. Conrad Nagel, cleanliness, sincerity. Roy D'Arcy can exemplify the leering, suave hypocrite.

Just how talented girls from all parts of the country are to be given their chance to swell the picture ranks without having cast aside the wind and sweeping unknown and minus assets into the Cinema City is a problem even the astute Irving Thalberg cannot answer. Some day it will be solved and, he hints, that day is not far off.

So it was on this optimistic note that we departed Mr. Thalberg's presence, for "a presence" he is, despite the fact he is a blond being—modest, brilliant, blessed with the rare gifts of humor, human insight, and brains.

And He Didn't

"And listen," counseled the producer's business adviser, "when you sign that bird up, I wouldn't pay him any more than I had to.

"Coudn't worry," said the producer, "I won't even pay him that much!"

---

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Buy one at any drug or department store. Be sure you ask for Norida, the Loose Powder Cannot Spill.

---

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“The Grand Duchess and the Waiter”—Paramount.—From the stage play by Alfred Savoir. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Albert Durand, Adolphe Menjou; The Grand Duchess, Florence Vidor; Grand Duke Peter, Lawrence Grant; Grand Duke Paul, André de Beranger; Prasovia, Dot Farley; Henriette, Barbra Pierce; Motor, Brandon Hurst; Blake, William Courtwright.

“Irene”—First National.—From the stage play by James Montgomery. Scenario by June Mathis. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Irene O’Dare, Colleen Moore; Donald Marshall, Lloyd Hughes; "Madame Lacy," George K. Arthur; Pa O’Dare, Charles Murray; Mu O’Dare, Kate Price; Mrs. Warren Marsfield, Ida Darling; Eleanor Dudley, Eva Novak; Larry Dudley, Edward Earle; Bob Harrison, Lawrence Wheat; Helen Cheston, Maryon Aye; Jane Gilmore, Beul Flowers; Mrs. Cheston, Lydia Yeamans Tris; Mrs. Gilmore, Cora Marcy.

“Dancing Mothers”—Paramount.—From the stage play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: Ethel Westcott, Alice Joyce; Jerry Naughton, Con- way Tearle; Edith Westcott, Clara Bow; Kenneth Cobb, Donald Keith; Mrs. Massacre, Dorothy Cumming; Irma, Elsie Lawson; Hugh Westcott, Norman Trevor.

“Partners Again—Potash and Perlmutter”—United Artists.—From the stage play by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Abe Potash, George Sidney; Maurice Prinbauer, Alexander Carr; Hattie Potash, Betty Jewel; Dan, Allan Forrest; Scheneckmann, Robert Schable; Rosal Potash, Lillian Elliott; Avisier, Earl Metcalfe; Paznicky, Lew Price; Sammett, Gilbert Clayton; Mrs. Sammett, Anna Gilbert.

“Behind the Front”—Paramount.—From the story by Hugh Wiley. Scenario by Ethel Doherty. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by Charles Boyle. The cast: Riff Sweeney, Wallace Beery; Shorty McGuire, Raymond Hatton; Betty Bartlett-Cooper, Mary Brian; Percy Brown, Richard Arlen; Captain Bartlett-Cooper, Hayden Stevenson; Scuttle, Chester Conklin; Sergeant, Tom Kennedy; Mrs. Bartlett-Cooper, Frances Raymond; Mr. Bartlett-Cooper, Melbourn McDonald.


This Key girl can think of more smart ideas. Now she’s got a “modestly hem.” She carries a hem, a band of chiffon, in her vanity case and when she hears a brass band she snaps the hem on and struts forth. Photos reveal Kathleen without and with. The boy friend is Douglas Gilmore.

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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.

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Putnam. Adaptation by A. P. Younger. Directed by Edward S. S. Photography by J. R. Rose. The cast: Mary Callahan, alias Maria Cherubino, Loura La Plante; Janney Austin, Harry Myers; Marquis de la Fontaine. Bertman Grasby; Al Goldringer, Alexander Carr; Herbert Dennyfield, Youca Triebzodsky; Lily Violet Armitage, Helen Carr; Wendy Brodie, Robert Anderson; Mrs. Leland Brockman, Helen Dunlar; Leland Brockman, Tom S. Guise, Kate Callahan, Kate Price; Tom Callahan, Walter Perry.

"THE CAVEMAN"—WARNER BROTHERS.

—From the story by Gillette Burgess. Adapted by Darryl F. Zanuck. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: Mike Snugg, Matt Moore; Myra Gaylord, Marie Prevost; Brezuer Bradford, John Patrick; Moid, Myrna Loy; Delph Van Vliet, Hollis Hauser; Mrs. Van Jendin, Hedda Hopper.

"FIFTH AVENUE"—PROD. DIST. CORP.


"THE DANGER GIRL"—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the story by George Middleton and Stuart Oliver. Adapted by Finis Fox. Directed by Edward Dillon. Photography by George Benoit. The cast: Marie Duquesne, Priscilla Dean; Wilson Travers, John Bowers; James, Gustave Von Seyffertitz; Henrietta Travers, Lois Moran; General Fitzhugh, Arthur Hoyt; Belham, Edward Humphrey; Organ Man, Clarence Burton; Henderson, Erwin Connolly.


"DON'T"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Rupert Hughes. Directed by C. G. Gouklending. Tracy Mossett, Sally O'Neill; Tom Carew, John Patrick; Uncle Nal, Bert Roach; Father Moffat, De Witt Jennings; Mother Moffat, Ethel Wales; Marion Carew, Evelyn Pendergast; James Morgan, Horace Moffat; Johnny Fox; Nettie Moffat, Dorothy Sey; Little Ren, Helen Hoge; "Big Bertha," Madeline Filies.

"THE TRAFFIC COP"—F. B. O.—Story by Gerald Beaumont. Scenario by Jimmy Gruen and John Grey. Directed by Harry Garson. Photographed by Gilbert Worthington. The cast: Joe Regan, Lefty Flynn; Altiva Davidson, Kathleen Myers; Wm. Radcliffe Davidson, James Marcus; Mrs. Radcliffe Davidson, Adelle Farrington; Marnadale Van Law, Ray Ripley; Harvey Phillips, Nigel Barrie; Tapino, Raymond Turner; Jerry Murphy, Jerry Murphy.

"THE FIGHTING EDGE"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Wm. McLeod Rain. Adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr., and Jack Wagner. Directed by Henry Lehrman. Photography by Alan Thompson. The cast: Juan de Dios O'Rourke, Kenneth Harlan; Phoebe Jeff, Patsy Ruth Miller; Gillette, David "Red" Kirby, Chris, Helen Conklin; Tagger, Pat Hartigan; Bailey, Lew Harvey; Simpson, Eugene Pallette; Hadley, Pat Harmon; Joyce, W. A. Carroll.

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"QUEEN OF DIAMONDS"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by Fred Myton. Directed by Chet Withey. Photography by Roy Kaffki. The cast: Johnnie Moran, Evelyn Brent; Jerry Lynn, Evelyn Brent; Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. Ramsey, Eliza Lorimer; Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Ramsey, Phillips Smalley; LeRoy Phillips, Wm. N. Bailey; David Hammond, Theodore Von Eltz.

"CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD"—Puline.—Directed by Will Nigh. The cast: Ensign with a Case, Johnnie Moran; Harry, Lloyd Sheldon; Countess Zelina, Jean Jarvis; Con Layette, Col. Albertson; James Courtlan, Robert Critt; The Coachman, James Mack; Deep Water Kelly, Joe Marlia; Jack Doulton, Roland Flander.


"THE COWBOY AND THE COUNT"—William Fox.—Story by Maxine Alton and Adele Dunnigan. Scenario by Charles Hamton. Directed by R. W. Densmore. The cast: Jerry Whipple, Buck Jones; Countess Justina, Helen D'Ally; Vanette, Diana Miller; Alexis Verlaine, Chappelle Dusset; Duke de Milos, Fletcher Norton; Slim, Monte Collins, Jr.; Edwin Irving Mansfield, Harvey Clark; Rosari, Jere Austin; White Eagle, By Himself.

"WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD"—F. B. O.—From the novel by Laura Jean Libbey. Adapted by John C. Brownell. Directed by Harry O. Hoyt. Continuity by Harry O. Hoyt. Photography by William Miller. The cast: Margaret Benson, Natacha Rambova; Jerry Benson, Clive Brook; Jerry, Jr., Russell Griffin; Alice Clark, Johnny Gough; Vera Clark, Kathleen Martin; William Graves, Sam Hardy; Gloria Trevor, Kathryn Hill.

"THE YANKEE SENOR"—William Fox.—From the novel by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Paul Wharton, Tom Meehan; Papa, Sir John; Countess Marta, Martin, Tom Kennedy; Juan Guiterre, Francis McDonald; Flore, Margaret Livingston; Don Fernandez Guiterre, Alec Francis; Doris Maye, Kathryn Hill; Ziggy Mattox; Ranch Foreman, Raymond Wells; Renegrades, Eugene Pallette, Harry Seymour, J. Krane.

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THEY were being married after a beautiful courtship of two years.

The minister had almost completed the ceremony, when he said the usual words:

"Is there anyone who hath objections to joining these two in holy wedlock? If so let him speak now."

A loud knock was heard on the church door. The attendants opened the door, and an old man with a long white beard staggered in, with his hand raised aloft. A thrill ran through the crowd. Some dramatic scene was sure to be enacted. The old man continued his way down the isle. When he reached the very altar he turned around and addressed the audience.

"Folks," he said, "let me tell you the real story of the battle of Antietam.

"It was a cold night and they damned rebels were coming down from the Shenandoah Mountains."—Michigan Gargoyle.

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He drew from his inner pocket a rather

impeccable evening clothes made his way to her. "May I have this dance?" he asked. His voice and inflection were of the Avenue. She glanced at him indifferently, and bent her head. He held out his arms and they glided out together. And he knew that he was one of the occupants of the flag-draped box. "You are a perfect dancer," he murmured, "— you are wonderful!" She made no answer, her eyes were searching — puzzled. Hurt.

MIDNIGHT. The passing of Time between the day that has gone and the day that is to come. In Mussolini Hall a breathless hush and the shuffling of feet pushing nearer to a flag-draped box. A slim, bored gentleman in impeccable evening clothes making an announcement.

"— And our first choice, ladies and gentlemen, for the honor of Film Queen, is — Miss Gianina Ferriero."

A brief silence, and then a roar of stamping feet, clapping hands, whistles, bravos. All eyes turned upward to the girl in the flag-draped box, standing so silently, slenderness white. Her eyes were wide, a little bewildered. But her mouth was impersonal, fastidious, almost insolent. And on a deserted corner past which taxicabs filed like stricken beetles, Roger Trenton stood clutching a newspaper. He had crumpled it, torn it, trying to make his mind focus on the damnably unbelievable sentences that stared up at him.

"— Burke Trenton—suicide—following big crash—Wall Street firms involved—shady dealings in financial instruments—Willard Eldridge, broker, heavy loser."

The paper filtered through his fingers. It lay in the gutter. The name of Trenton stared up at him. — "Somewhere."

Three days later Roger entered for the last time the wide, imposing doors of the William Eldridge Brokerage offices. He went quickly through the long lane of rooms towards the panelled mahogany door at the end, marked "William Eldridge. Private."

He ran the gamut of hostile stars, and barely lowered his voice. "The nerve of him! Coming here! You'd think he'd never want to show his face around here again!"

They were right about it taking nerve. Roger Trenton never did a more difficult thing in all his life than to walk the length of those imposing offices, filled with the people he had politely, but effectively snubbed. He entered the private office without knocking. William Eldridge looked up questioningly, and when he recognized the unannounced visitor, his face went hard and blank.

"Well, Trenton," he snapped out. Roger stood before him very straight and tall, a certain dignity in his wan, tortured face. "I came —" he said hoarsely, and cleared his throat. Speaking in an easy thing. Speaking so easy thing. "I came to tell you, Mr. Eldridge that — what happened was my fault, only unconsciously. I don't want you to think that I was taking advantage of your kindness — or my position — to betray firm secrets. I did talk about the business to my father. I can see now that I told him things that — well, that he used. But I had no idea that he was going on a painful pause. — "honest. Naturally, I feel the responsibility of the thing keenly. I am not financially able to make full restitution for your loss. Your honor, your yacht did not belong to me. But I have sold my car, and my personal effects. Will you please believe that I should handle the whole thing if I could?"

He drew from his inner pocket a rather

A New Way to Get Thin!

A delicious, refreshing chewing gum which takes off several pounds a week

"CHEW 'SILPH' and BE SYPH-LIKE"

"Did you hear about the latest discovery to reduce the fat woman? It is submerging itself to the skin. It is called 'Silph' and is making a hit because it does not take off Fat in the easiest and most agreeable way. What is there to do? Simply chew two or three pieces of refreshing and relaxant gum — it is as good as eating candies."

Through a most marvelous recent discovery scientists have been able to incorporate the extract of sea plants and herbs known for years as wonderful reducers into a delicious, refreshing chewing gum called "Silph." Doctors—Medical authorities and grateful users, who had been bewildered with obesity for years, are amazed at the quick and astonishing results produced by "Silph" in most cases where everything else seemed to have failed.

If you are suffering from excess fat—You should try one or two more today and get your supply of Silph-Reducing Gum which sells for 50 cents—more for one week—Silph is also recommended for stomach troubles.

In case your duplicate is out of Silph you can get it from the Silph Medical Co., 9 W. 40th St., Dept. N. Y. 1386. 50c. per box or two full weeks supply: $1.00.

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Silph is the name of the original and genuine reducing gum. The ONLY ONE WE PERSONALLY GUARANTEE TO BE SAFE AND HARMLESS.

PERSONAL Appearance is now more than ever the keynote of success with so much social and business life. For greater height and knock-kneed and slouched women, boys, girls — to have to hear that my new appliance will not only straighten within a short time, bow-leggeds and knock-kneed legs, straightly, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new Long-Scarlet." Model 13, 3.500 F. to over 11,500 F. to adjust, it's result will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance in one week. Model 13 is not like old-fashioned epilators or hooves, which both harm skin, hard to adjust, and a scientific device of proven worth, used and recommended for the last four years by thousands everywhere."

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Keep Up With the Movies SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY Turn To Page 108 Use the Coupon
bulky envelope and laid it on the polished desk. "That is all, sir, except that I am—sorry." He turned abruptly and went out. He had reached the outer door before the surprised Mr. Eldridge drew the envelope to him and opened it. There was a neatly tied packet of bills. He counted them automatically. Five thousand dollars.

Then he came to with a jerk. "Get Trenton! Call him back!" he com manded. But the wide halls were empty. Roger Trenton had gone.

Many things can happen in two years, physically— and mentally. Many things happened to Roger Trenton in two years of aimless, happen hazard drifting. He kept two things, his dog Bruiser, and his self respect. All else he discarded, even his name. It was not often that he was asked to give a name. But when the requisites of a temporary job demanded it, he registered as Roger Lafayette. At least his mother's name had not been sullied.

In those two years he learned several things; he learned about hunger and the tragedy of a suit that wears out. He learned to regard people as human beings. He learned that a great deal of kindness exists in unlikely places, and that the loyalty of a dog is a wonderful thing. He gained a smattering knowledge of dishwashing, boat landing, lawn mowing and ditch digging. He was a life guard for a season at a resort in Florida. Unnecessarily he drifted out to California. He almost starved in Los Angeles, having spent his last two dollars getting Bruiser out of the pound and buying a license for him.

Still, drifting, he reached Balboa Beach, an aquatic suburb of Los Angeles. His reasons for going there were vague. Both he and Bruiser loved the water. Besides, there was the chance that he might get work again as a life guard, or as an ordinary seaman in one of the coast-plying boats. Roger swam with a natural and instinctive ease, and when he was far out beyond the breakers, floating on his back, staring up at the blue transparent sky, the world righted itself for him. He seemed to get a perspective on life. Two years ago everything he had seemed dwarfed from the high altitude of wealth and "position." Then, after the crash, he looked up at the heavy tread of the world and found everything overwhelming, terrifying. He had to move on, scuttle out from under, or life would step on him. But out in the ocean, his body wrapped around by the warm swinging of the waves, he was at peace. He could see himself—and the world—eye to eye.

Bruiser had grown old but sturdy. He was undeniably a pugilist. Large bodied, yellowish, short haired, he loved smelly bones and garbage cans. His patch of black over his right eye had spread. He looked more than ever like a pugilist who had gotten the worst of the argument. But he had certain sterling qualities that were on a higher plane than his lowly birth would seem to warrant. He had, partly because of Roger's training in teaching, him to bring in sticks from the water, and partly because of a mastiff strain in him, a flair for rescue work.

He had towed one child at the Florida Beach resort, when the youngster had ventured out too far beyond the ropes. And he had been known to swim out along the ropes and tug at the wrists of ladies who were screaming more than he thought they would scream if they were only in fun, trying to get them back in shallower and safer water. He had gotten his picture in the paper, and had been awarded a silver medal. The medal he still wore on his collar. It had never been pawned or sold, despite the lean days on the road.

It was he who was responsible for the second great climax in Roger's life. A movie company from Los Angeles came down to Balboa to make a shipwreck picture on the ocean. On the second day of their arrival, a sign went up on the director's office—a portable house that had been moved down upon the sands—"Wanted, expert swimmers."

Guard against germs

- this way!

With March winds—flying germs—threatened infection.
Make a gargle and mouthwash of Absorbine, Jr. Just a few drops in water. Use it daily! Regularly!

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thrills and lures with every soulful glance. It is the shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes that lends to them romantic depths.

Darken your lashes with WINX and your eyes at once take on pensive shadows and luminous mystery. A light touch or two with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle and your lashes appear much longer, darker and heavier.

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DON'T weaken yourself with operations designed to pluck the heart in inches. It is a wonderful new invention which eliminates the necessity of small incisions and the chance of infection. The new Self-Massaging belt reduces the waist instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches — but, better still, it reduces the waist actually — the dangerous, uncomfortable and degenerable self to look. You look well — for the sake of horning in on five bucks for the day's work. Well — I'll give you a try at the pier at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Here's your blue slip. Show it at the office.

That was all. No, not quite all. For going out of the office, caught sight of a man just entering. An elderly gentleman. The face was hidden. But there was something vaguely familiar in the way he carried himself. It was the carriage of an aristocrat. Roger heard the scraping of the director's chair as he rose hastily to his feet.

"Well, well, well," he heard him exclaim, with the rapidity of the. "This is a surprise! We didn't know you were coming down to watch the shipwreck scene — yes, sir, everything is going to rain — we are going to see an old sailing vessel that has been condemned — burn it up —"

Roger passed out of earshot of the conversation.

The next morning at sunrise, as was his custom when unemployed, he took Bruiser down to the beach for a swim.

The ocean was blue, utterly calm, save for the gentle rising and falling of great whales. He was belatedly conscious of vague cries somewhere near him. He lifted himself, treading water. Near a small float, towards which the drift, a girl was struggling in most peculiar fashion. She was splashing awkwardly, apparently trying to fight off something that clung to the brief skirt of her swimming suit. Roger shouted as he dived in, and the girl cried, "Bruiser! Stop it! Let go!"

The dog obediently relinquished his hold and the girl swam with ease, decisive strokes to the little float. She was a pretty girl. He saw her face. Was it Naïad dressed in a close fitting black suit with a boyish white belt. A plain black cap came well down around her face. She was breathing heavily, uncertain as to whether to indignant or amused.

"Your dog —" she commenced as the young man clambered up beside her.

"Yes, I know." Roger interrupted hastily, his eyes on the large yellowish dog who was paddling toward him, "I'm awfully sorry. He has a talent for life guard work. Whenever he sees a girl in a virtue, he considers a safe depth for them, he always tries to "save" them. It's all right in theory, but rather annoying if a person can swim and doesn't want to be saved!"

He lifted the dripping Bruiser onto the float. The dog wagged himself happily, first at Roger, and then at the girl. He seemed to feel that he had accomplished a great deal. And, as a matter of fact, he had.

For when the two really looked at each other, there was an instant's breathless silence.

And then — "Gianina!"

"Roger!"

Their hands went out to each other, naturally, instinctively. They stood there, hand in hand, their eyes tranced, their lips smiling as they had smiled that memorable night.

"Why — what are you doing here? —" she stammered. "I have wondered about you — what is —"

"Oh, I'm just around," he released her hands slowly. Without realizing it, he achieved the attitude of a young millionaire who is traveling the world for information.

"The question is, what are you doing here? — Last time I saw you was in New York, at the ball — do you remember?"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPHIL MAGAZINE is guaranteed,
"Oh, yes—" her voice still had a thrilled, breathless quality—"that was the night I was elected Film Queen. I left for Hollywood the very next day. Since then I have worked hard, and worn many costumes, and cut my hair short, of course. I am still working in pictures—it is my company that is here on location today. We are going to do shipwreck scenes this morning."

"I'm coming, too." He started at her, bewildered. "You are a star you are—"

"I am Gina Malotte." She said it with fatal simplicity. "They didn't like my real name because it sounded like an opera singer, so I took my mother's name, which is French. I am not surprised that you did not recognise it."

Life had been good to Gianina. She was still exquisitely slender. Exquisitely poised. Looking at her, one thought of rich Italian tapestries; fragile Venetian glass, trailing, scented robes; and the dim glow of rubies.

"Tell me," she laughed, "why did you go away that night? Were you ill? I looked for you, I did."

His breath caught in his throat.

"Did you, Gina, did you?"

**SOMETHOw** they were very close together.

They were in a small isolated world of their own. The gently blue ocean stretched far out around them, made a protecting circle for their oasis of solitude. Somehow they were in each other's arms.

"Gina!" he said hoarsely.

She clung to him, lifting her tense face with its wide, glowing eyes.

"You won't go away again, Roger? Promise me? Can't you feel that we belong together? That we always have? I knew we would meet again, I knew it. And I have waited—no one else has ever touched my heart—somehow I knew that you would come to me. I am happy—happy—"

His mind was in a whirl. He could not think.

"Only the tremendous, immeasurable fact that they were together—again.

"And I love you, I love you!" His lips crushed down upon hers.

"Yes, I know," she spoke as if in a trance, "I love you, too, Roger. I always have. There will be never be anyone else for me—I will marry you whenever you wish it—"

**Marriage!** It was as if someone had struck him a violent, wanton blow. He came, reeling, out of his dream.

"Marriage!" he said to himself. "A dérétic, a drifter! He whose very existence for the next few days depended upon the pittance he would receive for being an 'expert swimmer' in—her picture!"

"I've got to get out of here!" he burst out. But even as he spoke, there came a hail from the shore. A megaphoned call that blared away his intended explanation.

"Miss Malotte! Come in! Ready to shoot?"

A perfect arc, and she was in the water.

Roger could do nothing but follow her, his soul numb with horror and misgiving. Bruiser padded happily in their wake. He was not a fast swimmer, but a steady one. He landed upon the sand and the after-cast. He shook his self-vigorously, jingling the silver medal on his collar.

The director welcomed them both with a smile that had faded gradually. He belatedly recognized in the bronzed young swimmer, the shabbily dressed man who had applied for work the day before.

"Look here, Miss Malotte," he snapped out, "has he been annoying you? I tried to keep anyone from going in the surf—"

"Annoying me?" Her haughty brows lifted in surprise.

"Yes; I didn't know. These extras take lots of liberties sometimes."

He turned curiously to Roger.

"Get your clothes or I'll have to stop you about it. Be at the pier in fifteen minutes. The wardrobe man will give you a costume."

Gianina's widened eyes went slowly, unwillingly to Roger's face.

---

**Have You These Symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion?**

Do you get excited easily? Do you become fatigued after slight exertion? Are your hands and feet cold? Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble? Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams? Have you spells of irritability—gloominess and pessimism? Do you suffer from heart palpitation, dizziness, cold sweats, ringing in the ears? These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and beauty.

**What Causes Sick Nerves?**

In women this is largely due to over-active emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations. In men, these symptoms are produced by worries, intense concentration, excesses, vice and the mad pace at which we are traveling.

Nerve Exhaustion does not come suddenly. It is a gradual development that descends on you in the course of several years. Yet all the time your nerves are in a constant state of upheaval, slowly undermining your entire Nervous System.

**How to Strengthen Them**

No tonic or magic system of exercises can restore vigorous health to weak, unbalanced nerves.

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**Lovely Curling Tresses in 20 minutes for less than 10c**

Girls, think of it! 20 beautiful medallions for only $1.65.

WAVE-STA vegetable liquid, pleasant, easy to use, curls hair beautifully in less than 20 minutes. Beautiful hair deserves WAVE-STA; dull hair needs it. Avoid imitations. SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and pay postman on delivery. 

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Nothing Like It!
You'll simply marvel at the new Del-a-tone Cream for removing unsightly hair.
It's just an old tried and true friend in a new, convenient form. Millions have used Del-a-tone in powder form and the circle of new users is constantly growing.

"If other women knew what I know about depilatories," said one delighted user, "they wouldn't use only Del-a-tone!"

Such enthusiasm must be deserved. We want you to see for yourself how delightful Del-a-tone Cream is. It is the only snow-white fragrant cream for removing superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Think of it—no unpleasant odor; just pure-white, and as convenient and easy to use as your favorite cold cream.

3 Minutes and Hair is Gone! Del-a-tone is safe and sure. Just apply to face, neck, arms or brows. In 3 minutes, rinse off, and behind, a lovely, silky hair, free from unsightly hair. Keep bobbed hair neat and trim.

Fill out and return coupon below. Sample, for which we generally give 10c, sent free in plain wrapper with full instructions.

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The Truth about Hair Coloring
NOTHING EQUAL.
Genuine B. Paul Henna

COLORS YOUR HAIR in ONE APPLICATION.

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair?

B. PAUL'S HENNA

Always
Grays Hair
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Returns youthful color so you can

bob it. Bobbed hair takes years off

your age, but not if it's gray. Not affected by
tint, perspiration, oil, sun, swelling.

Free trial. Just mail 5c.

 compliments of the

buried side of bread.

"Look here," he said in a tone that was

conciliatory without being too committal, "you

aren't going to walk out of the picture, are you? We need good swimmers badly. Some-

thing got bottled up in Los Angeles, and they didn't send us down enough extras for the

shipwreck scene. We particularly want to pull it off this morning because Mr. Eldridge, the

Hayden chief, is here on a visit. You really swim, I see that. And we could use your dog too for a human interest touch. I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you fifty dollars for the day."

"Mr. Eldridge," Roger said slowly, "William Eldridge of New York?" He began to laugh. The director stared at him. "Well, what about it? Will you work or not?"

Roger's first impulse was to walk swiftly away. Fifty dollars for the humiliation of working as a movie extra was a sudden man in the face of Phoebe—Hanna—and William Eldridge! His second impulse put a check on his rashness. Fifty dollars! Why, it was a fortune! And for only one day's work. Why not accept it? His family needed this by this time with humiliation. He had thought himself beyond hurting. But there was still an open wound. Well, perhaps this day's catering would cure it.

Safeguard where you cannot see

Sani-Flush eliminates all of the labor from the task of cleaning the toilet bowl. It cleans far more thoroughly than any amount of scrubbing and scouring.

Sani-Flush purifies the trap which you cannot see or reach, removes sediment and banishes foul odors.

You simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow the directions on the can, and flush. Marks, stains, incrustations vanish. The bowl is clean, white, sanitary. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 50c in Far West. $1.50 in Canada.
"I'll work," he said briefly.

Two hours later the weatherbeaten derelict *Palion* moved creakingly out of the harbor into the wide, sun-drenched expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. The grimy sails billowed listlessly, for there was no wind. A conveyance of pleasure boats and great flat-camera barges tagged after like children following a hobo arrested by a policeman.

The slimy old hulk had undoubtedly carried some curious cargoes in its time. But none so curious as the Gatherings of beaux and belles in stock collars and crinolines, their faces covered with pinkish grease paint, their apprehensive eyes rounded out with black lines and heavily beaded lashes.

Very much aloof on the stern, under a canopy marked with her name, on canvas chairs marked with her name, sat Gina Malotte. The somber black dress enhanced the delicate contour of her shoulders, and even the ghastly grease paint could not conceal the exotic beauty of her features. Neither could it conceal the furious unhappiness that was hammering at her heart. Her richly piled hair was ornamented by a single red rose. It lay close against her cheek, a match for the crimson of her tightly-tipped, sullen mouth. Her eyes were all but shadowed by the drooping of her heavy lashes.

The horizon was a dark line of headd gray, but the waves rose and fell with long slow murmurs of sound.

Roger, standing in the bow with Bruiser at his feet, moodily watched the swirling of the spray that leaped up around the prow like snowy arms of welcome. A last caress to the battered old bride of the sea. For even then the property men were laying lines of tow on the deck and were anointing the gunwales with kerosene.

The director rehearsed the extra again and again.

"When the fire starts, everybody run for the railing. Don't hesitate, jump! There will be lots of boats to pick you up. Let's make this swift. The sky over there looks like rain. Hey?" he shouted to the captain of the tugboat, "what about those clouds over there?"

The man looked blearily.

"Low fog, I think, Mister. This ain't the season for storms. Of course anything can happen here on this coast, but it would only be a freak squall—soon over.

Far out from land, the tug boat disengaged herself with the air of a hurried young business woman glad to be rid of the task of heading a blind man across the street. There was an hour's delay while the cameras were set up on the barge, and while Gina Malotte rehearsed her scenes. Then the director went down the rope ladder to join William Eldridge, who chatted with the cameramen on the barge. Only the star and the assembled extras were left on the kerosene-soaked vessel.

"All right," the director bellowed, "that is where you will jump, Miss Malotte. Cast loose the old ship, boys! Get ready to touch the match to that tow. Ready, everybody! Camera!"

A frightened girl touched Roger on the arm.

"I can't swim," she whispered through shiff lips, "I need the money so badly—"

He forced himself to smile comfortably at her.

"Don't be afraid," he said, "make your jump with the rest of us. There are enough boats out there to rescue an army!"

The sentence was never finished. Together with the scraping of a match, and the leaping of flame, came the sudden violent roar of the storm. No rain. Only wind. A "freak" squall. But it shook the old hulk with a mad twisting which sent the spanker leaping as if it were a twig, and lifted the bow up from the snarling water to dash it down again amid a terrific crash of leaping spray.

For no demimonde, no wrecker of the career-ship, no flash of spray, the roar of the wind. Where was the convey of boats? The great barge? No one knew. The air was filled with flame-shredded clouds of smoke, and mild and harmless acid in the fruit does it. My hair is really clean, soft and lustrous. And the curl stays in it."

Madge Bellamy

Most beauty shops know this, so they advocate the California Lemon Rinse. Millions of women wash their hair at home employ it. Practically all moving picture stars in Hollywood depend upon it.

Try it next time you shampoo. See how it improves your hair.

How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

California Fruit Growers' Ass'n
Ster., 1101, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free book, "Lemon—the Natural Curative," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in cleansing, and in beautifying the hair.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

The Curl Stays in
My Hair
When I Use the Lemon Rinse

By Madge Bellamy

"After I shampoo my hair a curl from soap is let on it which rinsing with plain water won't remove. My hair is sticky and limp, and will not retain a wave or curl as most hair should do.

"My way is this: I add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water and rinse with that, following with a clear water rinse. All of the soap curl is taken out immediately. A

Health and beauty from
the sea

A FRAGRANT dash of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and you find your daily tub as refreshing and enlivening as an ocean dip! The water is caressingly soft, your skin is grateful—and there is that sparkling glow always associated with beauty.

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photoplay magazine—advertising section

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the whole day will change

do this on rising in the morning if you feel that the system is clogged. if you feel that your day will be half-way lost unless you gain new fitness.

drink a glass of water, hot or cold. add a little jad salts, and you will have a sparkling, pleasant drink.

in an hour a change will come. the jad salts will help to flush the intestines of poison and waste. and in a gentle way. the results come from acids of lemon and grape, combined with lithia, etc.

and your day will be summer. you will be more nearly at your best. then remember that the same results await you any hour you need them. they are quick and pleasant. you never need to wait.

find out what jad salts mean to you. this test will show. send the coupon for it—now.

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mail me a free sample of jad salts.

leaping, slashing buffers of foam. the hulk was being driven before the wind, helplessly rolling from side to side—the kerosene-seaked bulwarks flared up wildly in the appalling grayness of the storm.

at the first impact of the hulking vessel, roger had fallen against a hatchway. a man tripped across his body, and another. the icy ship was filled with panic; screams and shouts.

he heard his name called, desperately.

"roger! roger! where are you?"

it was giniana, scorching and disheveled, choking and panting, fighting her way to him through the thick smoke and the madmen, screaming turmoil.

"roger!" she cried out to him. "if this is death, let us die together! you were right, i know now that you are right—nothing. i love you—now—always."

gently he put her away from him.

"it isn't death, ginia; the rain will come, and i think the old boat will float. she has lived through worse squalls than this one. come, ginia, we have to fight now. if we hang on until the rain comes . . ."

she looked once, her great black eyes stretched wide as if awakening from sleep.

"we can—we will," she said, tight-lipped.

they worked, they fought, those two, stilling the terrible panic. they went side by side, driving back the frightened, sobbing people, so grotesque and pitiful in their blackened finery. they worked frantically, lashing at the blazing bulwarks with their heavy axes, trying to beat the flames with their plum-colored coats. the leaping spray helped to check the sluggish, but wind-fanned blaze. roger had seized the wheel.

grimly he clung to it, keeping the wallowing craft fairly before the gale. the women worked frantically, slapping at the blazing bulwarks with their hands, lashing, yelling, screaming, yelling, screaming, screaming, screaming.

the great wave swept suddenly upon them, carrying away the board wall, and the swift and lurch of the tortured ship, giniana fell. the water sucked around her, drew her struggling frantically towards the splintered opening. roger was only too late. he cried out hoarsely. but even as he lunged forward, a yellowish body was before him. bruiser, in his element. someone to save! he caught the swishing skirts and slid half the width of the deck before he could twist himself so as to brace his body against a capstan. but brace himself he did, hanging grimly to the stout silk, his singed coat brushing, his face in water from the smoke. the girl caught at his rough neck, drew herself over against him. they clung there together. she waved her hand gallantly. "we're still here, i'll be dead. she looked at that moment like the grizzly black-eyed giniana who had fought the archons of the street.

through the blanket curtain of smoke and spray, roger caught the faint outline of land ahead. he set his teeth grimly. their one chance was to run ashore—god grant that there were no hidden reefs.

"hold on, everyone," he shouted, "we're going to crash! keep your wits about you, everybody—ginia—hold hard."

he flung his full weight upon the wheel. the ship swung sharply aside. there was the grinding of a keel, the sudden lurch and shudder of the tortured hull. a tremendous lifting as a giant breaker carried them along. a sibilant rush of waves. they've reached the ship's head to starboard. a yard arm snapped. it came hurting straight at the wheel. roger heard a scream—giniana's voice. the slashing of the belated rain. then he was plunged in darkness.

blackness and confusion. a delirium of pain. at last, a glimmering light and the murmur of voices. giniana's face over him? no,

by wyeth chemical co., inc.

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Stop the Gray

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YOU must restore the gray—get back the original color—before you can bob your hair. Gray bobs won't do, because short hair is a youthful fashion.

This needn't worry you, for restoration is easy if you use the scientific preparation called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Easily applied, with comb, it brings back the original color perfectly, no streaking, discoloration or dyed appearance.

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A clear, colorless liquid, pleasant to use, that leaves your hair glossy and silky. No interference with shampooing.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

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You Can Lose Several Pounds a Week! Safely, Easily—with SAN-GR1-NA

SAN-GR1-NA is one of the most wonderful discoveries ever made, because while it reduces you, at the same time it greatly improves your health and vitality. People who have taken SAN-GR1-NA and reduced state that most of their ill disappeared after they had followed the treatment only a few weeks.

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Most cases of reducing vary from three to five pounds a week. "There is nothing secret about SAN-GR1-NA—nothing magic—nothing done over night, but a steady loss of FAT and a steady gain in health." Ask some people you know who have reduced, what they took. The answer will invariably be SAN-GR1-NA!

Sold at all reliable drug stores or you can send direct to The Scientific Research Laboratories, 1841 Broadway, Dept. 176-A, N. Y. C.

"I lost 55 pounds with SAN-GR1-NA," says Miss Unkirk of Philadelphia. "My own friends do not recognize me!"

SAN-GR1-NA is guaranteed absolutely harmless, and positive to reduce you, or money refunded.

FREE Trial Bottle

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 925-D Goldsmith Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your patented Free Trial Kit. X shows color of hair. Brown... brown... medium brown... auburn... dark red... light brown... light brown (light red)... blonde... Y.

Name

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San Francisco Magazine—Advertising Section

Question of Sex Appeal

WE generally hear sex appeal defined as something that breaks hearts—which recalls an old Hollywood story. Mr. Ben Turpin and a young gentleman also in the comedy profession were engaged in their antics when an unhappy marriage intervened between them. Voices were raised; the pie throwing ceased to be in jest, and Mr. Sennett himself was hastily sent for to quell the disturbance.

"Where the devil's the matter?" roared the master as he arrived.

"I leave it to you, if I ain't a right to fight him," said Turpin (he is the one of the crossed eyes), his voice breaking with emotion. "He says he has more sex appeal than I have."

—The New Yorker.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
gingham with long or short sleeves, low heeled shoes—the familiar "Mary Janes" which you can get for four dollars—cotton stockings and the cut of light material, those will protect you from soil and altogether need cost no more than eight to ten dollars. In their way they will save you much on your regular clothing for health and true cleanliness, the holy bath is a necessary rite. Systematize your housework, so that there is less of it to do and that it never gets to the point of real dirt. You can simply keep your house clean and rouge you have been using are very good products. A rice powder in either white or violet ought to "stay on" when put over a vanishing cream. To keep your complexion pure, keep it clean. Use the astringents you are already using—the ice and the witch hazel. Drink eight to nine glasses of water a day. This helps your complexion, and as much as any one thing can. And don't fret. Beauty comes from inside out, you know.

MISS MADELE K.

If giving your luncheon at a hotel it would be very attractive, and perfectly good form, to use table favors. Keep them simple. In writing your local paper about the party, by all means include your guests' names. If you feel you can afford it, I would advise you to entertain the young married couple who have been your hosts several times, as soon as you can conveniently arrange it. After all you owe them a social debt and the fact that the young man will not cooperate with you on it does not remove your obligation. If you go to the new ladies' store, a purely personal piece of advice. I'll add that I wouldn't invite that nephieg young man to the dinner you give, however. Get someone else.

DIANA.

I am very sorry to say I have never been able to find sachet on the market that was altogether made up in little bags. Occasionally you can find them around Christmas time in the art departments of dry goods stores, but then only they come in two or threes and the price is prohibitive. The sachet you have been using is very good. Plain, sweet lavender is very delightful and less expensive. For myself, I buy ribbon by the yard and sachet by the yard and make up my own little sachet bags. Another easy method a friend of mine uses is to buy pleasantly scented cakes of English bath soap and slip them in her bureau drawers. She testifies it is very effective.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN.

A flesh brush is used to stimulate circulation, to soft up dry skin and very thoroughly clean the body. Whether or not such a brush would be beneficial to you is difficult for me to tell, not knowing whether you have a tender, dry skin or not. Do not use it on your face, but I think you might safely experiment on your body. A skin hearty enough to stand up under a flesh brush is very benefited by it. When using it, follow it up with a cold shower. The rouge you are using is quite satisfactory. You might experiment with one vering a little on orange. It is possible that would be more becoming.

JULIA S.

Your definition of yourself as victim of an "inferiority complex" is quite correct. You have got one of those pesky things, and I think it such a pity. Here you are a graduate of High School, earning your own living, and all worried about how to lose weight off with your figure. Oh, Julia! You stop that. Your letter reveals you have too many fine qualities to be made unhappy by a silly Joy who is attracted to every new fad that comes on the scene. If you find out his lightness now, rather than after you had grown too fond of him. Be a brave girl. Buck up and develop your own potentialsities.

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There are four quotations at the right. There might have been forty—or even four hundred! For dentists everywhere are preaching the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth.

In the technical journals of the dental profession—in the clinics—in the lecture halls, you will find a remarkable interest in the care of the gums. You will find the experts blaming the food we eat—you will find them ardent advocates of stimulation and massage. They warn us of the alarming increase in stubborn troubles of the gums, today so prevalent.

How soft, luscious food robs our gums of health

Our daily food is tempting and toothsome. But it is these creamy and luscious dishes that fail utterly to give to the gums the stimulation they need to keep in health.

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Look over this testimony

It is quoted from authoritative lectures and writings. The dentists agree that soft food is at the root of our gum troubles and that proper stimulation is the indicated remedy.

From a recent dental paper: "Rendering the food superfine is an echo of the oft-repeated charge that we do not use our mastication muscles enough—that we establish a blood stasis and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulatory nourishment."

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From a specialist in gum diseases: "In cleaning teeth, the bristles must move from far on the gums to the biting surfaces of the teeth. In so doing, venous blood circulation in the gums is stimulated, while the interspaces between teeth are reached. This stimulation by the brush is a great help toward gum massage.

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Adolphe Menjou, Leader with the Feminine Box Office Public, Has His Say

Close-Ups and Long Shots
Witty Comment on Screen Personalities

That Stockholm Venus
Greta Garbo Is the Actress of Whom We Speak

(Contents continued on next page)
The great actress must have poise, for without it there can be no charm, and but little personality. She knows this, and would willingly spend thousands of dollars to secure it.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AMERICAN VENUS, THE**—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Hallton and Lawrence Gray are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

**ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A passable story of the timber hands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

**ARIZONA SWEETSTAKES, THE**—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

**AUCTION BLOCK, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Charles Ray is the man about town in this picture. There are a lot of laughs throughout, and you'll enjoy this. (April.)

**BEAUTIFUL CHEAT, THE**—Universal.—Very amusing at times, but nothing to get really excited about. (April.)

**BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE**—First National.—The story not up to the Bartleson standard. Contains some interesting spots of New York's totemic district. (January.)

**BEHIND THE FRONT**—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the hooldies "over there." Spavlock comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

**BELLOW THE LINE**—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story, with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

**BENJAMIN**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of Ben Hur, the young Jew who aimed to serve him. Ramon Novarro is at his finest. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

**BEST BAD MAN, THE**—Fox.—Unsuitable for Tom Mix. A filmy plot but Clara Bow makes it entertaining. (February.)

**BEST PEOPLE, THE**—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hotheaded who are forced to leave their girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

**BIG PARADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

**BLACKBIRD, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Lon Chaney is at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

**BLUES HEAD'S SEVEN WIVES**—First National.—Let the gas go out and use the quarter to pay this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson in the role of a Rajahcette flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

**BLUE BLAZES**—Universal.—A fair Western with Pete Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

**BOBBED HAIR**—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are ably assisted by Louise Fazenda. (November.)

**BRAVEHEART**—Producers Dist.—Rod La Rocque's first starring picture, and a good one. The romantic tale of an Indian in love with a white girl, played by Lillian Rich. (March.)

**BRIGHT LIGHTS**—M.G.M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a small ingenue. A good entertainment. (February.)

**BROADWAY LADY, THE**—F. B. O.—A pretty good story with Evelyn Brent as a chorus girl with a heart of gold who marries into society and is inочно involved in a murder. (March.)

**BUSTIN' THROUGH**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

**CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts that will thrill you. (December.)

**CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD**—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

**CALL OF OURAGE, THE**—Universal.—Art Aved as a lazy cowboy, just for the change. This picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (April.)

**CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD**—Pathè.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

**CAYEAN, THE**—Warner Bros.—Another silly vehicle featuring Matt Moore and Marie Prevost. Not the fault of members of the cast, but in the ridiculous story. (December.)

**CIRCLE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea party. It is neither interesting nor real. (December.)

**CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

**COMBAT**—Universal.—He who fishes a lively romping tale enlivened with action will like this. The youngsters enjoy it. (April.)

**COMING OF AMOS, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Leota Gessal, as a Russian princess in a Creel B. De Mille romance of the Rivah aeth. (December.)

**COMPROMISE**—Warner Brothers.—A good cast, Irene Rich, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

**COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE**—Talkies.—Good setting of Betty Comsom as a bankteller. Fortia makes this a passable movie. (March.)

**COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE**—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penitent count in the author's comedy of Paris, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

**COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS, THE**—Fox.—One of the most unusual treatments of this. One cannot revert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

**COWBOY MUSKEETER, THE**—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

**CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE**—Rayart—Reed Howes, the star, is a dandy—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (December.)

**DANCE MADNESS**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Nothing new in the plot, but it establishes Conrad Nagel as a splendid comedian. It's too sexy for the children. (April.)

**DANCING MOTHERS**—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would a-dappering go. Result, a lot of complications. Clara Bow's performance is beautifully handled. Alice Joyce and Conway Tearle are in it. (April.)

**DANGER GIRL, THE**—Producers Distributing.—Priscilla Dean as a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has been loaned from John Bowes, Clavy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

**DARK ANGEL, THE**—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Piccarteau and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. (November.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE SIoux, THE**—A—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (December.)

**DESERTER'S PRICE, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good sights. (February.)

**DESPERATE GAME, THE**—Universal.—A mildly amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

**DON'T**—Metro-Goldwyn—Mayer.—The title tells you. Don't. It's a silly picture with the story wandering all over. (February.)

**DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox.**—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

**EAGLE, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentine fare. Vilma Banky is lovely. (January.)

**EAST BAYEUX**—F. B. O.—This delayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Louise Treadwell and the principals. (March.)

**ENCHAINED HILL, THE**—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

**EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)

**F. B. O.**—Continued on Page 12.
CECIL B. DE MILLE'S PRODUCTION

"The VOLGA BOATMAN"

By LENORE J. COFFEE
Adapted from Konrad Bercovici's novel
WITH WILLIAM BOYD, ELINOR FAIR,
VICTOR VARCONI, JULIA FAYE,
and THEODORE KOSLOFF.

CECIL B. DE MILLE
the Master-Genius
who thrilled the world
with "The Ten Commandments" surpasses
himself in this inspired production.

AGAIN the master magician De Mille has waved
the magic wand of his directorial genius and
brought to life on the screen a mighty, epochal
drama that sounds a new and triumphant note in
the history of motion picture entertainment.

Brushing aside the cobwebs of motion picture tradition, he has
approached the subject of the Russian reign of terror with a sympa-
thetic and human understanding. In "The Volga Boatman" is
depicted the heart-beat of a nation in revolt—pulsating—human—
dramatic—irresistible.

And from this maelstrom of flame and strife emerges a heroic and
sublime story of love and devotion involving a Prince, a Princess
and a Volga Boatman. Never in the history of the cinema has
there been depicted a more fascinating, thrilling and never-to-be-
forgotten theme—A Veritable Achievement.

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Brickbats & Bouquets

Letters from Readers

$25.00 Letter

Tacoma, Wash.

It amuses me the way so many "nice" persons deplore the tendency to exploit "sex" in the movies. When we consider the success of the films that show that very thing. Why deplore sex? That much malicious element has as much right in the films as any other, and is just as interesting when rightly handled. It would be very hard to convince me that the younger generation or any generation for that matter, can be corrupted by the films. I will admit that I have seen things that might start my son asking embarrassing questions, but never have I seen a thing in the films that upset my Puritan conscience to the extent that I bolted for the door. Besides, with the aid of reputable movie magazines it is easy to pick out film fare for a child.

The great portion of the public seems to love anything that has a risque or spicy flavor. Why this I do not know. Freud could possibly explain it. Naturally, producers with an eye to business try to satisfy that demand. But when we turn to literature, don't we find the same thing? Did Shakespeare ever write a Pollyanna play? Did Anatole France, Dumas—Balzac, or any number of other great writers attempt to put the soft pedal on? The films furnish too much entertainment, both artistic and educational, to be continually picked on. It is time the so-called mental giants give them a rest.

P. R. Mottan.

$10.00 Letter

Nottingham, England

This is neither a Brickbat nor a Bouquet, only a suggestion! We English all love your beautiful country, whatever our other differences may be, but you never really gave us a real standard film with great scenic effects. Why not Longfellow's "Hiawatha"? This most beautiful series of pen-pictures has thrilled us English people from our school days. Why not let us see, through the medium of the film, "The curling smoke of wigwams, and the rushing of great rivers? We islanders, with our hundred odd miles of cultivated country, and the sea, do not know what a real forest or waterfall or river is. The Negro and the Oriental, we see everywhere, but to your country is given only the "noblest of savages," the true American. Save us something fine by which to remember the Indian, give us a thoroughbred Reel man (not a half civilized monstrosity the real Indian would scoff at) in a real Indian legend. The memory of such a film will remain in our minds long after Valentino and the other "idols" have faded into things forgotten.

We want a just representation of the aristocrat of the uncivilized races, to counter-balance the impression of the "Buffalo Bill" publish we had in the crude old days.

Please, America, just one film for us who can never see your beauty or share your grandeur.

S. E. K.

$5.00 Letter

Astoria, L. I.

With the passing of Barbara La Marr, the screen has lost one of its most beautiful, talented, and lovable actresses, and probably one of the most misunderstood. Only the other evening I was reading about her aspirations to come back to the screen with roles which would show the real side of her beautiful nature. The next morning I was staggered by the news that the Grim Reaper had taken her away to find the peace which always seemed to be denied her in life. To those of us who have always been her true admirers it always seemed that Barbara never did have a chance to show her splendid possibilities. Even in her most hectic roles there always seemed to be a wistfulness in her eyes which bespoke her dislike for the part she was portraying. She was too great an artist to let that feeling creep into her characterizations. She seemed, in all her beauty, more suited for the role of Good Samaritan than Salome.

Now she has gone to Eternal Peace. It will be a long, long time before another personality of the screen will replace her in the hearts of her fans. To many of us she will always remain as a memory of a beautiful and good woman; a splendid actress, risen to the heights which few attain.

PHOTOPLAY, do not forget her. Render her tribute by publishing her photograph not once but many times. Tell us about her life with that fairness and kindness so characteristic of your magazine—and, please boost her work in "The Girl fromhartmaire," when it is shown.

Manuel Blake.

Boy, You Don't Recognize Sex

Washington, D. C.

That a picture may be at once interesting, worthwhile, and amusing without displaying sex-appeal, rip tearing dramatic effects, or nonsense comedy was soundly proved by the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter," with Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou. The splendid pair and their director deserve the best in praise. So does whoever told Florence Vidor how to bob her hair and the bored Menjou how to acquire that joyous alertness, so long wished for in stars—as well as waiters.

The whole picture was carried through with its artistic perfection. True art can be as well displayed in simple vehicles as in heavy tragedy. The same genius who wrote "Hamlet," created "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I am overjoyed to see that someone has shown an appreciation of this on the screen. May we have some more delicacies such as the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

M. M. P.

Hey, Eleanor, Lookit This!

Union, N. J.

I have yet to decide whether I have been impelled by Eleanor Boardman's charming beauty or her undeniable talent as an actress, to utter these words of praise in her behalf. I recently had the pleasure of seeing her in "Memory Lane." In this picture she is the personification of romance, the modern goddess of love. Her performance deserves the highest of praise. She simply glanced through the scenes with the grace and poise of a Greek goddess. All combined, these qualities make the picture a delightful treat.

Charles L. Dano.
"he came swiftly toward her!"

SHE was a terrible temptation to him—as she would have been to any man. And Zara suddenly realized that the door was shut and locked—and that she was alone with him in the room.

She stood perfectly still and watched him warily—wondering what mad thing he would attempt to do.

He came swiftly toward her, clasped her in his arms and passionately kissed her mouth.

"Zara!" he murmured hoarsely. "Do you think I am stone? I tell you I love you—madly."

"Animal!" she hissed and struck him across the face.

And this is just one of the many startling situations in Elinor Glyn’s thrilling, breath-taking novel—"The Reason Why"—which you can now secure with nine other great novels by this daring writer—at a price little more than you would ordinarily pay for one book alone.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

EXCHANGE OF WIVES, An—Metro-Goldwyn. —Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriege tie. Considered the Miller resoration—Remarriage of Rene Adoree and Rene. December. (February.)

FIFTH AVENUE—Producers Distributing.—A story of New York and its inhabitants. Beautifully directed —twist to the plot that makes it invaluable for children to see. (April.)

FIGHTING EARTH, The — Warner Bros. —A melodrama about the rise of a woman as an Albertine. High scores of thrillers. This is not art, but it's exciting entertainment. (February.)

FIGHTING HEART, The — Fox — George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (March.)

FIRST YEAR, The—Fox. —A highly amusing comedy of the campus days and years during the first twelve months. Many of the incidents will strike home. Matt Moore is funny and pathetic. (March.)

FLAMING WAVES, F. B. O. —looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked out the superior scores. (April.)

FLOWER OF THE NIGHT—Paramount.—To Hergenheimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negi fans will like parts of it. (December.)

FLYIN’ THROUGH—Davis Dist. Co.—At Wilson, the studio flies its story and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

FREE TO LOVE—Schulberg. — Clara Bow as a reformed crook does best with an impossible role. (March.)

GILDED BUTTERFLY, The—Fox. —Alma Rubens blunting her way through society and Europe without art is better done than you'd expect your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

GOLDEN COCOON, The—Warner Bros.—An entertaining stock melodrama about how the Chadwick's are out reeling red after red. (April.)

GOLDEN PRINCESS, The—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Bette Davis is the heroine. (February.)

GOLDEN STRAIN, The—Fox. —A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

GOLD HUNTERS, The—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting and well done melodrama about a magazine editor who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

GO WEST—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very interesting. "Brown horn" the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAIFER, The—Paramount.—The grand duchess and the waif are merrier here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma to the baby. (April.)

GRAUSTARK—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. (March.)

GREEN ARCHER, The—Pathes.—A stirring chapter play with more thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

HANDS UP—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a Confederate officer in its latest. Norman Talmadge and Virginia Lee Corbin make admirable heroes. (March.)

HAUNTED RANGE, The—Davis Distributing. —Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy riding" brigade. Just another Western. (November.)

HAVOC—Fox. —Showing the disastrous effects of the war on the home front. "Grand opera" is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

HELL’S HIGHROAD—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives us the down-the-lives of the rich. Loretta Young is star. (November.)

HER SISTER FROM PARIS—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Robert Nonam and George Arthur Remick in a highly enjoyable story of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (November.)

HIDDEN LOTUS—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. (February.)

HE S MY JESTERY BUNKER BEAN — Warner Brothers.—A good plot is raised to make a slapstick show. Matt Moore massacres the title role. (November.)

HIS SECRETARY—M-G-M.—The story of the only dumping on earth has been better done before. Normal Shearer unbelievably homely for a few feet, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

Iog'an's Alley—Warners.—We hate to say it— but don't go. A hash of every Bowery story ever made by Mr. Ray. (November.)

INFATUATION—First National.—Dull and uneventful. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow because it's with anybody's quarter just to look at her. (March.)

IRENE—First National.—Colleen Moore pleases sympathetically, but falls away in the middle course of the outstanding parts of the picture. (April.)

IRISH LUCK—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a good Irish yarn with some gorgeous shots of the Emerald Isle laced in with heavy sentimentality. (January.)

ISLE OF HOPE, The—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

JOANNA—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mack- all is always good, but the almost gets snowed under this possible story. (February.)

JUST IMPRESSION—First National.—Richard Bar- thelmess is a prince of Europe who falls in love with American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)


KING ON MAIN STREET, The—Paramount. —A dandy picture with the maven Adolphe Menjou as a European king on a holiday in New York. And Beulah Bondi as a little girl with the shrew's dream of marrying a prince. (February.)

KNOCKOUT, The—First National. —If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. (November.)

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner Bros. —A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

LAST EDITION, The—F. B. O.—An exciting Western made when the weather was a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

LAW OR LOYALTY—Davis Dist. Co. — Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

LAWFUL CHEATER, The—Schulberg.—Clara Bow, maundering as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

LAZYBONES—Fox. —A real characterization of a small town fellas given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine suspense. (January.)

LET'S GO GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like this. Good. (December.)

LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Gold- wyn.—Interesting for its historical sidelines about New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. (June.)

LIVE WIRE, The—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role gives "gags" and roughneck comedy. (November.)

LORD JIM—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book by Peter Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

LOVE HOUR, THE—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It is one of the biggest pictures of the year. (November.)

LOVERS IN QUARANTINE—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be shocked. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford. Good. (December.)

MADE FOR LOVE—P. D. C.—Arabs, a wicked prince, an indifferent Fance, and some mummy ex- ploration the turn. (November.)

MAN FROM RED GULCH, The—P. D. C.— —Harry Cuts is making a pretty good Brett Harte here, playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February.)

MAN ON THE BOX, The—Warner Brothers.— —Skeeter Haden is a great ad agitator. (December.)

MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, The—Para- mount.—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a capital little man. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

MANNAVARO.—Paramount. —Somewhat disappointing as a Fannie Hurst prize story directed by James Cruze. (February.)
Madame—I Promise YOU
a Magnetic Personality!

I promise you secrets of fascination—secrets of magnetism that will help you to gain the things you want most in life.

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I promise you secrets of vitality and vivacity—methods that bring glowing health—poise that banishes timidity and fear. (April)

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Personal Magnetism is not a lad, not some new psychological theory. It is you, your manner, yourself—made magnetic. No leader of men has long survived without it. No great orator or musician or actor can hold audiences spellbound without it. No business man can win outstanding success without it. No person can be really charming without it. It is greater by far than wealth, than good looks. It is you, made magnetic! It is you, with a personality so fascinating and captivating that people are drawn to you as steel is drawn to a magnet!

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[Continued on Page 14]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(Continued from page 13)

PROUD HEART (title changed from HIS PEOPLE)—Produced at Silver City, New Mexico. A Jewish emigre life we’ve seen. Schildknut, pere, contributes a great performance. (December.)

QUEEN O’ DIAMONDS—F. B. O.—There’s not much to recommend in this picture, but we think you’ll live through it. (April.)

RECKLESS LADY, THE—First National.—Another case of the new rich, played by Brian Donlevy and Lois Moran. Good entertainment. (April.)

RED HOT TERRORS—Warner Brothers.—Just a mish-mash of pictures, and nothing new by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

RED KIMONO, THE—Vital.—Avoid this picture. It is a very stupid version of a good story by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and not worth anybody’s time. (March.)

REGULAR FELLOW, A—Paramount.—(Reviewed under the original title, “He’s a Prince”). A gay burlesque of royalty with Raymond Griffith in a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

RIDIN’ THE WIND—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. Here again his brains win over his looks, and he turns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE—Producers Dist.—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. The story is a little muddled but fairly entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

ROCKING MOON—Producers Distributing.—A good story with a background on an island in Abukan waters. Laska Winter is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

ROSE OF THE WORLD—Warners.—Sincere performances, but an unconvincing story. Not very worthwhile. (January.)

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—M.G.M.—An extremely interesting story of chorus girl life, with a love interest. It is full of laughs and tears. Sally O’Neill is a knockout! (February.)

SATAN IN SABLES—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman directs this one, and the result is a little rose from Mantan. (December.)

SCANDAL STREET—Arrow.—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

SCARLET SAINT, THE—First National.—A very dull story and inexcusably slow. (February.)

SCRAPPIN’ KID, THE—Universal.—A conventional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

SEA BEAST, THE—Warner Brothers. The exquisite Dolores Costello overshadows John Barrymore and the thrilling tale of Mata Dick, the white whale. An unbelievable, but we see for (March.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Ralph Ince Prod.—A well-made picture of Jack London’s famous novel. (February.)

SEVEN DAYS—Producers Distributing.—The famous fable is here dignified, but not acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPAVE—Paramount.—Leave these to the first, you’re lost. A derisory comedy-novel based on Douglas Fairbanks’ adventures in (January.)

SEVEN SINNERS—Warner Bros.—Another histrionic story with Marle Prevost and Clyde Bruck heading a good cast. (February.)

SHIP OF SOULS, THE—Universe.—A good story of two old friends torn apart by war, played uninterestingly by Eugene O’Brien. (February.)

SIMON THE JESTER—Producers Dist.—A one-act comedy, a good one. (February.)

SKINNER’S DRESS SUIT—Universal.—Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante sitting in gracefully trying to teach some society folk the Charleston. (February.)

SKYROCKET, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—The better rocket picture of the year, as far as staged effects are concerned.Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns’ novel of the same name. (January.)

SMLIN’ AT TROUBLE—F. B. O.—A nifty picture with Leila Flynn as a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam. (February.)

SOME PUNKINS—Chadwick.—Charles Ray in his old hit picture The Great Flaxman. Good performance. (January.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN, THE—Paramount.—Tom Moore and Bessee Love in an interesting story of a Negro stage life. Bessee does the Charleston again. (March.)

SON OF HIS FATHER, THE—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright novel. (February.)

SOUTLMATES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly unconvincing romance between an English lord and a gipsy lady. Aline Greniere and Edouard Low play their roles with the necessary degree of sentiment. (February.)

SOULS FOR SABLES—Tiffany.—A great display of feminine finery and a story of fair value. Good for growth. (February.)

SPELLBOUND CRIME, THE—Paramount.—A comical mystery; crook dramas, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

SPELLBOUND ROAD, THE—First National.—A colorful drama of the Gold Rush of 49 with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a fine performance. (February.)

SPORTING LIFE—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

STAGGERJACK—Paramount.—A rip-snorin’ comedy with Glenda Farrell, an accomplished stage and screen girl and taking correspondence lessons in acting. Lawrence Gray is great as her boy friend. (Feb.)

STEEL PREFERRED—Warner Bros.—William Boyd, a Western hero. (February.)

STELLA DALLAS—United Artists.—An almost perfect interpretation of Mrs. Dall’s story by Miriam Hopkins and a beautiful performance by Miss Hopkins ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

STELLA MARIS—Universal.—Mary Philip in a dual role of a humorous comedy-drama of strong men and steel. (February.)

STILL ALIVE.—Universal.—Has the impression of being cut off from the other members of the cast. (February.)

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—Pathe.—A good Larry Semon comedy taken from the stage play, far from the Semon gags that youngsters enjoy. (March.)

STORM BREAKER, THE—Universal.—A good story with good acting and a studio setting with its good sets. (February.)

SWEET ADELINE—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the out-of-work boy, and Bessie Love, taking singing ‘Sweet Adeline’ in a cabaret. Full of delicate bits of humor. (February.)

THANK YOU!—Fox.—The performance of Alice Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

THAT ROYAL GIRL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard will surprise you in this. It’s a very good story of a misbegotten in the ebbtide of Chicago. Something entirely new from D. W. Griffith. (February)

THREE FACES EAST—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and see this moody mystery play of the English and German secret service activities during the war. Jeff Gouall is wonderful in it. (March.)

THREE PALS—Davis.—An interesting story, badly played and badly directed. (January.)

THREE WISE CROOKS—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Roberts tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor. (December.)

TIMBER WOLF, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones does his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

TIME, THE COMEDIAN—M.G.M.—Val Stedman sees the good performances of MacBuch and Leif Cody. (February.)

TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS—Davis.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (February.)

TOO MUCH MONEY—First National.—Lewis Stone in a slapstick comedy—can you imagine it? But he actually puts it over. Rich man pretends a poor sot who will come down to earth and be human. Good. (March.)
From Drudgery to $3800 a YEAR for DRAWING

Just a few years ago, Lloyd Shirley had a small-pay clerical job with no future. He was drudgery. He liked to draw, but could not quit and go to art school. One day his wife read a Federal School ad, and sent for "Your Future," telling about the Federal Course. Mr. Shirley enrolled, studying evenings. In just a few months he accepted a position as artist for a paper company, a better salary. He's been climbing steadily since — read his letter:

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Is This a Cactus?

St. Louis, Mo.

That the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde type of role fits Lon Chaney well, and that Lon Chaney seems best adapted to it is unquestioned in my opinion, but granting it so, what justification is there for this consistent stereotyped performance?

The name Lon Chaney has become associated with the Poe series of uncaniness. Of course, I'll admit that has much to do with Inn, over anything else but I fear we are going to become tired of Hydes, masqueraders and crises, particularly placed in weak plotless stories.

The last of Lon's stories were purely vehicles for Lon and not Lon for the story.

This is a cross between a bouquet and a brickbat and is not intended to praise or blame. Come on now Chaney and take the bluebird for happiness. Oliver D. Meyer.

For Better Stories

Fledmont, Canada.

The people who select stories to be filmed should be told what's what. It is most unfair to take one's revenge out on the actors and directors.

Who picks the story in the first place? And why does not the "picker" use his business sense? If a great novelist writes one good screen play, does it follow his next one will be as good?

Sometimes a screen story is so beautiful that we come away another person. We can't remember the names of the actors and actresses. We went in. Some of the beauty clings to us still. We imitate, in our rooms, the little artistic touches seen in the "movie" room. We find ourselves trying to be brave as the hero in the play. . . . That's when we have been to a MOVIE! But when we come away from "trash" we wonder where they got the stories.

In every big city there should be an office where stories from sober people were looked over, accepted or rejected. What a wealth of novelists have been debarred from the motion picture business.

The bit of land with the solitary elm tree has a little house farther back on it, where I am writing this. We are going in a party to Colorado Springs and Mountaire, and my heart is on it.

We must go through dangerous hills to get to our only picture house and it takes three and a half hours. Do you blame us if we do a little cursing when we are disappointed?

Best wishes to PHOTOPLAY and all the lovely people who cheer us up here in the silent hills.

Miss Aimee Dwyer.

"His People", Again

Los Angeles, Calif.

The director of "His People" is to be congratulated on his clever handling of a story rich in human interest and heart throbs.

The whole thing could have so easily been overdrawn, but it was all so sane and real, one could imagine oneself in the lower East Side of New York.

Just a simple tale of Jewish parents with two sons.

Please give us more stories of this sort free from sex suggestion. Just natural everyday people who live and let live.

Rudolph Schillkraut gave a performance that seemed perfect. Everyone in the audience understood the heartaches of Mama Cominsky. What more can be said of real art?

Leota Holden.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]
"No other actress on the cinema today could play this character with the artistry and faithfulness of interpretation that Norma has put into the role."
—David Belasco

"I never made a picture I like better."
—Norma Talmadge
True or Tricky?

Can YOU solve the riddle of Kiki, the adorable waif?

WHIMSICAL gamine of the Paris gutters, fighting for luxury, fame and love.

Is she only artless, a clever actress, or an accomplished temptress?

Handsome young Renal wonders, as roguish Kiki skips saucily about his luxurious home...

You’ll wonder too... until pranky, plucky Kiki plays the most breath-taking trick of all in her nervy, gallant gamble for the man she loves!

See lovely Norma Talmadge in "Kiki," her greatest success, with Ronald Colman as the baffled lover... It's the peppiest, punchiest Paris Picture ever screened.

Elaborately filmed from the famous Belasco production of this play which ran two years on Broadway!

NORMA TALMADGE
"KIKI"

in
with
Ronald Colman

Screen story by... HANS KRALY
Based on the stage play "Kiki" written by ANDRE PICARD and adapted by... DAVID BELASCO
A CLARENCE BROWN production

First National Picture

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

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FLORIDA, land of languid beauty and real estate. Its romantic charm has been perfectly captured in this beautiful scene from "The Savage," a forthcoming First National production featuring May McAvoy with Ben Lyon and his rabbinical beard.

New Pictures
JUST a real nice guy. That's Lawrence Gray. Only a short time on the screen he's won the distinction of playing twice opposite Gloria Swanson. After being together in "Stage Struck," Gloria chose him for her conqueror in "The Untamed Lady."
VERA REYNOLDS used to be a Sennetter. Her eye could catch a custard pie with the best of them. Then her face caught Cecil de Mille’s eye and launched a contract. Two years of hard work under his direction and now Vera’s being starred.
THERE has always been a spring-time freshness about Anita Stewart. A veteran of Vitagraph, she free lances now, and loves particularly films that take her on long location jaunts to foreign lands. Her newest picture is "Rustling for Cupid."
THE discovery business rages so hard even Gloria Swanson went in for it. Above, Arlette Marchal, whom she found in Paris. Her recommendation was all Arlette needed to be Paramount imported. You'll see her soon in "The Cat's Pajamas."
THE Country Boy is learning city ways. All slicked up, Charles Ray is back, on the Metro lot, playing the man and playing it well. "The Auction Block" proved that. Charlie slipped badly for a while, but he's learned his lesson.
CHARMING Margaret Morris will be Douglas MacLean’s heroine in "That’s My Baby." Margaret’s a Minneapolis girl who rose from the extra ranks to a long-time contract with Paramount. Her greatest chance was given her by "The Best People."
"Why," demanded the Lady Joan in disapproval, "are you two trying to kill each other in my garden?"

The gentlemen maintained an embarrassed silence.

"Ah, Michael," she exclaimed, espying her faithful gardener peering from behind a tree, "step forth and explain this scene."

"Please, Your Ladyship," said Michael, "it all started with Lord Ormond saying that your beauty came from beauty soaps and lotions that he had brought you from the far East. Sir Harry said His Lordship lied in his teeth. Then..."

"Sir Harry, you are quite right," interrupted the lady, smiling, with heightened color, and turning to the handsome young nobleman. "I never trust anything upon my face but Ivory Soap! Will you walk in the garden with me?"

DOES it surprise you to learn that the finest treatment you can give your complexion is really very simple? That just about all your skin needs is—soap and water cleansing? This is what the physician, the dermatologist, the skin specialist will tell you. These authorities go further and say that more elaborate treatments are usually useless and frequently harm the skin—by making it sensitive, enlarging pores, or relaxing tissues.

But just any soap will not give your skin the perfect cleansing it requires. You need a gentle soap that protects delicate texture and bloom—a soap of unquestioned purity—Ivory. With good health and Ivory Soap—so safe that physicians almost universally recommend it for babies—the care of your complexion becomes a very simple matter.

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PHOTOPLAY

May, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

WHAT is William Fox going to do with "What Price Glory?" and "Seventh Heaven" and other big Broadway theatrical successes that he has corralled for pictures? Will he duplicate his flat failure to give us a screen production that carried the spirit and the success of the stage version of "Lightnin, and the inadequacy of "The First Year," which did not live up to expectations?

If these four are not ideal screen material, what is? All successful plays are not good screen material. Not by a jugful. But all four of these are, and we would be delighted to see Mr. Fox retrieve himself with the two that are now going into production.

THERE is a growing tendency among producers to look askance at stage plays. Few of the big money makers have come from that source. But there is still a theory, gradually weakening in the light of experience, that a successful stage play would make a successful movie.

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" had been produced on the stage under the title of "The Clansman," from Dr. Dixon's novel. But it was no tremendous success, nothing comparable with the popularity of D. W. Griffith's epoch making film. "Hearts of the World" was an original screen story. So was "The Big Parade," "The Ten Commandments," and most of Douglas Fairbanks' successes. "The Four Horsemen" was a novel, as was "The Covered Wagon," "The Sea Hawk," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." "The Miracle Man" was a short story, and "Over the Hill" was a theme taken from a poem.

Doesn't it prove that, after all, it is not the source of the story, but the intelligence, the craftsmanship, the treatment, and the showmanship, that make the picture?

Whatever they say, it is the man at the head of the production forces that makes or breaks a picture. There is a very small group of men in the whole industry who are directly responsible. They choose the stories, regardless of their origin. They select the directors and casts. They have entire charge of the production and the last word with the finished film.

I ONCE sat in a conference at the Bankers' Club in New York with four Wall Street men who were considering the purchase of one of the big film companies. The only reason they didn't buy it was that they could not, for any amount of money, secure the services of a producing head. They had almost closed with one at a salary of a quarter of a million a year. Then they all began to give their opinions of how pictures should be produced. That producer picked up his hat and started to leave.

"But we are not through yet," said one of the bankers.

"I am," said the producer. "You couldn't pay me enough money to stand the gaff of producing pictures with four men telling me what to do. Too many cooks spoil pictures as well as soups."

THE productions of any company are just as big or as small as the man at the top.
Words by Dorothy Herzog
Music by the Spheres

Rudy

Natacha

Pola
So Sharlee went to ried Lita and the divine speedily on her exhil- heart throbs.

Vidor has immortalized "The Big Parade"; and the perfect lover is made only by a sagacious press-agent.

There may be an un-common conception amongst many that the picture cavorers are individual dots in an individual art. The common conception should be they are heterogeneous bodies, good mixers and, oftentimes, good stayers. Look ye to your newspaper headlines.

Boy Cupid rants and raves over the w. k. game of heart throbs as played in cinema-land. Therefore——
We raise the asbestos curtain of love and reveal to you first that rare cosmopolite triumvirates: Rudolph Valentino, Pola Negri, and Charlie Chaplin.
Let the syncopated heart strings jostle forth romantic bars. Pfist! The play is on.
Charlie Chaplin bemoans he is not a lad of pleasure but just plain poisonous. The gentle sex bow to his artfulness and the fire in his eyes. He may be the Pagliacci of the silver sheet, but he is an Adonis in continuity.
While footing it debonairly in Germany, he met the smouldering Pola Negri. Flint struck spark and evoked a blaze. Pola came to America to hunt big game and eagles as an avocation, and Sharlee rushed her a la the famous Yale-Harvard football game of whynot.
Newspaper scribblers flocked to their Elysium where charlotte russe reigned supreme and chicken was a la comedy king. Throughout the world, enthusiastic readers absorbed the story of La Negri and her Sharlee.
At the peak of the delicious suspense, Sharlee betook himself to his studio and his projection room, whilst Pola snapped hered fingers and fini to an 8,000 mile romance of hurricane force but puny endurance.
The world refused to do its stuff on its pivots until Sharlee eventually started "The Gold Rush" and Lita Gray sky-rocketed into prominence. She did more than sky-rocket. Lita had a screen mama who knew that two and two, added or multiplied, made four.
Mexico and mar-Pola continued a raving game of While Pola popu-
Hollywood and capti- lized Rod La Rocque. "Craney" Gartz, William Haines, and Dr. Daniel C. Goodman, Sharlee welcomed an infantile Junior to his family and Rudolph Valentino endeavored to oblitera his second matrimonial mishap.
La Negri's piercing slate-gray eyes espied the suave Rudy, appraised him, and sparkled with pleasure. What cared she for the blank cartridge report that Valentino and Vilma Banky were linked together by casual gossip in a 101 degree Fahrenheit way? Pfif, nothing.
Did Rudy care when we popped the question at him: "Is it true?"
"What?"
"That you are among the elect? That the divine Pola has crowned you?"

28
The wedding march is a jazz tune in Filmland. Every little marriage has a triangle all its own

If John Brown, the Millville, Pa., street cleaner, is divorced by Mrs. Brown, 50 people hear of it; if a local celebrity of Chicago is involved in an escape, 100,000 people are interested. If a film star is divorced the whole world wants every detail. Picture folks live under a giant spotlight of publicity. Their hearts, broken or blissful, become the hearts of humanity

ing it, it has been reported, to Connie.

Certainly, he forced himself to lose his infatuation for the charming, though frosted, Connie. He proceeded to fall headlong in love with Ellin Mackay, daughter of the big Postal clerk and collect man. He bombshelled a slumbrous world by cloping with Miss Mackay. A month and a half later, Connie sprang a ditto surprise by taking on a second "wedding half" in Captain Alastair Mackintosh, "unoccupied professionally" member of a wealthy Scotch family. Connie halfway confesses to having met her latest about three years ago through William Rhinelander Stewart, an ex-society swain of hers.

That, however, didn't minimize Buster Collier's forlornness at being left a romantic orphan, as badly flooded by Connie's unexpected desertion as Irving Berlin had been, so many years before. Was Connie's sudden marriage inspired by Berlin's ditto?

We iris-out and -in to Florence and King Vidor. Florence, years ago, was just a little girl in Texas, where men are men and women—well, ladies. King Vidor, a youth with tortoise glasses and genial manner, arrived in the home town to shoot a picture. Would the Texas 400 extra for a thrill? They would and did.

King espied Florence, slim, girlish, beautiful. Florence espied King, good-looking, self-possessed, capable. Palps. Love at first sight. Marriage. The girl with a comfortable roof over her head left it to gamble with her husband; career and thousands versus diph and pennies.

Florence was a lovely flower devoid of tropical warmth. King missed this yet lived in happy domestic isolation until one day—

Well they just separated. Who can tell just why? After all there are just two people in the world who know the inside of any marriage—the man and the woman. The real trouble rarely ever gets to the judge. Everybody likes Florence. King is hard to know, but when you do know him he's a regular citizen in addition to being one of the few directors with brains and balance.

He met another girl, tall, slender, moody. This girl came from Philadelphia, which also boasts the Liberty Bell and Wanamaker's. She arrived for a career in pictures. King appreciated her ambition and her talent. Sympathy. Friendship.

King had moved to new quarters. Florence, with their little daughter, remained in the house that had once been home. Months stumbled by. All [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

He shrugged, oh, so Latin-ish and un-Cicerone-ish. "I do not know. I do know that I shall not marry again."

So he returned from New York to the Coast, after a gay vacation on Continental soils. And he was nearly met there by the tempestuous Pola. We say nearly. La Negri was enticed back to Los Angeles in time to avert too many newspaper headlines.

Hollywood promptly fell into a state bordering on hysteria. Could it be true? Sh-h-h. hark. Pola and Valentino go a-visit ing the Gouverneur Morises in Coronado Beach. Suddenly, they disappear.

"Hear they've hastened to Mexico, Mexico, married, and are honeymooning in Palm Springs, Calif.," explained a news-maddened city editor of a L. A. paper.

Oh, dear, how perfectly luscious. Precisely Rudy's Odyssey when he eloped with Natacha Rambova. Foiled again. Truth is not stranger than fiction; only more expensive. So it is, Vlma Banky again heroines for Valentino in his new picture, "Son of the Sheik." Rumors are rife. Poor Boy Cupid... Sharlee is now a married man with a Junior in the family and a second offspings due to arrive. Rudy and Pola continue Jazzily on their syncopated heart string route, with junctions up and down the lines but tracks barring the perfect understanding.

We fade-out and — in to Constance Talmadge, reckless daughter of a cautious family. La Negri staked her way into men's hearts. Connie danced, chided, and entreated her reign there.

Connie's fluttering life is one heart milestone after another. She chucked Irving Berlin to run away and marry John Haldolou five years ago via the double wedding, yes with Dorothy Gish and James Rennie on the successful receiving end. Berlin was floored for the count. He chirped up when Connie lost interest in her husband and a separation, followed by a divorce, occurred p. d. q. John resumed his Beau Brummel activities on the street called Broadway.

Connie betook herself West, where she annexed William Collier, Jr., better known as Buster. Buster was a laugh a second. They had hilarious times together for almost four years. Marriage was around the next week. Buster was younger than Connie, but that was a trivial detail.

After one of her cycloonic visits East, Irving Berlin, with hopes burning high again, saw Connie off. Farewells were made in melancholy. "What'll I do, Dutch, when you are gone?" Dutch is Connie's nickname, originating because of her blue eyes and blonde hair. "By jove, that's a great title for a song," Berlin caught himself saying. So he wrote "What'll I Do," dedicate-
As an Actor Frank Godwin

By Himself

EVERY man and woman harbors, secretly or otherwise, the belief that he or she could, if given the chance, be a truly great actor or actress. But I—I am as one set apart—one singled out by the gods and placed instantly at the top. No "breaking in" for me—no "lean years" about which the stars write—not I. One day I was just a plain, plodding illustrator—the next I was a leading man playing opposite a great star.

None of them have anything on me—no sir!—I know how it all feels—except the salary—I never quite got to that—I was a plain plodding illustrator again too soon.

But listen—here's how it happened:

One warm, rainy Sunday evening Hezi Tate, Hollywood's reddest-headed director, called for me at the hotel and asked me if I would like to go to a party.

"Yes," says I. "All right," says he, "Step this way."

Whereupon I was ushered or whisked (or whatever it is) into his car and we sallied forth into Hollywood's seething lanes of traffic. After ten narrow escapes from Eternity (my nerves were all shot from orange juice anyhow) we stopped before a house on a hill.

"Roadhouse?" I asked. "Jimmy Cruze's," said Hezi Tate, and we went in. There were a great many people there, but just what they were all doing, I'm not sure, but they were moving about a great deal.

Hezi introduced me to as many as he could stop (Hezi knows as many people as Howard Chandler Christy). The ones I remember were Bibe Daniels, Betty Compson, James Cruze, Lew Cody, and—

MEET Frank Godwin. The boy threw a wicked brush for years in Philadelphia and New York until he fell for the California climate. Now he's painting portraits of Los Angeles society folks with his expensive oils. A lot of the movie gals were models of his in days gone by, and Frank is one of the favorites of the colony. He was a flop as an actor, but he likes the folk and every month will see his work in Photoplay. Incidentally the kid can write like a veteran.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

I didn't hear Anna. I was steeped in Histrionic Art. Being tender-hearted, I hated to think of putting Jack Barrymore and Lon Chaney in lesser places.
That was after he went through a camera test inspired by Anna Q. Nilsson

Proved to be a Fine Painter

Peter B. Kyne and H. C. Witwer watched me and Anna get tested

shaved just before leaving the hotel, so I felt more or less sure they would not insist on much more than the hair curl.

Even if they had meant to do more, they couldn't have, as at that point I was ordered by big Jim Cruze, in his most authoritative "director" voice, to come out, have a chest expansion contest with him.

I figured this was something an initiate had to go through with, and obeyed. We put ten dollars on the outcome and I won. Hezi Tate was the judge—I don't think he was prejudiced—well, anyhow I had my coat off and my hair curled and I'm pretty big and—well, anyhow, very suddenly Anna said: "Say! you're just the man for the lead in my new picture." Well! I felt that, up to the moment, my masculine pulchritude had never been fully appreciated and I began looking for a mirror so I could enjoy it as well as they. But Anna continued, "He's a tramp."

I stopped looking for a mirror. "At any rate," I said to myself, "it is an opportunity for some fine acting." And I began to feel better. "Come to the studio tomorrow morning," Anna said. "You'll have to have a test, you know."

A test! What could that be? It sounded very ominous. I went home and dreamed of being tested. I was dropped from a balloon, run over by a [continued on page 110]
Why Women

Being a frank talk with the screen’s most sophisticated gentleman anent women, love and other annoying things

By Ruth Waterbury

and he explained he thought it absolutely essential for the Devil, if he were to have any trade at all, to be sympathetic and charming.

Adolphe was, and is, both. He sat there, quite the correctest thing these eyes have beheld in years. He was What the Well Dressed Man will Wear.

His lunch was what the intelligent man will eat. His epigrams were what the well-trained man will say to a lady whom he desires to interest. He was so perfectly put together it wouldn’t have surprised me at any moment to hear him commence ticking.

"Why do women like sophisticated men?"

I demanded.

"What do you mean by 'women'?") countered Mr. Menjou.

"Every woman is different from every other woman."

"I mean the women who go to see your pictures."

"Oh! That’s as simple a matter as good grooming.”

He was perfectly groomed. There was not the smallest bulge in the bosom of his fine dress shirt. There was not the faintest wrinkle in the folds of the hand-made French linen handkerchief that was tucked in his cuff. His fine, white tie was knotted with faultless precision. The buttons of his waistcoat and his studs were of jade and diamonds. His very smart cigarette case was of thinnest gold and opened like an envelope. His watch was wafer-thin, of platinum, edged with sapphires and monogrammed A.M. in tiny diamonds.

"If we must have a discussion about it,” he continued, smiling from the depths of his charming, tired eyes,” we must work from the supposition that women, as a class, are superior to men. They are great realists and know more accurately than men what they want from life.

"Now, the wise woman, the woman of the world, is not so interested in being out with a man as she is in being

Women will read this anyway, but the man who can read it and not call up his barber and his tailor is pretty far gone

ONE day Chaplin produced “The Woman of Paris.” The next day there was a new screen type. He was the sophisticate, the gentleman whose heart is not necessarily made of gold nor as big as all outdoors; the gentleman who does not necessarily marry the poor girl nor who is not unusually fond of his dear old mother; but a gentleman, nevertheless, and gifted with sex appeal.

Adolphe Menjou was that gentleman. Adolphe is still that gentleman, only a little more so. And Adolphe in the last two years has developed a feminine box office public second to none.

These facts being what they are, I went to Famous Players studio to ask Mr. Menjou why women so definitely liked sophisticated men, which in effect was only another way of asking him to explain his own popularity.

He was sitting in the studio lunch room in evening dress. He had been playing the Devil all morning for Mr. Griffith

"WARS are won and fortunes squandered, but at the end of the day’s work the most important question still remains, ‘Who are you going to have dinner with tonight?’"

"INTENSE love, so real that it is fairly abject in its force, annoys women. A woman is pleased with the kiss of devotion, but the kiss that really thrills her is the one that she is quite sure doesn’t mean love at all."

"MEN and women, both, go on chasing romance until the end of their days. When we get too old to chase it in fact, we chase it in fancy. Every woman has her dream lover, no matter how many or how few her husbands."

"The Devil"
Like Sophisticated Men

seen out with a man. She is aware that she can not afford to be seen with a man who appears ordinary. Only the sophisticated man realizes how important is the line of his shirt, and the choice of his collars and cravats, to the lady whose interest he could command. Clothes make the man as much as the woman. When a woman sees a man dressed correctly, she likes him. Not for himself, for himself. She would rather see a man with money to see her out with such a man. She knows that will raise her stock among her feminine friends.

"Another thing. There is a great deal said about men being interested in a woman who is mysterious. Well, women are even more interested in a man who is mysterious. Most men bore most women to tears, or matrimony. The sophisticated man has sense enough never to tell all he knows.

He paused to eat a piece of pound cake.

"All real success is founded on failure," he stated. "The intelligent person learns something from each mistake. The next time he knows what to avoid. Success founded on any other basis is ephemeral.

"Real sophistication is success. The true sophisticate is the person who has adjusted his life so that it brings him comfort, amusement and delight. About the sophisticated man there is always the hint of mystery and of disappointments he has gracefully forgotten."

"You mean disappointments in women?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Menjou. "No other disappointments really matter to any man.

We smiled, at one another.

"Romance," the star said, "can not last. Love can not last. I do not mean to be cynical about it. It seems to me these are only facts to be faced. Though, understand, that I am differentiating between romance and love. They aren't one and the same thing."

"Then you think," I asked, conscious of the thin ice upon which I was treading, "that all marriages are foredoomed to failure?"

"Oh, no." Mr. Menjou shook his head. His gestures are as subtle off screen as on. "No, indeed. With marriages that last an emotion grows up between the man and the woman. It may be friendship. It may be gratitude. It may be mutual de-

pendence. But it is neither romance nor love. Those two always depart, early.

"But we all want love. We all need love," I insisted.

"Ah, yes," said the wise Mr. Menjou. "I agree. And one thing always remains with us. No matter how often we lose love, the eternal urge to pursue it lasts. Wars are won and fortunes squandered, but at the end of the day's work the most important question still remains, 'Who are you going to have dinner with tonight?'

"Men and women, both, go on chancing romance until the end of their days. When we get too old to chase it in fact, we chase it in fancy. Every woman has her dream lover, no matter how many or how few her | CONTINUED ON PAGE 150|

It was three years ago in "A Woman of Paris" that Chaplin gave Menjou his opportunity. Menjou reciprocated by giving the screen a new type. Edna Purviance was the girl.
CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

By Herbert Howe

EVERLY HILLS, Cal.:

"By the European always hundred little deadlock" Long-Shots story now parried is was all don't day further either. Isn't off dropped Palm, — But She's with this nation; she's married most of it, and — a very pretty collection of engagement rings she has to show for her kindness.

Upon twitting our Adela about her attempt at suicide, namely, her article on "The One and Only Great Actress," I was taunted for not coming back with The One and Only Great Actor, Adela pointing out that she was courageous enough to follow up my list of the ten most beautiful women with one of the ten fairest boys. I parried weakly that there would be no suspense in an article by me on The One and Only Great Actor, as everyone would know who it was, by the title, without reading the article.

"Oh, I mean besides Ramon Novarro," said Adela.

But there is only one Allah and all the rest are prophets, I argued. As a matter of fact men are so much brighter than women that we have several great actors whereas, according to Adela, who in the next incarnation will be the Archangel Gabriel, there is only one great actress. For, in addition to Novarro, there is the Chaplin boy whom I consider very good; the lawn and keep the stages scrubbed.

I don't know whether it was a special occasion or just movie extravagance but they had chicken, and I ate up the profits on two Talmadge features, being in competition with Ernst Lubitsch, who, being from the Warner Brothers studio, had not lunched for a long time and was so affected by the rich viands that he signed up with Mr. Schenck after the third piece of pie. (The lunch was then charged up as overhead on his first production.)

Mr. SCHENCK told how he landed Jackie Coogan for Marcus Loew at a time when every other producer was bidding for him. There was a deadlock in the bidding, each magnate having offered Jackie a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for each of four pictures, making a total of five hundred thousand for the contract. Mr. Schenck didn't want to out-bid them as he felt a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per picture was enough spending money for the kid. Yet he had to offer some superior inducement. What

Emil Jannings, John Gilbert and Eric von Stroheim, the terrible meek.

I've firmly resolved to resist all temptation of naming the greatest, from henceforth. After seeing "The Big Parade," I sent the Howe Medal (not to be confused with the Valentino button) to John Gilbert. Then I saw Novarro in "Ben Hur" and ripped off all the medals General Pershing gave me for my wonderful imitation of a soldier while overseas. This confusion could be avoided very easily, I feel, as it is with circuses. I always liked Barnum and Bailey's, but I always knew Ringling's was the greatest show on earth because it said so on the billboards.

By the way, have you noticed that it is now Reginald Denny, the Incomparable, according to advertisements? Just a little while ago it was the Incomparable Alla Nazimova. Alla was forced into retirement by the child labor law when she grew too young to play grown-up parts.

The day Joseph Schenck moved into the Pickford-Fairbanks studio I helped him house-warm by accepting his invitation to lunch with him. Mary and Doug are off for Europe, leaving Norma and Constance Talmadge on the lot to take care of the studio cat, more

When Sam (Goldwyn) read the script after agreeing to loan Colman there was hot spluttering of telephone wires
he did was offer five hundred thousand dollars in advance on the entire four, and Pa Coogan, who likes to count the eagles before they're hatched, snapped up the offer. Thus the story of Jackie's half million dollar "bonus" that enabled him to pay off the mortgage on his roller-coaster and keep his paw in spats for another year.

I ASKED Ernst how he prevailed upon Sam Goldwyn to loan Ronald Colman for the heavy rôle in "Lady Windermere's Fan." "Oh, maybe I paint the part a little pink when I tell Sam," grinned Ernst, "and maybe I forget to tell what the other characters do except walk in and walk out."

Anyhow, when Sam read the script after agreeing to loan Colman there was hot spluttering of telephone wires. "Why didn't you tell me it was a villain you want him to play?" thundered Samuel. "Villain?" repeated the innocent Ernst in a weak voice. "My English is so bad I have difficulty to explicit, ya."

There was a conference (there always is in Hollywood when two or more people get together and refuse to answer the telephone). Mr. Goldwyn's representative, Mr. Lehr, demanded to know whether or not the rôle was that of a villain. "Villain?" queried Ernst. "I do not know what is villain. He love a beautiful girl if that is villain."

Mr. Lehr pondered for a time and then, with inspiration, "Does he make a sacrifice?" "Ya, he lose the girl," said Ernst. That settled it, he evidently was not a villain, and Ronald was loaned for the production on condition that Ernst use a credit line to the effect, "Ronald Colman—through courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn."

So faithful was Ernst in carrying out the letter of the contract that in directing Ronald he would say, "Mr. Colman you walk across the room—you stop by table—you pick up book—then you look into the eyes of Miss McAvoyst, by courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn."

WHICH reminded me that I received a letter from a stenographer asking could I get her a chob as Ronald Colman's secretary and if not could I employ her myself, I being Ronald's only rival in her opinion. She said she thought I'd be interested when I saw her as she was a combination of Alice Terry and Corinne Griffith. I felt I'd be interested, all right, but not for work, and I didn't know just how she'd take dictation otherwise. Anyhow, being nothing if not passed and Doug, disillusioned as to Christianity, went out with a back-to-Buddha expression on his countenance.

Just as we were about to re-enter Doug's high-powered chariot there was a horrendous bellow and Doug turned to clasp a Mexican around the neck. The gentleman was of tendril cut with huge gold tusks springing out of a grand canyon grin.

"We're old pals," explained Doug, lovingly. "I knocked his teeth out." "Sure," beamed the Mexican affectionately.

AFTER lunch at the Pickfair studio Doug Fairbanks invited me to go with him and his guest, Anthony Asquith, down to Chinatown to celebrate Chinese New Year's, which occurs on Buddha's birthday. Had Buddha lived he would be a little over four thousand years old, or about the age of Fanny Ward (though of course he would have looked older).

There was a dragon dance in progress on Main street, Chinatown. One China boy danced inside the dragon's head and another celestial did a slow motion Charleston in the tail. It was a very solemn rite until Doug observed that the dragon looked like Lon Chaney. A Chinese youth then observed that Doug looked like Doug Fairbanks and on the strength of the resemblance took us to the Joss house, where punk was burning at the shrines and hors d'oeuvre was spread out for Buddha's refreshment.

When we left we gave the old sacristan a couple of dollars whereupon he generally hauled forth a box of cigars from behind the altar and said, "Have one." He also gave us each a sack of nuts and a bunch of firecrackers.

Having done so well we hurried across the plaza to the old Mission church. I dropped a quarter in the box and lit a candle. Doug did likewise with an expectant look, but no cigars were passed and Doug, disillusioned as to Christianity, went out with a back-to-Buddha expression on his countenance.

We went over to Charlie Chaplin's lot to see the circus scenes for the new picture. I'd heard that Charlie had learned to walk the tight rope and sure enough there he was, in person (no doubles), walking a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]
That Stockholm Venus

By Myrtle West

Greta Garbo was very worried. A brown corru-
gated
Peter B. Kyne's Prayer

By

Peter

B.

Kyne

If hokum draws the heart up into the throat, if it brings a joyous laugh, or a sympathetic tear, it is no longer hokum. It is Art

Dear God, bless the public and send them good pictures. They're so much smarter and so much more appreciative of good things than the wretches who decry their intelligence. And send the motion picture people editors, not just people who assume that title.

Good Lord, look down in Thy mercy and send them editors with editorial ability; then create a confusion of tongues as Thou didst at the Tower of Babel, so that no moneyed jackass may tell the editorial editor how terrible he is, to the end that the picture will be made over the owner's protests, prove a success and forever silence the yawp of producer, director, star and motion picture press agent.

Let there be no more fiddlers playing violins.

Boobs always strive to appear intelligent, and to the other boobs they may appear intelligent, but to the intelligent they are never in disguise. An intelligent man will conceal his ignorance, not parade it.

Do you think that the world's two greatest editors—George Horace Lorimer, of the Saturday Evening Post, and Ray Long, of the Hearst magazines, waste their time fiddling around trying to select manuscripts that will please their subscribers? Not so. They are too smart for such foolishness. They select stories that please them, and the devil take the public. If the public doesn't like the mental pabulum they select for it the public may go hang. Being intelligent men they select stories and articles that appeal to intelligent [continued on page 105]

This morning while crossing Twenty-third Street in a taxi the driver made two attempts to turn up Fifth Avenue. From two of New York's finest he received a furious "bawling out." As he wended his way over to Madison Avenue to make his left turn he looked back at me and said: "Honest, mister, dese cops are crazy. Every one o' dem, s'help me, dey's crazier'n hell!"

I agreed with him that they are—crazy from trying to make morons obey traffic regulations! Somehow, the incident impelled me to a consideration of the motion picture industry and its crazy efforts to make pictures for the delectation of taxi cab drivers.

From time to time in trade magazines I've read the old complaint that pictures are what they are because the public creates a demand for that sort of picture—that when the public shows indisputably that it desires better pictures the producers will give them better pictures.

For the twelve years I have been prowling around motion picture lots—a sort of cinema John The Baptist wandering in the wilderness—I have had to listen to a world of this sort of twaddle from men whom I verily believe do not possess sufficient story intelligence to pound sand in a rat-hole.

The thing that is done best in the industry is the gentle art of passing the buck, and the public is the rightful receiver when some thin dull story, badly made, performs the flop any intelligent person who gave the story a reading knew it would perform. The low order of intelligence of picture patrons is blamed for the fizzle.

This is the most monumental buncombe. The fact is that every time a producer makes a picture he is doing his best to make the best picture it is possible for him to make. Nobody deliberately does his worst when he is creating something. He just cannot help doing his best, and when his best is the other fellow's idea of the worst, he blames the other fellow. I have always believed that bad taste in pictures has its inception in the studio.

Any creative artist, be his grade however lowly, who deliberately sets about to write or paint or talk or act down to what he conceives to be a certain level of mediocrity is worse than a fool. He is an arrogant ass. The plain fact of the matter is that such things aren't done, because nobody can do them. The creative instinct is a distinct urge to the best, not the worst. It is an urge that may not be stifled.

When some producer turns out a picture that is of the "tried and true" school of architecture, when it is banal and foolish, when it represents life as it is not, when it violates all the canons of intelligence and good taste, I say that producer is turning out the product that HE LIKES. He thinks it's great and because he has rotten bad taste and more than fifteen per cent of humanity are like him, he appeals to their intelligence unconsciously and not because he is deliberately trying.

His plea that he gives the public what it wants is pure swank. He would have you believe he is a smart fellow.
The whole 47 of Hollywood's younger set threw a party to celebrate Thomasina Mix's fourth birthday, and got very spiffed on chocolate cake horses and candy hay. Thomasina paused just long enough to pose with her dad and her pet beau, Bill Hart, Jr.

RICHARD DIX always has a story to tell. This is his latest:
A young stenographer became very much annoyed and worried because her employer kept staring at her feet. Continually his eyes were glued to her shoes.
She confided her troubles to the man across the hall, who offered her employment in his establishment. She accepted. After working in the new position for a week, she noticed her new employer was just as captivated by her pedal extremities as was her other boss. Finally she asked what caused the stare.
"Well, my dear lady, you will either have to stop wearing patent leather shoes or you will have to wear bloomers!"

THERE is no doubt about it. Living in an atmosphere of stars and temperament, one is bound to assume their ways. Take, for instance, Madame Helene who conducts the futuristically decorated café at the gate of the United Studios.
Recently she opened a wayside inn and, for the benefit of her picture patronage, printed a neat little line at the bottom of her studio café menu:
"Madame Helene's Rose Villa is now open to her public."
"Her public" had a sense of humor and the line disappeared the next day.
However, Madame may be forgiven. Anyone would be who concocts such ambrosial date forte.

NO month is complete without a bright remark from Vilma Banky. She makes life in Hollywood worth living. Vilma is attempting to learn Americanese . . . slanguage . . . and the other day at one of Mrs. Clarence Brown's celebrated teas, Vilma overheard a flapper commenting on her weariness.
"I'm so darned tired, I feel like a corpse!" wailed the flapper.
Vilma made a mental note.
The next night she was a member of a very high-browed gathering. An appropriate time to flaunt her newly-acquired phrase.
"Oh!" she breathed, as only Vilma knows how. "I'm so tired—I feel like a body!"
Explanations were immediately in order.

AND the other day I was talking to Ray Coifin, who gently feeds the ravenous press with news about the beautiful Banky. Ray, of course, had at his tongue's tip one of Vilma's famous remarks.
She had not been playing in a picture for some weeks and was overjoyed to hear she would soon wear the greasepaint as Valentino's leading lady. She rushed to Ray:
"I am too-o glad I am to work. I will soon have much publicity stuffs for you now!"

FIRST Inquiring Extra: "What sort of a story is this that Herbert Brennon is going to make . . . 'Beau Geste'?"
Second Well-informed Extra: "It's about Beau Brummel's youngest brother . . . a wise-cracking guy who used to go around spilling funny stories. Finally some egg in the French court started to call him 'Beau Geste' which is 'foogie' for jest."
Whatever the title may convey to the uninformed, this story of the Foreign Legion in Africa promises to be one of the biggest specialts that Brennon has ever made.

CLARA BOW now takes her bow for establishing a new fashion in the colony and her beau approves. But at that we stop. It really should be "beaux" . . . Clara has so many doting suitors.
The fashion is to have a dog to match the color of your hair. And trotting after Clara about the studio nowadays is a very charmingly mannered, short dog of auburn hue. A color that blends admirably with Clara's glossy locks.
Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli, Alma Rubens and others of the raven-haired crew will have to buy some jetty spaniels, but Mary Carr, with her snowy hair, is the only actress I can think of who is privileged to carry a French poodle.

PATSY RUTH MILLER almost proved the claim that her parents made daily when, after a hurried consultation, doctors agreed that Pat had the measles. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are always contending that "Pat will never grow up" and that "she is just a little girl."
The Warner brothers, too, were mightily worried that their star must needs be isolated for a period of weeks and delay the picture that Pat had been toiling day and night in. But the next day the rash had disappeared and the doctors agreed it must have been hives. Pat had been indulging in the season's first strawberry shortcake.
AABOUT the hardest thing in the world to do is to make a comediand smile. And Douglas MacLean is no exception. Altho "Buster" Keaton does win the Benda mask for the world's most solemn face.

Doug, for years, had been trying to duplicate a very natural smile that a photographer had captured. The other day by chance he met the same photographer.

The following day found Doug all posed for a picture. But the grin wouldn't come. It looked too artificial. The photographer despairs and finally said:

"Look to your left, Mr. MacLean." Doug looked.

"Now look at me!"

Doug looked and chortled—openly. The photographer was posed with a toy monkey on his head. A trick he used to tickle the kiddies' humor.

And Doug's next picture is "That's My Baby!"

Fair and slightly cooler Leatrice Joy here goes in, heavily, for winter sports. Fancy breaking the ice in the heart of Los Angeles! It's a new skating rink out there that Leatrice is descending upon and the ice is made fresh each morning from ammonia.

This friend was on his first visit to Hollywood studios and was particularly impressed with the immensity of the Universal Studios at Universal City. But, alas, the name would not stay with him.

And to make matters worse he was continually referring to the studios.

He wanted to mention it again. The name was gone. A superhuman effort to recall it—and:

"I say now! How far is it to . . . to . . . Eternal City?"

Of course everyone in Hollywood knows Noah Beery and his fringe-like haircut, which is necessitated by the legion of character roles he plays. Everything from hoss trailers to faro dealers and back again to desert prospectors. And every role calls for hair—long and oiled—curling about his ears and neck.

At the opera—at the op firm—at the horse show—at cafes—Noah—in his Beery bob—and Mrs. Beery are seen.

All of which is a preamble to Norma Talmadge's visit, when, after gazing covetously at Connie's sleek head—fresh from Jim's nimble shears—she said:

"I'll be glad when 'Kiki' is over, so I can have my hair cut short!"

With sisterly devotion Connie looked at Norma's wildly fuzzed "Kiki kut" and consoled:

"But it looks very nice when you wear a hat, dear."

"Oh, yes it does! Only yesterday at the Moultmure, Oma Brown mistook me for Noah Beery!"

Seeing Lillian Gish being lovely during "The Scarlet Letter" Metro-Goldwyn are happier, for they had their own trouble getting Lillian to put torrid temperature into her "La Boheme" scenes. Here is Lillian sending hot looks at Lars Hansen.
I WONDER how Flo Ziegfeld can continue to glorify the American girl when all of his beauties have apparently heard the siren yodel of the esteemed M. G. Greetley and gone to Hollywood. The latest to follow the Royal Road to the films is Peggy Fears.

Which reminds me of the story about the slightly inebriated individual who was presented to Peggy at a cafe the other evening. "This is Peggy Fears ... " introduced the introducer. "Peggy fears who?" challenged the unsteady newcomer.

Another cinema newcomer who is lashing in a lion's share of the limelight is pretty Pauline Dane who, accompanied by a retinue of servants and what is reputed to be three millions, is cutting a wide swath entertainment-wise in the film colony. Her dinners and gowns are attracting much comment. Pauline is English and pretty with cuddlesome ways.

HE was a recent addition to our films. From Sweden. One of his first purchases was a radio. But it did not work. So he took it back to the shop. Said he:

"What is the charge for this battery?"

"One and a half volts," obliged the dealer.

"Pardon, please. I do not understand American exchange. How much is that in Swedish money?"

It was a dark and stormy night. The wind whipped the sea into an inky fury. Huge spotlights swept the shoreline and paused to rest on the pier where a drenched woman lay on the rough planks and a water-soaked man desperately poured an amber-hued fluid between her lips.

It was a motion picture in the making, to be sure. But the stinging salt-charged air and the beating waves and the drenched garments on the man and woman—Scena Owen and Joseph Schildkraut—were very real. The picture was "Shipwrecked."

Suddenly out from the watching crowd dashed a little man in a very large derby hat. He ran to the emoting two and snatched the glass of amber-hued fluid from Schildkraut's hand. And sniffed it.

"Huh! It's a good thing for you it's only tea!"

And they say we are not enforcing prohibition.

THE Puritan fathers would have pulled their long faces longer if they could have been resurrected for a day and conducted to the set where Lillian Gish is galvanizing the famous "Scarlet Letter." Dimpled Puritan maidens in demure bonnets and voluminous aprons pulled cigarettes of the "filthy weed" from beneath aprons and puffed happily between scenes. And a few rolled hosed limbs were visible when a Priscilla or a Prudence thumped the pseudo-New England turf with feet Charleston-mad.

AND speaking of "The Scarlet Letter," it brought the re-union of two Griffith players who had not been together before the camera since 1918, when Griffith co-starred them in "The Great Love."

The initial screen appearance of these two Griffith players was in "The Birth of a Nation." They are Henry Walthall of "Little Colonel" fame and Lillian Gish. In "The Scarlet Letter" Lillian plays Esther Prynne and Walthall is her husband.

HOLLYWOOD is full of Griffith discoveries. How now that Dick Barthelmess has rented a home on Whitley Heights and intends to make it his residence for at least a year while he makes a number of pictures. This to the delight of Bill Powell, who is one of Dick's closest friends. And also to the joy of Ronald Colman and Charles Lane—four handsome Egypian men who are eyed with speculation—and charmed—by the fair sex.

And Charles Emmett Mack, another Griffith protege, is also a permanent resident of the west coast.

"How do you like the sunshine and flowers of California, Charlie?" he was asked the other day.

To which Charlie snorted: "Haven't seen 'em yet!"

His latest role is "The Unknown Soldier" and he has been wallowing in the mud of a mock No-Man's-Land for so long that even his lashes are gummed with clay.

"I WILL be glad," said one beautiful member of the so-called "foreign invasion," "when I am a barge bull like Lillian Gish. Then I will not need publicity and to have pecculars taken shaking hands with a prize fighter."

HE was the dramatic critic of a large New York paper. She was Patsy Ruth Miller, who, because she is pretty and witty and eligible, is the engagement-bait for every visiting notable who escorts her to a premiere, whether he be married or single.

They were approached by a reporter, who thought he espied another engagement rumor. But he was outwitted by her companion—once a reporter—who was apparently cognizant of Pat's engagement-strwn path. Said he:

"I'm Herman J. Mankiewitz of New York. Out here to do some stories for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But neither Miss Miller, Mrs. Mankiewitz nor myself care to have an engagement announced."

Here's a helpful hint against the next time you don't know where to put things. Estelle Clark, in fun, hangs musical instruments on her Charleston garter. Not to be undone Charles Ray uses his as support for comb, watch, pen and lighter.

That's a feather fan Esther Ralston's got wound around her finger. Most stars have to encounter so much hot hair. But Esther simply slips her fan in high. The feather pinwheel turns, an idle icy breeze results and Esther keeps her cool head.
Bob Leonard missed his miss, Gertrude Olmstead, to whom he's engaged to be married. So he traveled 3,000 miles to see her just for four days. Gosh! what devotion. Remember when Bob was Mae Murray's husband and director? So do we.

IT was at the last Sixty: Club dance. Priscilla Dean, on the arm of one of her many avatar suitors, glistened by the table at which sat Ward Crane, all alone. She stopped and murmured:

"Poor Ward! You look so lonely!"

Says Ward: "Don't worry about me, Priscilla. Save your pity for Buster Collier."

(That afternoon Connie Talmadge, whom Buster has been more or less hopefully squirting for the last three years, had quite suddenly and without warning become the bride of Alastair William Mackintosh.)

THE other day I was having lunch at the studio with Ernest Gillen and a very attractive young lady (I won't tell you her name as some day she may be considered for a lead in a Glyn picture and I don't want to hurt her chances). At the lunch table I had solved for me one of Hollywood's most baffling problems—namely, why does Madam Glyn look upon the world in general through half-closed eyes?

"Easy," says the pretty girl who was lunching with us, "she has developed her famous squint from continually looking for it."

RAYMOND HATTON has at last achieved his greatest ambition—to play the role of a gentleman with sex appeal.

For twelve years Ray has labored before the kliegs, playing every type of character except one which would allow him to occupy the center of the screen in the role of a great lover.

In "Behind the Front" he finally is given credit for having the elusive It made famous by Madam Glyn.

In the scene Wally Beery and Ray are talking about the girl who professes to be in love with them both. Ray, posing as the martyr, says to Wally:

"You take her. She loves you. You're so handsome!"

"No," replies Wally, not to be outdone, "She's yours. She loves you because you've got sex appeal."

SPEAKING of actors scoring heavily, reminds us that Jack Holt actually did just this in the recent polo tournament at Del Monte, when he played on the victorious Midvick team.

During the tournament a scare was thrown into Holt's producers when word was received from Del Monte that the star had been hit in the head by a hard-driven polo ball.

It knocked him unconscious and left a wound in his scalp, but Jack recovered sufficiently to continue play with his team.

OVERHEARD at a Hollywood party.

"How do you like it over at Warner Brothers?" one of the guests asked the Great Lubitsch.

"Oh, fine," said Lubitsch, "only sometime I hope when I get half way through a picture and she is going good, they will forget to say to me 'hurry up, Mr. Lubitsch, ve have to get it in the mails by Tuesday.'"

IN "The Isle of Retribution," which James Hogan is directing for F. B. O., the script called for a skunk.

Hogan left it up to Johnny Burch, his assistant, who is considered an expert with animals, having served more than a year's apprenticeship under Larry Trimble, who can do everything but make an animal talk.

Hogan felt quite safe about the skunk, as did the cast, including Lillian Rich and Bob Frazier. They all had confidence in the resourceful Burch.

So the assistant director rented a deodorized skunk.

But after they got the skunk on the set and reached for him in his cage it was conclusively proven, to everyones dissatisfaction, that the operation was a dismal failure.

The explosion of a mustard bomb couldn't have cleared the stage quicker and it was hours before work could be resumed.

THE influence of motion pictures has been felt throughout the entire world. It has reached even to the Chinaman, it would seem. During the filming of "Eve's Leaves" at the De Mille studios, the restaurant man heard there would be more than 200 Chinamen used in the picture. So he got ready to feed them—laid in a supply of rice, chop suey, chow mein, etc.

Just before lunch the first day they worked, Tom Gubbins, who supplies the Chinese talent, dropped into the commissary and the proprietor smilingly informed Tom that he was ready to feed his Chinks.

Tom listened patiently and then told the restauranter that he had better throw out all the Chinese junk and stand by with plenty of ham and eggs. Pictures and picture salaries, it seems, have changed the Chinese around Hollywood. They don't crave rice and such things, anymore, but insist on the best in American cookery.

They leave the chop suey and chow mein to the tourists, who visit Los Angeles' Chinatown.

FRIENDS of Reginald Denny were given a tremendous scare during the fierce storm which recently lashed the Pacific coast, wrecking wharves and piers and causing heavy loss in shipping circles.

Reg and a couple of friends left San Diego in his thirty-four foot power boat, the "Barharine," shortly before the gale hit the Pacific. They were on a fishing trip and were bound for Ensenada, Mexico.

Frantic wires from Universal officials showed Denny and his guests had failed to make Ensenada and for several days they were given up for lost.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88
Some New Bobs

Who said bobbed hair lacks variety? Not the movie stars. Merrily they bob and bewilder. Esther Ralston's newest cut is trimmed out underneath, slicked flat and softly curled.

Pola's "orchid bob" bloomed and faded—fortunately. Now she wears a loosely coiled rope of hair about her distinguished head and lets her bob grow much longer at the sides.

Maybe Clara Bow is getting tired of playing flaming flappers. Certainly Clara's newest coiffure is reminiscent of the days when grandma was a girl. Banged and bobbed, Clara gives it the modern name of "gigolo".
Faith Service

Illustrated by
Harley Ennis Stivers

False Faces

They both wore the masks Fame had provided.
Then Love began some face lifting

There are no two ways about it, the folks from East Machias, Ohio, would have described Lilith Flame as "outlandish." What they would have said about Lilith Flame's boudoir only the fallen angels can know.

And if they could have come in upon a characteristic pose in Lilith's life, when she was ensconced before her triplicate mirror, doing things to her face, they would have felt that they had been damned to gaze upon Original Sin, unmasked and certainly ashamed. They would have gone back home to do penances and to shrive their souls alive.

Lilith was the last meaning of the word "ultra." She had raised the art of Being a Woman to the more than nth degree. She had made the term "vampire" obsolete. Her face was an ivory oval set too daintily for flesh and blood belief upon a slim column of alabaster. Her hair was as wicked as old bronze, holding amber and absinthe lights. Her eyes were slanted, Oriental-wise, thus proving that all men are brothers or have been at one time.

She wore gowns that can only be described by the word "inconsiderable" with the addenda of their considerable cost. Her press agent said of her, "She is Lilith-before-Eve, the First, the everlasting Temptress. She was born on a lotus leaf in a jade backwater of the Nile. She incarnates a Peruvian orchid, the last day of Pompeii, the love of the archangel, Israfel, and she is to be seen in her latest super-special 'More Scarlet Than Sin' at the Royal Imperial Theater, October ninth," etc., etc.

Lilith's boudoir was a fitting frame for such dark beauty. The French windows were shrouded in black velvet, palls holding the body of the light. The walls were metallic gold and hung with fantastic sketches done by Russians and Futur-
ists and matted in lacquer red. The rug was deep black silk velour. An ivory chaise-longue was piled with the pelts of furred animals and the feathers of Oriental birds. Exotic cushions, black velvet with gold tassels, languished upon the floor. Little tables of perverse shape and decadent color were here and there, bearing a samovar like a distorted gold god, decanters of Venetian glass, priceless Tanagras, nudus in bronze and marble and terra-cotta, secretive boxes after the Florentines. A bawl of orchids gave a sullen, sulphurous note over the Italian marble mantel and the innumerable sons of Buddha, in cloisonne and gold, spat incense from nooks and crannies.

The pièce de résistance of the room was the dressing table. Which bore the conventional phalanxes of cold cream jars, vanishing cream jars, mascara pencils, rouge containers, lipsticks and lip salves, powder bowls, tonic lotions, astringents scented with lemon, almond and guava, skin bleaches, tweezers, razors, depilatory powders, combs, nets, pins, essences, attars, perfumes, toilette waters and a large ivory skull for the decent interment of loose hairs. Also a pleasant little pastille burner in the shape of a modern crematorium.

It is perhaps a startling statement to be made, here and now, but it must be said—Lilith Flame was honest. By which is meant more than at present meets the eye.

It is not to say that Lilith was unnecessarily honest. Extravagantly honest. She did not slip off the silken, slumberous, seductive sheath of Lilith Flame and announce to a thereby disillusioned world that “I am NOT Lilith Flame . . . I am

Mildred P. Means from East Machias, Ohio, born of a father who ‘traveled’ for a rubber goods concern and a mother who spent her life in bearing eleven children of whom I was the unwanted sixth. (Not even a seventh daughter—not even).

She did, of course, nothing of the kind. For what would have been the advantage? The public would have been deprived of their strongest fillip, their most subtle intoxicant. And Lilith Flame would have been deprived of the two thousand five hundred dollars that was her weekly stipend for being . . . Lilith Flame. She would have been coincidentally deprived of her Iota-Fraschini. her town Packard, her Park Avenue apartment, her Great Neck estate, the services of her personal maid, secretary, chauffeur, press agent, Jap butler, cook, French laundress and Heaven knows what all. To any practical person the inadvisability of such a step will be only too apparent.

She would be deprived, too, of Gaillard De Koven.

And now we come to the gist of the matter.

Lilith was in love. She was ardently, passionately, eternally and tragically in love. She was also honestly in love. She not only loved Gaillard De Koven as woman loves “but once,” she also admired him, respected him, looked up to him, revered him.

A bad situation.

And she wanted, oh, so badly, to be honest with him. When he took the words of her under-paid press-agent out of that young man’s indigenous pen and said to her, “You are Lilith—before-Eve, the first, the eternal siren” she felt like beating a tattoo upon his irrepresible shirt front, like crying out loudly raucously, ‘No! No! I am Mildred P. Means of East Machias, Ohio.” She felt like adding humbly, a suppliant, “Ah, Gaillard, love me . . . love me anyway . . .”

But she knew that he wouldn’t.

Gaillard was a cosmopolite, a man-of-the-world, to the manner born. He was a cynic. A skeptic. A Neo-something-or-other. A modern. There was finesse in every inclination of his sleek head, in every

Her mad, wild boudoir was where she donned the false face. But tonight she was in love and longing to be simple
Lilith could have been honest with Gaillard DeKoven except for her past. It was spotless. That was the trouble.

Intonation of his exquisitely modulated voice with its nice suggestion of the best English accent. To him, Lilith knew, a woman was an episode, the stanza of a poem, the cadence of a song, the petal of a rose. Gaillard De Koven was, in a sense, Lilith over again, her complement, save in the mere matter of sex and wearing apparel. He was the last son of the old De Koven family, founders of New York, of whom none were left, nothing indeed save a few ancestral portraits staring at blind storage walls. Impoverished and curious he had turned to the movies and the movies had taken him into their large, upholstered, luxurious arms to the tune of two thousand a week and royalties. As a munificent exchange for this beggarly hospitality he had given them the distinct De Koven name and the princely shadow of the last of the De Kovens for the omnivorous appetites of their public.

Interviewers wrote articles about him titled "The Real Aristocrat," "A Blue Blood Comes to the Screen," "The Last of the De Kovens in 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" and other apt things. One enterprising publication illustrated the interview with a drawing of a family tree, rather cloudy about the branches, but a tree, none the less.

Producers rubbed their abdomens and said, "Well, that's the type we need—the real stuff. Old family. College bred. Distinguished presence. Knows how to wear evening clothes and enter a room. A gentleman. A FIND."

Gaillard proved himself to be the true aristocrat, too, in other ways than tonsorially. For he was also the democrat. He didn't object a bit to mingling with the sons of families who would never have been received by the De Kovens. He told Lilith that, "Just at first . . . things like that . . . rather a rub . . ." But he had come out of it beautifully. Suavely and beautifully. He said that he "put it all down to experience." He got so that he didn't mind a bit. "When in Thespia do as the Thespians do," he said rather vaguely.

Lilith was in agony. She wanted to be honest with Gaillard. That is, she didn't want to, but she felt that she would have to be. Hideous visions of what would happen if she discovered the truth haunted her sleepless nights and made her director ask her if she was taking "proper care of herself."

If she should ever become his wife—Mrs. [CON'T ON PAGE 96]
HERE is a contest that is starting in New York City and will, within a few months, extend itself to every large metropolitan city in the country.

Nothing has ever been offered for the entertainment of devotees of motion picture theaters which rivals it in scope or prize money opportunity. It is open to everyone, from grandma to the little folks, and many, many thousands of dollars in cash prizes and other prizes, to be offered by individual theaters, will go to the ones who solve these delightful puzzles.

This will be conducted by one of the largest newspapers in your city in co-operation with the motion picture theaters.

It was devised and prepared by the editorial staff of Photoplay, but will be presented in the newspapers and theaters.

It is amazingly simple, but it will require that you use your memory and knowledge of pictures and your knowledge of picture plays and players.

Excerpts from forty of the best motion pictures of the last few years will be shown in the theaters, one a day. They will show all the famous stars in their finest films, and in action, with typical excerpts from these plays, and it will be up to you to guess the name of the play and the name of the star. In addition to that, all you will have to do is to write, in fifty words or less, your criticism of three or five of those particular pictures or your idea of the theme or the moral of that number of them.

Every day, after the contest starts in your city, your theater will run the scenes from one picture with titles which furnish clues. The same day a cartoon appears in your newspaper which is a further clue. The titles of the films you see in your theater every day for forty days are a delight in themselves, and it will furnish you a world of fun to try to guess the pictures. The theater managers, the newspapers and the whole industry are co-operating to make it one of the most amusing contests ever offered.

It starts in New York with over a hundred theaters showing the films every day and the New York Daily Mirror running the cartoons and the names of every theater giving their patrons the entertainment, in addition to their regular program, and paying $10,000 in cash prizes.

It has no connection whatever with the Photoplay Magazine $5,000 cash prizes which this magazine offers every year to its readers and which starts in the next, the June issue of Photoplay. You can win in one or both contests.

After the contest starts in New York it will be extended to city after city, and you should ask your newspaper or theater manager when it will appear in your community.

The cartoons which appear in the newspapers are drawn by McManus, the famous comic artist whose work is familiar to many millions of people, and the delightfully funny titles of the films were prepared by Robert Sherwood, the famous motion picture critic, and editor of Life.

Get into practice to win one of the Big Cash Prizes soon to be offered by newspapers and theaters in your city.
Cartoons Represent?

Starts out with $10,000 in Prizes in New York City. Ask your Theater Manager when you will get your chance with the march of picture events.

Every member of the family may participate. All answers will be judged strictly on their merits. The first filed will have no preference over the last one which is received before the expiration of the time limit. But the full details will be given in your local theater and newspaper.

Every city will have its own cash prizes—$10,000 is the prize money for New York City alone.

The next time you visit your theater, ask them when it will be available for you and your family.
If you neglect getting in on this great contest, you may be throwing money away.

Come on in. The Money's fine.

Write Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, for any additional information you may want.

Perfectly written, originally by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood and scenarized by Julien Josephson, this Roland West production is simply superb. Each detail dovetails properly into every other. Lights flash, guns are fired, secret panels swing, and the laughter and the creeps alternate till you chew your fingers in excitement and delight.

The involved plot is centered around a criminal with the bat as his trademark and his operations in a Long Island household. Beyond that we refuse to tell. But when “The Bat” flies in your neighborhood, don't fail to see it and take the youngsters, if it's not too late at night.

**THE BLACK PIRATE—United Artists**

A ROISTERING tale of the Spanish Main is “The Black Pirate,” and I pity the man whom it does not wait back to the days of his boyhood, when he dreamed of himself climbing aboard the pirate craft and cleaning the seas of the blood-thirsty buccaneers. “Yo, ho, ho—fifteen men on a dead man's chest.” Into it the ever-youthful Doug has injected the very spirit of boyhood romance and adventure, and it would be a hard-hearted parent, indeed, who would not willingly advance the price of the tickets for every youngster in the family. Incidentally, they should include themselves in the entertainment and adventure.

The entire picture is done in colors, not the usual colored photography, but soft tints that delight the eye and emphasize rather than detract from the story value. Nothing has ever been done in colors on the screen that approaches it in beauty and uniformity. The year of experimentation and study that has been put into this phase of the production has been well repaid. In it, Mr. Fairbanks, for the first time in motion pictures, has secured the beautiful effect of mural paintings.

The plot? What do you care about that? It's all about pirates, with Doug, single-handed, capturing a huge galleon to prove he's a good pirate himself. Imagine that! 

Billie Dove is the beauty in distress, captured by the toughest pirate that ever slit a throat or scuttled a ship. Donald Crisp runs away with the acting honors, and it is a delight to watch the way in which Doug gives way to him on the screen and lets the audience enjoy Crisp's characterization of an old Scotch pirate. Go see “The Black Pirate.”

**THE BAT—United Artists**

KING VIDOR'S version of Henry Murger's short stories of the Latin Quarter of Paris from which the Puccini opera was suggested, is a picture of striking beauty, wonderfully directed by Vidor and acted with much skill by John Gilbert. The theme is simple, as delicate as the tension of a lyre, and tells the story ofMINI, a seamstress, and Rodolphe, a struggling playwright, against a colorful and romantic background.

A note of tender pathos pervades the entire piece and the ultimate tragedy is too heartrending for words. Lillian Gish is seen in another of her wistfully appealing but familiar characterizations. Renee Adoree, Karl Dane and George Hassell are included in the cast.

This production is a triumph for Metro-Goldwyn, for Vidor, and for John Gilbert, and will prove a real joy.

**LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn**

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

THE BLACK PIRATE—United Artists

A ROISTERING tale of the Spanish Main is “The Black Pirate,” and I pity the man whom it does not wait back to the days of his boyhood, when he dreamed of himself climbing aboard the pirate craft and cleaning the seas of the blood-thirsty buccaneers. “Yo, ho, ho—fifteen men on a dead man's chest.” Into it the ever-youthful Doug has injected the very spirit of boyhood romance and adventure, and it would be a hard-hearted parent, indeed, who would not willingly advance the price of the tickets for every youngster in the family. Incidentally, they should include themselves in the entertainment and adventure.

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**THE BAT—United Artists**


Perfectly written, originally by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood and scenarized by Julien Josephson, this Roland West production is simply superb. Each detail dovetails properly into every other. Lights flash, guns are fired, secret panels swing, and the laughter and the creeps alternate till you chew your fingers in excitement and delight.

The involved plot is centered around a criminal with the bat as his trademark and his operations in a Long Island household. Beyond that we refuse to tell. But when “The Bat” flies in your neighborhood, don't fail to see it and take the youngsters, if it's not too late at night.
The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE BLACK PIRATE  THE GREATER GLORY
THE BAT  LA BOHEME
LET'S GET MARRIED  TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

The Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "La Boheme"
Lucy Beaumont in "The Greater Glory"
Greta Garbo in "The Torrent"
May Allison in "The Greater Glory"
Louise Fazenda in "The Bat"
Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Greater Glory"
Edna Mae Oliver in "Let's Get Married"
Donald Crisp in "The Black Pirate"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 108

THE GREATER GLORY—First National

As opposite as the pages on which their reviews are printed, is the appeal of this splendid picture to that of "The Black Pirate." No bounding tale of adventure is this. Just the story of an Austrian family before and after the war, a story that, while it makes no pretense of being a preaching against war, carries a message that will be carried away and pondered by all who see it.

It is the work of June Mathis, that brilliant woman who had so much to do with the success of "The Four Horsemen," and it is an artistic monument to her ability. The action takes place entirely in the city of Vienna, and was adapted from Edith O'Shaughnessy's novel, "The Viennese Medley." No battle scenes are dragged in for the sake of box office effect. No insincere attempt is made for the so-called "punch" or "thrill." It is one of the most sincerely produced pictures ever presented to the American public, one of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice.

Briefly, it is the story of an aunt and her family of nieces and nephews, broken and impoverished by the war, and their struggles for a bare existence, and through it run two love stories of surpassing sweetness. Never has a picture of foreign locale been made with more faithful atmospheric effect. It is Vienna itself, and never for one second is the illusion lost.

The picture is significant, too, in that it brings May Allison back to the screen, after a few years of absence, and her work is as sincere and lovely as the picture itself. Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle give the best performances of their picture careers. You should not miss this picture.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National

This picture takes Harry Langdon's doleful face and pathetic figure out of the two-reel class and into the Chaplin and Lloyd screen dimensions. Not that he equals their standing yet, but he is a worthy addition to a group of comedy makers of which we have entirely too few. Langdon has graduated and this picture is his diploma. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" will introduce him to a wider public, and the public which followed his two-reel career will be doubled or trebled. The boy's good.

Harry plays a kid hobo, who enters himself in a transcontinental hiking contest. He's just got to win the race to win the gal, who is his inspiration, and Harry believes that all's fair in love and war, and he's in both. He isn't exactly on the level in the race, but you should worry about his sporting morals.
THE TORRENT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Monte Bell stands well in the foreground of those directors who can take a simple story and so fill it with true touches that the characters emerge real human beings and the resulting film becomes a small masterpiece. Such work has he created in "Torrent," and for fans who are slightly grown-up this picture will be a vivid delight. Greta Garbo, the new Swedish importation, is very lovely.

THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS—Metro-Goldwyn

They must have told Benjamin Christianson, the Swedish director, that hokum was king. As a result "The Devil's Circus," his first American made picture, has everything in it from a trick dog to the crippled girl who walks. The picture has strength and the power of several scenes—the night march of the caravan, the girl's defilement and her fall from the trapeze—lift it above the mediocre.

FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount

Here are the sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Byron Morgan wrote them a story that's not so very much—all about a kid who runs his father's summer hotel to winter success. Sam Wood provided direction that saved it. The sixteen are peppy, gay and youthful, and their spirit gets across. It's good entertainment.

THE UNTAMED LADY—Paramount

This is an awful disappointment. Story by Fannie Hurst, direction by Frank Tuttle and starred by Gloria Swanson, and the whole a total washout! The story simply never gets anywhere. It concerns one of those untamed darlings, a spoiled baby first, a spoiled debutante later, who breaks numberless hearts by dropping twenty-carat engagement rings on football gridirons.

THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS—Universal

See this by all means. If the movie-going public of New York City is any criterion as to the comedy value of a picture, then this will be a wow throughout the entire country. They went wild over it—and how they howled and screeched! The plot is filled with all the old hokum about the Jews and the Irish but, nevertheless, it brings out the loud guffaws—even from the blasé.

OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.

Syd Chaplin should go back to trousers. Enough is enough. His latest contribution to film humor is of the slapstick variety, with much horse play and low comedy. Most of the gags are screamingly funny, but after "Charley's Aunt," Syd in petticoats again gets to be an old story, even though he does it remarkably well. Splendid entertainment, especially for the youngsters.
THE NEW KLONDIKE—Paramount

You have all heard about the real estate boom in Florida—but wait until you see what actually happens. Ring Lardner, who knows his laughs, was commissioned to write this story for Thomas Meighan, with the result that it is one of the most interesting of Meighan's vehicles. Some very amusing situations are developed, and there's a young fellow, Paul Kelly, whom you'll like.

SEA HORSES—Paramount

The story gets off at a slow start and continues its snail-like pace until the fourth reel. Then we have fights, a typhoon, a storm at sea and what-not. Florence Vidor is the young lady who goes in search of her husband, who is wasting his life on a tropical isle. Into her life comes a brave he-man, Jack Holt. Not as snappy as the usual Man Dwan production.

THE DANCER OF PARIS—First National

Everyone became excited when they heard that Michael Arlen had written an original story for the screen. But great expectations were not realized in spite of all the nudity, jazz, bachelor apartment parties and love-scenes. Dorothy Mackaill does as well as could be expected in a very cold role. Conway Tearle is the male attraction. Not for children.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—Fox

A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. It is apparent that the flood is the most important sequence in this picture, and around it the story was written. Besides the thrilling flood scene, this serves to introduce a very charming young lady, Janet Gaynor, who is easily recognized as one of the season's best "finds." The remainder of the cast is excellent. It's worth-while.

THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE—First National

Never has Barbara La Marr looked more beautiful than in this, her last production before her death. This is by no means the best of Barbara's work, but her beauty alone will suffice the most critical fan. The story is incoherent and every now and then wanders off for itself. It's all about a masked dancer. If it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara once again, see it.

MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount

Bebe Daniels was a graduate from the comedy ranks and this picture is reminiscent of the early days spent in serving her apprenticeship. The only missing is the famous custard pie. All the old gags used in two-reelers are found here, even to the old familiar chase through the hotel lobby by the cops. Will go over big with the children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
"DORIS," said May Allison, "I know a place down on Fifth Avenue where we can get some nice little frocks at wholesale. Let's go down there and pick up a few."
"Sounds good to me," said Doris Kenyon. "Let's go."

Next morning after the last scenes of "Men of Steel" were shot, the two beautiful blonde buddies (rivals for the affections of Milton Sills in the picture) were trying on dresses in the models' dressing room of the wholesale place. In the tiny room four mannequins were shifting from one frock to another as the head salesman called out the numbers of the designs and the girls passed out into the showroom and paraded in their best mannequin style. Grouped around were a dozen or more out of town buyers, order books and pencils in hand.

"Four twenty-nine and six seventy-four," yelled the salesman through the door.
"Hey, you two have them models on," said one of the girls. "Dare you to go out and model them for the customers."
"Game?" said May. "Why not?" said Doris.
So the two strutted out, and up and down the floor, hands on hips, and swinging slowly around so that the customers could get every detail of the dresses.
Inside the dressing room the girls were giggling their heads off at the idea of two high salaried movie stars pinch hitting for them.
Doris and May made the biggest sales of the day. But they were terribly disappointed. Not one buyer tried to date them up for dinner.
Big Boy Blue

By

Dorothy

Herzog

As dependable, true and fine wearing as the color from which he takes his name, Monte Blue is a real Horatio Alger hero. He went in the movies as a laborer. He has remained to star

CAME the dawn, but to us who reposed blissfully in the arms of Morpheus 'twas a mere rumor.

Came low noon. And so, up with the alarm in time to dash pell mell to the Algonquin and keep a luncheon engagement at high noon with Monte Blue, the lad with the “four out of five have it” smile, the six feet three of animated framework, and the breezy good humor of him who can afford to disdain dyspepsia advertisements.

As a rule, be it whispered, a flicker star is a mere mortal who draws his salary via check and never remembers if it is half pawst two or half past two. Like Heinz' culinary repertoire, the picture world has its fifty-seven varieties, ranging from beans to mincemeat to applesauce.

Big Boy Blue, however, is old fashioned. He talks honestly about his past, laughs at his hardships, and says nothing about a person unless it be something nice. Furthermore, he treats all women chivalrously, bank account and position to the contrary.

Why, Monte actually has the temerity to admit he dug his way from obscurity to electric lights. On third thought, perhaps this is because he is Irish on his mother's side, and French and Cherokee on his father's.

Monte proved with nary a contradiction his old-fashionedness by meeting us on time. Not having seen him for years, we shot him one gimlet look, the kind recruited by every adroit movie heavy, and realized gladly he was the same old Monte of the infectious smile and warming friendliness. He may have a starring contract, a beautiful wife, a bank account large enough to make a gang of wolves unhappy, but he's the same old chap of pre-affluent days.

GOSH, you haven't changed a bit,” we volunteeered. “Not even married life has done it.”

He stared agog. “Why should it?”

Of course we had no sprightly retort to this. We thought of a darb the next day but, he ho, the sun had done a fade-out and an iris-in so 'twas too late to elucidate.

Without more ado, we trailed a waiter to a corner table for two and dispersed numerous packages to his best inconvenience and that of the sustenance he proceeded to usher in.

“Monte, tell me about your wife. Is she sweet?”

“Who, Jimmy?”

“No, your wife.”

“But Jimmy is my wife. Her stage name was Tova Danor, but her real name is Tova Janson, so I call her Jimmy. She's a darling,” and his eyes out-confection-aried anything in a bakery window. “I met Jimmy while working with Mae Murray in 'Peacock Alley.'”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]
Hollywood's Real Hermit

This is the first interview Harrison Ford has had in years

Which is his own fault exclusively. He treasures privacy

A man lives on a hilltop in Hollywood who is called Peter. His hair is snowy and long. His feet are bare and ruddy. He carries a gnarled stick—a distaff, for the story's sake. His companions are a mild-mannered white dog—sometimes quite clean—and three donkeys. About their mild manners, I cannot vouch.

Occasionally he sallies forth in a one-mule shay labelled "Plant Food." Origin of name unknown.

More often he is to be found where Hollywood's scandal is brewed. At Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. At the sending station of the grapevine telegraph, consorting with the crowds—passing a bandying word to his acquaintances—who are legion.

He is called Peter the Hermit.

In his hilltop tent with the crazy stovepipe belching a frayed strand of smoke, he gives occult and spiritual advice to the care-worn, love-worn and movie-worn pilgrims who wend their ways to his hermitage.

Peter the Hermit of Hollywood. But, really, he is not the Hermit of Hollywood.

The real Hermit of Hollywood is Harrison Ford. Not only the Hermit of Hollywood, but of the entire motion picture world. Harrison Ford is entitled to the name of Recluse of the Reels.

You never see him lunching at the Montmartre of a Saturday noon.

You never see him coasting down Hollywood Boulevard, hanging halfway out of his roadster in the manner of affluent chauffeurs and picture personages who want to be observed.

You never see him at the premiere of the latest spectacle, dodging spotlights in the manner bridesmaids do the bridal bouquet (not at all)!

If he dines at the Montmartre it is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

Remote . . . aloof . . . living in a little world comprised of his mother, his sister, his books and a few intimate friends, Harrison Ford is the true Hermit of Hollywood, if not of motion pictures

By Myrtle West
SHE'S an exceptional girl, Marion Davies, exceptionally beautiful, blonde and brilliant. Ambitious, too, which isn't the way of most beauties. "When Knighthood was in Flower" put Marion in the leading ranks. Now she's the favorite of the Metro lot.
ONCE in a while we'd like to see Corinne Griffith smile. A languid lady, no matter how lovely, becomes monotonous in time. You're next is "Mlle. Modiste," Corinne, and won't you please remember you are too talented to let yourself be beautiful but blah?
NOT beauty of piquancy or personality, or camera trick or lighting is Mary Astor's but the beauty that the old Greeks knew and immortalized. Red gold hair, deep brown eyes, perfect skin and John Barrymore to play opposite—oh, what a kind, kind fate!
SHE'S quite the newest of the stars, is this pretty Olive Borden. She likes to look like a vamp, but she's really just a kid and a little, cute one at that. Across the page is her story.
Chicken—Southern Style

Referring to Olive Borden and to the meals her mother cooks.
Both are considered nearly perfect in Hollywood

By

Madeline Mahlon

A ll young picture actresses should be just nineteen.
They should have long dusky hair. And lashes that curl, darkly, like the curve of an archer's bow.
They should have brown eyes, of course. But, essentially, they should have bodies molded as softly as an exquisite figurine.

Like Olive Borden's.
Can you imagine a girl who actually looks that way? And who is not the least perturbed about it. Who is quite as perfect as an April day? Although some April days do seem a bit vain as they half-timidly thrust their opening blossoms upon one.

On second thought one can't speak of April days and Olive Borden in the same breath. She is more like an August day in Tahiti. Or at least she appeared that way. She was wrapped, when I met her, like a gaily-folded south sea doll, in a piece of bright calico, and her tiny bare feet were soled in grass sandals.

Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows of the South Seas," would have approved.
And, too, all promising young actresses should have a genuine southern accent—not one studiously acquired—and be able to say "corn" and lose the "r" in the soft folds of sound.

Like Olive Borden.
Poor Olive! She had so many "discoverers." Almost as many as did America with descendents of Vikings, Vespucci and Columbus all wrangling. Olive had Paul, the cameraman—and Milt and Jimmy, the press agents—and Bonney of the casting office, and a flock of others waving calendars to prove they discovered her prior to anyone else. And now the Fox Company thinks it is a discoverer.

That's the way with beauty. A homely girl is never discovered unless she concocts a savoury sauce and then some man hurries along and pops her off to his kitchen where she makes herself homemaker by steaming her face over more savoury sauce.

Olive ... blessed with the diplomacy of her southern ancestry! It was Paul, the cameraman, who gave her needed hints about her make-up, and Milt and Jimmy, the publicists, who gallantly introduced her to the press, and Bonney of the casting office who gave her helpful encouragement. And so on. A charming way to divide the honors and see that each one gets a comforting piece of the cake.

But no matter who discovered Olive, she has always had her speculative, albeit youthful, eye on pictures as a likely occupation. And when she was very young Mother Borden used to take her to see Jane and Katherine Lee. Then when Olive was sixteen—a luscious southern peach of Norfolk, Virginia—there came a bid to the Annapolis Prom.

It meant a new dress, as mother pointed out. Also new slippers, because at the last "hop" that doltish college youth, who thought he was tripping an air, had actually been dancing on Olive's dainty feet. The Bordens—just mother and daughter, for Dad died when Olive was a baby—were not poor. Nor were they wealthy. They were at that brave stage where dollars are counted twice, and a roast, after the third day, is made into stew.

So Olive, with the bright vision that is youth's, suggested that from the Prom she go to New York and break into pictures.

Mother Borden, with the hardly fortitude that is a mother's, sagely shook her head.
"Not that way, my dear. We will do things correctly. If you want to go into pictures, we will go to Hollywood. But it will be the Prom or Hollywood. Which?"

Olive's first opportunity in Hollywood was a bit in a Christy comedy where she was to imitate Lila Lee. Now her acting instructions had been nil. And what she knew about acting was sketched from the Heave and Smirk School of Emotion. She romped all over the stage and grimaced into the camera. The director was tired ... and frank. Brutally so. "You'll never be an actress. Go back to school. Go anywhere! But go away!"

Mother invested their small savings in a candy shop which went the way of bad investments, but not without a vigorous struggle to thrive, with Olive back of the counter. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

It is not my business to make predictions. But once in a while valour gets the better part of discretion.

At the present moment I am irresistibly moved to call your attention to one Olive Borden. Not so long ago, I believe, she and her mother ran a little candy shop and home-cooking lunch room, where the Hollywood folk gathered to eat. But today, Olive is skimming up the ladder and looks to me like one of the best bits of star material since Shearer and Banky dazzled fandom.

If—have to put that if in—if little Olive can be taught not to do trick things with her mouth, she is going to be a riot. She is exquisitely beautiful, she has an adorable figure, she has fire and appeal, she has possibilities in the acting line.

IVAN ST. JOHNS.
Screen Cubs

By Katharine Zimmerman

"We're junior stars of '26."
"We'll be like Swanson, Joy and Dix."
"Camera! Camera! Ziz! Bomb! Frat!"
"ZUKOR! LASKY! BALABAN! KATZ!"

So far the sixteen graduates of the Paramount School of Acting have been carefully hand-fed by fairy god-papas and god-mammams, on experience filtered through the gauze of wisdom. Henceforth they are going to take pot-luck with less fortunate brethren in the field of screen endeavor, and the probabilities are that they will rattle around for some time until each finds his proper level.

This rattling process is a disconcerting affair at best. It strains with impartial zeal on talent, temper and spinal vertebra. It calls for a level head and steady feet. It is as impersonal as an address to a double-tailed tree toad. It implies courage, grit, stability and all the optimism of the man with the wooden leg who said he "could keep his socks up with thumbbacks."

They are a good-looking group, these eager youngsters of Paramount's selection, but comeliness never made a Pickford nor a moustache a Menjou. Their talents have been graded to a certain extent in the mills of Astoria, but it still remains for them to manifest — pardon the vulgarity — the spunk to endure. How many of them will fall by the wayside assures interesting, if a trifle morbid, scope for speculation. (At this point we catch a fleeting echo of the Paramount cheer, accredited to the soaring imagination of our learned contemporary, Miss Rose Pelswick.)

The problem of selecting from these sixteen survivors two or three names that may go down to cinema posterity is as fraught with complications as the question of deciding how many angels can dance on the point of a pin. Is there, blushing unseen among them, a potential Dix, a second Swanson, an out-Chaplin of the great Charles himself? From their initial co-operative effort, "Fascinating Youth," through which the graduates pace with all the earnest endeavor of a tom-cat on a barbed-wire fence, we were at first inclined to give a gloomy negative. Then we remembered how another learned contemporary beat us to it in the "discovery" of Harold Lloyd. Wherefore, in a reconnoitering and more humble spirit, we turned again to a contemplation of their antics. And, behold, we were rewarded. We "discovered" Buddy Rogers.

Charles Rogers has been a cub before, it seems. His previous incarnation was as a budding journalist in Kansas, but ere he could win spurs as a knight of the silver pen, the trumpets of Paramount sounded, and young Rogers came out of the West. We decided to "discover" Rogers, not on the strength of his aesthetic appeal or his bubbling boyishness, but principally upon evidences of that indefinable quality that distinguishes a natural actor from a marionette. His inexperience is vast, of course. But behind all the ear-marks of directorial dictation there lurks something in the method and presence of the lad that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not inject into the person of Rogers—or anyone else. Personalitv, perhaps. Or character.

At all events, against a background of fifteen other likely youngsters, he looms like a frigate among sailing smacks. He has a winning smile, expansive and expressive, and inclining quite distinctly in the direction of juvenile leads. Three years, peradventure, and if his energy endures, Broadway should see his name in lights.

In the home-wrecking category, Josephine Dunn, of New York and eighteen summers, may with time and careful training make a niche for herself in films. She has allure and grace, and very promising manners, if not emotional, control. An encouraging note in her work is the glimmering of a latent comedy sense, hypodermic humor that gets under one's skin — so rare an attribute in moviedom today that a bare suspicion thereof warrants microscopic analysis. If gentlemen do indeed prefer blondes the fair Josephine may yet go far on the wings of a screen type.

The valedictorian of the class, Charles Brokaw, twenty-six and an honor graduate of Ohio State University, will bear watching, too. He is of the fifty-seventh soulful variety, possibly the afternoon of a season of Romeo to Jane Cowl's Juliet. In appearance he effects a fetching compromise 'twixt Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. While there seems no imminent necessity for getting hysterical in this branch, Brokaw has the air of a hard worker about him, and dogged plugging away might eventually land him in the leading man class.

So much for our "discoveries." There may be talent un-dreamed of in our philosophies that seethes unharnessed among the other thirteen. In that case they have but to give us a well-bred horse laugh and refuse to be

... [CONTINUED ON PAGE 157]
Face Your Age

By

Elizabeth Sears

The second of three articles on the fascinating subject of numerology. Everybody's doing it so harmoniously. That is, providing you work with the positive side of your influence.

If you have strong numbers and remain on the negative plane, you have so much more to answer for in the way of talents unused. And some day you will have to pay for the neglect. You must harness your ambition in any case, with determined effort, if you expect to get the most out of any number influence.

If you will learn to use every experience that comes to you on your destiny plane wisely, you will soon make friends with your mistakes—and avoid further ones. It is far wiser to view over past mistakes. Far better to label them as warning posts for pitfalls for the unwary and pass on to the better road. For your destiny number will always draw you to the places in which you must fulfill the highest need of your life. It is responsible for the brave ones who are walking along a path of poverty to learn their lesson, as well as for the ones who have climbed to the highest peak of financial success. It brings within your circle the people whose influence must bear directly upon the work you are to accomplish.

Your destiny number is divided into three periods. These govern three phases of your life. Let me illustrate by an example of a woman I know who was born on January 25th, 1880, and who spends much of her leisure time in wondering why she hasn't advanced further in the world of art.

The month digit being 1, she was under this influence of strong dominant and creative power until her 25th year. She demanded her own way in all things and was most aggressive and headstrong. The creative influence of the 1, would have aided her greatly in her ambition for an artistic life, if she had used it wisely and grasped every opportunity it afforded her for development.

About the age of 25, she came under the influence of the digit of the day of her birth, the number 7, obtained by adding the 2 and the 5. This subjects her to the reserved atmosphere of the reflective and retentive worker who finds expression difficult.

She is neglecting to utilize the attractive power of this number to its greatest degree. 7 is always a number of great power of attraction, if used with faith and serenity. When she is 50 she will come under the influence of the number 8, which should surround her with active, scientific mental atmosphere. The total destiny number is 7 and she should endeavor to attract to her the opportunity to serve the world as a higher teacher, understanding that she must endure much opposi—[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135].

Adolphe Menjou is endowed by nature with great abilities. "How will he use them?" asks Miss Sears

Gloria Swanson, according to the rules of numerology, will this year, complete an ambition she has been holding for a long time. What is it?
The Boy Director

Watch this kid's smoke. He's the lad that made "Behind the Front"

After all, does it really matter? It was Tuesday, which doesn't matter, but it really was Tuesday. The noon hour had passed, and noon hours have an annoying way of doing. Therefore, we footed our avoidiupoi to the Algonquin hotel where that "Regular feller," Edward Sutherland, had promised faithfully he would come from "Behind the Front."

We raced a fat man for the only empty chair in the lobby and beat him by a foot. We gazed around triumphantly, anticipating applause, and discovered Mr. Sutherland sitting next to us with an inscrutable expression on his face. We say inscrutable because it happens to be one of our favorite words.

Beginning a new paragraph honestly, Mr. Sutherland's expression wasn't inscrutable at all. It was fearful.

"I can't be interviewed today," he announced. "I am thinking."

"Very well and O.K.," we said agreeably, "but don't overdo it."

Whereupon, much relieved, we hied ourselves to a quiet restaurant around the corner. A glum headwaiter offered us a table near the door. We didn't want the table near the door. The headwaiter became glummer and more insistent. It looked bad for the city's peace. Eddie put his hand in his hip pocket. The headwaiter hastened to take us to a quiet table in a corner. Eddie drew forth a handkerchief. The headwaiter's face resembled an upright persimmon in search of a victim.

"Good work, Eddie," we applauded.

"I can't get rid of this cold," he returned. We sighed and forgot to be philosophical.

Silence, while we pored over a menu card that looked like a newspaper gone daily. The waiter appeared castaneting silver. We ordered. Somewhere, new motion picture companies were being organized. New stars were being made. Old stars were signing checks. Life is like that. Life is a comedy and all the world seeks its laughs on the other feller.

Edward Sutherland knows it. Eddie is the boy director on the Famous Players lot who, off the set, radiates the roguish allure of a "Peck's Bad Boy" in the act of getting away with it. On the set, he is older than the character man, and rules the cast he joked with only a few minutes before with an iron hand.

That's Eddie Sutherland, the youth who made "Behind the Front" and gave Famous Players its biggest box office smash in months. Eddie hails from a well known stage family. His mother was Julia Ring, sister of Blanche and Frances Ring, who is none other than Mrs. Tom Meighan. His father, Al Sutherland, managed his own company in London, and it was in Lunnoun-town, thirty years ago, that young Sutherland came into the world.

As a youngster, he fluttered back and forth across the Atlantic, attending sixteen schools during his nomadic boyhood, finally ending at the Brookline, Mass., High School.

"Did you graduate?" we queried.

He smiled, a bit ruefully. "Never graduated from anything in my life!" Which, though interestingly restless and youthfully cynical, is not exactly true. Eddie speaks French and German fluently, and when it comes to scientific fighting, there isn't a man his weight who can equal him in a ring. Graduation stuff? Piff, my dear.

Of course, Eddie followed in the family footsteps and crashed into the footlights. That went oke, but later he lined-up with Helen Holmes and her train serial company (please do confuse with seals) at $15 a week, plus $5 extra every time he doubled for Miss Holmes. He has worked as propman, cameraman, film cutter, assistant director for Charlie Chaplin, actor, and now, director.

Eddie's aunt, Blanche Ring, gave him his first stage job recently, he reciprocated by giving her her first screen engagement in his new production, "It's the Old Army Game," starring W. C. Fields.

Eddie is the kind of younger, even today, who can do favors for others but can't accept them. It used to burn him up, at the time he was directing his in-law uncle, Tom Meighan, in "Coming Through," to think that casual gossip credited Mr. Meighan with putting him over as a director. As a matter of fact, Eddie and Tom had snappy set-tos, both having minds of their own. Eddie figured he was the director and he wanted to carry on, accordingly. Tom had other ideas. They made only that one flicker, together.

Though once married to Marjorie Daw, he was made a court-bachelor years ago and premeditated no matrimonial venture in the near or distant future. What he does premeditate is eventually to direct pictures that reflect life shorn of "gags" but not devoid of humor. Features [continued on page 126]
Miss Elinor Patterson daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson

A DEBUT as gay as a burst of jazz!
Teas, balls, the opera! Heavenly for a year, but after a season I turned to something more substantial—the theatre! You know what that means—just when one is shaving one's hardest one has to appear one's best! For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life and which must be kept clear and free from weariness, Pond's Two Creams are perfect.

ELINOR PATTERSON is an artist born. With a background of wealth, position and aristocratic family traditions, all the tendencies of her life have been to accent her beauty and feminine charm in a purely social way.

But with determination almost paradoxical in a body of such fragile and exquisite blonde beauty she turned her steps from the too easy path of social success and directed them to the often stony road that leads to stardom in the theatre.

But however far her art may carry her, Elinor Patterson will never be just an actress. Wherever she goes she is drawn into social life. Her charm and beauty and her family's prestige make this inevitable. So she has to be doubly prepared, to appear before the world which sees her across the footlights, the world which sees her on the ballroom floor.

HER lovely skin with its rare petal texture, its flush of unfolding youth, its transparence delicacy, in spite of the double strain put upon it, must be kept in all its present perishable loveliness—imperishable!

Miss Patterson believes this end can be achieved by the following use of Pond's Two Creams:

For cleansing your skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, before retiring and frequently during the day. Leave it on a few moments. Wipe off with a soft cloth or tissue, repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. For a delicate, smooth finish, a firm powder base and protection against dirt and weather, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after every daytime cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.

FREE OFFER: Mail this coupon for trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and folder of instructions.
The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
14th Hudson Street, New York City

Name__________________________
Street________________________
City__________________________State________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

MISS ELINOR PATTERSON is the beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson and a great-granddaughter of the late Joseph Medill, who founded one of Chicago's most distinguished families.

Miss Patterson made a brilliant debut in Chicago society but after one season determined to go on the stage. After a winter of training in a dramatic school she was chosen for the part of "The Nun," shown in the oval, in the famous Reinhardt-Gest spectacle, "The Miracle." She plays her part with inspiration that marks the true dramatic gift.
The Sight That Failed Her

Or, circumstances, more baffling than artistic temperament, over which the Great Director had no control

By James Clarke

CECIL DeMILLION was about to realize his life-long ambition. He had erected a set larger than ever before—it fairly dwarfed the pyramids or the Woolworth Building, and ran neck to neck with the German war debt.

If you get what I mean—this set was a wow—a set than which there was no whicher.

A non casual observer, after giving his eyes a twenty minute trip around its circumference, would probably say that it was the living room of John D. Mostlybuck's summer or, perhaps, winter home. If he did say this and Cecil heard him he would say he was right, except that John Mostlybuck's middle initial was not "D," since his name is Waldemar, which begins with a "W," as in the word "Waldemar."

"Are you ready?" shouted Cecil through a megaphone, specially built for this one big scene by the United Steel Corporation, with supports supplied by Trustem Bridge Co., Inc. Five minutes later the echo came bounding back, closely followed by a faint, far distant "Let 'er go."

"Are all the long distance phones installed for the conversation scene across the room?" "Have all the waiters been equipped with motorcycles for the banquet scene?" "Are all the rolling conveyors installed for carrying the glances around the room?" Thus question after question boomed from the gigantic horn, until the vast room became a great bedlam of cannonading that made strong men quake in their boots, or even in their stocking feet if they were unfortunate enough to be caught in that state.

Suddenly from a corner of the room far removed from Cecil a speck appeared. Seizing a handy pair of field glasses (Cecil was a great hand to have lots of glasses around either full or just drained) and placing them to his eyes in accordance with an old custom, he perceived that the speck, was, forsooth, two things, a horse and a rider. Barr ing accidents they should reach him within ten minutes and meanwhile he held his breath (this is believed to break all previous records at breath holding and will be presented to the next meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union for confirmation).

Exactly ten minutes later, daylight saving time, the erstwhile rider was at Cecil's feet, or perhaps, for accuracy, we should say, "foot," as Cecil had one foot neatly supported on a chair, as was his wont.

"The worst thing possible has happened," the courier managed to gasp after swallowing hard twice and gulping once.

"Spare no details," came back Cecil, after steeling himself with stolen courage.

"You remember Lotta Lukes, if I'm not mistaken,"—this from the half portion of the above mentioned speck that wasn't the horse.

"You are not mistaken," Cecil assured him. "I do remember her. She is the leading lady in this, my greatest and best production."

"Well," gulped the messenger for the third time by actual count, "that's just the trouble. It's all off, she can't play in this setting."

"Tell she can't," from Cecil, "Ain't she the greatest movie queen that was ever good to her mother and liked to roll up her sleeves and cook?"

"That may all be, but she can never play in this picture." And then he fairly shouted.

"WHY, SHE'S NEAR SIGHTED!"

The pallbearers were six of Cecil's most intimate associates and business friends.
Gone • • that “all-in” feeling!

Constipation banished—
skin and stomach disorders corrected—
glorious, invincible vitality once more—
with the aid of one simple food

NOT a “cure-all,” not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann’s Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nipped from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Start eating it today!


"About six months ago I began to feel all out of sorts and generally run down. I attributed this condition to constipation and overwork. I am an osteopathic physician. I began taking Fleischmann’s Yeast. I am now in fine physical condition. My constipation is gone. And I am recommending Fleischmann’s Yeast daily to many of my patients."

Ernest M. Herring, D. O., New York City

"An athlete and former physical director of the Cincinnati Gymnasium, during the war I served as director of an aniline dye plant. When I returned to my old active work, I was not fit; I suffered from an acid stomach. Then I discovered Fleischmann’s Yeast. I no longer suffer from acidity of the stomach... And I enthusiastically recommend Yeast to the men who come to me to be kept fit."

Frank Mills, Cincinnati, Ohio

"I am a girl of seventeen. I began to get worried when my skin lost its freshness. I was desperate. One day in school a friend offered me one of her Fleischmann’s Yeast sandwiches, which she told me were tasty and beneficial. I began to eat Yeast sandwiches. In two weeks I was feeling better; in about three my skin had regained its natural freshness. Now, I feel and look as a girl of seventeen should. The credit is all due to Fleischmann’s Yeast."

Anna Waldron, Bloomfield, N. J.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

"This FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion— clears the skin—banishes constipation.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.
The Clothes of a Perfect Day

Later afternoon, to contrast with the greyish-green ensemble, Corinne dons this outfit—a white felt hat, a Russian coat embroidered in pastel colors and boots of soft, white kid.

Morning, afternoon and night. In three costumes beautiful Corinne Griffith shows a delightful and complete wardrobe for the smart girl. The ensemble above is for morning and early afternoon.

A lavender horsequair hat perfect for formal afternoon teas or informal dinners.

Corinne's evening cloak is of ostrich, graduating black, grey and white; her gown of coral satin embroidered with sunbursts of silver, slippers of silver, stockings nude tinted. Evening clothes like these suit any occasion, clime or season.
There are thousands like her

These days—when delightful women familiar to fame are endorsing this cream and that rouge or perfume—we take secret joy in the knowledge that countless beauties, unknown to greatness are using Tre-Jur Compacts and Tre-Jur Face Powder...

And finding in them, the final touch to charm.

For the name Tre-Jur has become the popular Symbol of Loveliness—and its use by beauties famed and beauties unsung, is not only habit, but fashion. Tre-Jur Compacts have captured the Feminine World for three quite simple reasons... They are designed for supreme convenience. They are exquisite in their form and contents. They represent greater value than any compacts in America. Speaking of Value—do you know Tre-Jur Face Powder? Exquisite in quality, silken soft—in a lovely box of generous size—at 50c.

Sold at your favorite store or sent by mail from us. Compact refills are always available.

HOUSE of TRE-JUR, Inc. 19W. 18th St., N.Y.
22 Rue La Lande—Paris

TRE-JUR
FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Ten years ago Huntley Gordon varied his stage work with posing for collar ads, and thereby earned the title of "one of the original collar ad men." The cinema beckoned—now Huntley is the screen's most misunderstood man.

Back in the good old days Jack Mulhall divided his time between the stage and the model's platform, and his likeness decorated many a signboard advertising the latest cravat. Nowadays Jack is one of our most popular leading men, often seen opposite the Talmadges.

Model Young Men

They're in the Movies Now

Masculine necks are usually mere collar racks—and not what you'd call pretty. But Mathias Kemp won his first fame as the possessor of a perfect neck, which he obligingly encircled with a popular make collar for pictorial purposes. Now Matty is in the Universal stock company.

Illustrators saw Reed Howes as the typical American youth—athletic and handsome—and he posed for many collar ads. Three years ago he abandoned the starched collar in favor of the sport shirt model and became a handsome daredevil of the screen.

What the Ziegfeld Follies are to beautiful young girls, the collar ads are to handsome young men. William Lawrence is another model young man with classic profile who got a chance in pictures after he had appeared many times before the collar ad public.
How should I wash clothes made of Rayon?

women ask us

One woman writes: "Last week I purchased two lovely rayon undervests at a very attractive price. Now I want to know how to wash them since I have heard that rayon is hard to launder. Won't you please tell me if it is safe in Lux?"

RAYON is a new kind of textile fibre, the first man has succeeded in creating. It is entirely different from silk or wool or cotton. And more sensitive to laundering than any one of these three!

To help women avoid unfortunate experiences with washing rayon, the largest soap manufacturers in the world—the makers of Lux—experimented in their laboratories till they found what they believe is the safest way of all to care for it.

When rayon is wet it loses a great deal of its strength (some grades more than others). This strength comes back as soon as the fabric dries. Any treatment but the gentlest most careful, seriously affects the delicate fibres.

Never wring, never twist, never rub rayon. Rubbing with cake soap may ruin it. For when wet the fibres are temporarily weakened so that even light pressure may break them apart.

The safest, gentlest way to wash rayon is in sparkling, bubbling Lux suds! With Lux there is no rubbing to harm delicate fibres. You know from using Lux for your silks and woolens that it won't harm the most fragile thing that water alone won't injure.

Follow the directions in the panel when you next wash rayon—they tell you the safest way. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

NEVER were underthings more exquisite, more delicate in colorings than this season! Many of the new vests and knickers are of rayon, the artificial silk which has grown so enormously popular. Many of the new stockings, too, are made of rayon. Launder them the safest, gentlest way of all!—the Lux way!

The Safest Way to Wash Rayon

Cut out these directions—follow them next time

WHIP up a tablespoonful of Lux in lukewarm water. Take off your rings—the prongs might tear the wet fibres. A rough finger nail, too, may catch in the fabric and cause damage.

Plunge your underthings into these fluffy bubbling, pure Lux suds. Swirl them about, gently pressing the suds through the fabric. Never rub with a cake of soap! Then squeeze out the suds—never wring—and rinse several times in lukewarm water.

To dry, wrap the garment in a towel and squeeze out as much water as possible, do not twist. Then spread on a towel and pull into shape or hang the garment lengthwise over a clothesline or rack. Never use clothespins. Never dry in excessive heat. For rayon garments which require pressing, iron across the weave with a warm, not hot, iron.

Now

the big convenient package, too

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Girls' Problems

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

Her Letter

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I am a business girl and I am troubled with the problem of always being tired. My health is perfectly satisfactory, but I simply haven't any pep. What shall I do about it? I work in a small office as a typist. The work isn't very hard, but I put in eight hours daily there. I would like to walk home, but I never feel up to it. I never feel up to doing much of anything, but I'm only twenty, and I hate going home every night and staying in like an old lady. Can you tell me a cure for this?

My Reply

Energy conquers all things.
I would like to have this as a watchword for every ambitious girl. Energy conquers all things.

Getting "Pep"

Is This Month's Problem

Write me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, I will be glad to send it. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

I have had printed for you directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance—advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, care of skin, general health. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for them.

Don't have to accept that as defeat. There never was a sicker man than Robert Louis Stevenson, who found the gigantic energy to become a very great author. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, went on to triumph, burdened with a hunched back and a crippled foot. The list of such people is limitless.

But taking you at your word that your health is good, I must urge you to make it perfect. When I say the more energy you use, the more you have, I do not mean that you can work all day in your office and dance all night at a smoky cabaret and have additional energy. As far as going to the top is concerned, it is limited only by your demands upon it.

If you don't make yourself work hard, you won't. If you don't make yourself sit, you'll just sit. And then along about fifty, you'll wonder where your life is and why you didn't get the lucky breaks like the other fellow.

There has never been a really peppy human who has staged a lasting failure. Such persons may make mistakes that cause a temporary failure, but you can't keep them down. They rise to the top as inevitably as a cork in an ocean. It is impossible for a girl filled with vitality to stay ordinary.

I make these statements flatly to you, little Miss Tired Typist, because I know from observation and practice that they are true.

Provided there is nothing organically wrong with a person, there is no reason that they have to be always tired except that they are lazy and want to be tired. The time will then become an excuse from further exertion.

First, then, go to the best doctor in your town and have a physical examination. Don't come away comforted with a liver pill. Get his real opinion. All good doctors are worth talking and listening to.

Even if he tells you there is something out of plumb with your internal arrangements, you don't have to accept that as defeat. There never was a sicker man than Robert Louis Stevenson, who found the gigantic energy to become a very great author. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, went on to triumph, burdened with a hunched back and a crippled foot. The list of such people is limitless.

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Even if he tells you there is something out of plumb with your internal arrangements, you

Play hard each day. Choose for your recreation something in which you are really interested, and if possible make it one of the open-air sports. Try to plan each day so that it holds a little laughter for you. If you can't laugh at anything else, laugh at yourself. That can always be done and it's very healthy.

When you move, move with sport. When you rest, do so completely. Don't be a self-stopper. Nobody ever heard of a flat tire being the effect of the party.

When you leave your office and you feel tired because you have been working with your brains all day—at least, I hope you have—do, by all means, walk home briskly. The blood will start flowing through your veins and before the first mile is passed, you will feel so refreshed, you'll hardly believe you're the same person.

Finally, train your imagination to expect big things of you. Raise your standard high and you will run to keep up with it. It is better to turn your candle at both ends than never to light it at all.

Mickey of Ideals.

Mickey, I think the very best thing you could do is follow your brother's example and show your love for your parents. If you really want to go to college, be prepared so that you could work your way through it. It is not necessary or not. Mickey, I think the very best thing you could do is follow your brother's example and show your love for your parents. If you really want to go to college, be prepared so that you could work your way through it. It is not necessary or.

Jean Lee.

For five feet, 7 inches, if you are about twenty years old, the correct weight is approximately 135 pounds. With your light brown hair, greenish blue eyes and fair complexion you can wear white or relieved with some other color: black not especially good; golden brown; blue; blue gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose; bronze. Straight line dresses have the effect of making one appear taller but a girl of your height can wear any model she chooses because long slender lines are very fashionable.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 18]
ANVIN—Paris, created this Bridal Gown especially for Community Plate, "the silver of brides"

Lovely as the wedding march on muted violins, Community Plate is as much a part of the wedding as the bride's bouquet.... A sea-blue chest, filled with gleaming silver for six covers...Slim silver teaspoons...A lace-like pastry-server...all in the finest plate...Which is your choice?...The chest is $37.75. The teaspoons are $3.75 for a set of six. The single piece may be $4.25.
Some Descendants of America's Oldest Families

Red, white and blue. Monte has kept his picturesque Indian name, which means Blue Mountain. Monte was placed in an orphanage near Indianapolis, when his railroader father, half Cherokee, failed to return from his last run.

Twenty-five per cent of the little red corpuscles that animate Edwin Carewe are Chickasaw Indian. His grandmother was a full-blood member of that tribe. Mr. Carewe produces and directs good pictures for First National.

This is not Priscilla Dean or Barbara Bedford. It is Princess Leaping Deer of the Dakota tribe of Sioux Indians. She was discovered pounding maize by Jack Hoxie's company on location near Deadwood, S. D. The Princess is now in Hollywood studying movie contracts.

Maybe her Cherokee ancestors would have called her "Princess Rippling Locks." Some people call her Mrs. Rudolph Valentino No. 1. But she is winning fame under her own name—Jean Acker, in Cecil De Mille pictures.

Manhammer's son. Not until he has distinguished himself in the eyes of his tribe can this little Navajo boy have a name of his own. Because of his distinguished performance of Nasja in "The Vanishing American," we have christened him "Good Actor."
Only 2 Women in 10 Today
still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday

8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have adopted this new way which solves woman’s oldest hygienic problem...by ending the insecurity and uncertainty of old ways...and by providing easy disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

THE rigid exactments of modern social and business life demand a new hygiene for women. Days are too precious, too full, to be lost...or interfered with by even natural complications.

For that reason, you will find much more than simply a mere convenience in this new way. It will make a great difference in your life.

Gayest, filmiest frocks may now be worn without a moment’s thought. Social demands are met in confidence. One lives every day...unhandicapped. The uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad has been supplanted with a protection both absolute and scientific.

Factors that changed the hygienic habits of the world

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

Easy disposal—simply discard

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, your peace of mind, your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary make-shift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

You can get it anywhere, today

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy. Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

No laundry—As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture 8 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.

Easy to buy anywhere.*

Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that’s all.

“Ask for them by name”

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.
Raymond Keane, just 19, is the luckiest lad in Hollywood

By Dorothy Spensley

Raymond Keane never starved, never struggled, had no influence, knew nobody, but in his second appearance before the camera he was a leading man

You want to tell him not to forget his rubbers. And to be careful when he crosses the street. I guess you call that "the maternal urge" that rests in every woman's heart. Even in the most calloused ventricles.

And, too, he makes you think of Romance—with a capital "R," riding a white charger. Romance... and Spring... and birds... and Corot trees... and sulphur and molasses.

He has only played in one picture. He played his part with spirit and with youthful fire. Reminiscent of the days before Valentino discovered how invaluable he was. Unheralded talent is usually that way, until it begins to wonder how the world struggled along without it. And with that a change, for it loses its charm and attempts sophistication and artifice.

But before he begins to mug and smirk... which I hope he never does... I want to tell you about Raymond Keane. About the astounding good fortune which brought him into a leading role after less than two months' residence in Hollywood. And a beginner, too, without a bit of stage background.

Raymond looks like a potpourri of Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Joseph Schildkraut, Ricardo Cortez, Rudolph Valentino. Like all the raven-haired male contingent. "But more like Jack Gilbert in the tearoom scene," he naively confided. And yet quite with a charm of his own, which must be personality with a dash of Madame Glyn's favorite ingredient.

The girls' guild is going to approve of him. The flappers will be torn between maternal solicitude and romantic yearnings. The maternal urge will wreath the carmined lips with a benign smile and a glint of unhallowed romance will glitter in many a girlish eye. Truly a deadly combination.

This, of course, if he doesn't decide that he knows more than the director and others of the studio faculty. Raymond has every opportunity to become a striking screen success. He has youth. He is just nineteen... and, by his own admission, very experienced! He has personality. He has charm of appearance. And photographic beauty. Whether he has the perception to see the wisdom of maturer judgment is to be seen. I only hope he doesn't start to chew the scenery in lieu of acting!

Raymond is not old enough to realize how fortunate he is. Youth seldom does. He has, at nineteen years of age, a very comfortable five year contract with Universal Film Company, and his first picture, "The Midnight Sun," has given him a role that displays his personality to a decided advantage. It is a picture of lavish costumes and continental splendor and sets off the dash of youthful Raymond like black velvet and diamonds.

He came from Denver eight months ago. An only child—artistically inclined. He is a violinist and has made numerous public appearances in that city. He was given several days work as an extra in Norma Talmadge's "Graustark," which Dimitri Buchowetski was directing. Buchowetski was to make a Russian picture upon completion of the Talmadge story and he saw in Raymond the youthful hero of his next story. He talked with the boy and Raymond's next screen appearance was in a leading role opposite Laura La Plante.

It really should not have happened. It is too good to be true. It is too glowing a precedent. It happens only once in ten thousand times—and when it does happen it buoyed up the
Will others he meets outrival you in natural charm?

The allure of natural skin beauty, as thousands will tell you, follows a simple daily care.

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for one purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, it has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Blended of cosmetic oils, famous since the days of Cleopatra. Palmolive is made to be used freely, on the skin.

Remember these facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

TO be charming today, one strives for natural beauty. All of modern beauty culture is directed to that end.

Every day, on every side, one sees the result . . . beauty that stands in contrast to the artificial allure of yesterday.

Skin care has become a simple matter, with cleanliness and healthfully open pores its basis. Natural beauty thus is safeguarded and protected.

The rule is one anyone can follow with little effort or bother . . . just the daily use of the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as embodied in Palmolive.

Natural beauty . . . the daily care that fosters it is this:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
Cutex brings out a New Liquid Polish with A DEEP ROSE SHADE

DECIDEDLY DEEPER—actually a rich, vivid rose!

When the vogue of gleaming tinted nails first intrigued us, everybody thought they were ever so nice. Then as everything in the whole world of fashion became more brilliant and scintillating, these gleaming nails took on a deeper and ever deeper hue.

Now, to meet this new vogue in polishes, Cutex brings out a liquid polish in a Deep Rose shade.

No need to tint the nails before polishing. Cutex Liquid Polish, Deep Rose, is itself a rich, vivid color. And it can be made still deeper by simply applying a second coat after the first has dried.

TODAY fashionable women hardly feel they have completed their toilette until their nails take on the rosy hue and sophisticated brilliance that this new Deep Rose shade, brought out by Cutex, gives.

An Effective Choice for Evening
Particularly is the new shade effective under artificial lights—when pale tones fade into dullness and warmer more exotic colors are their most radiant.

See how its rich, vivid tones, against the sparkling background of fashionable evening affairs, give a special emphasis to shapely fingertips.

Cutex Liquid Polish in the new Deep Rose is the same price as the same polish in the natural pink you already know—35c at all drug and department stores. Other Cutex preparations also 35c each. Sets containing every essential for the home manicure are 35c to $5.00. Or see the special offer.

A Bit of Europe in Hollywood

There is an old world charm in the home that Pola Negri has designed for herself.

To the right—A glimpse of the hallway. The severe light-colored walls are warmed by the liberal use of heavy velvets and brocades.

Above—Pola in her drawing room. With its rich upholstery, its paneling and its crystal, it is more of a Continental salon than an American living room.

Below—The Patio with its pool and its graceful plantings is one of the beauty spots of the home.

Mirrors and gleaming candelabra contribute to the beauty of the dining room.

The garden is formal, as befits the general design and style of the house itself.
Letha Lane.—Where do you lead? Your first appearance among my fans. Why, Letha, why have you neglected me in this fashion? Ruth Roland has aurora hair, dark blue eyes, her height is five feet five and a half, she was born in San Francisco in August, 1893, and her disposition is wonderful and full of real estate. Colleen Moore is twenty-four.

D. A. D., Texas.—Yes, that's the way you spell Virginia Vail's name and she works at the Universal Studios. Virginia is separated from her husband. She is just twenty-six, in fact she had her birthday one day last month. Claire Windsor is playing in "Barrels, the Magnificent." No, Ramon is not married. The cute girl in "Speed Wild" was Ethel Shannon. Colleen Moore's next picture is called "Ella Cinders.

Edna S.—Well, Edna, you don't have to send money for the stars' pictures, but they don't negotiate it if you do. The cost of mailing fan photographs is almost prohibitive, particularly for the younger stars and if you'll send them a quarter they will send you the photo postcard and be very glad to do so. Anna Q.'s middle name is Queerenta. Don't ask me what it means. I'm not sure even Anna knows. Ben Lyon is twenty-five.

R. M. Cheever.—Your friend Percy Mort- mont is indeed a fine actor. He is about 35 years old, but praise be, he's not married. Do you want further proof he's a smart man?

Just Me.—Just I too. Just you will tell you that the one and only Rudy has black hair, brown eyes, is five feet eleven, weighs 154 pounds and can be reached at the United Studios. Don't let anyone know I told you.

Miss C. P.—So I always sound cheerful to you, C. P.? That's a good girl. I always am cheerful. In fact, I'm going around until they now have me in a sound-proof vault. People knock Jack Gilbert? What says Tom? I'll bet he's a good one. All I get is questions and put true. Is there a question about him? Jack's a grand guy. I know where of I speak. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is one inch under six feet and weighs 100 pounds. His address is that of Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman, Jack's nearest rival, is the same height, weighs five pounds more, has the same color eyes. The other is at the Universal Studios, Hollywood. Send there for your pictures. Ramon's real name is Novarro, but he had to get it legally changed to that of Samartegos. Tell teacher she's all wrong al out Ramon's hair. He wore it in here to the office the other day and it's perfectly grand. Good luck, yourself.

Miss C. C.—So it's answers you crave! How we would get along! For it's questions that I live for (and Iy). A photo of Leslie Fenton? Send your quarter to the Fox Studios. Leslie is twenty-four, but if he's married, he keeps it very quiet.

Operator N. Z.—Dear old chap, you're most welcome. You can't be too familiar with it. It can't be done. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, she's five feet two, weighs 125 pounds, and has chestnut brown hair and brown, but not chestnut, eyes. Ethel Clayton is going to return to the screen soon though the name of her pictures have not yet been announced. Thanks for liking our book. We think it's good, ourselves.

C. S. W., Jr.—First time, eh? Come on in, the pages are fine. Yes, that's betty Bronson's real name. You can get a picture of her from the Lasky Studio, Hollywood. I don't know for positive about Doug Jr., and Betty, but my scouts tell me there's a powerful amount of sparking going on between those two. Ask Betty to come out to Little Rock? Boy, it's difficult to get that girl out to a soda, much less to Arkansas.

L. W.—We haven't seen any pictures of Mahlon Hamilton lately. Have you? I'm sorry, but I never heard of Bonnie Adair.

E. W. B., Aurora.—Rudy's "Four Horse- men" was first released and that is what made him a star. "The Sheik," one of his popularest, was a later picture.

Art G. W.—You can reach Leatrice Joy in care of De Mille studios. The sparkling Leatrice has black hair and brown eyes. Her next picture will be "Eve's Leaves." Use your own imagination. Doug Fairbanks' first wife is Ethel Clayton. I don't think we give Ben Lyon enough space? Sorry. I'll try and fix it up for you.

D. A. H.—Your two little friends, Alberta Vaughn and Larry Kent both hang their hats at the F. B. O. Studios. And that's where they get their mail.

E. T. F.—Write to Paramount Studios, Pierce Avenue and Sixth Street, Long Island City, N. Y. They will give you full information regarding the Paramount school, when the next course begins and all that. I understand they were chosen chiefly from photographs, and from their test papers. A six foot five feet seven inches has more chance in the movies if he's a couple of inches taller, though that is just the height of Dick Barthesness and an inch taller than Raymond Griffith. Roland Colman is five feet, eleven, Novarro, five feet, ten. Outside of height the most essential qualifications, I should say, are the ability to screen, to learn, to act, and to know who to say.

Frances G., Illinois.—You saw Jack Gil- ber in "The Big Parade" and now you want his address. Write Jack in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

Mr. Ripert Root.—Ramon Novarro is just twenty-six. No, no. Ramon is not divorced. The boy never got married. The "Midshipman" was mostly made at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. "Ben Hur" was made in Rome and Hollywood and grand it is. Write Ben Lyon in care of First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

Ruth, Ella and Dot.—Three little girls from school, are you? Sweet, sweet, sweet. You adore Connie Bennett. What good taste you have! I've been told that Richard Bennett, the famous actor and sister to Barbara Bennett, the dancer and her mother is Adrienne Morrison, also a famous actress. She was born in New York City just twenty-five years ago and educated abroad.

Brown Eyes.—You are not blue, are you? Yes, your dope on William Haines is correct. Bill is just twenty-six, tall, six feet tall and handsome, ah very, with black hair, brown eyes and unmarried, though I don't know how that happens. His latest pictures are "Mem- ory Lane," "Sally, Irene and Mary" and "Brown of Harvard." You can get his picture by writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City.

C. N. and V. N.—One of you is a cleaning fluid, and the other a leading lady. What do you take it. Who ever told you that applesauce about Rudy. Rudy's just thirty-one, not forty. Ricardo Cortez is nearly twenty-seven and so is his wife, Alma Rubens. He is six feet one, his hair is brown and his eyes black all the time. His next pictures are "The Torrent" and "Vol- cano." Glad you wrote. Do so again.

Puppy.—You gay young dog. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans. Ramon does not seem to be in love. He seems to be perfectly happy. May McAvoy is twenty-five and unmarried, while Billie Dove, twenty-two, is married to Irving Willat, the director. No, no, Fido, I never get tired.
"See how easy it is!" says Reginald Denny as he and Laura LaPlante give an exhibition of the Savannah Shuffle. Miss LaPlante is dancing in slippers of Skinner's Shoe Satin. The scene is from "Skinner's Dress Suit," a Universal Picture.

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Leatrice Joy, with the beauty, the charm and the temperament of April

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

In Hollywood they call Leatrice Joy, Letty, the chameleon.

It all depends upon the circumstances, the background and the clothes she wears, the type of work Leatrice does.

You can’t make a star with electric lights. It is only those whom the public makes who achieve lasting stardom. The public made Leatrice. The public loves her. From Goldwyn to De Mille, including her brilliant performances in “Manslaughter” and “The Ten Commandments,” Leatrice has had one of the strongest fan followings. Right now she is having a slump in her work. She needs a change.

Leatrice was born in New Orleans, queen of the Marli Gras, and star in “The Folly of Revenge,” a fearful film made by a local company called the Nola Film. It was their first and only, but it decided Leatrice on her career. She shipped to New York with her mother, registered at all the studios and got her first chance with Maurice Tournier.

He was making “The Pride of the Clan” with Mary Pickford. Mary wanted to rest during a rehearsal and Tournier, looking over the extra girls to find one to take the star’s place, saw Leatrice.

It was Leatrice’s opportunity and she grabbed it. She acted in Pickford part all over the lot. She did it so well Tournier remembered and put her in his next picture as a salaried player.

To Paramount to make a series of Black Diamond comedies she journeyed and then westward to Hollywood. Her first real part came in “Ladies Must Live.” That won her a Goldwyn contract, then one, still existing, with Cecil De Mille.

Today Hollywood wonders about her shattered romance with John Gilbert. They married when Jack was a minor star, only to be divorced before their baby was born.
Richard Dix
is certainly enthusiastic
about the new style

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Later came word from Denny over the wire that all were safe. They had been driven into a small Mexican port, which was without telegraph service, by a shortage of gasoline. They layed over until after the storm and then continued their fishing trip.

We have a good many laughs handed us in the picture business every now and then. Here's the best one I've had this month.

Down at M-G-M they are making Hawthorne's American classic, "The Scarlet Letter," a thrilling story of our Puritan Fathers, as Lilian Gish's next starring vehicle.

And who was selected to direct this American classic? Victor Seastrom, the talented Swedish director.

For her lead, Miss Gish has Lars Hansen, known as "the Barrymore of Sweden." He portrays the typical early American.

But is this so funny? The greatest life of Lincoln I ever read was written by an Englishman.

During the recent labor troubles in Florida, which had the railroads practically paralyzed for a time, Tom Geraghty had a Paramount company making a picture there. He wanted to get back to New York with his troupe but railroad accommodations were not to be had.

As a last resort, Geraghty got the governor of Florida on the phone and said: "If you don't get us transportation, we'll leave your old state flat."

Tom neglected to state whether they expected to walk or fly. Anyway the threat had the desired effect. The Governor fixed them up with a special train and after crossing and recrossing Florida so many times they were dizzy, the company finally reached New York.

As I sit here at my trusty typewriter, a telegram is thrust into my unwilling hand. It is from C. B. De Mille and announces that he has just named Jetta Goudal his newest star.

Certainly speaks well of Mr. De Mille as a "lion tamer," for this is the same Jetta who is suing Paramount for breach of contract and they allege they couldn't handle her.

Evidently Cecil knows how to handle these people with temperament. Wonder if his system is the same as that of Dimitri Buchowetski who, when he hits the temperamental snafu, simply develops so much himself that there isn't any room on the stage for the artist's temperament.

HOW do you like my new hat?"

So Colleen Moore hailed me the other day over at the studio. I looked it over carefully, for I am proud that Colleen should value my opinion in millinery.

"Great," said I. "Prettiest thing I ever saw you have on. And that dress too, it's very becoming."

"Glad you like them," said Colleen. "My husband, John McCormick, likes them too. They're part of my wardrobe for 'Ella Cinders.' The hat cost three-eighty-five and the dress $12.00 even, in a department store basement."

And still women try to tell you they dress for men.

Douglas MacLean, who has had his own starring unit for some years and is now releasing over Paramount, had a new experience recently.

Naturally a star out on his own gets pretty used to running things according to his own ideas, and coming and going about when it suits him. Doug wasn't any exception.

Our maiden aunts used to remark that unequalled excellence was never the result of chance and here is King Vidor demonstrating same. King, knowing that tempo, the quality of timing, is one of the most important things in a picture, keeps a metronome on his desk to tick rhythms for scenes and music.

Until he hired one William Beaudine to direct him.

The second day of the picture Doug arrived leisurely and smiling at quarter to ten. He was confronted by an irate director breathing fire.

Beaudine looked at his watch. "It's quarter to ten," he said coldly.

Doug consulted his, and agreed. "The call was for nine thirty," said Beaudine. "And when I say nine-thirty, I mean nine-thirty, and not quarter to ten. I'm just as lazy as you are, you know. But I get here at nine-thirty and I guess you can."

Doug has. And the consequence is that "That's My Baby," the new MacLean picture, promises to be a riot. It's one of the best things Doug has ever done.

The Sixty Club, which is the Hollywood film colony's exclusive dancing club, had a costume ball recently, and it was a huge success. Marion Davies started the fashion of costume balls, and we bid fair to be quite overwhelmed by them.

Elinor Glyn and Eric von Stroheim were the judges and some very gorgeous prizes were awarded.

The prize for best and most beautifully costumed couple went to Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino. They wore Spanish costumes, both in cloth of gold, and they certainly looked stunning. When they took the floor together and did a glorified tango they were a sensation. The prize for the most beautiful costume went to Dorothy Cummings, as a spirit of the Red Cross, and the most humorous to Ruth Roland, who wore a whole circus outfit in a little tent around her waist and on her hat.

This, boys and girls, is Verne Porter, chief editor of Paramount's story department. Verne just loves to get big, wonderful scenarios from amaturees, so mail that story you have about Aunt Minnie to him at Paramount's eastern studio, Astoria, L. I., and help keep him busy and happy.
Leadership--Quality's Reward

Into every art or craft there sooner or later comes a recognized leader—a product admittedly supreme in quality, a standard by which the world may compare values. This position Traub engagement and wedding rings hold firmly, and have held continuously, since decorated rings for the marriage ceremony first rose on the tide of popular favor. There is but one Genuine Orange Blossom ring. It bears, always, the trade mark of Traub, which sheer merit has established not only as a criterion of wedding ring fashion, but as a measure of value and a guarantee of satisfaction as well. The most reliable jewelers everywhere carry Traub rings offering a wide variety of styles in both wedding rings and engagement mountings, all featuring the beautiful Orange Blossom design.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," free on request

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Gruen Guild Watches
Poor Percy

The most persecuted person in pictures

Here he is in "The Street of Forgotten Men." (center circle) Lookit that agony!

"Lord Jim" (below) tortured pitiful Percy some more. In that he lost everything—except his honor.

Percy Marmont has suffered more than any other man for his success. Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes" did that to him. Mark proved Percy the best heart-broken man in Hollywood.

In this shot (lower left) from "Aloma of the South Seas," he seems even to have lost his razor. But he gets his salary every Saturday.

For sheer suffering, horror and fear operate your optics on this still from "The Legend of Hollywood." Percy was perforated with poison for this plot. Poor Percy!

Here, just to prove he can do it, is Percy cheerful. This is Percy outside the studio. But observe Stalky, the pup. Doesn't he look kind of unhappy to you?
Betty Blythe
Endorses the P. N. Practical Front

"Beauty of figure is largely a matter of the proper support—a support which at all times adapts itself perfectly to the body. The P. N. Practical Front, with its Comfortable Elastic Feature, fills this requirement surprisingly well," says Betty Blythe, now starring in "Chu Chin Chow."

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P. N. Practical Front
The Custom-Setted Look

With many a star has Eugene O'Brien clinched in the final fadeout but never with Gloria Swanson. Now the two will be together in the little Marquise's next picture, "Fine Manners," in which Gloria plays a hard-working chorine of a burlesque show.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[continued from page 88]

Others present included Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Cedric Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Jane Winton, Douglas Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Dorothy Wallace, Count Carillo, Madeline Hurlock, Norman Kerry, Ward Crane, Kathleen Clifford, and Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Reachi (Agnes Ayres).

Dick Bartheless turned to a lady at a Hollywood dinner party the other evening and said, "Have you one of these new electric ice plants in your new house?"

The lady beamed upon him, and went into a long and very detailed description of this and other features of said new house.

I cornered Dick afterwards, however, and demanded an explanation. "You didn't know that lady, and you didn't know she was building a new house. What's the idea?"

"Well," said Dick, with his nicest smile, "I've discovered that the way to be a social success in Hollywood nowadays is to ask every lady about something in her new house. They all have them. It hasn't failed yet."

Maybe that's the explanation, but anyway Dick is having a social triumph in Hollywood. He hasn't been here in a long time and everybody is so glad to have him back.

Charlie Chaplin is getting just as bad as any other proud father. He will now tell you all about how little Charlie, Jr., whose age is still reckoned in months, recognizes him when he comes home from work, how he says "Da-da" and other brilliant remarks like that. I have never before seen Charlie so enthusiastic about anything as he is about his handsome little son. Really, the baby is a perfect darling. If only the next one, whose arrival is now very imminent, will be a girl, and give Charlie a daughter, I believe he will begin to know the only real happiness he has ever had.

Little Bill Hart, who is going on four, went to visit his father the other day. His father and mother are divorced, you know, and little Bill lives with his mother, but he goes for a few days now and then to stay with Bill Hart.

When he got ready to go and big Bill was telling him good-bye, emotion overcame the father, who adores his son. Turning his head aside, he said, "Son, will you kiss me good-bye now, and go back to your mother?"

The child regarded him gravely a moment and then said, "I'll kiss you good-bye, Daddy, if you promise me not to cry. You're too big to cry."

Most of the Hollywood people who have seen "The Sea-Lease" were amazed at the lack of technical skill shown in portraying the famous white whale, Moby Dick.

With the present tremendous advancement in camera work and trick printing, it does seem that much more could be done with the sequences of the battle between the whale and the man. As they are, they are most inadequate.

And in passing, we do hope that John Barrymore, the greatest stage actor of our generation, isn't going to get a complex for doing mad scenes. He imported one into "Beau Brummel" without a great deal of cause or authority, and he has done a bit of "Jekyll and Hyde" in this new one, which it seems to me detracts from both story and characterization.
Perfectly Natural

Pompeian Bloom gives your cheeks a color exquisitely natural

By MADAME JEANNETTE
Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

RECENTLY overheard one of my friends say to another: "You, for one, need no rouge, my dear. What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was this—like thousands of other women, she had found a rouge that gave her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. And when they use the right shade of Bloom the wholly natural effect is achieved. From the shade chart you can easily select the particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

SHADE CHART for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone, with a faint suggestion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The Medium tone of Pompeian Bloom just suits this type of skin.

If you are slightly tanned, you may find the Orange tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the Oriental tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion, the Oriental tint will accomplish it.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the Oriental tint.

White Skin: If you have this rare type of skin, use the Light tone of Bloom.

Special Note: An unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone from those above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

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Madame Jeannette,
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TANGEE Lipstick gives blush-rose lips—and is waterproof—friction-proof—permanent—and absolutely harmless.

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1207 W. 47th St., New York City

The Beverly Hills bridal path on a Sunday morning is becoming a really lovely sight, and in time if things keep on will compare favorably with Rotten Row in London, or the famous Golden Gate bridge path in San Francisco.

Not a little of its gay appearance and interest is furnished by the number of well known screen celebrities, who turn out every sunny Sunday.

Recently I saw Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix riding, on two gorgeous looking horses. Mrs. Mix brought her riding clothes and boots back from London, and her white whipcord breeches, orange vest, and tan hat gave her a tremendously smart appearance. Virginia Valli and Julanne Johnson were riding with Norman Kerry, whose rain is quite the envy of all. Julie sticks to the very severe black habit and the horse-sport black derby. Florence Vidor and Catherine Bennett were riding, accompanied by George Fitzmaurice. Mrs. Vidor is an exceptional horse-woman, and rides with all the dash and daring of the typical Southerner. Her habit is tan, and she wears a smartly tied stock, and a severe tan riding hat. Dorothy Mackall, whose English origin comes out in pronounced fashion when she gets atop a thoroughbred, was riding with Jack Mulhall. She affects the sleeveless coat, and wore no hat at all, for which no one has ever seen her shining blond hair can blame her. Fred Thompson and Frances Marion, after a morning in their tanbark riding ring, came down for a canter on the path.

COLLEEN MOORE had a housewarming for her new studio bungalow the other day. It was grand food and lots of fun, for dozens of girls were packed into the small space, and everybody talked at once and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Norma Talmadge came in from her bungalow next door, with very little on, I must say, as she was doing some intimate scenes from "Kiki." Constance was there, too, very smart in one of those new three piece wool sport frocks. Blanche Sweet and Bessee Love—the inseparables—came together, Bessee in a sleek, severely tailored dress of the kind she is now affecting, and Blanche moaning because she hasn't been able to find a new way to cut her hair. Florence Vidor had on a purple hat, that I am sure would rival Iris March's green one if only there were a Michael Allen to describe it. Mrs. Harold Lloyd looked adorable all in white. Mrs. Tom Mix had on the most fascinating sport wrap with a big fur collar, and a canary silk hat, after the famous gigalo model. Dorothy Devore sported the most abbreviated hair-cut Holly-wood has yet seen. Frances Marion arrived in a brand-new blue town car, with a little seating space in back looking like a velvet-lined jewel-case. Ruth Roland, Claire Winds-ror, Lois Moran, Virginia Valli, and lots of other people I can't remember were there.

Colleen declared it was a farewell for the bungalow as, after this she is going to move her dressing quarters over to the new First National studio and take the bungalow right along.

FLORENCE VIDOR was reading from Louise M. Alcott's classic "Little Women" to her seven-year-old daughter, Suzanne.

She came to the part where the mother of the four "little women" was giving her girls advice about the future, and saying that the proudest and happiest thing that can happen to a girl is to be chosen as a wife by some good man.

"Pooh," said young Suzanne, "I don't think that at all. I may get married, or I may not. But the proudest thing that could happen to me would be to be an architect, and that's what I'm going to be anyway."

NATURALLY, the opening of any John Barrymore picture in Hollywood would be an occasion. But the openings of "The Sea-Horse" was remarkable for a number of exciting events. First of all, Barrymore himself was present and made a speech which reminded all the old-timers present of his illustrious father, Maurice Barrymore, conceded by everyone to have been the wittiest man of his time. Secondly, Marion Davies, who acted as hostess, made a public speech and did it charmingly. And thirdly, Jack...
Conditions of Contest

1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of “Photoplay,” the Motion Picture Editor of “Liberty,” and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of “Motion Picture Magazine.”
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

Hollywood! The city of mystery and magic. The Mecca of Movie fans! That Dream City where the wonders of the Arabian Nights become real! Would you like to visit Hollywood? Would you like to go as the guest of the great moving picture producers—and invite your dearest friend to accompany you, with every expense paid by the makers of the famous ROMANCE CHOCOLATES?

Then read these simple conditions of the great Romance-Hollywood Free Trip Contest. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, one of which is packed with every pound box of ROMANCE "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get your copy now!
Cautious Griffith

“HUNGRY” is his name, because he likes raw meat—fresh—anywhere. “Hungry” is a lion and he has a lion’s share of the plot of Ray Griffith’s new picture “Wet Pawnbroker.”

“Come on, Mr. Griffith... Get acquainted with ‘Hungry.’ He’ll eat out of your hand,” said his trainer. “Yeh!” Ray replied. “And he’d just as soon eat out of my leg!”

Guillard Paterson De Koven—if she should ever be the mother of his son—a De Koven—and he should come to find out that the mental blood of Means mingled with the blood of the De Kovens in the person of their son—what then? Oh, what then?

There was, too, a weary, abstract desire in Lilith’s heart to be honest with Guillard for honesty’s sake. It would be nice to be able to be herself, to say to Guillard, “Here I am, for what I am, take me or leave me”—

But if he should leave her—

LILITH was fundamentally honest. She had never deceived herself about herself. She had known, back in East Machias, that as Milford was to the Means, so was she to a strange, chance in the world. She knew that you could call a garden rose a garlic and nobody would believe you. The rose would have its price just the same, but she knew, too, that you couldn’t keep on insisting that the remote, singular moon is green cheese for fear that people might begin to think it was, might distort it. She knew that, as Milford was to the Means, so was she to a strange, chance in the world. Biologically, it was likely that there was something spongy and gray in her beautifully arranged cranium, but having said so much, she shut it.

No, the only thing that she could do was to step from East Machias, a different person. She took six steps. The first was to borrow mother’s mother’s false face and unconvincing mother. The second was to go to New York as Lilith Flame. The third was to have her dark hair touched up to a bronze aureole. The fourth was to present herself at the X-11ent Studios clad in a costume that the female instinct, in lieu of a brain, had dictated to her. The fifth was to appear in a picture as a lady crook with taking ways. The sixth—but the world is in repose possession of the facts about the sixth.

There had been four years of efflorescent glory, fame, pride, ambitions, thrills. Excitement. Sensations. Love affairs. Yes, there had been love affairs—now and then. She had slept soundly through these mere titillations of the senses. She had played them as one played an indignant game, abstractedly, for the mere fun of gaming. Then she had met Gaillard De Koven.

They had played together in a picture. She had fallen violently in love with him. He was handsome in love with him. Humanly in love with him. No doubt about that.

One day, on the set, they had been playing a love scene, to the wall of violins and the threadbare voice of the director. Gaillard had muttered to her, face toward the camera, “I love you—beautiful among women—I love you.” He had added face away from the camera, “I mean it, Lilith—before-Eve—I mean it.”

In that moment Lilith’s past existence, struggle and glory alike, faded into a dim, forgotten prologue to this crowning moment. In that moment, in those words, the very face of life was barer to her, glorious and awful. In that moment her honesty struggled and was born.

The director said, “That scene was damn good. Camera’s beautiful dressing to receive Gaillard. The facial ritual was complete. And Katy, the personal maid from West Machias, had been manipulating the two silken dons that did fasten as fasteners. Katy was

from West Machias and had come up in the world with her mistress. She had never quite got used to things, but she was trained to do her duty and keep her mouth shut and she had learned these A’s and B’s of starluster etiquette. Lilith said, anxiously, “How do I look tonight, Katy?”

“J’you look good, Miss, real good—”

“Oh, Katy, not good—don’t say that—that word—it makes me remember what I have got to do—”

Katy ignored the reprimand. She knew that it wasn’t Mildred P. Means speaking, but only Lilith Flame who had to say things like that in order to earn her salary, and as God was her judge Katy Toomis wouldn’t have had anything happen to Lilith Flame’s salary. What the little ‘Toomis’ at home would do without Lilith Flame’s salary Katy Toomis didn’t know and couldn’t imagine.

“Are you aiming to get married, Miss Lilith?”

Katy inquired; dusting a mere veil of powder over the gleaming shoulders.

Lilith lit a gold-tipped Russian cigarette. She blew distorted frailties into the carved, reflecting, deliberate back of the director and mused aloud. “Yes, I suppose I am, Katy—I never thought I would come to it—I have always

“This room is thick with dreams of you, Lilith. Marvelous the way it breathes, suggests you, everywhere. I could come into this room alone and evoke your lovely presence. You would be here, beside me, beautiful and strange.”

“Not strange, dearest. Not strange to you.”

“Yes, strange, and I like it to be so, Lilith. Some men—but some men are amateurs, blunderers. They want to see a woman in the blare of sunlight, ugly and white. They want to know all of her secrets, penetrate all of her mysteries. And most women—well, there is no mystery to most women. They are as frank as bobbed hair and middy blouses. They are about as uninteresting. Lovely, there is one, only one old-fashioned thing I want of you, and that is—to marry me. I want to put a slave-chain of beaten gold around your silver ankle. I want to bind you with metal chains, to immure you in Moroccan walls—centuries ago—and now, now again—”

Lilith felt her honesty turn and square itself—squarely. Her heart seemed to be quieted, looking at her, waiting. It seemed to be saying to her, artfully, “Well, Mildred, what are you going to do? Are you there? Do you—will you—will you ever enough to lie in the very face of Love?”

The thing which she called her honesty but which was, in fact, her conscience, a conscience refined and honed—She had seen a moment where the God of Israel was an avenging God, besieged her. The voice of her conscience, a raucous, ugly voice it had—cried out, “Come Mighty, and down—down the mask—false face—false face.”

“Gaillard, I want to tell you something. I have a confession to make.”

“How strange your voice sounds, Lilith. Harsh. Loud. As if you hate me.”

“Maybe it does. I don’t know. One thing I do know. I love you. Not hate. Love. Because I love you...”

Lilith’s voice was as wistful as what a little, child, confessions are out of date, they are obsolete.”

“I know. I know all that. And they are nobody’s business. But there comes a time—there comes a time that there is something that I must tell you. Don’t stop me, now that I have found the courage.”

“If you mean—do you mean that you already have a husband? It won’t matter. Beloved. Don’t distress yourself. I would scale a higher wall than that of a husband.”

“No. No a husband. Oh, Gaillard. I am not—never what you think I am.”

“You have a Past? Ah, Lilith, Lilith before-Eve, you could not have so fascinating a Past if there had not been a red and fruitful Past. I am man of the world enough to know that. I know that there must be strangely flavored roots to bear such swooning flowers. Life loved you first, let us put it that way. Life loved you first. That is why you have skin like dreams and eyes like sleeping jewels—ah, well—”

“Yes, I don’t understand. It isn’t that—that kind of a thing. You are making it so awfully hard for me. Can’t you—can’t you try?”

“Awwfully”—what odd words you are using today, my Love. Awwfully. Gaillard gave a little shake as if a colleague had grasped upon him ever so little more than he could bear. “Let us not speak of this again,” he said, taking her cold hand, stroking it, speaking in his warm persuasive, best-beaten voice, “it is past—it is gone. It is what you are that matters. I see the soul of the lonely steeple in your inscrutable eyes. I see the
Do you know that your florist can telegraph a potted plant anywhere for you, as well as cut flowers?

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by LILLIE HALEY

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

Barrymore hailed his leading lady, Dolores Costello, as the coming great artist of the screen.

The audience was an exceptionally distinguished one, one large party coming direct from a dinner at Marion Davies' home.

Marion herself wore a frock of rose chiffon, trimmed with little ostrich feathers, and very long as to skirt. It was most becoming and when she got up on the platform she looked rather like one of those rose and gold roses that have been experienced untold agonies of nervousness for her, because you know under stress of excitement, Marion sometimes does stagger just enough to be fascinating. But she sailed through with flying colors and was given a tremendous ovation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin were there. Mrs. Chaplin wore, in soft blue chiffon, Mrs. Tom Mix in Miss Davies' party, and Mrs. Mix wore a frock of moonlight satin, covered with iridescent crystals and rhinestones and a cape of ermine. Elinor Glyn was in white satin, and Dorothy Mackail in white and jade green. Dick Barthelmess had little Barbara Bennett—daughter of Richard and sister of Constance. Constance and she wore green georgette. Bill Hart was there, and Lionel Barrymore, and Eddie Love and Lilian Tashman, Julianne Johnson—oh, it was really very exciting.

LITTLE Thomasina Mix, who celebrated her fourth birthday recently, is her father's own dainy one. She is very popular among the dainty, miniature numbers, and her picture on the school boards is a delicacy. Tommy has a small, very black spot of a Shetland pony, appropriately named Tony, Jr.

The other afternoon Tom took her out to the ranch and was giving her a riding lesson in the tanbark ring. Tommy was enjoying it immensely and Tony, Jr., was behaving with such good grace, it was a delight to watch.

But quite unexpectedly a newspaper flew over the wall and hit at Tony, Jr.'s feet. Tony immediately began to buck like an unbroken broncho. Tommy hung on for four or five jumps, and then little Tony gave a specially wild buck and Tommy was flung into the air and fit in the tanbark.

She sat up just very much seared. For a long moment she stared at Tony, Jr., her lower lip trembling. Then she rubbed her hard across her eyes, got up resolutely, and stalked across the ring and remounted without a word. Moreover, she took a firm grip on the reins and for the rest of the afternoon she walked Tony, Jr., around that ring like a veteran.

Thomasina had her fourth birthday party at the beautiful new Mix home. There were 44 children present, and on Tommy's right sat young Bill Hart, Jr. He and Tommy are great pals.

It's a shame that so few people get a chance to appreciate Pola Negri's enchanting wit. Off the screen, this famous divorcée after her arrival in New Mexico you will remember that she arrived there from the west on the same day that Rudolph Valentino's train was due from the east—Pola had a few friends who were in her house in Beverly Hills. Rudy was among them.

After dinner, she took a news reel for them. But what a trait Pola had assembled it, cut it, and written all the titles herself and it was a knock-out! First she had taken cuts from her own latest picture, "A Woman of the World," showing her descending from a train and being met by some man. By titles, Pola explained that this was a picture of her arriving in Albuquerque and being met by a reporter. Anon came the reporter and the questions the reporter asking were ridiculous. Other cuts from Rudy's "Cobra" followed, with more titles, and at the finish some hastily shot shots to complete the story.

If that news reel ever got out it would be worth a fortune as a comedy feature, for its witty titles and humorous conception. It isn't to be so harmfully taken a small joke on herself.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is now Mrs. C. V. Hackett, the last of the Hacketts.

The youngest Talmadge was married to Captain Mackintosh, a wealthy Briton, at the magnificent home of Jean de St. Cyr, in Bur- ingame, a fashionable suburb of San Francisco, in the presence of her immediate family and the closest American friends of the bridegroom.

And to Connie goes the prize for knocking the Hollywood atmosphere picked colony abso-

utely dizzy with surprise. In this little town where everybody knows everything, nobody had ever heard of Alastair William Mackintosh. Const-

ance had an acquaintance by that name, until three days before the wedding, when the engagement and date of the ceremony were announced simultaneously.

Behind the story of the simple wedding, at which Norma Talmadge was matron of honor and William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr. best man, lies a story of the source of the acetate of lime, and that the corners of the screen's greatest heartbreaker, and from all accounts this distinguished young Scotch-

man and soldier is well fitted to have won the woman who is said to have been so charmed by another star screen.

Alastair William Mackintosh is a member of a very ancient and honored Scotch family and is said to be a man of large fortune. He was at one time equerry to Princess Alice, the mother of the Queen of Spain and, was a Captain in the British Army during the war, and a reporter for the oldest news service. He is also an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales.

He first came to America three years ago and met Constance Talmadge through his most intimate friend, William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., who was at that time a aspirant for the hand of the fair Constance. Since that time, it appears he has wooed her quietly but persistently, especially after she refused young Stewart and the much rumored match in that quarter was definitely off.

MACKINTOSH has been frequently in America since. He and Constance have met in New York when she was there. When she wasn't, Mackintosh came to visit the St. Cyrs at Burlingame. Mr. Sr. and Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart's stepfather.

He arrived a short time ago. Constance and her mother were at the near-by Hotel Del Monte, when Mr. Sr. had promised at last to marry him, and three days later she became his bride.

At the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, mother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge), Mr. de St. Cyr and William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Hackett in a gray chiffon, and a small gray hat with a trailing feather held in place by a jade ornament.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh honeymooned at Del Monte.

But the additionally important thing is this—Constance Talmadge has but three more pictures to make under her present contract. It's been rather a question in Constance...

[BRITISH EMBASSY, LONDON, April 4—A British representative has been appointed by the British government to represent the interests of the British nation in the United States. The representative is expected to arrive in New York within the next few weeks."

The representative will be responsible for the promotion of British interests in the United States, including the encouragement of trade and investment, as well as the fostering of cultural and educational relations."

The appointment of a British representative is part of the ongoing efforts by the British government to strengthen its diplomatic presence in the United States."

This is a critical time for the British government as it seeks to navigate through a period of uncertainty in transatlantic relations. The appointment of a representative marks the latest step in these efforts."

The representative will work closely with the British Embassy in Washington, D.C., and will engage with a wide range of government and private sector stakeholders."

The representative will also work closely with the British community in the United States, engaging with organizations and individuals to promote understanding and cooperation."
Did bobbed hair make you a dandruff-brusher?

Many women never realized how much trouble dandruff could be—until they bobbed their hair. So they brush, brush, brush, all day long.

But why bother with brushing, when the Wildroot treatment is so simple? Wildroot Hair Tonic not only removes dandruff, but, if faithfully used, prevents its recurrence.

A very interesting thing happens with the first few applications of Wildroot. The accumulated dandruff loosens up and is temporarily more apparent—but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works.

After applying to the scalp, dress your hair with Wildroot, to renew the lustre and beauty. Get some Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist’s or barber’s today. And stop brushing dandruff.

Wildroot Hair Tonic

For dandruff

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mind whether after that she would make any more of not. This wedding probably means that after these three pictures the screen will lose its most enchanting comedianne. Constance loves exact the sort of life young Mackintosh can give her abroad and it is his desire to live in his own country.

What I want to know is, what good did it do Connie to get her American citizenship? You remember she lost it when she married the first time to John Pailinou, wealthy Greek cigarette manufacturer of New York.

Since that time Constance has been reported engaged to several distinguished gentlemen, including John Charles Thomas, Irving Berlin, William Rhinchander Stewart, Jr., Irving Thalberg and Buster Collier.

Even her best friends had no inkling of her approaching marriage. Hollywood is still trying to recover from its amazement and looking forward to meeting the lucky man.

Agnes Ayres hopes that Justice, that blindfolded goddess who carries her scales with her, will be present when her suit for $33,000 against the Producers Distributing Corporation comes to trial.

Agnes wants Justice, of course, but her scales are going to come in very handy, for Agnes—who is suing the producing company for breach of contract and several other counts—will have to prove to the court's satisfaction that she had not let herself become fat and therefore violated the clause in her contract which gave them the right to have it if she suffered any "facial or physical disfigurement materially detracting from her personal appearance." And when the contract was broken nearly a year ago, they claimed that Old Lady Poundage had crept up on Agnes and covered with fat the beauty that made her famous.

It will take a judge with the wisdom of Solomon, the discernment of Paris and the diplomacy of a Chesterfield to decide the case. And, in the meantime, Agnes sews on a tiny layette in her Hollywood home, awaiting Doc Stork's visit.

I CALLED the press agent to verify the story. And the p. a. was agat that I even repeated it. Said it would dispel the romantic glamour surrounding the actor if it was—especially in view of his next picture, steeped in love and intrigue and youth.

But here it is anyway. I'm mentioning no names.

An old doorman in the east who knew the actor in his stage days heard that the actor was to play a weighty role in a current picture. The old man wired the actor, so the story goes, and said:

"Congratulations on your ability to play a character role."

To which the actor replied:

"I am not playing a character role. It is a juvenile part."

Said the old doorman:

"That's what I mean!"

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. believes in keeping on the good side of Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, benign purveyor of downpours, so when he started filming "That's My Baby" he called on Father C. R. Kard, the famous weather forecaster of the Santa Clara University, whose duties will be to collaborate with Director William Beaudine. Whenever the father sees rain in the offing, he will advise Beaudine to will arrange the "shooting schedule" so the company will work in the studio on stormy days.

Doug says his plans are not going to be "all wet."

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON is apparently on to the wig-capricing honors of Douglas Fairbanks, if the facts alleged in a suit for $25,000 damages filed by Lieut. Geralde de Merveux are true.

It seems that de Merveux, who is a world war hero, and who has been teaching the fallest of Hollywood the art of fencing, claims that Blackton, one of the founders of Vitagraph and now associated with Warner, played him with a horsewhip. Blackton admits the whipping and says it was provoked by an angry attack de Merveux made on Mr. Blackton.

Wonder if the Commodore can flick the ash from the cigarette of a man five yards distant like Doug can?

Why the apple in the center of your display window?" Bill Powell inquired of his tailor.

"Well, I ask you, Mr. Powell, where would the clothing business be if not for the apple?"

The latest in syncope proposals occurred when Bob Leonard, accompanied by a soothing saxophone, a wailing violin, a hissing cornet and an agile jazz leader, asked Gertrude Olmstead to become his wife. To its plea the music played "Then I'll Be Happy" and burst into a rollicking "Yes Sir! That's My Baby" when Gertrude answered in the affirmative.

Of course Bob, who is a director, didn't need the jazz accompaniment to give him courage, but it happened that Gertrude Plankton was going to New York for eight weeks to make a picture and rather than run the risk of losing Gertrude to a New Yorker, Bob made sure by plea and ring that she would become Mrs. Robert Leonard upon her return.

Which settles definitely the rumors of a reconciliation between Bob and Mae Murray, who, until last spring, were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard.

Why Women Like Sophisticated Men

Cont'ed from page 34
NEW

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Peter B. Kyne’s Prayer

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NESTLE REVOLUTIONIZES THE PERMANENT!

This Machine "Reads" Your Hair and Takes the Guess Out of Permanent Waving

For the first time in history, Practical Science enters the Beauty Parlor. At the Nestle Testing Laboratory, New York, the new Nestle Meter Scale renders you a valuable personal service. Results are then sent you by mail.

PERMANENT WAVING—the way to beauty for straight-haired women—is now on a scientific basis.

No longer is your hair subjected to a standardized formula by which you may or may not get the result you desire. The Nestle Laboratory in New York, working with the Nestle Permanent Waver in your own vicinity, has taken the guess out of permanent waving—by means of

The Nestle Meter Scale

This new invention literally "reads" your hair before you have it waved. It reveals the hidden facts which the eye cannot see. It tells us the exact characteristics of your hair. We supply you with this necessary information by mail—and the Nestle Permanent Waver in your own vicinity is then enabled to give you the scientific, CIRCULINE PERMANENT WAVE your hair requires.

The Circuline permanent waving process is a variable treatment that follows the readings of the Nestle Meter Scale "to the letter." It is a personalized treatment adapted to your individual head of hair.

No matter whether your hair is strong or weak, snow-white or black, bleached or dyed—no matter whether you want a tight, medium or loose wave—perfect permanent waves may now be yours.

Send Us a Strand of Your Hair for the Laboratory Test

It Costs You Nothing

Just fill out the coupon below—and send a small strand of your hair (about the thickness of a pencil lead, and at least 5 inches long). Do not send combings. Enclose $1 Deposit to cover costs of testing.

You will then receive from the Nestle Laboratories, a card giving the result of the thorough analysis of your hair on the Nestle Meter Scale. Your $1 deposit will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave—given anywhere in the United States where the Nestle Circuline Process is used. The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of this deposit. Over 6,000 hairdressers and beauty parlors use Nestle Permanent Waving apparatus.

Successful Waves a Certainty

With scientific knowledge of your hair in advance, your Permanent Waver cannot fail to give you the style of wave you want—exactly as you want it.

We suggest that you send your hair sample at once to insure receipt of your "reading" without delay. Please write your name and address clearly when filling out the coupon below.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD.
Established 1905
12 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City
Originators of Permanent Waving

Free booklet
Tells all about Circuline
Our interesting booklet, "Taking the Guess Out of Permanent Waving," brings you full details of the Nestle Meter Scale and the new Circuline Process. It contains vitally interesting facts about the hair and its care, whether your hair is long or bobbed. It's free—just send the coupon.

NESTLE'S CIRCULINE PROCESS
For the perfect permanent wave

The Nestle Lanoil Company assures you of the patented Nestle Meter Scale, and only qualified establishments can offer the genuine Nestle Circuline Permanent Wave. Beware of imitations and misleading claims.

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The motion picture industry has everything to make fine productions with, except good taste, an instinctive sense of artistry, which is ability to differentiate between bathos and pathos, humor and slap stick, the graceful and the ungraceful. They have no ability to express tenderness, humor, pathos, drama, even if they feel it, but when occasionally somebody succeeds in expressing even a modicum of these great human emotions on the screen how certain, how instantaneous, is the response from the emotionally starved books. Yes, people want entertainment, they want their emotions stirred, they want to be lifted for an hour and a half out of its bald, brutal, and blatant realities, into a world of make-believe—the wonderful world of make-believe that lies even in the brains of the emotionally inarticulate.

M. V. B., PERRA.—Bobby Agnew is not married which they do say is mostly May McAvoy's fault for Bobby has been in love with May for a couple of years now which is a lifetime in Hollywood.

C. H. H., TOLEDO.—Raymond Hatton is still with Paramount. His latest picture is "Behind the Front," and it's a wow. Tom Mix is 38 years old. Mary Brian is an American, bless her, and just 18. I like 'em both.

Jack Pickford was born in Canada August 16th, 1896. Mary was born there, too, three years earlier. But even at that she's ten years younger than husband Doug Fairbanks.

MAYA LASERRE, CUBA.—Gracioso Senorita. You hablo mucho good English. Eugene O'Brien is not married. I'll say he is still popular—he is playing opposite Gloria Swanson in her new picture, "Fine Manners." You think Norma Talmadge is too sweet to play Iris Storm in "The Green Hat?" Well, well, that depends on how sweet you think Iris was. She was awful good company, anyhow.

J. H., BROOKLYN.—You and me both. Alice joyce is a peach. Also a lady and an actress. She was born October 1st, 1909. Alice is five feet, 7 inches tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Tho you'd never believe it she was born in Kansas City, Mo. Once upon a time Tom Moore got her. Now Mr. Joyce is Rezaean son of the famous hotel man, and they have two lovely daughters.

D. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—Yes, William Haines played in "A Slave of Fashion." His next picture is "Brown of Harvard." Bill was born on New Year's Day in 1900, at Staunton, Va. Warner Baxter's birthday was March 9th, 1891 and took place at Columbus, Ohio. He has just finished playing with Gilda Grey in "Aloma of the South Seas." Yep, that's his real moniker.

GRACIOUS, PENNSYLVANIA.—Well, I guess the psychologists would say that we all need some form of expression for the pent up feelings of ours. And if we aren't able to get shot of them in a symphony or a poem, why we just write in a diary or to some sympathetic friend. That's me. Tell me all. But, Gracious, don't ask me why your favorite story is changed when it comes to the screen. I'm sorry if the picture version of "So Big" hurt you! "To said it hurt the producers also, in their box office.

G. M. L., BERKLEY.—All right. I'll answer your threat by telling you the bad news. Or, let me do it in their words. From the front page of "The Volga Boatman." Sure

Cynics keep up their reference to hokum. I don't know what hokum is, although I am told I employ hokum no little. Thank God for that. I would use more of the same if I knew how. If hokum draws the heart up into the throat, if it brings a joyous laugh, or a sympathetic tear, it is no longer hokum. It is Art.

And I can't tell you what Art is, although I have a sneaking impression that if it ennobles and uplifts, if it "gets" me under the fifth rib, Art is present.

Some months ago Mr. Louis B. Mayer asked me to write a feature for Miss Lillian Gish. I asked him what type of story he required for her and he said he didn't know, but that it was certain she would have to suffer a lot. Alas, poor Louis! I know him well!
Ibanez' Torrent! Rushing flood of mighty emotion
Sweeping us on—ever on—breathless...
Ricardo Cortez—dashing—gallant—torrid...
Greta Garbo—Perfection!
Discovered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in stark Sweden—
She is setting the heart of America aflame!
Monta Bell is the director.
You positively musn't miss Ibanez' Torrent!

A Cosmopolitan Production
Scenario by Dorothy Farnum, from the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Titles by Katherine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"
When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
B. G.—You say you are mine until the detectives find me out. Oh, B. G., will you desert me then? How cruel. How cruel I don't be. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., thirty-one years ago. He played on the stage for a couple of years and started in pictures in 1921, since which time he certainly has traveled fast in fan hearts. Rebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, twenty-five years back and went on the stage as soon as she could be carried there. She started in pictures when she was eight.

BLUE EYES.—Your friend, Brown Eyes, is with us this month, too. How old does that soon get? Yes, she always wanted to know. Rod La Rocque is in his twenty-eighth year. He weighs 181, is six feet three, brown haired and black eyed and not married. Rosamond in American and all that. I think he'd probably write you if you gave him the chance by writing him in care of the De Mille studios.

D. R., COVINGTON, LA.—I love questions. Why should I be hard on you, particularly when you want to know of Ramon? Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6th, 1890. He's been in movies since 1917. His people are very high class, indeed.

VIRGINIA M., MICHIGAN.—How do you do yourself, Virginia? You want Betty Bronson's picture. Well, send that startle a quarter, in care of the Lasky studios, Hollywood, and you will receive her likeness. Yes, that's her real name. "Tweedle Deedle Moore" that was married to Mary Pickford, Owen, not Tom. That eighteen-year-old darling, Mary Brian, is not married. Don't know how she escaped, but, indeed, has so far. You can buy a seat at 525 Fifth Avenue, New York. That's her own name, unless you want to call her the Marquisé de la Falaise de la Coudray.

A. M.—You love Norma Talmadge, and who doesn't? Norma uses her maiden name on the screen but in private life she is Mrs. Joseph Schenck and has been for several years.

VIRGINIA COTTER, GEORGIA.—No, Alice Terry has not dropped out of the movies. Alice is all over the place in the land's newest picture. "Mare Nostrum." Alice is 28 years old. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6th, 1900. No, visitors are not allowed to visit the motion picture studio to watch the actors do what they call work.

M. J. D., ILLINOIS.—Richard Barthelmess is a New Yorker. He's one of the few residents of that village who was born there. May 6th, 1897 the date was. Mrs. Dick is Mary Hay, now playing in "Sunny" a musical comedy in which Jack Plunkett's Wife stars. The Barthelmess home is broken up, however. Mary and Dick live apart and their baby visits each of them six months of the year.

R. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Well, our editor had Harry Ford interviewed just to make you feel like you have. Read it up in the front where all the swell writers show their stuff. Poor me, they push back here among the advertisement. In case you can't get any more details, I'll tell you, being a big hearted guy, that Harrison was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892. He is five feet ten inches and weighs 157, has brown hair and eyes and a divorce.

HELEN AGNES, SAN FRANCISCO.—You usually pronounce Natacha Rambova's name by calling her Winifred Hudnut or Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. You are convicted of making up in your Russian, here's the dope. Na-tash-a (accent middle syllable) Ram-bo-vya (accent middle syllable). Ronald Coleman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England. No, Runny won't let anyone spoil him. He's a wise guy, he is. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, N. Y. She's a minister's daughter.

QUEENIE, CONNECTICUT.—Richard Barthel- mess was born in New York City, May 6th, 1897. Trinity College was his alma mater. He was the prince of tuneful musical comedy star, but they are separated now. They have a little girl three years old.

VIOLA ARMSTRONG, OHIO.—Baby Peggy was born October 20th, 1918 to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Montgomery, which makes her full and sober name Peggy Jean Montgomery. In "The Family Set," Gladys Hulett played Peggy's mother and Edward Earle the father. Baby Peggy has an older sister who is not as good as Peggy in the pictures.

MARIAN AND THELMA.—Well, you can judge how popular I am with the girls they will tell me even their ages. Neil Hamilton and Helen and Jobyna Ralph are not related. Only sisters in that, that's all. Esther has blonde bobbed hair and Jobyna has long brown curls.

H. S. F., YORK.—George Billings played Abraham Lincoln in the picture of that name. Ruth Clifford was Anne Rutledge and Nell Craig played Abe's. In America Neil Hamilton played Nat, Howard C. & Co. Dempster was Nancy Montague. Now you won't need that history book.

GLADYS, M., OLIVER.—Marion Davies was born in—I hate to admit it—Brooklyn, N. Y. Marion's one of those wonderful blondes an old guy like me dreams of. Her hair is spun gold and her eyes are blue as the lake of Bellarney. And yet she's not married. There are a few things in this world I don't understand and that's one of them. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes—now listen. When Colleen winks her eyes shine just like a traffic signal—on one side she's one color and on the other side brown. For one of Colleen's eyes is brown and the other is blue. Smart gal, Colleen.

COLLEGIATE CONNY.—Benjie Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga. February 6, 1901. He grabbed his education in Baltimore. He played on Broadway. He went into pictures. In May, 1925 Ben played his first movie part in "Potash & Perlmutter." He is not married. He lives with his mother and sister, like all nice, wise boys do.

The ROVER, CLEVELAND.—So you are going to write to me every month? Goodbye, goodbye, a new customer, asking nice new questions about heights and dates and things. And will you ask as many questions every month as you have this month, Rover? If you do, I'll answer as many as you have for this month. Claire Adams was born in Winnipeg, Canada, September 24th, 1908. She is five feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds and brown eyes. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3rd, 1906. She is five feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Mary was not related to Gertrude Astor, for that isn't Mary's real name or Gertrude's either. Gertrude was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and is about 30. She is five feet, 7 1/2 inches tall and weighs 159 pounds and brown hair and blue eyes. Linda Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 20th, 1905. She is five feet, 3 1/2 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes.
COMING to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the discovery of new treatments and preparations for the keeping and bringing back of youth, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

There are three telltale places where age shows first in a woman’s face, weak spots. This was Dorothy Gray’s conclusion after studying thousands upon thousands of faces during the past eleven years. How to prevent them and to erase them has been her specialty.

Some people used to think that the almost magical results obtained by Dorothy Gray were extremely complicated, even surgical treatments.

For she is known on two continents as the facial scientist who works marvels for the greatest beauties of society and stage. She first won her fame in counteracting the double chin and sagging throat muscles. To women of the “fading age” she offers facial rejuvenation. To younger women she offers protection against premature age.

Her Salon in New York, in the most exclusive Fifth Avenue location, is the mecca of thousands upon thousands of women who proclaim her their benefactress.

Yet her treatments are apparently simple. Nothing severe. Nothing harsh. In fact, now you can duplicate her treatments in your own home.

You can consult Dorothy Gray by mail as intimately as if you came to New York for a personal interview.

This service she has now developed after ten years of exclusive Salon treatments by appointment. She has prepared printed directions and offers her own preparations. Furthermore, she invites you to write to her in detail and she will answer you personally.

Her specialty is the counteracting of facial age. To it she has devoted her life.

She can help you eliminate a double chin and make your throat lines youthful and charming. She can help you erase those hateful lines around eyes and mouth. She can help you “firm” the relaxed, drooping muscles of the face. A sallow skin can be made to glow.

Thousands of women have had almost miraculous results in employing the Dorothy Gray Home Treatments. Years disappear quickly. “You look SO much younger,” your friends will say. “Have you been to New York to see Dorothy Gray?”

Below is printed a coupon for your convenience. It embraces the three telltale places where age shows first but you may write a letter instead if you wish to state your problems more fully. Miss Gray will study your requirements and make personal recommendations as to the treatments and the proper preparations.

This service is gratis.

Dorothy Gray’s preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WEST COAST

UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED, STUDIO S ARE IN HOLLYWOOD

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, INC., 3350 Mission Road.
Erin Von Stroheim directing "The Wedding March." Cast not named.


BERWILLA STUDIOS, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd.
Dennis O'Kron directing "Rance Pirates" with Robert LeRoy.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1260 Beechwood Drive.

CHADWICK STUDIOS, 6078 Sunset Blvd.
Scott Dunlop directing "Winning Futurity" with Alexander Carr and Mary Alden.

CHAPLIN CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave.
Charles Chaplin directing "The Crem" with Charles Chaplin and Alina Kennedy.

Joseph Von Sternberg directing "The Sea Gull" with Edna Purviance, Raymond Bloome, Eve Southern and Cayzar Whalen.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Bob Tierney directing "April Showers" with Alexander Carr and Mary Alden.

DICK, R. DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Production will soon start on:

"The Chingay Vite" with Lenore Joy.
"Sweat Plebes" with Vera Reynolds and George K. Arthur.

Young April" with Joseph and Rudolph Schillke.

William K. Howard has completed "Bachelor Brides" with Red La Rochelle and Elmer Votre.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 Cahuenga Blvd.
James Bogan directing "The Isle of Hermitage" with Lillian Bleu, Robert Frazer and Mildred Harris.

Bob De Loyce directing "The Arizona Streak" with Tom Tyler.

David Kirkland directing "The Two Gun Man" with Fred Thompson.

Clayton White directing "Secret Orders" with Evelyn Brent and Robert Frazer.

Paramount Prod., William Beaudine directing "Ladies First" with Dorothy Macklin.

FINE ARTS STUDIO, 1400 Sunset Blvd.
John Ince directing "Empty House" with Herbert Harrill and Grace Durwood.

Spencer Bennett directing "Sawdust" with Alene Hay and Walter Miller.

FOX STUDIOS, 1301 N. Western Ave.
John Ford directing "The Shannon Handicap" with Janet Gaynor and Leslie Fenton.

Irving Cummings directing "Rustling for Cupid" with George O'Brien and Anita Stewart.

Frank Borzage directing "Kings of the Valley" with Marli Musseau, Kattie Perry and Zasu Pitts.

R. William Neill directing "Thirty Below Zero" with Frank James and Iva Nowak.

RUSSELL KRATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.
Duster Keaton has completed "Battlestone" with Buster Keaton and Sally O'Neill.

LASKY STUDIOS, 1520 Vine St.
Mal St. Clair directing "Good and Naughty" with Victor Nevin and Tom Moore.

James Cruze directing "Old Ironside" with Estelle Hayden, Wallace Beery and Charles Farrell.

William de Mille has completed "The Flight of the Hulse" with Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.

Marshall Neilan will direct Betty Bronson in a picture yet unannounced.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Calif.
King Bickford directing "Lovey Mayo" with Bessie Love.

William Goodrich has completed "Over Night" with Conrad Nagel.


Hartley Henley directing "The Heart Breaker" with Ramon Novarro and Sally O'Neill.

Monte Bells directing "The Boy Friend" with Johnny Harmon.

King Vidor directing "Barclays the Magnificent" with John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman.

William Goodrich directing "The Red Mill" with Marion Davies.

Maurice Stiller directing "The Tempress" with Greer Garbo and Antonio Moreno.

METRO-ALLIED STUDIOS, 1000 La Palma Ave.
Corinne Griffith Prod., Second Grade directing "Into Her Kingdom" with Corinne Griffith and Elmer Hansen.

Edward Dillon directing "The Dixie Woman" with Priscilla Dean and John Bowres.

MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIOS, 1845 Glendale Blvd.
Sidney Olcott directing "Ramee's Family" with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackail.

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.
Allan Dove, Ben Turpin, Ralph Graves, Billy Bevan, Adele Harlow, Raymond Mckee, Ruth Hub, all working on unlined two-reel comedies.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7600 Santa Monica Blvd.
Dick Franklin directing "The Duchess From Buffalo" with Constance Talmadge.

George Fitzmaurice directing "Sons of the Soil" with Ralph Valetino and Virginia McKee.

UNITED STUDIOS, 5411 Metro Ave.
At Sunset directing "Sweet Daddles" with Johnna Ralston, Jack Mulhall and C. B. Crisp.

A. B. Smith directing "Don Juan's Three Nieces" with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason.

Edwin Carewe directing "Pals First" with Louis Holmes and Dolores del Rio.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, University City, Calif.
F. A. Du Pont directing "The Affairs of Honeymoon" with Mary Pickford.

Mildred Brown directing "Beauties in the Boat" with Luane La Prind and Einar Hanson.

James O. Sweitzer directing "Chasing Timbers" with Jack Bums and Kenneth Harlan.

Art Auer directing "Joe of Ranch" with Art Auer.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Prisoners of the Storm" with House Peters and Percy Montgomery.

WARNER BROTHERS, 5412 Sunset Blvd.
Ernest Lubitsch directing "Revilson" with Paty Ruth Miller.

Chas. Reinsberger directing "The Better One" with Sydney Chaplin and Debe Hill.

EAST COAST

BIODRAPH, 607 E. 175th St., New York, N.Y.
Charles Brann directing "Maniacs" with Delia Kenyon and Phil McCullough.

"The Crystal Cup" with Dorothy Mackall, Lloyd Humber and Jack Mulhall.

"The Living Truth" with Milton Sills.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 12th St. & Second Ave., New York, N.Y.


PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, 33rd Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N.Y.

Frank Tuttle directing "Flies Manners" with创业 Swanson and Gene O'Brien.

Gregory La Cava directing Richard Dix in "Take a Chance.

Edward Sutherland directing "So's Your Old Man" with W. C. Fields and Louise Brooks.

D. W. Griffith directing "Serrows of Satan" with Lenore Osgood, Adolph Menken, Lila de Pauli, Ricardo Cortez.

Earle Kenton directing "The Palm Beach Girl" with Debe Daniels, Lawrence Gray and John Patricie.

CHANGES IN TITLES

NEW YORK

"The Vicious Medley" will be released as "The Greater Glory.

PARMOUNT

"The Old Army Game" will be released as "So's Your Old Man.

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 33 West 45th St., New York City.


Famous Phono-Lippy Corporation (Paramount), 355 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1500 Broadway, New York City.

At Lohmann Corp., 1650 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 19th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1510 Broadway, New York City.


Pathe Exchange, 32 West 55th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 459 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Films, 1339 Diversion Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Rockefeller Building, 45th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Bros., 1000 Broadway, New York City.
False Faces

(continued from page 96)

mused glories of old civilizations in your
stares. You are that Thing Beyond for
which we commoner must ever seek and
by l, thrice-liest, may find."

Galillard said such beautiful things.

"Don't—please, I must tell you!"

Galillard leaned back among the cushions,
hailing and exhaling as only Galillard could.

It looked, Lithith thought, like the ad be-
nefor, the gentlemanly convooc-eur in even-
clothes appreciatively savoring a Turkish
end. Beautiful and right.

"Well, Adored," he said, "if you are about
to tell me of some pecacallio with a king, pro-
ceed, proceed. Even so, I shall not disclaim
out. I might, even, evince a piquant zest
incomprehensible, unutterable, after-
fath, something of the kind, to a king."

Lithith rose from the cushions as if their
mothering hold had become uncarrrable. She
took to the pale green crammed secretary
and took forth a bulky missive. It had occurred to
allward, watching her passage across the room,
at she did not undulate as much as usual—
she addled.

She returned and sat down, not close to him,
as her wont.

A LL right, Galillard," she said, and her voice
was woman-patient, "if you won't listen
perhaps you will read. This letter can tell on
what I have been trying to say to you
ter no doubt, than I could have said it. It
is from my mother.

Galillard accepted, rather gingerly, the rough,
black letter. He bent his impeccables shoulders
ward so that the feverish mauve light from
the nearest lamp could illuminate the incongruous
pelling epistle. Her mother—this letter—
Lithith performed the feat of holding her
breath during the reading of the vapid,
bobby, slightly illiterate family digest. When
she laid it down, dropped it might be nearer to
the truth, she let her breath go and it seemed
her a multitude of times as it left her lungs.

Silence.

Deaths. Little deaths of heart and hope and
joy, there in that flamboyant boudoir, that
verso-verse, that for love, proof,
scary, against the least seed less invasion.

Silence. And because she loved him so
honesty Lithith forgot to fear for herself. His
voice was so pale. His hands were shaking.
She had hurt him, who would have spared him
the faintest pang.

And so," Galillard's beautiful voice was,
Lithith noted, still beautiful, grave and deep
and slightly throbbed with sorrow—and so,
after all, you have deceived me."

"I told you so! Now you know. But if
you could know, too, how many sleepless
nights I have spent, trying to make up my
mind, trying to nerve my heart, to tell you.
If you knew how hard I have tried to live
those old days down, to cover over with layers
and layers and layers—-the girl I was,
I have striven by every means in my power
to make myself, inside as well as out, the kind
of a woman a man like you could love. It
was necessary, it became true, it wasn't deceit
in any ordinary sense of the word, it was just,
don't you see, gelding a plain pine frame, sort
of like that."

"If you have deceived me about anyone
dee, but about yourself. These stories—all
these stories about your birth, your parentage,
your circumstances...

"Not all. Not quite. I did go to a convent
for three months. And surely, surely, you
have been in the business long enough, you
have been in the world long enough to know
that we all, that everyone, plays a part. We
all play parts in life. Many people, a great
many people, writers with pen names, people

Like Lost Pearls

Teeth clouded with the
dingy film that ordinary
brushing won't remove

UNKNOWm to yourself, you are
probably hiding the gleam
and clearness of your teeth
beneath a dingy film coat—but that
now you can easily remove. A
coating that ordinary washing
won't combat successfully.

In a few days you can make a
great difference in the color of your
teeth. Can literally change your
whole appearance. Can restore
"off-color" teeth to gleaming
beauty. Can firm your gums and
give them healthy, natural color.

Largely on dental advice, the
world has turned to this new way.
A full 10-day tube will be sent you
upon receipt of the coupon below.

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The train, my skull opened to make sure the presence of gray matter would not interfere with my acting, and finally my blood was analyzed and a long file of ladies with thermometers in their mouths was led past me and the pages of my past weren’t enough. My Indian was sufficient S. A., which is Hollywood for sex appeal.

I woke early with horrible sensation that the test was still to be gone through. Hiring a large car, my son and I drove to the studio.

At the studio I was informed Miss Nilsson would go through the test with me.

"What courage!" I thought. "Brave little woman." Then, "Maybe she loves me and wants to die with me."

Suddenly a rough voice from somewhere yelled, "Anytime, Miss Nilsson, you’re ready to be shot; we’re all set on stage six." Shot! It was true! She was going to die with me.

We went to stage six. My son came along. So did Peter B. Kyne and H. C. Witwer.

Arriving on stage six, however, I learned from Lambert Hillyer, the director, that the test was merely being photographed in one of the scenes from the forthcoming play.

Anna Q. and I were told what the story of the scene was and, believe me, she had the best of it. Her back was to the camera most of the time and while I was registering sorrow, thoughtfulness, amusement and cynicism, she was reminding me of fifty cents I owed her for years, since she last posed for me. She said I should have taken her to that expansion contest. But I was acting, I was steeped in Histrionic Art. I didn’t hear.

I glanced out of the set once to see the effect my work was having on my audience. My son had turned my back and was watching Johnny Boyle operate his camera. Pete Kyne and Harry Witwer were watching the work. The director was working on a cross word puzzle. Anna had gone.

That evening a telegram awaited me at the hotel. It was urgent I return to New York. My son had turned his back and was watching John McCormick. He must have known that there were many demands upon my time and that it was too much to hope I would grace Anna’s new picture.

I had already hired another actor.
Brickbats and Bouquets

[continued from page 15]

Rudy's Still Got It

Vincennes, Ind.
I am writing to express my sincere admiration for Rudolph Valentino. I have never missed one picture, so far, that he has been in. Of course every one is privileged to choose their own actors and actresses, but it sure does make me hot to read those letters condemning him. The last picture that I saw him was "The Eagle." I thought it was a splendid plot and had gorgeous settings.

Hurray for the new comer—Vilma Banky. I wish her the best of luck.

HELEN PHILIPPE.

Are Thrills Ever Legitimate?

Washington, D. C.
I want to express my disappointment at "The Road to Yesterday." Why didn't De Mille have the original modern introduction? Instead of an English house party where an American girl, tired by visiting the Towers and other romantic places, dreams of the past, we have the events occur incongruously in the Grand Canon and are told a hectic story of atavistic aversions and most modern bad behavior. The only decent thing in the first part was the rather pathetic figure of Joseph Schildkraut.

I suppose the Grand Canon and the psychopathic melodrama were introduced for the sake of thrills but it seems to me there were enough legitimate thrills in the 11th century part for the modern part to be convincing.

If I had not liked the old story and part of the treatment of it in the movie very much, I should not care whether the first part were bad or not but I hate to see a good thing ruined by inconsistencies.

KATHARINE GERRY.

Natacha's Champion

London, Eng.
As one who is most interested in the progress of motion pictures, I feel I must express my gratitude to you for your interesting and pertinent contribution to the subject in the February editorial of your valuable magazine. I am glad to know there is nothing vindictive or mean about Mr. Valentino but the deplorable lack of business capacity in his matrimonial affairs is the cause of the trouble. Love, desire for children, family affection are in real life, of course, as extinct as Dodo and only survive in the films for their spectacular value.

Faced with her husband's ridiculously old fashioned views and failure to realize that marriage is a business concern, there was naturally no course open to Mrs. Valentino as a noble and devoted wife, but to leave her husband without delay to recoup her losses on a bad investment by screening her marriage failure and so to achieve her status as a business woman.

W. T. POTTER.

Nice Pollyanna

Jamaica, N. Y.
If we didn't have rain once in a while we wouldn't appreciate the sun and if we didn't have a few pictures that weren't so good we wouldn't appreciate the good pictures. So why do the people always criticizing the pictures remember the good and forget the terrible? I always do that and it agrees with me very well.

I like Bill Hart's pictures and I would like to see one soon.

MARY R. EDLENS.

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South Pasadena, Calif.

I have a large bouquet for each actor and actress in the best play I have seen in a very long time, "That Royle Girl."

Of course, the biggest bouquet goes to Carol Dempster. She is the most fascinating actress I have ever seen. She is not just a painted doll, who struts through the play to show off her beauty and clothes. She has charm and talent. I couldn't take my eyes off her all through the play. Sometimes she looks beautiful and other times very homely but she is always interesting.

My next bouquet is given to Harrison Ford. I think he is a fine actor. I don't think it will be very long before he will be one of the most popular actors of the screen.

I must not forget to mention W. C. Fields. He didn't act as well as he did in "Sally of the Sawdust," although he was very good.

Last, but not least, I have a bouquet for James Kirkwood. Although I have never liked him very well, I will have to admit he played his part splendidly.

MARGARET GALLRAIHT.

Pola Has a Defender

Roanoke, Virginia.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, in upholding Norma Talmadge as the screen's great actress, states that Pola Negri has given only one great performance to the film, her Du Barry in "Passion." This statement is groundless for an actress because no less an authority than Norma Talmadge herself has admitted that the greatest acting ever seen on the screen was given by Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood."

And it is true! Negri did not give the usual artificial Carmen of the opera, but the real Carmen of Prosper Merimee, the author. Another great performance which Mrs. St. Johns seemingly overlooked, is Negri's philanthropic queen in "Forbidden Paradise." This is easily the most perfectly balanced characterization yet seen in motion pictures. So, in place of only one great role, Madame Negri has given three great performances, and which are sufficient in themselves to prove her the greatest actress on the screen today:

LEWIS D. FACKLER.

Still, Some Agree

Alexandria City, Ala.

I wish some of the fans would learn the difference between constructive criticism and knocking. Most of them seem to think criticizing merely means knocking. Well it doesn't. Criticizing means discussing both the good and bad points of the matters concerned.

One should think twice before he writes. Often a fan on the impulse of the moment writes, "She is the sourest, ugliest actress on the screen." It would sound much better for the fan to write, "She doesn't appeal to me at all." So much for that.

One of the saddest things in pictures is the little credit some actors and actresses get for their work. Take Bessie Love, for example. She is truly an artist, yet she misses being a screen idol.

Next, look at Corinne Griffith. A very beautiful young lady but not by any sketch of the imagination the actress that Miss Love is. Yet Miss Griffith is very popular and ranks among the leaders in the film world. She has been giving the public good pictures, but say, Miss Love has done much more than Miss Griffith toward elevating the standard of the cinema.

I wish I could see another picture similar to "Quincy Adams Sawyer." I saw that film years ago but it still lingers in my memory. I enjoy such pictures. They are a relief from so many stilled society dramas.

To close I want to thank the writer of the article about Norma Talmadge that appeared in February's PHOTOPLAY. I agree with it in every way.

SARAH SEGREST.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Defending Fannie

Detroit, Michigan.

Just a few words in behalf and in appreciation of the widely known $50,000 prize story—"Mannequin" because Miss Hurst was the fortunate recipient of a magazine's generosity—BECAUSE of her fame as a sensation, less fortunate contestants, are greatly understating its value. They are actually reviewing the opus from a biased angle, so the writer hastens to construct a few sentences in favor of Miss Hurst and those responsible for the selection.

As one who toiled unceasingly in the hope of gaining the huge award—and lost—I want to publicly congratulate Miss Hurst upon her successful entry, to prove my total lack of prejudice. But, in accordance with what has come to my hearing it seems that this will do little to counterbalance sentiments.

Admitting that the story is not the equal of MADAME X or THE RIGHT OF WAY, the selection is justifiable, considering that the amount awarded is no longer the top price.

L. JOSPEH CARON.

Love for Mary

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Would that some fairy would fashion of sunbeams, and elixir laughter, a lofty tribute to the Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood . . .

Mary Pickford. Was there ever a picture that portrayed so delightfully all the joys and the sorrows of childhood, playing a melody on your heart strings as charming as the gaiety little tune, from which it took its name, as "Little Annie Rooney"? Yet it held the interest of the audience, regardless of age, to the last reel.

Mary thanks to all who had a hand in it's making, and my sincerest congratulations to Miss Pickford for her real portrait of the title role. She is the Peter Pan of the screen. May the years touch her lightly so that she may many times again answer the cry of our hearts. "Make me a child again just for tonight."

MARY BRYAN.

He Watched Him When

Cincinnati, Ohio.

To one who has sat back and smiled knowingly at an actor of as yet unrealized talents, to have shunned professing admiration for acknowledged stars of the day in preference to one whose success I took delight in visualizing, I now join in the praise of the multitude to a spontaneously known star, hero of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "St. Elmo" as well as "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade."

To John Gilbert I present my meagre bouquet composed of best wishes for the future and sincere hopes that each succeeding picture will be better than the last and a master-piece in itself.

LOUISE G. STINEMAN.

Rudy Punctures Another Heart

Prince George, Va.

I am young again—not in age but in heart for I have been thrilled over the love of a man. He is Rudolph Valentino, once the screen ideal of happy school girls but never of grouchy old maids.

Last night I was fortunate enough to witness that fascinating picture "The Black Eagle" and in it the actor at whom I once criticized, reluked and sneered. Now it is I who have fallen a worshipper before this hero—calm, yet passionate. I am convinced that he deserves now all the praise he received in the past.

"The Black Eagle" was truly a magnificent picture and the girl, Vilma Banky, has eyes that can melt a heart of steel. I hope she will meet the highest peaks of success, and when hitching her wagon to a star, let it be Valentino, the god of love.

ELSYE BROWN.

This "hard-milled" soap, used every day .... keeps skin young and lovely

There is a radiant, happy beauty in a skin that has the fresh satiny-smoothness that Nature gave it—and intended it to keep.

But so many skins have been robbed of their fine-textured loveliness . . . show coarsened pores, and blemishes. And, Oh, the heartaches and the disappointments that result from poor complexion! Only the girl who suffers, knows.

Soap, of Course—But the Right Soap

All up-to-date, scientific advice on the care of the skin urges the daily use of soap and water. It is the kind of soap you use that makes all the difference between safe cleansing and the danger of coarsened, blemished skin.

Cashmere Bouquet is made especially for the face, hands and tender skin of the neck. It is "hard-milled," which means that it is put through special processes that give each cake an almost marble firmness. It is not the least bit squiddy. This special hardness is what makes it so safe. Cashmere Bouquet lather penetrates deep into the pores, searches out dust and dirt and rinses away instantly and completely. No undissolved soap remains in the pores. That is why skins cared for with Cashmere Bouquet keep their youthful texture and remain beautiful.

Try This Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather on the hands. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshened and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Put the face dry with a soft towel.

If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

A Book of Beauty Secrets

This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.

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Watch This Column

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Look for

“The Flaming Frontier”

Some of the Sioux Indians were eager to eat Gen. George Custer’s heart, thinking that it would make them as fearless as he was, but so great was the respect in which he was held by the Sioux Chiefs that they would not permit his body to be touched.

In Universal’s fine historical drama, “The Flaming Frontier,” Custer’s great courage at the battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana, is wonderfully well shown and the historical incident is reproduced as close to fact as eye-witnesses related it.

While this great picture abounds in thrills, is full of wild riding, almost unbelievable deeds, a beautiful romance runs through it in which HOOT GIBSON and ANNE CORNWALL are the lovers. DUSTIN FARNUM, whose name and fame are known everywhere, plays the part of Gen. Custer. The direction is by Edward Sedgwick, whose Western pictures have been among the delights of the movies.

REGINALD DENNEY has certainly succeeded admirably with “What Happened to Jones” and I am positive he will register a greater triumph with “Skinner’s Dress Suit.” These are two of the fastest and most hilarious comedies the screen has ever produced.

Be on the lookout for Universal’s latest pictures. There are many gems, such as “The Cohens and the Kellys” with GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON; “His People,” “The Still Alarm” and “Chip of the Flying U” with HOOT GIBSON.

Universal is offering $500 in prizes for a good title for a forth-coming picture. Write to Title Competition Manager, Universal Pictures Corporation, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for full details.

Carl Laemmle
President

Brickbats for Barthelmess

Boulder, Colo.
I have just returned from seeing “Just Suppose” featuring Richard Barthelmess and I “just suppose” I should allow myself to cool down and give the “bad taste” a chance to wear off before taking aim with this brickbat.

A Richard Barthelmess picture, tome, used to be the kind I anticipated seeing. I always looked to him for something worth seeing, not only because of his capabilities proven in “Sonny” and “Classmates” but because of the genuine stories which he so vividly portrayed — the kind that carried a strong appeal, an ideal, the type of story that made him one of the best liked actors.

Do producers imagine that due to the success he gained through these simple stories it is necessary to throw him into a mild story less comical or bed time fable of a make believe kingdom in order to hold his fan following? Or is it because they believe that Richard Barthelmess alone, without story or leading lady will draw the throngs?

I am not so anxious to pass out free advice but really, wouldn’t it be pleasant to see Richard in one of his old time pictures with a leading lady who could at least give some idea why she was chosen for the part?

D. NEWMAN.

Another Tribute

New York City.

It is with great unhappiness I witness the passing of Barbara La Marr.

I am grateful indeed to have been one of the fortunate few to have personally met her and my greatest tribute to this very wonderful woman is to attempt to convey her fineness to you.

Here was a generous and honest nature with a character as beautiful as her features. Never did her success prevent her from lending a helping hand to less fortunate ones.

It is cruel that death has claimed so soon one who was just beginning to find the rays of happiness after many dark years.

But beautiful Barbara La Marr was too good to be true; she was so wonderful for this world and so He called her to His realm to bring happiness in playing forever that one role of her own genuine self.

MATILDA E. SCOMMODAY.

The Foreign Invasion

Kersey, Colo.

Why do the producers import foreign talent? The importation started, and should have ended with Pola Negri. Since coming to this country she has shown only occasional flashes to take much interest in her. Except for making the front page with marvelous regularity she has most eminently failed to justify the high hopes we had of her. The smouldering genius of “Passion” is no more.

Every time a comparative unknown gets a fat part and a chance at the fur coats and Rolls Royces, I rejoice with her, if she is an American. But when the Greta Garbo, the Greta Nissens and the Vilma Bankys? I have not seen Miss Garbo yet, Miss Nissen has an appeal that is purely pictorial. Miss Lasky has beauty for brains and breeding, and is a capable actress, and I admire her BUT there are thousands of beautiful, intelligent and well bred girls in Hollywood languishing for the great chance. And there are no doubts many of these girls, who, if given a chance (witness Betty Bronson, Dorothy Sebastian and Mary Brian) could give as good, if not better, performances than the Scandinavians who are running our films.

Let’s give the home girls a chance, let Germany, Sweden, Poland and the London knows where else have their respective Mary Pickford’s and pay their salaries. If we must be high hatted, let it be by Americans!

CONSTANCE SCHANK.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151
Hollywood's Real Hermit

[Continued from page 54]

probably on an uncrowded Tuesday. And because he likes the food.

If he drives down Hollywood Boulevard he wears huge tortoise-rimmed glasses, amethyst-hued.

And he usually waits until the second day after a brave opening performance. So you will note, as well as I, that Harrison Ford is as different from the usual order of motion picture personas as Madame Bovary and Pollyanna. Not in moral qualities; of course. Nor psychologically. But merely in vastness of comparison.

Over the phone when we arranged our rendezvous, his voice was mellowed, and a trifle muffled: "I'm dumb."

"That's fine," I answered brightly, thinking he referred to the weather. Drat telephone conversations!

"I'm dumb!" The voice was louder. And as mellowed.

No wonder I was unprepared for the sports chad young man who sauntered into the Fox Studios, where he was appearing in Margaret Livingston's first starring picture, "Hell's Four Hundred." Confidently, and by his own misleading admission, I expected a bovine and stolid young man of, perhaps, the screen appearance of Harry Langdon or Buster Keaton in their most amiss cinematic moments. But instead came two eyes, supported by the conventional male physique.

Two of the most piercing brown eyes. Penetrating. Expressive. Harrison Ford's eyes are baffling. As baffling as his personality. His eyes are not quizzical, a bit sad and haunting like Ronald Colman's. Nor are they emotion-swept like Jack Gilbert's.

They are glowing . . . intense . . . and yet strangely remote.

In some respects they are maddening eyes. They could easily drive a talkative woman to distraction. I don't mean by their fervid gaze—which would, at the opportune time, set pulse a pounding—but by their bland imperturbability. Women do like to be listened to. Even if their comments are the most trivial, and Harrison's whimsical gaze seems to give just a portion of his attention. Not an ill-mannered portion, you must understand. But a woman would have that uncomfortable—and maddening—sensation of knowing that the greater part of his thoughts were winging through the freedom of some far away place.

That is the way he impresses you—until books are mentioned. Then you realize why he is an architect, so-called.

Harrison doesn't buy books because the bindings match the color scheme of the library or because the intricate design on a hand-tooled volume delights him. He buys books because he enjoys their lasting friendship. He really loves books. Which is a true way of expressing real regard for literature when love is so lightly regarded these days.

With Dreiser making his profound appearance in our conversation—Anne Parrish and her "Perennial Bachelor" skipping in for a sentence—Percy Marks' "Martha" calling for her short digestion, and Harrison's remarkable eyes gleaming in full appreciation of Norman Douglas' "South Wind," it was with mincing steps that I made any progress toward the life history of the erudite Mr. Ford.

"Where were you born, Mr. Ford?" Plop! From a wind-swept isle in the Mediterranean to reality. A curtain of whimsicality filmed the Ford eyes.

"Well, now, where is a good place to be born? Where would one get a lot of publicity?"

"You might say China. William V. Mong did, because his name savor of the Celestial Empire."
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A HUNDRED times a day your cuffs jump into the foreground of the picture—telling your taste in dress!

Kum-a-part Buttons in your cuffs add that touch of correctness that only good jewelry can give. They're convenient for you to use, click open, snap shut; and they're guaranteed to last a lifetime.

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Maybelline DARKERS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, DARKEN THEM IN A MINUTE. Add wonderful charm, beauty and expressiveness to your face! Pluck from the bane. No one will ever beguile, to play a star role in a motion picture. It was titled "Runaway Romany."

"It was a terrible picture," sighs Marion. "It was a flop. The producer thought it would be a good publicity stunt for me to write it. So I contributed some ideas, and someone put them down. It may have been a publicity stunt, but it was a terrible picture!"

Commencing her young career as star and authoress in one breath, she had a lot to live down. Then came the series of Cosmopolitan productions through which she rose to find herself as a comedienne.

When it was the style for the critical sheep to bah at the ability of the highly exploited Marion, I let out a holler to the effect that she was far more seductive than most of the ladies who were skating by without a challenge.

Later the music turned to her balcony, and the brain-stirring graces of the entire industry, volume that now she's the most glorified favorite in Hollywood. So glorified, in fact, that for the sake of originality I'd like to pull a sour note. I'm not blaming if not original. (The answer in the back of the book is: Nothing.)

First it was Adela Rogers St. Johns who hurried in after Marion's arrival in town to inaugurate that I'd simply adore her, such wit, such charm, such everything paragon.

Ramon Novarro staggered in a little later, badly winged, to describe the new arrival, who, I appeared, was so real, so natural, so devoid of pose as to be quite foreign to the movie realm.

The kid brother was the next to take a header. A good scout, he kept muttering, a wonderful scout.

Finally, James R. Quirk, another of the returning leaders, put to her set, and I've been in the traffic ever since.

If anyone should say, "God protect me from my friends, it's Marion. Her coterie, which has come to embrace about the entire industry, does so much whooping for her charms that when you come to see her on the screen you are prepared for a gigantic combine of Bernhardt, Duse, and Jillian Hall. And you're probably pleasantly disappointed.

Marion is a comedienne of light and delicacy, as she has indicated in "Little Old New York," "Adam and Eva," and now in "Beverly of Graustark." And still she hasn't given a half the charm that makes her the local favorite. When she does let go I pale to think what will happen to the other comedians.
Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

rope thirty-five feet above the ground and looking at the extra girls at the same time, which unquestionably was a feat.

JACK, said, "I'm no actor," and 'm, "but Charlie is a great actor."

JOHN GILBERT to my monastery for lunch, proclaiming the ecclesiastical effects of madonnas and crucifixes after his own heart, he likewise being a home church-goer. He's the first to endorse my casa wholeheartedly, which is not to be surprised at, says Adela St Johns, as Jack is also a nut.

Jack has built a Mexican house on a hill top above King Vidor's so as he can throw dead bottles and other tributes onto his director's roof top. There is one bedroom in black and white, with a huge ebony crucifix against the white wall over the black bed, and a black predella with a prayer book lying open on the top. The room holds sacred memories, being an exact duplicate of the one in "The Merry Widow" wherein Jack did--(Censored: substitute "get fresh with")--Mae Murray.

"I ALWAYS wanted to be a writer and still do," remarked Jack, tactfully, as he eyed my typewriter. Then tactlessly, "I started to be one once because I thought my nose was too big for pictures.

Noting that I briddled at this, having an appendix of pure Greek heritage, he said he didn't mean that a big nose qualified him as a writer but that it did disqualify him as an actor until his face had a chance to grow up to it.

JACK asked me what I considered as necessary qualifications for a writer.

"Well, first of all," I said, putting on my horn-rimmed glasses, "you ought to know Alice Terry."

A letter from Alice in France informs me of the unsurprising news that writers are flocking to the Riviera since her arrival. Frederick Lonsdale, dramatist of "Spring Cleaning," is there, and Michael Arlen, who is still collecting money with his old green hat. If I'm to compete in wit with such as these I'll have to hurry to France even if it requires a supreme sacrifice. I dare say that under Alice's sophisticated influence Michael's next contribution will make "The Green Hat" look like a white woolly baby bonnet.

I WONDER sometimes why more youths don't tackle writing for the movie magazines. It pays well, as my lands and loving hearts do testify. You don't need to know anything about grammar, which is so troublesome in other forms of writing, and you are practically fed free.

"How do you go about writing an interview?" a correspondent asks. "If it an art requiring special study?"

Ans.: No, all you need is pictures, which the press agent supplies, with enough words packed around them to make the page look like your money's worth. Any kind of words will do as the editor never bothers to read them, the stars can't read them, and the public only looks at the pictures.

Of course, with a page like this one you are handicapped because there are no pictures. So you have to rely on inspiration, and inspiration comes from God, as Milton would say, or from the bootlegger, as Scott Fitzgerald might say, or from your friends, as honest Herb would orate.

The reason I Boswell a select coterie is that it keeps me from being found out.

"Does Alice Terry really say the witty things

HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

"Can't you do that later?"

He whispered fiercely

Yes, he was emphatic. But if there is one thing in the world he hates most, it is to see a woman powder her nose in public.

Someone should tell this misguided lady about Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, as a base for powder. Use it and the powder stays on—for hours. Stays on so well that powder and puff needn't be dragged out.

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you say she does,” asks Suspicious. “or do you make them up for her to say?”

Ans.: Lady, I thank you. But I want you to keep your illusions, so will not send you an autographed picture, the idea being prevalent that beauty is brainless.

“Is Ramon Novarro really as brilliant as you make him appear to be?” asks Stupefied.

Ans.: He is more than that, madam. He is as brilliant as he makes me appear to be.

Writers complain that stars don’t appreciate what is done for them. So I just want to say that I’m one star who appreciates very much what writers do for him.

So long as Rex Ingram lets Alice Terry spend three months of the year in the United States I can hold my job, and I’m willing to let her sell the other nine with him as I realize he needs three times as many to hold his.

JOSEPH SCHENCK says the greatest need of pictures is for scenario writers. I’m sure I don’t know why so many fellows go around selling oil stock when they could make more just as criminally selling scenarios. The idea that writers starve in garrets is as passe as petticoats. The truth is we’re all enormously rich. Frances Marion, queen of the scenarioists, has the biggest and highest house in Beverly Hills from which she can throw to the poor little movie stars in their hovels below.

Carey Wilson, who collaborated with Ross Meredith on the continuity of "Ben Hur," is building a house up the street that makes the Tower of London look like a fakey miniature. He has such an elaborate set of burglar alarms to protect his jewels and jurs that if a poor little thief ever broke in, he’d be reread the slender of cops in New York. And Willis Goldbeck, youth of 26 with money in six banks—booty collected from scenarist "Scaramouche." "Peter Pan," "Marc Nostrum" and other trifles—staggered into my villa the other evening in a suicidal frame of mind. He had contracted a violent headache from checking up his fortune to ninety-nine thousand dollars cash, say nothing of real estate, and he was wondering what in the world he had to live for. I am glad to say I was able to send him home whistling, as I always have some wildcat solution for friends in this predicament.

If I can think of nothing better I borrow from them. Nearly everyone in town owes me his life.

GRETA GARBO, late of the foreign fijonds, made her American debut in "The Torrent," and I was there to give the little girl a hand, as I always am when a foreigner needs a welcome. Greta exerts an evil fascination—on the screen.

Her debut was not auspiciously placed in "The Torrent," which is in reality a babbling brook that runs on forever, with make-ups and bust-ups between hero and heroine—now-she-loves-him-now-she-don’t until the end and beyond. The only extraordinary thing about the picture is that it is not above the average, which is most extraordinary for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Greta is certainly a distinctive personality. I recommend her whole-heartedly to the men folk (better leave the little girl at home). She has an exceedingly sensitive face. And she’s unique in this: she’s the first actress with dramatic nostrils.

This is not said in a comic strip spirit. They really are expressive. So are her eyes, her lips, her hands, her... Oh, go see her and sing it for yourself.

WELL, I guess that’s enough for my diary this month. I’ve got to go and fix myself up for a luncheon date with Rene Adoree. I wonder if I will affect her like Jack Gilbert did in "The Big Parade.

Be sure to get your next issue early and find out, as is liable to be suppressed when the censors find out.
this time, King kept the key to his former residence, though by now he was a successful director come into his own while Florence was just winning a niche for herself as an actress.

"Yes, it is a pity," Florence admitted to us once. "We did struggle through the early days together and now . . . ," a slurring that conveyed oh, so much.

Florence became acquainted with herself. Ye gods, she had sex appeal and all these years had been unaware of that alluring fact. She commenced to gather friends around her. One day, King returned to the house to get what mail there was for him. He let himself in with his key. A youth accompanied him. The house was homey and comfy and cheery. King sighed.

"You love Florence," the youth, who was a friend, accused.

KING admitted there was some truth and much poetry in the accusation. Why not? Differences of opinion do not necessarily make foes enemies. He gazed out of the window at the tennis court where Florence, beautiful and gay, was playing a love set with George Fitzmaurice.

So divorce followed leisurely on the heels of separation. Was King of "The Big Parade" going to marry Eleanor Boardman? Denials. Folk's shook befuddled heads. They couldn't make ends or tails of the mixup.

Florence and George Fitzmaurice, Ouida Bergere's ex-husband and also a director, announced their engagement and forthcoming marriage.

"I give you odds that never comes off," an acquaintance sprang on us.

"Spurned," we retorted, being suspicious of the ways of the impossible.

Boy Capidil doesn't know. Ouida Bergere was supposed to have yessed Basil Rathloun, the actor, months ago. The marriage was postponed and explanations also. Ouida was once mad about Fitzmaurice.

Jack Pickford, restless brother of Mary, married Maylind Miller several years ago and the optimists offered odds it wouldn't take.

"Give 'em six months and then we're being generous.

They lost, by nearly eighteen months. Then along trotted Ben Finney, reported scion of a well-do southern family. Ben Finney had once engaged Ben Lyon out of an impassioned love. The tables turned. Ben Finney departed for China, evidently to learn if China eggs were manufactured by cartloads or cartloads. Ben Lyon brooded in.

Marlyn and Ben, the Jungle Crown Prince, swapped ideas, ideals, and I don't know.

"They're engaged," ejaculated the blase, stirred to enthusiasm. (Note: when you're married and separated, it is legitimate to be engaged in the flicker world just as much as if your name appears in the social register.)

"Marlyn is going to Paris this summer to get a divorce from Jack, and Ben will meet her there and they'll be spliced," opines the street of the White Lights and tired hearts.

Boy Capidil, we turn to you. Please, wire, collect.

Eyes focus smartly ahead and concentrate on Lillian Gish, purveyor of emotional hysteria in celluloid. Now that Lillian has made the varsity and won her "Scarlet Letter," who will be her next heart victim?

When D. W. Griffith allowed the elder Gish to leave his fold, there were those who sighed and said: "That's over."

When Charles Duell crossed the stormy Atlantic to join his "White Sister" in Florence, the cables agitated a la Vesuvius and steamed stories across the deep. Mrs. Duell was going

Syncopated Heart Strings

[continued from page 29]

THE frocks you admire were designed for the figure you would like to possess. And you can possess it—by the simple expedient of insisting upon a WARNER'S.

WARNER'S are sold practically everywhere and at prices which represent the finest value procurable, for every WARNER'S is guaranteed to wear, to fit and to be satisfactory.

Whatever your figure problem may be WARNER designers have anticipated it: there is a style for every need—at the price you wish to pay. WARNER'S means the original and the best in Wrap-around®, Corselette®, Oriental®, Egyptian®. Insist upon seeing the name; it is your guarantee of complete satisfaction.

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As it should be

SINCE its extra cost, when spread over its billions of output, figures to but three cents per package of twenty, it is quite fair to say that Fatima, in between ‘costly’ and ‘popular’ in price, is decidedly more popular than costly

Fatima

“What a wharf of a difference just a few cents make”

IF YOU HAVE FOOT TROUBLE

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

to divorce her husband because he was engaged to a Gish. “Romola” brought the law courts and the carrots into prominence. Lillian sued the erstwhile assailant of her heart and won. He was broken. Joseph Hergesheimer penned a glowing article about the mouse-y Lillian for a literary magazine. Ah, ha-a-a, breathed the beatniks. But it was not Mr. Hergesheimer. It was George Jean Nathan, one of the editors of this periodical.

Where Mr. Nathan went, Miss Gish went. His people were her people. Mr. Nathan re- signed from the magazine with which he had been so long associated. It was said that he would write original screen stories for Miss Gish. Suddenly, they broke. Perhaps the cleverer Mr. Nathan to write for the movies. Lillian eventually went West to make pictures. Mr. Nathan remained East. A nice guy, this Nathan boy, very nice, and he doffs his highhew when he leaves his typewriter. Will the quiet Lillian, with her peculiar brand of vamping, break loose again?

Boy Cupid, please respond.

FLICKER-LAND’S latest reel of inside shoot- ings reveals Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert are finding much in common. Can it be? It can and it can’t. Norma has never attempted a matrimonial sail. Jack is a veteran. Jack was once married to Leatrice Joy who prided her career above wifefulness and forsook the domestic roof every time she made a picture for Cecil De Mille. Since their divorce, Leatrice goes around now and then, but shuns the cooking dove act. Jack seems determined to be fancy free.

Is Richard Barthelemy going to give his Mary a divorce? He is not. He spins any such move. Yet Dick’s name was newspaperly associated with Millicent Rogers, the Countess Salm. Whilst on the Coast, he has been seen with Barbara Bennett, tempestuous sister of that erstwhile heart slayer, Constance, who is now Mrs. Phil Plant, a social princess with millions. Dick cannot make a move but they try to plant him in marriage. It’s part of the price of success.

Boy Cupid must certainly have a feverish time re-vamping the files devoted to the cinema colony. For in this silent drama realm, which is as silent as a nest of hungry baby blackbirds, romance stalks day and night. Personalities meet, tread on others, flare, only to chill and part and continue playing blindly and debonairly the jazz of syncopated heart strings.

Oh, dear, we do so pity poor Boy Cupid and his complicated job of keeping apace of starry heart palp.

Big Boy Blue

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

“Love at sight and all that sort of Beatrice Fairfax stuff?”

“Exactly. I didn’t call her for a week after that first meeting,” he grinned. “I was scared to.”

“If the baby is a boy, I bet you call it Junior,” referring to the offspring due to make the Blue home rosie in April.

“We are,” ecstatically, and the waiter placed a cheese omelette. “If it’s a girl, we’re going to name it Barbara Ann.” The waiter placed a combination salad before him.

“I’m awfully glad you’re so happy, Monte. Gosh you’ve worked pretty hard to get what you’ve worked for.”

“I’ll say so,” blissfully watching us massacre the cheese omelette. “You don’t know how happy I am to work hard. It was difficult enough getting started. And one of these days, when I wind up as an actor, I’m going to be a director.

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At all toilet counters or direct 60c, or send for free samples.

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PAGE 53

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Pyorrhea seizes 4 out of 5

Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

But you can be the lucky one out of five if you will exercise ordinary precaution. Let your dentist inspect your mouth at least twice a year and brush teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's.

Pyorrhea steals upon you like a thief in the night. First come tender bleeding gums. Then gums recede and teeth loosen in their sockets. Poison seeps through the system, often bringing on neuritis, rheumatism or worse.

If you already have pyorrhea see your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's. If you still are free from this scourge, brush your teeth and gums regularly with Forhan's as a wise precaution.

If used regularly and in time Forhan's checks or prevents pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in their treatment of this infection.

Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. This pleasant tasting dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly and wards off decay. Start using Forhan's at once. At all druggists' 35c and 60c in tubes.


Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE... IT CHECKS PYORREA

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mr. Griffith, Dayton is the Abraham Lincoln of France.

He got the job. To our way of thinking, it was the first and last rôle he has ever had.

"I worked in that picture," reminisced Monte, lips puckering. "When I wasn't Dayton before the camera, I jumped into a French soldier's uniform and mingled with the extras, helping to direct them as Mr. Griffith instructed. It was a wonderful picture made by a wonderful man. When it was over—and I never will forget it—it was hot enough to be a hundred degrees for his eyes to sweat and so did ours as we listened. "Mr. Griffith called everybody on the set and led them in three cheers for Monte and his part in assisting in the picture."

"I couldn't say a word," he choked. "It was too marvelous. I just slipped behind a set and cried like a baby!"

WE both sat in silence, unconscious of the din around us, the clasp of knives and forks, the rattle of dishes, the clatter of tongues, the odor of food. When Mr. Griffith salutes a companion, it is like being present at the sounding of taps over a soul-stirring climax.

Words bow to sincere emotion.

"Any dessert?" queried the waiter, casting a gloomy eye at our packages.


"Bet you'll be glad to hit back to the Coast?" we murmured, reaching for a cigarette.

"Will I. I wish the trip was over. I have the most frightful time on a train," he deplored. "I'm so long. The only way I have a semblance of comfort is to engage a drawing-room, have the mattresses piled on the floor, and stretch out."

She knows

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The natural tint of Mary Garden Rouge is most indispensable.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. PM 5
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When a woman says “Come Hither!”
without words

There are so many ways of saying it. One says it with her smile. Another beckons with her eyes. A third appeals with her helplessness. But the magnet is not entirely smile or eyes or helplessness. There is another appeal, which lacking, makes powerless all other charms. No woman can hope to attract more than a passing glance who does not have it. For, since time began, it has been a feminine attribute. She must have it.

This personal quality is something which is not always understood. A woman's quaintness of person entails a great deal more than mere cleanliness. You can be as clean as soap and water can make you—and still fall short. For soap and water cannot control one thing which every woman must watch. It is not a pretty word—perspiration—but it is one which must be recognized. For every woman is its victim in some form.

It is distressing, of course, to see those plainly afflicted—with those ugly dark rings and streaks of stain under the arms and across that bothersome “perspiring area” in the back. But there is something even more distressing—that odor which unfailingly creeps in whether there is moisture or not. And always the offender is the last to find it out.

Today this is a thing that careful women look to, as they do to their hair and teeth and ingernails. They know they must make of it a special little rite of the toilette.

The ordinary method will do; no temporary "home-made" measures. They must have a dependable, scientific corrective. And they have found it, millions of them, in Odorono, the Underarm Toilette.

Odorono is an antiseptic liquid formulated by a physician to correct both the evils of perpiration. It is the original corrective for both moisture and odor. Physicians and nurses use it constantly in hospitals as the one scientific, dependable corrective. Here is what one medical authority says of it:

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, head of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says, "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

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For complete, constant assurance that you are safe—use Odorono twice a week! 35c, 60c and $1 at all toilet counters or sent postpaid.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE FAR CRY—First National

BASED on an interesting play by Arthur Richman, directed by a new director, Sylvano Balboni, and enacted by Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman and Hubert Bosworth, this might have been one of the finest pictures of the month. Instead its characters and situations are not deftly drawn. The action is sometimes stilted, but it has some very artistic high points, and shows promise that Balboni will develop into a splendid director.

WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Distributing Corp.

WELL worth seeing. This is genuinely amusing from start to finish—with plenty of sustained suspense. As a background it has a very strong story, which Director George Melford has logically developed. And it has an excellent cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lilian Tashman. All about a railroad detective, Whispering Smith, who is called to settle a disturbance. O. K. for the children, too.

THE BROADWAY BOOB—Associated Exhibitors

HERE we have, ladies and gentlemen, Glenn Hunter, of "Merton of the Movies" fame, in a fairly interesting vehicle—a country boy gone to the city and makes good on the stage. When Dad's bank is in need of money, with the aid of his press agent, the son manages to put over a good stunt and everybody's happy. Glenn, as usual, gives a delightful performance, and pretty little Mildred Ryan is the lady in the case.

THE KING OF THE TURF—F. B. O.

A DASH of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and comedy; and presto! A picture that is pleasing and entertaining. Of course you've seen the story before, but there is so much suspense and action you can't help but enjoy it. Patz Ruth Miller and Kenneth Harlan head the cast.

TESSIE—Arrow

THE wise cracking sub-titles manage to build enough humor to save this from the impossible class. A rather exceptional cast for this type of picture, too—May McAvoy, Myrtle Stedman, Bobby Arnew, Lee Moran and Gertrude Short. May McAvoy is frightfully miscast. Picture, if you can, dainty May as a gum-chewing candy clerk. However, there are lots of laughs for grown-ups and children if you don't take it too seriously.

MY OWN PAL—Fox

MEET Mr. Tom Mix, first as a cowpuncher and later as a policeman who traps the most notorious bandits and wins the police commissioner's daughter. This is a delightful opus due to the presence of cute little Virginia Marshall, who is one of the most intelligent children on the screen today. She makes Tom Mix look like a great deal, it's very clever, and he isn't even credited in the cast. The children will love this one.

THE BORDER SHERIFF—Universal

AND still the Westerns come. But what are we going to do about it? Nothing. Jack Hoxie is a deputy sheriff and incidentally connected with the secret service. He captures the crooks who were trying to ruin the girl's father, and saves the day. Nothing to brag about, but
No more soiled towels removing cold cream

No more harsh substitutes irritating to delicate skin fabric—and no more oily skins!

This NEW way will work wonders in lightening your skin—will keep your make-up fresh for hours! The ONLY way that removes all cream and dirt from the pores.

This offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will make it seem shades lighter than before. That will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

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It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin...have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

This new way is called Kleenex. Dainty and exquisite, you use it, then discard it. Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be sent you to try.

A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are wild authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents some two years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

Banishes oily skins—dark skins

It stops oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from over laden pores...cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.

It corrects skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes, failed in abscondency. And thus often rubbed infectious dirt accumulations back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often come. Why your skin may look so dark at times.

Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected. Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre make-shifts with a softness that you'll love.

It comes in exquisite sheets, 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. 24 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in two sizes...the Professional (sheets 9 by 10 inches) and the Boudoir size (sheets 6 by 7 inches) in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

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Just present the coupon

Kleenex will prove the inadequacy of towels and cloths. Will make a quick and noted difference in your skin. Clip the coupon before you forget. Mail it today for 7-day supply at our expense. You'll thank us many times for what you receive.

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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

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Winxette (cake form), complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, black or brown; 50c.

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WINX Waterproof

The Boy Director

[continued from page 66]

akin to "A Woman of Paris," yet more wholesome in subject matter. And Eddie Sutherland will get his chance to make his mark in this scarcely-touched field. Opportunity is no stranger to him and has always been treated hospitably.

He's interesting, this Eddie youth. He shrinks from crowds and revels in the unusual. He has a charm which is deaf and dumb. Eddie learned the deaf and dumb language so he could enjoy this man's companionship.

He hunted all over New York one day to find a trapeze to send a man who had broken his leg. He didn't know this man very well. But he sent him the trapeze because with its aid he could ease the position of his cramped body. Eddie knew. He had broken his knee-cap playing football and had been in a similar osteotomy predicament.

He is very friendly with a famous authority on Japanese art. This man is half Japanese, half German. He is 6 feet 3 and suffers from the dread lung trouble. He stoops over so he looks only 5 feet 11. He has the gorgeous long, slim fingers of the artist; the sunken features of the Japanese. And he's a kleptomaniac. Eddie says he is an intriguing personality.

Life. Eddie Sutherland is fascinated by its lopsided phases. He reads biographies and autobiographies avidly. They concern real personalities.

This side of the youthful director slips behind an infectious boisterousness when he's out to enjoy himself. He's the life of every party he goes on. He has humorous slants on things. He races himself to a laugh.

Then there's the other Eddie, the director. Several years ago, he took stock of himself.

Girls will be boys, or very nearly, this spring. Modish Margaret Morris illustrates the vogue. Margaret's new suit has a coat cut like a tuxedo-jacket, and her mannish blouse tied with a masculine bow tie. Even her suspenders—shades of Rudy—are man-copied.

LUSTROUS HAIR

Beauty is more beautiful when it is crowned with a glowing loveliness of hair that is radiantly lustrous. The hairdresser's secret of lustrous hair is a touch of henna in the shampoo. You may have just the right touch of henna prepared exactly as he uses it, in the clear, fragrant liquid of HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO, to bring out all the richest natural lustre in every type of hair.

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the shortest possible time.  
Four years of college work in two  
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Kill the Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from  
Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER, 265-C Mahler Park,  
Providence, R.I.
He had been in pictures about twelve years. He had worked himself up to being a leading man demanding, and getting, $500 a week. He decided he couldn't carry on as an actor. He lacked confidence in himself. He never believed he gave a fine performance. Conceit is part of an actor's bagatelle, and we say this in no derogatory sense. It merely happens to be the truth.

So Eddie spoke to Charlie Chaplin, whom he knew well, and told him he'd like to start in the production end of pictures. Chaplin offered him a job at $75 a week. Eddie took it, and for three years worked like the w.k. Trojan of mythical renown. He learned a great deal, for Chaplin, to him, is a genius.

"Though I don't know what a genius is," amusingly.

"Just a crazy person who hits it right," we vouchsafed, and Eddie nodded.

He left Charlie Chaplin after three years to strike out for himself. Tom Meighan is his uncle. He gave Eddie the job of directing him in "Comin' Through." Mr. Sutherland has never trued on his relatives. He didn't in this instance. Tom offered him the megaphone. He accepted it. The picture made money, so Jesse Lasky handed young Sutherland a contract and assigned him "Wild, Wild Susan," with Bebe Daniels, to direct. After all, Eddie had been with Charlie Chaplin and should know comedy values.

He did. He has been showing how he knows them ever since, though, indeed, "is fearfully hard work.

A comedy, to be amusing, should have a slice of life for its backdrop; something that thumps with realism and concerns the majority of us.

Eddie's last picture was "Behind The Front" in which he took the War, with its agony and tension, as the story's foundation upon which to build merry situations. This flicker has broken house records in practically every theater it has played. It was Eddie's picture.

We enjoy chuckling at something that is theoredb in when stripped of its gay apparel. Hysteria and merriment are as closely related as hate and love.

And there you have as good a picture of Edward Sutherland as we can conceive. When his friends see him, he is frivolous and gay, but deep inside rage conflicting thoughts and emotions; conflicting tears and hopes. Once upon a time, he must have been terribly wounded by one he worshipped. With most of us, wounds heal and only scars remain. Eddie Sutherland's never a day.

Some day, Edward Sutherland is going to knot these rampant, warring selves of his and then he will step forth as one of the screen's in directors. If he doesn't, we miss our hunch, and a hunch has never failed us yet.

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**Screen Cubs**

[Continued from page 64]

annoyed. We would like to discover them all, and, in fact we reserve the right to whiff our mental base some twelve months hence, but in the meanwhile it is perhaps more prudent to hitch our wagon to the potential star of Rogers.

After all, if but one of these handsome, eager graduates wins out to astral fame. Dean Lasky, Director Sam Wood and the faculty of the Paramount School of Acting will count their labors eminently repaid. Whatever its limitations, the School represents a generous and serious gesture on the part of Jesse Lasky to comply with the public's demand for new faces in films and at the same time to give a fraction of the clamoring masses who "always knew they could act" a chance to prove their premise and make good in celluloid.

---

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**In Eight Exquisite Variations**

These rouges, Parisian to the heart, are all hand-made. They blend with and enhance the tones of the skin with perfection. The superiorities of their tone and texture are evident to all who behold them.

ASHES-OF-ROSES* Rouge, either dark, medium, or light; Rouge MANDARINE*, frankly orange, preferred especially at evening affairs; Rouge VELVET-OF-PEACHES*, warm and tender pink with ruddy tinges; Rouge CORAL-ROSE*, a dashing, out-of-door rose and tan; at the height of the vogue, one finds Rouge FEMINA* and Rouge CURRANT-ROSE*, charmingly modern in feeling, replete with the brilliance of sunlight. These rouges are at their best when used with Bourjoi's charming MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder.

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Then read this advertisement and learn how to stop it. It explains how a daily hair-anemic restores original color. Then accept free trial bottle with purchase order.

This scientific preparation is clear and colorless—applied by combing through the hair. The gray disappears like magic—in a few days it's gone.

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You'll quickly receive Patented NONSPI Kit with instructions for testing on a single lock. Then call on druggist for full size bottle, or order direct from us.

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
550 to 620 Goldsmith Blvd., St. Paul, Minn.
X shows color of hair. Black...... dark brown...... medium brown......auburn (dark red)...... light brown...... light auburn (light red)...... blonde.
Name........... City............

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To the Listener.

I agree with you. Constantly being the "listener" in a social group does get to be a bore. But I do feel that if you had done so much listening, you wouldn't now be writing as interesting a letter as yours. Listeners get a lot of time in which to think. The looks that set down the pen and start writing are rarely of much use. I think it better for you to read the works of excellent writers with good minds and attempt to study their technique.

Read H. G. Wells, John Gallworthy, G. S. Shaw, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather.

Read their books first for the story and the second and third time to see how they create their effects.

K. K. F.

You should weigh approximately 130 pounds. The colors that I have advised for Jean Lee, above, are your colors, too. Here is one of the best hip reducing exercises. First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back. Then lift your right foot and hold the leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with other leg, weight on the left leg, swinging the right. If you would like more definite results, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to mail them to you.

PAT.

The best colors for your tinit hair, fair skin and blue eyes are: black, in velvet; heavy satin or transparent; gold; cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; reddish browns and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dresses, but dark green or forest green; and a dark shade of purple; pinkish cast; purple, too vivid a contrast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blue. A light, rachel powder should be used because you are too fair; you are thin enough you might experiment with pure white powder. If you can wear it, it should be very effective. The use of a light makeup on the eyelashes is perfectly good; however, you can't stand the idea of dark eyeliner. You are slightly under-weight but with thiness at such a premium, I do not want to advise you to put on weight unless your thiness is due to bad health. If it is a natural condition with you I would not worry about it but call myself lucky. Write as often as you like. I'm always glad to hear from my correspondents at any time.

CECILIA.

That is an excellent idea concerning the letter I have received in reply to the handle on petting, but if we were to publish all of them there wouldn't be room for anything else in Photoplay. I do not know that a good night kiss is any different from any other kiss so you will have to use the same judgment about that that you do about petting. Exercise will fill out your arms more than anything else. Raise the arms sharply upward, as high above your head as possible, stretching the fingers to their fullest lengths. Then return them to that position at shoulder height with elbows slightly bent. Repeat this movement ten to fifteen times and do it with sharp and pep. Half-hearted exercise does very little good. Next, with hands, fist doubled, and elbows doubled, at your sides, put the fist in a straight line from shoulders, fingers stretched. Repeat this ten to fifteen times. The second exercise starts with a good standing position. Bend your arms quickly and raise until your elbows are in line with your shoulders, the palms of your hands turned downward on the chest. From this position, swing them backward, then back to first position, then outward, then back, as sharply as a soldier's drill. Do this about a dozen times.

HELEN BELLE.

Dark brown hair and eyes and olive skin are best suited with ivory and cream white; black; mahogany; lightest blues; darkest grays; nude; gray; purple not good; dark, warm reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. Dark, warm reds and pale pinks are best for evening.

WORRIED CHILD.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to advise you regarding your problem.

IRENE SYMOUTH.

Please send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to advise you regarding the treatment for acne.

SALLY.

With light brown hair and green eyes your best colors are white relieved with some other color—golden brown; blue: blue colors to be avoided; darkest purple; red; pale pink and soft rose; bronze. It shouldn't take you long to learn to play the uke and my advice would be to buy a good one as possible and in the beginning take one or two initial lessons at your local music store and then to practice it by yourself. Within two or three months you should be fairly proficient.

MICKEY.

Why on earth do you want to make your hair straight? Every girl I know is spending her money going to beauty parlors for waves and here you are fussed with natural waves and you are worrying about them. I think dancing is a lovely thing. You're pretty enough to dance and you are too pretty and I suppose I think it would be best for you to obey her until you are old enough to be completely independent. I certainly wouldn't advise a girl as young as you to smoke. You have no feeling about its being either right or wrong but there is the matter of it being unhealthy or unhealthy and it certainly is unhealthy for a little girl like you. You have a healthy little body and it is just right. You can reduce your legs by climbing stairs, by running, by high jumping and by your dancing.

M. A.

You are about five pounds over-weight. Here is the best exercise I know for improving the line of legs, ankles, hips and thighs. First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible, holding the left leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with other leg, weight on the left leg, swinging the right. You can wear cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blue. A light, ethereal powder should be used.
very fashionable now as most smart women are wearing their hair straight off their foreheads.

BROWN EYES.
You're a nice girl to send me all those compliments. Self-consciousness is really a form of conceit. You say in your letter "When anyone talks to me, most times, I am so conscious of myself that I am wondering what they think of me and that they notice every little action or word spoken." That kind of self-consciousness, Brown Eyes, always makes self-consciousness because the word expresses it's exact meaning. When you stop being conscious of yourself and fasten your attention on the other person; when you begin to think in terms of them rather than yourself, you will find that your awkwardness and shyness will both have vanished. Turn the spot light out and instead of it you will be much happier. If you will read the answer to M. A. above, you will find a good hip reducing exercise.

PEEZED.
You are young to go out with a sixteen year old boy, but since your mother approves of him I feel sure it is quite safe. Why don't you write him a note or when you meet him tell him your mother's changed viewpoint? I am sure that since he once asked you to go to the movies he will do so again now that he knows you have your mother's permission. Certainly, it is all right to have him over for an evening as long as you may receive him at home with your parents.

M. CHOLETT.
I understand that the preparation which you mentioned is very efficient and non-injurious.

ANNA D.
No, I do not think sixteen is too young for you to go to work since you are a high school graduate. I cannot advise you on the line of work you should take up without knowing more about your personality, and about your education. You can certainly go on learning while you are working. I wouldn't try night school for the first year because you will have enough adjustments to make in the business world without taxing yourself any more. Whatever kind of a job you get, for your own sake work at it. Be honest with your employer and try to give your employer the value of every dollar he is paying you. This way advancement lies. Keep wide awake and have your eyes open for opportunity. Study whatever line you get in, and study other lines as much as you can to see if you would prefer them. I wouldn't advise you to change your position too soon for you are very young as to think of your real ambition. Stick to your first job at least a couple of years and then you will know better what you are after. You should wear very simple, practical business clothes. I think that heelless and tailored suits go perfectly in a business office. Write me again any time you feel you need help.

CONTELLO.
I realize that very frequently girls unconsciously attract attention on the street, particularly when they are young and pretty. This is a very dangerous form of attraction and I do advise you to curb it. The only thing for you to do is to go calmly along and mind your own business. There are girls who very definitely have a "come hither" look in their eye and men seem to spot it if they see it ten blocks away. It is easy enough, however, to discourage these attentions if you maintain an attitude of quiet, girlish dignity.

MURIEL E. V.
With your dark hair and brown eyes you can wear ivory and cream white; mahogany and Negro browns; darkest blue; dark green; gray not good; purple not good; dark, warm

FREE:
A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Four Simple Ways to improve your skin
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1. From 10 to 30 years old from $1.50 to 8 hours sleep—about four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 4 to 7 hours will do. Take a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 35—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with lack of sleep.

2. If you simply must eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

3. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap) or use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

4. For the eye, give our cream two weeks exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. We have no foundation for our cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

5. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator. We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

WOMEN of Thirty
and... read this!
Here is a NEW simple METHOD to keep lovely skin. Blemishes vanish, actually—often in two short weeks!

THOUSANDS of beautiful women have used it, for ten years or more. An "all-purpose" beauty aid that corrects—beautifies—protects.

Praised by famous stage beauties, skin authorities. For today, every truly charming woman knows this:

Lovely skin is so important. And now, women past 30 can have it—can appear 10 to 20 years younger. Blemishes can be banished. Quickly, surely, that lovely, satiny softness can be attained.

Read the common-sense column at the left—it tells you how. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice a remarkable improvement within two weeks. And remember: You need one cream... only!

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with your 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, shiny, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Dorothy Smith

When you wash your hair too often it is sure to become oily. After every shampoo, you wash a certain amount of natural oil from the scalp and the oil glands do their best to remedy this condition by sending out an extra amount of oil to make up for what you have washed off. If you will read the answer to G. D., Iowa, above, you will find an excellent tonic for the eyelashes and eyebrows. You can wear cream and ivory whites; deep, brown; reddish brown and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dresses, tannish with pinkish cast; or light amber tans and yellows; flesh pink or palest blues. No, I do not think a girl of nineteen is too old to take dancing lessons with the idea of going on the stage, only if she has no serious talent I would advise you to get to work at once.

F. V. S.

You are a lucky girl, your weight is just right for your height.

Anita, San Francisco

Anita, do you know that the beautiful girls who flock into Hollywood, thousands of them trained in their art, possessing personality and ability, not more than one in a thousand proves successful? You admit you have no assets except prettiness. Since you are sensible enough to know that, won't you be sensible enough to stay home and save yourself a lot of heartbreak? I do know the industry, but I certainly would advise no girl to attempt to break into it.

Dorothy Smith

Murine Wakes Up Sleepy EYES

No need to start the day with EYES swollen from sleep. A few drops of Murine upon getting up in the morning will take away not only the puffy look but the sleepy feeling.

Use Murine each evening, too. It soothes and refreshes EYES wearyed by sewing, reading or office work—relieves the irritation caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust. Millions of men and women use this long-trusted lotion to keep their EYES always clear, bright and healthy.

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Painfully swollen bunions can be relieved by the Bunion Aid. The pink film almost instantly soaks through the tissues and feeds healing ingredients. Now available at drug stores. Both men and women will benefit from the Bunion Aid.

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The fantastic woman of today is as much concerned about the appearance of her face as she is about her body. A regulation-sized compact, which conceals your pocket or pocketbook, is a necessity. Get one of our delightful Thins Compacts with exquisite standard cardboard cases—25 different.

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The PROVIDER

19 West 444 St. Dept. 509. New York, N.Y.
Brickbats and Bouquets

(continued from page 111)

The Lowdown on Leon

New York City.
Leon Errol in his picture, "Clothes Make the Pirate," puts over a marvelous performance, struggling desperately to get laughs that fail to materialize.

All his framed antics in his attempts to be funny, are, of course, based on his wobbly leg stuff which he has been doing for the past 20 years in stage productions and are now antiquated to a high degree. If it expects to succeed in the Film World, it behoves him to get some new material immediately. He is always a wow in the Ziegfeld environment as he knows he was upon an old freighter and must continue to laugh at his superannuated stock in trade which he doles out to these customers year after year. But, in the movies, he is playing before an audience of a vastly different character. He must show really funny antics, as he has to compete with such funmakers as Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon.

If his pictures in the future are all centered around his prehistoric routine of gaworing, he is doomed to live a short life in Filmland. He cannot stand the fast pace that will be set for him by the other supercomics who outshine him as does the sun a wax candle.

JOSEPH GOMEZ.

Sennett Rates a Brick

Bennington, Vt.
Why do exhibitors show Mack Sennett comedies? In the well known infancy of the industry, they were, the best of their kind. But since then other producers have made great strides. Sennett seems to stand still.

Barring a few gags in Ben Turpin's pictures I have seen, it is hard to feel a healthy laugh from a Sennett comedy in years.

Having read about how funny Harry Langdon was I saw three of his comedies. They played before an audience of laughter. We are not hard to please, either. Extraneous matters never did Mabel Normand half as much harm as the vehicles Sennett gave her. The Extralord Gris had a plot that was threadbare, "Suzanna" was totally devoid of humorous situations and "Molly O" was extremely crude. No actress could survive such material. The reported stampede at the funeral of Barbara La Marr strikes me as horrible. The subject of much cheap and possibly scurrilous publicity, during her brief period of fame could not have been honored itself by permitting her dignity in death?

ELIZABETH KAPITZ.

For Plots Kept Pure

Long Beach, Cali.
Last night Charles Ray made a personal appearance at a local theater and in his speech he said "The Auction Block," was written by Rex Beach, that is he thinks he wrote it. But, if Rex Beach ever sees this, I don't know what he'll do to us.

I went to the theater with the high hopes of seeing the film version of a book I had loved, only to see an entrancing comedy, utterly unlike Rex Beach's novel.

Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman, were splendidly cast, the direction was fine, and the subtitles were exceptionally clever, yet in spite of the fact that I was well entertained, I left the theater disappointed. I had not seen "The Auction Block." The reason is very many other instances when we have been lured by the name of a well known book or play, to see something entirely different.

Is it fair to the public to this collect money under false pretenses?

MRS. MARGARET GODBART.

Gray hair—medical science has explained the cause of gray hair. It is called canities and it occurs in a failure of the natural functions which in a healthy young subject cause hair to be bluish. When a person reaches a certain age, the hair begins to be bluish. This is the beginning of gray hair. As the hair grows older, the gray hair becomes more prominent.

She Chose to Stay Gray

Until Notox Was Explained

Two years ago she felt as strong a prejudice as anyone against coloring her hair. Now she uses Notox regularly.

The thing which converted her, which first prompted her to use Notox to banish her gray hair, was an explanation of the Notox principle.

Before this, her hair had been graying, but she had steadfastly refused to color—because of the effects such preparations as existed then were more disfiguring than the gray hair. Women who used them looked so obviously dyed. The tone of their hair was hard, flat, unreal. She preferred letting her hair stay gray to having it look like that.

Then she heard of Notox—a hair coloring based upon a new and unique scientific principle. When she learned how it differed from the principles of those preparations she had shunned, she was converted to coloring her hair.

Hair, she learned, is a long, very thin stem, with a rough outside covering. Underneath this is a layer of fibres. In these fibres nature puts its color.

Hair also is translucent. Light passes through it, as it does through fingernails. And so the natural color of hair, as we see it, is the combined light shining on the hair and those on the hair.

When hair turns gray—that is, when nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres—it is hopeless to try to duplicate the former color by coloring the outside covering of the hair. This is what the old-fashioned preparations for gray hair did.

In its departure from this unnatural method lies the distinctive principle of Notox.

Notox follows nature's method of coloring hair—it places color in the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering of the hair—right where nature used to put its own color. By using nature's technique, Notox duplicates nature's effects.

These facts about Notox have converted not only one woman, but many hundreds of thousands of women to coloring their hair. The sheer beauty of the effects of Notox has ever since kept them devoted to its regular use.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Notox is the coloring that banishes gray hair in the neat and natural way. No base ingredient is an entirely new substance. The principles of its manufacture and use do not exist in any other product. They are furthermore protected by patent

Notox is sold only in packages bearing the Notox trade-mark, as shown here. To be sure you get look for the Notox trade-mark. In beauty shops, see the seal of the Notox package before you permit application. This protects you. Notox is made by Inecto, Inc., New York; and by Notox, Ltd., Toronto.

Colors Hair Inside, as Nature Does

Why the Notox Principle is Natural:

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B. A gray hair stranded. The color is gone from the inner layer of fibres.

C. A gray hair colored with a permanent color. The color is around the outside—but it diffused from the method used.

D. Hair restored by Notox. Notice that Notox has put color again in the layer of fibres underneath the outer fibres. In fact, the entire hair is as it was of nature-colored hair.

8 Practical Facts About Notox

1. Notox is safe for both the hair and scalp. Thousands of thousands of safe applications prove this.

2. Notox cannot be detected.

3. Notox reproduces any natural shade of hair.

4. Notox is permanent. It combines with the hair, becoming a part of it. Friction, heat or light will not change its color.

5. Notox requires only single application. It takes from 20 to 30 minutes for color to develop. Yet the hair grows out, attention to the new growth is required every five or six weeks.

6. Notox permits permanent waving, marcel waving, water waving or curling.

7. Notox is unaffected by shampooing, fresh or saltwater bathing, Turkish or Russian baths, or by perspiration.

8. Notox can be applied by yourself or by your hairdresser.

Colors Hair Inside, as Nature Does

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None of Us Is Perfect

Atlanta, Ga.
Just a few words in defense of R. Valentino. No matter what the critics may say about Rudolph being uppish, hard to handle, the public worships him because he is the great artist, and nobody can dispute this. If Mr. Valentino has made mistakes, give him time to correct this error. None of us is perfect. What the world wants now is the great artist and not a lot of artists. So let’s help this great artist regain his former place.

Ada Wilcox.
Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

If you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

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A generous sample FREE upon request.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Why Do They Pick on Him?

Albuquerque, N. M.

I wish to throw a bouquet to Ramon Novarro. I have seen all his pictures and never missed one of them. Now I am waiting for "I See Hurr." He is youth, joy, love, and one of the greatest artists. My next is for Valentino. He is back and back to stay. Why do they pick on him? No one can take his place!

Juanita Chávez.

Another Plea for Revivals

Tulsa, Okla.

Ever since seeing "A Connecticut Yankee," I have greatly admired Harry Myers. He has since done so many small parts as well as in "Main Street," "The Beautiful and the Damned" and "Brass," that I think he deserves some good parts. He is a real comedian and I would like to see "A Connecticut Yankee" again.

Speaking of revivals, why not re-issue some of the old favorites such as "The Miracle Man," "To Have and To Hold" and "The Sheik"? The latter would revive a lot of the Valentino enthusiasm. INTERESTED FAN.

Pictures to Make Us Hope

Boulder, Colo.

I am reluctant to admit that I am the sort of fellow who ridicules pictures during the show for the benefit of those whose misfortune it is to be sitting near me. Nor do I get any joy in performing post-mortems regarding productions. But if there is one thing that spells agony in capital letters to me it is the realization that I have parts worth good money to view a Ritzey society scandal that uses up one and a half hours to get to the point of starting, and gives one a bad taste all next day.

The kind of pictures I am casting my ballot for is the kind that makes one feel that life isn't so bad after all: the kind that portrays to us the full meaning of what it is to be an American; that calls for action (not necessarily confined to indoors) and photoplays that give us a new hold upon hope. We're all just plain people when the truth is threshed out, and what we want in pictures is something to make us feel glad—a picture that prods us out of the rut of everyday things and into a secret, future ambition. I have in mind "Alaham Lincoln," "The Pride of Palomar," "The Mine with the Iron Door," "The Alaskan," "When a Man's a Man" and "Sundown," and the type of "Classmates" and "North of 66." D. B. Goode.

Hughes, Typical American, Not Dix

Paterson, N. J.

I wish to congratulate Mrs. St. Johns on her fine taste in selecting the ten handsomest men on the screen. I was very afraid she was going to leave out Ronald Colman. Most of the critics seem to prefer John Gilbert to Ronald, but I'm for the latter. However, I must admit that John Gilbert also is handsome. The only fault I could possibly find with the selection is that Lloyd Hughes should be substituted for Richard Dix as the typical American.

M. S.

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 perché quando le anime amano povero uomo di solito non si nasconde. La bellezza è un modo per mostrare rispetto e calore. Inoltre, l'aspetto è importante, specialmente in un ambiente pubblico. Ma non dovremmo mai trascurare il potere di una parola o di un gesto per far sentire la nostra bellezza interiore. 

Il mio consiglio è di essere gentili, rispettosi e di mostrare il proprio amore per l'interessante mondo che ci circonda. In questo modo, possiamo far sentire la nostra bellezza in ogni momento.
She Likes 'Em Frowning

Hot Springs, Ark.

This is just an agreement and a disagreement with Howard Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham had a word of praise for Willard Louis. I, too, like him very much. But I disagree with Mr. Cunningham in regard to that bored look of Conway Tearle. How could he play the roles he does play and have the happy-go-lucky expression of Mr. Louis? I love Conway Tearle's brown and he heads my list of favorite actors. I love to see Monte Blue's brown, too. If I should see either of them in a picture in which they failed to have their wonderful brown, I would be awfully disappointed.

So keep on frowning, Conway Tearle, and we will all keep on loving you.

Mrs. Marie Bells.

Just Simply Disappointed

North Dakota.

I'm just simply disappointed. I had been reading the "Keeper of the Bees," thinking all the time what a fine story it is and what a wonderful picture it would make. When I learned it was to be filmed I was overjoyed. But now on learning the cast—well, you see I had set my heart on Glenn Hunter. Surely no one could portray the father of Mr. Parlance more naturally than he. If you will notice the illustrations accompanying the story you can easily mark the resemblance. Glenn Hunter is the hero through and through, and now look what they did. Well, I'm just simply disappointed.

New Fan for Carol Dempster

Lexington, Mo.

I have just returned from seeing D. W. Griffith's production of 'That Royle Girl.' And I want to throw the greatest possible bouquet to Carol Dempster for her beauty, youth, fine acting and charm in that picture. I never cared to see her until I saw that picture. Now I have vowed never to miss any film in which she appears. Success to Miss Dempster from one of her most ardent fans.

Praise that must go to D. W. Griffith for his masterful direction. Only Griffith could have made 'That Royle Girl' the living, breathing, thrilling picture that it is. Especially the cyclone scene—I shall never forget it.

Owen Conley.

Hey! Herb

Dallas, Texas.

I wonder if those five hundred motion picture critics think they have settled the question of the ten most beautiful women on the screen? They have only added fuel to a smouldering fire, started some months ago by Herbert Howe. Now I enjoy this gentleman's writings immensely, though I sometimes take them with a grain of salt. When he picked his ten most beautiful women, however, his failure to include Norma Talmadge in the list really sent me up in the air. This is just a little too much for any Talmadge fan. I say she is the most beautiful of them all!

I know I haven't settled a thing. I did not intend to.

W. L. Woznsham.

Clive Brook a "Wow"

Pittsfield, Mass.

I want to hand that estimable man, Clive Brook, a great big bouquet. In my opinion he ranks above all others, for one is always sure of an interesting performance when he is in a cast of a picture. In "Seven Sinners" with Marie Prevost he was a wow, and I laughed my sides off at him. Please let us see more of him.

Why is Holmes Herbert sliding into obscurity?

I am going to be original and not say a word of praise for either Jack Gilbert or Richard Dix. I notice they got enough flattery, but I own they deserve every bit of it. Brown Eyes.

Heather's welcome to the Stars. She has been a beauty for years. Mail order house boys are paying her with attention. Her favor has been given to them in a high degree. Mail Order boys are the reason for her success. They are the reason she is so popular.

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We Fooled Him


This is one letter that won't get published! No letter mentioning John Gilbert without praiseworthy.

I've been thinking of a remark by some writer that three actors, Bartholomew, Colman and Ben Lyon, all had praised Gilbert. He reminded me of a story Herbert Howe told at the time "Scaramouche" was being made. Edith Allen said of a certain actor, "My, but that man is jealous of Ramon Novarro." "Why?" asked Herbert, "Will he knock him?" "No," answered Edith, "He praised him!"

I would feel more confident of the sincerity of the gentlemen mentioned above if they mingled some criticism with their praise.

E. Gray.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

Face Your Age

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

tion in order to do so. She should make every difficulty in her life count for so much experience; but instead of this, she bemoans the chances that others have and neglects the ones she might utilize for herself.

If your destiny number is 1, it shows a strong creative influence and will unconsciously seek the 3 to carry out its ideas. A 3 will seek the people with the influence of 6 for business or domestic associations. A 3 welcomes the work with the 1 and 4 is always seeking association with the high free numbers like the 8 for a complete harmony. Each number seeks its complement for fuller expression and during your birth month, you should carefully study the conditions of your life and the direction of your ambitions. If you were born in January, for instance, take advantage of every opportunity for advancement that it offers when January rolls around.

The key for the study of your destiny number is simple enough. The means for determining the digit of the month was explained in the last issue of PHOTOPLAY, beginning with January, 1 month, February 2 month, and so on. When you reach October and November, simply use the total digit. November, for instance, 1 and 1 make 2, so that its numerical significance is 2 and December is 3. If you were born on February 14th, 1882 you would cast the chart as follows:

February 14 1932
2 5
1

You arrive at this by finding the total digit of 14, which is 5 and of 1882, by adding together the figures and arriving at 10. As all ciphers are eliminated, we have 1. Adding together the 2 and 5 and 1, we have your destiny number which is 8. Now, then, anybody can determine his own destiny number for himself.

If you find that you have a higher destiny number that your Ideality or Aid numbers, it indicates that you must always tread the upward road, always seeking vibrations and conditions and people above you and never satisfied with an inferior position in any way. It is a number which advances you by the "trial and error" method and you must always be willing to meet severe tests of character and ability.

If your birthdigit points to a business career, don't waste time in dreaming of an artistic life. If it tells you that your lesson in life is that of a teacher and helper, cease to struggle uselessly for monetary success—money will always come to you when needed. Don't drift—face your job. And here is a table for consultation in figuring out your destiny.

1—Is the creative influence. If you are inclined to work on the destructive plane, however, it makes you argumentative and critical.

Face Your Age (Continued)

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Faces Your Age (Continued)

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"TESSIE"—ARROW PICTURES CORP.—Story by Sewell Ford. Directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald. The cast: Tessie, May McAvoy; Roddy Welles, James Gleason; Mrs. Myrtle Stedman; Mame McGuire, Gertrude Short; Barney, Lee Moran; Uncle Dan, Walter Perry; Aunt Magly, Mary Gordon.

"MY OWN PAL"—WILLIAM FOX—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Scenario by Lillian Hayward. J. Blystone. The cast: Tom O'Hara, Tom Mix; Alice Dorin, Olive Borden; Aranet Dorin, Tom Santschi; The Cecilia, Jlyn Hunt; Hill, Virginia Marshall; Pat McGuire, William Colvin; Mrs. Andrey, Helen Nova; Mollie, Virginia Varwick; Sergeant Pat McGuire, Tom McGauley; Tristie Tremaine, Helen Lynch; Betty Norton, Bardston Board; Slimmy Sam, Jacques Rollens.

"THE BORDER SHERIFF"—UNIVERSAL—
—From the story by W. C. Tuttle. Adapted by Robert Noh Bradbury. Directed by Robert Noh Bradbury. Photography by William Nobles and Harry Mason. The cast: Callie Colling, Jack Beldam; Olive Borden; Brucker; Baro, S. E. Jennings; "Tater-Bug," Gilbert (Pee Wee) Holmes; "Limpey" Puck, Bock Moulton; Henry Olsen, Bert Delaney; Marsch Hafflin, Frank Rice; Frenchie Renbecque, Floyd Crisswell; Sheriff, Leonard Trainer.

"MADAME MYSTERY"—PATHE—
—Directed by Richard Wallace and Stan Laurel. The cast: Madame Mystere, Theda Bara; Hungry Arthur, Telly Broder; Struggling Author, Jimmie Finlayson; Man of a Thousand Eyes, Fred Malatesta; Captain Schnultz, Oliver "Babe" Hardy.


"THE SET UP"—UNIVERSAL—

"THE LITTLE IRISH GIRL"—WARNER BROTHERS—

"THE ESCAPE"—UNIVERSAL—Scenario by Frank Bresford. Directed by Melbourne Morante. The cast: Johnny Bowers, Pete Morison; Eddie Grimes, Anthony Sarto; Michael Grant, Frank Norcross; Howard Breen; Bruce Gordon; Silas Pate, E. S. Dewey; Flossie Lane, Jane Arden; Mandel Evora, Tex Shorty; Vondie, financial assistance.

"BROKENHEART"—JENNER—Based on the plays by Z. Linn. Scenario by Frances Taylor Paterson. Directed by Maurice Schwartz. The cast: Benjamin Resseu, Maurice Schwartz, Kuhl Estler, Lilis Lott, Cantor Estler, Wolf Goldson, Mrs. Estler, Bina Farmos; Viktor Kaplan, Isador Cashew; Spring, Anna Appel; Kruger, Charles Nathanson; Wilton Kruger, Theodore Sibert; Marriage Broker, Morris Stabros.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132]

Well, We Praised It First

Los Angeles, Calif.

Not being exactly an ardent motion picture fan, I am perhaps unqualified to express my ideas on a picture. But upon witnessing "His People," I was literally stunned by the realism of the production. Never have I enjoyed a picture quite so much as I did "His People." The cast was excellent, especially the work of George Lewis, and I wish to throw a large bouquet directly at him. The picture was far more interesting and enjoyable than I could have imagined and I was so impressed by it that I just couldn't resist sittin' down and jotting off my ideas. If more pictures like "His People" were produced and less sex pictures, it would be a considerable boost for "Greater Pictures."

JOSHUA HAMMOND, JR.

Go Get a Shave, Doug

San Francisco, Calif.

Everyone has by this time heard of the tremendous success scored by "Don Q," and has either seen or heard of the unusual response of the audience when Doug appears as Zorro. Critics have spoken of it, and said in touching tones that the public never forgets a well-acted screen character. That is true, but there was another factor contributing to the success of that scene. Something that struck us fans "all of a heap," Know what it was? Doug sans mustache!

Yes, of course we were cheering our old friend Zorro, but we were also trying to express our love for the old Doug—that breezy old moviestar—Doug WITHOUT THE MUSTACHE.

MISS TONA SWAN.

Mary's Artistry

Butte, Mont.

I have never written a "bouquet" before, but feel impelled to write of Mary Pickford's artistry as shown in "Little Annie Rooney." Mary must have lived in the part where she is told that her "Pops" has gone to return "never more," for her audience lived it with her. We all cried and weren't ashamed of it. When she was on her knees and then slowly, slowly, stretched herself on the floor as realization came to her, our hearts ached with hers. Her grief wasn't that of a pampered child, but of a child-woman on whose shoulders responsibilities have rested. Many years have passed since my father died, but in Mary's realization of her father's death, I was again a child being told that my beloved daddy had gone to return "never more."

O, Mary the poignant wistfulness of your "Little Annie Rooney" will live in my heart forever.

A. R. C.

He Will Be

Chicago, Ill.

Will John Gilbert be a star in 1926? With the pictures which he has acted in he are don't seem as though he could ever lose his popularity. But the public is peculiar and John might go just like a lot of the stars, after a few great pictures they begin to fall.

If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gives him pictures and stories like "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" he will always go on as the best actor on the screen. I am a picture fan that sees about 7 movies a week, and the one that is superior over all the rest is "The Big Parade."

CHAS. PESCHON.

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Glorious Springtime!

How vividly attune with the colorful romance of the out-of-doors. And youth's keen ardor fairly glows in the fresh rosiness of Pert Rouge. This is a smooth new handmade rouge compact, so delicately blended that its youthful coloring tones in perfectly with your natural complexion. Direct application to the skin before powdering effects more lasting adherence. A second application after powdering heightens the warmth of the blush.

Shades for every complexion, day or evening wear, in dainty metal case, 50c. For permanent rosiness, use Pert Rouge in cream form as a base for the compact. In shades to blend with the compact, 75c. Pert indelible Lipstick to match, 75c.

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The greatest beauty experts in the world send me their latest creations. They consider me the leading exponent of beauty, both on the stage and in print. Millions of girls and women use what I employ. So every new discovery comes to me.

Two years ago I received a new-type shampoo, which came from a laboratory which for 60 years has made a study of shampoo. It has made up and tested some 250 formulas. They said this was their final creation. It embodied the best they had learned. And it also included two new ingredients which gave hair a sunny glint.

I tried it. The results were amazing and delightful. It not only cleaned, but it beautified. My hair, when dried, had a lustrous sheen it never had before. I have never been able to compare.

I had bottles sent to over 1,000 women to get their verdict on it. From everywhere came demands for more. Every user seemed to be my tributary.

So I had those experts make it for me—and for you. All toilet counters now supply it in Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. And it costs no more than others.

Let me send a sample bottle. Note how it cleans both the hair and scalp. Note the afterglow. You will learn a new way to hair beauty. The coupon will bring the sample with my Beauty Book and some powder. Clip it now.

For Trial Bottle
Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10 cents for postage on a sample bottle of Fruity Shampoo.

Name.
Address.

In addition to size order above, you will receive a 50-cent postage or delivery charge for each sample. Float free of charge.

Y. Young’s Powder White-Flesh-Brunette

Another Boyd Boost
Manchester, Eng.

As a regular reader of your magazine since I first made its acquaintance five years ago, but who until now has laced low and said no to the old-style, worn-out shampoo, I would like to be without being accused of “hoggling” space. I am always interested in hearing opinions on the never-settled question of Wallace Reid’s successor.

Here are my views on the subject:
Richard Dix, Reginald Denny, and George O’Brien, much as I admire them, appear too well able to take care of themselves and quite lack that half-shy, wistful appeal so characteristical of Wally.

Ben Lyon is nearer to the type, but where Wally seemed a man with the heart of a child, Lyon seems, rather, a child with the heart of a man.

This also applies to Buster Collier. Jack Mulhall might have stood some chance, but he has made good in quite a different type.

Once I thought Raymond McKee might aspire to the coveted place, but he seems to have fallen short somewhere.

But one player has always interested me since I saw him as an extra, some years ago. I have been impressed with his personality and so many of Wally’s characteristics does he possess that I always called him “Wally the Second,” so it was with great pleasure that I read in Photoplay that he has at last gained stardom.

Here’s wishing you every success, William Boyd! Wally has so far been the only perfect screen idol, but please let Boyd have his chance to be the Wallace Reid of tomorrow.

MRS. C. O. STILL.

You Like Them, Don’t You?
Seattle, Washington.

I herewith send two bouquets: One to Blanche Sweet and the other to Ben Lyon. The portrayals of their respective roles in “The New Commandment” make them worthy of high praise.

This was the perfect picture. The scenes, especially those depicting the war, were wonderful. Blanche Sweet and the picture have long been among my favorites and now I shall give them first place. These two artists of screenland are making rapid strides towards a great popularity. If they continue to make pictures as successfully as “The New Commandment,” their futures will be unlimited.

There is no actress with more finesse than Blanche Sweet. In fact, adjectives prove superficial when I try to describe her merits.

With regard to Ben Lyon there can be no doubt as to his acting ability. Although a comparative newcomer, he shows remarkable promise.

I take this opportunity to thank these two artists for giving us such a splendid picture.

GEORGE CORSET.

Careful, He’s Married!
Tennessee, Tenn.

I had the pleasure during the past few days of seeing Cecil B. De Mille’s newest masculine lead—William Boyd.

His portrayal of the Rev. John in the “Road to Yesterday” was absolutely flawless, and his performance in “Steel Preferred” was the most impressive of what, I should judge, a splendid picture.

I predict a very successful career for him and with careful selection of his future pictures, his name will become that of an artist. He is the finest impersonation of a really true blooded American the screen has offered since Wally Reid. We are anxiously awaiting his “Alaskan".

May we see more of him!

DORIS B. CONNELL.

Reel Youth
Glenside, Pa.

No picture is more refreshing to a movie fan who has reached middle life than one which reflects the spirit of youth. To see in such a picture an actress like Betty Bronson, who so thoroughly emulates the youthful spirit, is indeed a treat.

Pictures like “Peter Pan” and “A Kiss for Cinderella” are heavy drawing cards, not only for children, but grown-ups as well. The tonic effects of such pictures on the elders cannot be estimated.

Anyone who feels he is growing old before his time should not fail to see pictures of this kind. I honestly believe if Fonce De Leon were living today, he would tell us that the “Fountain of Youth” could be found in pictures of the kind mentioned.

HARRY HILBERT.

But Women Like ‘Em
Detroit, Michigan.

The most attractive actress is Jutta Goudal. She is not American by birth but she certainly has appeal.

Two popular actors who are not popular with me are John Gilbert and Ronald Colman but then I am a man and apt to be jealous of them. They both act rather spoilt to my way of thinking. Great sheiks who won’t take no for an answer. In that respect they are like obnoxious salesmen.

For directors Mr. De Mille is my favorite though his undercurrents go over many heads. He is the most sensational director. King Vidor tried to make an epic of the “Big Parade” but no director is big enough to satisfy the spirit on that subject.

E. F.
Well, Well! Look above You!

Rochester, N. Y.

No one knows the countless trips I have taken in quest of a copy of that incomparable magazine, Photoplay. Rain or shine, snow or blizzard, nothing prevents me from visiting the different magazine counters, hoping that the magazine will be out several days ahead of time.

Photoplay is a great magazine. I always turn first to the "Shadow Stage" as I am so fond of the way you have the reviews arranged, according to the "Six Lies." The only fault I can find is that you don't illustrate all of your reviews, even those placed in the back of your magazine.

Now I'm going to startle you all, and I suppose if any fans read this letter, I'll be in for a bunch of brickbats, but we all have freedom of opinion. Therefore, I'd like to throw half a dozen brickbats at every member of the cast of "The Merry Widow." I'm not alone in this, either. Friends who attended this picture with me, admitted they were never so bored in their lives. Several of the papers condemned it as unfit for public showing. It impressed me as being the most vulgar picture I ever read.

Besides, I think I'm a prima person, but I can't hand "The Merry Widow" a thing (though Roy D'Arcy's teeth outteethed the sets of ivory-worn in Elinor Glyn's "The One and Only")

A bouquet for Carol Dempster for her performance in "Shally of the Sawdust." Another Griffith star shines in his brilliant sky.

J. Harry Shale, Jr.

Sage Advice

Salem, Mass.

After seeing Norma Talmadge in "Graustark"—Betty Bronson in "A Kiss for Cinderella" and Sally O'Neil in "Sally, Irene and Mary" is it any wonder that any imaginative young person wants to journey to Hollywood?

They don't think of the hard work climbing the ladder to the top, they only picture themselves as the glorious player moving gracefully through the picture with a romantic hero.

Everyone has their own private dream and ideal and they see it fulfilled in some form or other on the screen. But unless one can see through the picture and the hard work that it means, to take part in it, to direct and produce it, and unless one has the ability and will power to kick through this thick and thin, one had better sit in the comfortable theater and dream dreams.

It's safer. I know, because I have just felt like buying a ticket to Hollywood many times, but instead I have developed into a safe and sane fan.

E. L. M.

Thank You

Brooklyn, New York.

How can I express my gratitude to Photoplay and James R. Quirk for his witty and just appraisal of reformers in the March issue of that magazine? It is the truth and most clear-sighted piece of writing I have read in a very long time. In a few terse, sparkling paragraphs he has laid bare the canker that threatens the liberty and happiness of the American people today—objections on the part of self-seeking individuals too lazy or stupid to carve out careers in any other pursuit than that of meddling, which is a notoriously profitable business, the latter is to the complacent attitude of the public they victimize.

We need more articles like that of Mr. Quirk and more alert publications like Photoplay to awaken Americans to their danger and save for them a little personal freedom before it is too late.

Marian H. Hopkins.
A Swedish Bouquet

Stockholm, Sweden.

John Barrymore's acting in "Beau Brummel" was the most artistic the screen has ever seen. He is a head taller than all other American actors.

But why are his leading ladies black-haired—they be like blondes? But then, he has never seen the soulful and fascinating blond ladies for which Sweden is famous. Be proud that Barrymore is an American! - MASCUE

We Wonder, Too

Middlesex, England.

With such a great percentage of American films released in Britain, I am wondering why producers do not study English manners and people to a greater degree. An Englishman is more often than not portrayed as a chipless rascal with a drooping mustache and, of course, a monocle.

Now, in Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, Charlie Chaplin, George K. Arthur and Ernest Torrence you have seven Englishmen that give a pretty comprehensive idea of our men.

I once read that the butler of a certain English duke was in Los Angeles advising one company on things British. What has happened to him? - ELSA M. ADAMSON.

We and Gloria Get a Brickbat

Akron, Ohio.

I was amazed to find "The Coast of Folly" listed among your six best pictures of the past month. I found it an extremely dull picture, with few redeeming features and some perfectly awful acting by Gloria Swanson and the rest of the cast.

Almost in the same class is Constance Talmadge's "Her Sister from Paris." That was a tawdry, tinsel affair if ever there was one. Miss Talmadge has done much better in the past.

The most entertaining picture I have seen in months is Ramon Novarro in "The Midshipman." It is the only thing that goes to make perfect entertainment. - L. B.

California's Blue Book

Pasadena, Miss.

I just read in the paper where the Southwest Blue Book, just published, excludes the names of Doug and Mary and other screen celebrities. Where would Southern California be if it were not for the motion picture industry and its people?

The paper said "It was very difficult for them to be recognized among the elite." The so-called elite had better wish that the world recognized them as wonderfully as they do the screen celebrities. I would not be afraid to bet a million that the Blue Book people would exchange places with the film people any day. - ANNIE RUTH JONES.

Knows Her Bible

Poquonock, Conn.

I did not see "The Ten Commandments" until recently, in common with many others who did not pay the exorbitant prices asked at the first showings. I was greatly amused at the chronological errors. According to the Biblical story, Miriam, sister of Moses, was 12 years older than her brother, which would make her about 92 when the exodus out of Egypt took place. But, lo! in the picture, while Moses was beautifully true to character, Miriam was very young and charming, apparently about 60 years his junior. Perhaps she had a series of face liftings.

The policy of constructive criticism shown by Photoplay is fine—it is the only film magazine I read. - EUNICE E. GREENWOOD.

Any Girl Can be Pretty

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Imagine a new French Process Powder that is not affected by perspiration; will not let an ugly shine come through; stays on until you take it off; pores and small lines will not show under its peculiar blending qualities; looks like the beautiful natural skin of youth, makes the lips appear redder and the eyes shine brighter; furnishes to the skin a soft bloom that is amazing. Absolutely pure. "The powder that will not clog or enlarge the pores." You will never realize the beauty Mello-glo gives until you use it and look in your mirror.

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YOU will love Mello-glo. In each box of this wonderful powder or with the sample comes a booklet which describes a new French Beauty Method that will give you a beautiful youthful complexion almost unbelievably. Don't delay. Get the sample or full box of Mello-glo powder today.

If your local dealer is out of Mello-glo, ask him to get it for you through his jobber, or use the coupon below.

GIRLS! THROW AWAY YOUR FAT! Look Your Best This Summer on the Beach

Start Today—Simple, Easy, Harmless Way

TRY IT AT OUR EXPENSE!

If you are ashamed of your figure, especially in a bathing suit, decide to take off that extra fat and look your best on the beach this summer. Why don't you do it? I did. I am glad to be able to explain to you how to go about it—I am not going to tell you to go through strenuous exercises or weakening diets. I will not recommend you to rub your body with crenus or take dangerous drugs. I am giving you here what I consider the best formula made up to easily and safely take off fat. I suffered for years with all the troubles well known to fat people. Time after time I deprived myself from all pleasures, turned down parties and friends to avoid their dreaded "Here comes fatty," until one day, after I had tried everything known to reduce and failed, I hit upon SAN-GR1-NA, with which I made myself over. It is simple, easy to take and will only cost you a few cents a day. Once you have attained the desired weight you should never have to keep up with SAN-GR1-NA. In my case and many others excess fat has been banished for good.

There is no magic, no secret about SAN-GR1-NA, your own physician can approve. [Should there be any doubt in his mind about the safety of this formula we will gladly mail him a free box of SAN-GR1-NA for analysis upon his request.]

No reduction over night but a steady, normal loss of generally from 3 to 4 pounds a week should be attained, leaving you stronger and healthier week after week.

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Many people ask for free samples but experience has proven that it takes more than a sample to show results—WHY TAKE A RISK? In return of your coupon you must order a price of $1.00 worth of SAN-GR1-NA and we will refund money on the trial does not give you a result. SAN-GR1-NA is sold at all good drug or dept. stores, or you can send direct to the SAN-GR1-NA CO., 1811 Broadway Dept. 47A, N.Y.C.

Whose Birthday

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For, all the world over, Camel fragrance and taste add joyous zest to healthful hours in the open. Camels never tire your taste, or leave a cigaretty after-taste, no matter how liberally you smoke them. This is the inside story of Camel success—their choice tobaccos and perfect blending make them the utmost in cigarettes.

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Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
You'll think they are magic drops

For more than a quarter of a century Absorbine, Jr. has brought relief. Because it is both an effective liniment and a safe antiseptic it soothes and comforts, it helps nature heal and guards against infection. This is the reason why so many users of Absorbine, Jr. call it "the magic bottle.

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Absorbine, Jr. relieves muscular pain. Those who suffer from rheumatism will find it very beneficial. It eases and refreshes tired muscles. The early rounds of golf, the first sets of tennis, any form of exertion in the Spring is likely to tire or strain jaded winter muscles. Apply Absorbine, Jr. promptly—it "sets you up" again.

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Cuts, bruises and abrasions of the skin are usually painful and sometimes dangerous, if not treated in time. Apply Absorbine, Jr. promptly. It is healing and soothing, and its antiseptic properties prevent infection. Keep a bottle in the car. Later you will find it wonderfully efficient for sunburn and insect bites—promptly relieving the soreness and pain.

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Absorbine, Jr. sweetens and refreshes the mouth, and promptly destroys the germs. The daily use of a few drops in water is a pleasant and safe habit. For sore throat use Absorbine, Jr. diluted, as a gargle. It soothes and heals the inflamed tissue. Also apply it full strength on the outside, to break up congestion.

There are daily uses for Absorbine, Jr. at home and abroad. You should have a bottle at home, in the office, in the car, and with you when travelling. Absorbine, Jr. is concentrated—apply only a few drops at a time.

Absorbine, Jr. is concentrated—apply only a few drops at a time.

Absorbine, Jr.
The Antiseptic Liniment

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Brush the gums lightly, they say, inside and out. Thus you will stir up the flagging circulation and bring fresh clean blood to heal and nourish your gums and make them firm.

Ipana will exert its own healing influence because of its ziratol content—ziratol is well known to dentists and for years has been used by them at the chair as a hemostatic and antiseptic.

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The coupon in the corner brings a ten-day trial tube. Use it, if you wish, but a better way is to begin with a full tube, which will last a long month. Thirty days will certainly show you what Ipana can do for your teeth and gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Photoplay Magazine — Advertising Section
A comfortable seat in one of the better theatres, a Paramount Picture—and your "palace for a night" puts many a King's palace on a back street! And you can have such an evening as often as you like—as often as there's a Paramount Picture to see.

Harold Lloyd
in
“For Heaven's Sake”
Directed by Sam Taylor. The prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

W. C. Fields in
“It's the Old Army Game”
An Edward Sutherland Production. Meaning “Never give a sucker an even break.” From J. P. McEvoy’s “The Comic Supplement.” Adapted by Luther Reed.

A Victor Fleming
Production
“The Blind Goddess”
With Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Esther Ralston, Louise Dresser. From the story by Arthur Train.

Pola Negri
in
“The Crown of Lies”
A Dimitri Buchowetzki Production. From the story by Ernest Vajda. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

A Clarence Badger
Production
“The Rainmaker”
With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale. From the story "Heavensent" by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

Zane Grey's
“Desert Gold”

Paramount Pictures
Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORP. Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City.

IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!
The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

Vol. XXX No. 1

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The X-Ray of the Hair

This machine tests a small strand of your hair. It gives your Permanent Waver advance facts that insure Safety and Perfect Results.

Nestle's new invention takes the guess out of permanent waving

From this examination and "prescription," the Nestle Permanent Waver in your own community will then wave your hair by the Nestle Circuline Process

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Just fill out the coupon below and send a small strand of your hair (about as thick as the lead in any ordinary pencil and at least 5 inches long.) Do not send combings. Enclose $1 deposit to cover cost of testing.

The Nestle Laboratories will then send you a card showing the result of your hair test. This card contains directions to your Permanent Waver, giving the exact Circuline lotion required for any type of wave you may want.

Your $1 deposit will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave—given anywhere in the United States where the Circuline Process is used. The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of this deposit. Over 6,000 hairdressers and beauty parlors use Nestle permanent waving apparatus.

Why not send us your hair sample at once or write for free descriptive booklet?

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD.
12 East Forty-Ninth Street, New York City
Originators of Permanent Waving (Est. 1903)
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AMERICAN VENUS, THE—Paramount.—We think this great picture—Errol Flynn and Laurence Olivier—are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE — Paramount.—A possible story of the timber lands with Jack Holt proving the valiant from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

ARIZONA SWEETHEARTS, THE —Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

AUCTION BLOCK, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Charles Ray is the man about town in this picture. There are a lot of laughs throughout, and you'll enjoy this. (April.)

BAT, THE—United Artists.—It's thrilling and it's chilling. Your spine will quiver and your hair will stiffen every moment. See it! (May.)

BEAUTIFUL CHEAT, THE—Universal.—Very amusing at times, but nothing to get really excited about. (April.)

BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE—First National.—The story not up to the Ballcmteam standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

BEHIND THE FRONT—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the bobbies "over there." Slapstick comedy, which, with enough make-up, could make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

BELOW THE LINE—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

BEN HUR—Metro-Goldwyn.—The mystifying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of Ben Hur, the young bondsman who is destined to make him a freedman. He is at his finest. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

BEST BAD MAN, THE—Fox.—Unsuitable for Tom Mix. A flimsy plot, but Clara Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

BEST PEOPLE, THE—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hopoild who insist upon marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

BIG PARADE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

BLACK PIRATE, THE—United Artists.—This will prove to be a real treat for the younger, and grownups will find themselves youthful again while enjoying this story of the adventures of the wicked pirates. (May.)

BLACKBIRD, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Lon Chaney is as usual best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

BLUE BLAZES—Universal.—A fair Western with Peter Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES.—First National.—Let the gas go out and put the quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny with Lois Wilson in the role of a flagpole flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

BORDER SHERIFF, THE—Universal.—A Western with nothing to hang about. Jack Hoxie is the star. (May.)

BRAVEHEART—Producers Dist.—Red La Rocque's first starring picture, and a good one. The romantic tale of an Indian in love with a white girl, fought by Lilian Rich. (March.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—M.G.M.—Charles Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus girl. Good entertainment. (February.)

BROADWAY BOOB, THE — Associated Exhibitors.—Glenn Hunter is back with us again in another of his famous country roles. Fair. (May.)

BROADWAY LADY, THE—F. B. O.—Pretty good story with Evelyn Brent as a chorus girl with a heart of gold who marries into society and is innocently involved in a murder. (March.)

BROKEN HEARTS—Jaffa.—A series of real-life erotic side scenes brought together by a short title. Lila Lee is the only familiar player in the cast. (May.)

BUSTIN' THROUGH—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts that will thrill you. (December.)

CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD—Pathé.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

CAVE MAN, THE—Warner Bros.—Another silly vehicle featuring Matt Moore and Marie Prevost. Not the fault of truck of the cast, but in the ridiculous story. (April.)

A special service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

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

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

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

CIRCLE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak teen society drama. It has nothing interesting not real. (December.)

CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

CLASSIFIED—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knees, and Dorothy Gilbrich of his swashbuckler make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

COBRA—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valen- tino fans. Pauline Starke and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

COHENS AND THE KELLYS, THE—Universal.—New York went wild over this and so will every other town. See it and howl! (May.)

COMBAT—Universal.—He who likes a truly rousing tale crammed with action will like this. The complete enjoyment. (April.)

COMPROMISE—Warner Brothers.—A good cast, from Rice to Pidgeon, Garson and Brox, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE—Associated Ex- hibitors.—Good acting of Betty Compson as in modern Portia. Makes this a passable movie. (March.)

COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penultimate count in the artists' colony, makes a magnificent stroke without saving her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS, THE—Fox.—One finds no amazing tricks of style to divert this from another commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

COWBOY MUSICIETER, THE—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler has a fine time and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

DANCE MADNESS—Metro-Goldwyn.—Nothing new in the plot, but it establishes Conrad Nagel as a splendid comedian. It's too sexy for the children. (April.)

DANGER OF PARIS, THE—First National.—Written by Michael Allen and as you might have suspected there is plenty of jazz, homeless apartment parties, love scenes and nudity. Not the least bit impressive. (May.)

DANCING MOTHERS—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would-dance go. Result, a lot of complications, romance and a good all-around performance. Miss Joyce and Conway Tearle in it. (April.)

DANGER GIRL, THE—Producers Distributing.—Priscilla Dean as a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has able support from John Bowes, Cary Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

DESPERATE GAME, THE—Universal.—A mildly amusing Western of a college college. (Feb.)


DON'T—Metro-Goldwyn.—Mayer.—The title tells you it all. It's a silly picture with the story wander- ing. Ever. (April.)

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox.—Pretty much action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

EAGLE, THE—United Artists.—Rudolph Val- entino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fare of Vilma Basky is lovely. (January.)

EAST LYNNE.—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe and Lou Tellegen play the principals. (March.)

ENCHANTED HILL, THE—Paramount.—The shipwreck Western plot, brought up by the presence of Florence Eldridge and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

ESCAPE, THE—Universal.—Filled with plenty of suspense and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morris shows us what he can do. (May.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.
BROWN OF HARVARD

Kick off!
With the snap of a well coached team
This greatest of football pictures
Rushes into action!
Thrill follows thrill as quickly
As a quarterback barks his signals
And such a team of talent!
Jack Pickford as the heroic roommate—
Mary Brian (she’s beautiful!)
And
William Haines as Tom Brown
Who played a great game of football—and love
To win out in the end!
Take “time out” to see this College Classic!

Directed by Jack Conway. Adapted by
Donald Ogden Stewart from Rida
Johnson Young’s celebrated stage play.
Screen play by A. P. Younger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

“More Stars Than There Are In Heaven”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
LETTERS FROM READERS

$25.00 Letter

New York City
I now take off my last season's black velour hat and place it gravely on the head of Lillian Gish for her courage in putting in her cast of "La Bohème" both John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. I can't help noticing if she saw "The Big Parade" before taking this well-nigh fatal step. If "La Bohème" is good, I suspect two reasons, neither of which is Miss Gish.

On March 14, 1922, I went to see "The Count of Monte Cristo." I had not heard anything about it and was not especially anxious to see it. Then the most marvelous actor made his appearance. Consulting my program, I read "John Gilbert." I became almost maudlin over him during the performance; he seemed to me the most finished actor I had ever seen, as well as the handsomest. Afterward, I talked about him to everyone I met, but no one had seen the picture and no one was at all interested in John Gilbert. Thus for two years. Now, most everybody admits he has no superior.

Proud of this, I am now about to announce another prophecy. One day I went to see "The Torrent," in which was a wonderful person called "Greta Garbo." I wish I had thousands of dollars to invest in futures; I'd put it all on her. She has everything the others have, and more—poise, and true art. Keep your eye on her, picture fans, and see if she doesn't fulfill my prophecy and become the best known, most capable actress in pictures.

Mrs. L. E. SABORN.

$6.00 Letter

TREAM readers of PHO TOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and their makers. 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, and make note of such good 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.

Three prizes to be given every month for the best letters—$25, $10 and $5

How Many Agree?

St. Louis, Mo.
We fans are always on the lookout for the most beautiful and greatest actress on the screen. We have found the most beautiful—Mary Pickford. The greatest of them all we have not yet found because not one among our popular stars of today has proven she can claim the title. I don't mean that we haven't had great performances, because we have.

Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge are among the most illustrious, but if Gloria Swanson makes one or two more "Humming Birds" and "Zanas," she will be crowned queen of all because of her versatile ability, the ability to elegantly play a great lady one day and frolic away the next with the role of a clown. That is art.

If Mary Pickford would depict a gold digger and a jilted lady as well as she does her sweet child roles, she would prove to be the greatest. Doing the same thing over and over again is not art. Versatile performances denote the real artist. No one has ever to date proven she can act any sort of a role and make a success of it.

Mary Pickford and Gloria are our best bets. Gloria—if she keeps up; and Mary—if she wakes up.

Miss VERA PROKSHA.

Madame, We Salute You!

Toledo, Ohio
I gain my impressions as to the worthwhileness of a film through a perusal of the film reviews in daily or PHOTOPLAY. If this sounds interesting I go to see it, taking with me my eight year old daughter, whether the picture selected be strictly a child film or not. For I don't believe any good picture, if explained and interpreted as I always do, will harm any normal child. I try to give her a sensible, matter-of-fact, optimistic viewpoint on anything brought up in a picture, tucking in little lessons which it teaches and which she would resent in any other form. This, I think, will make her ready to meet life as it really is, rather than allowing her to grow up in a fairy world pretending there's no evil to be rudely awakened, maybe, much later when my opinions and influence have less weight with her.

MARGARET BIRD. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]
How a Discovery That Stunned Me Brought Me a Ravishing Complexion

The story of a girl with an unattractive skin who almost lost her sweetheart, but suddenly became radiant and beautiful.

It was the night of the big party, and my cousin Marian and I were upstairs taking a last hasty peep in the mirror. "Hurry!" Marian whispered. "The guests are beginning to arrive."

"Do I look all right?"

"Your new dress is adorable. I'm sure Jim will propose to you tonight."

"Why, Marian! He won't do anything of the sort! You know he just likes me—a little."

She laughed at my confusion, and I felt myself blushing. She had guessed what was in my heart, and my mind. Jim had been so sweet to me these last few weeks. We had gone to the theatre together and to dancings, and I had begun to feel that he cared for me as I cared for him. Tonight, perhaps, I would know. Tonight he might tell me what I was aching to hear.

"Jim's in the library," Marian said.

"Let's surprise him."

We tiptoed downstairs. Cautiously we peered into the library—and my heart stood still! There, in the shadowed privacy of that room, Jim was embracing Peggy Lang! I turned quickly and dashed upstairs. Marian followed me.

"Now, look here," she said. "You mustn't let this upset you. You know that Peggy is just a silly little vamp—and no doubt she flirted with Jim as she flirts with everyone."

I was utterly wretched, and I couldn't hold back the tears that came flooding to my eyes. Marian took my hand in hers.

"Let this be a warning, dear," she said. "I know Jim likes you, but you'll lose him unless you try harder to keep him."

"I've lost him already!" I cried bitterly.

"No, you haven't," she answered. "And you will never lose him if—if..."

"If what?" I demanded.

"It's not easy to say, but I mean if you make yourself look more dainty and attractive. Your complexion is not—well, wholesome-looking. You expect to compete with pretty girls like Peggy Lang when you let your complexion get so—unattractive?"

I felt humiliated. But she was right, of course. I knew only too well how unattractive my skin was. Not only was it coarse and blemished, but tiny crow's-feet were beginning to show around the eyes—worse, the skin was oily—the pores enlarged. I turned to her helplessly.

"What can I do? I've spent a fortune on creams and lotions and massages. Nothing seems to help. You once had a poor complexion, Marian. What did you do to get your skin so clear and smooth?"

Marian told me; and I listened in amazement. Like a pair of conspirators, we planned to try her secret on my complexion; and with a much lighter heart I went down again to join the party.

Two weeks later Peggy gave a party at her house. I went with a singing heart and a pay-off new confidence in myself. My mirror told me that I now had a clear, beautiful, unblemished complexion—that I looked younger, fresher, prettier. All the blemishes were gone, the crow's-feet had vanished, the texture of the skin was soft and smooth and fine. Marian's secret had actually given me a new complexion for the old, and I was no longer afraid of Peggy or any one! I shall never forget how astonished Jim was when he saw me. "You look wonderful!" he whispered, as soon as we were alone. "I never realized before how beautiful you are!"

But I'm not beautiful, of course. It's just my beautiful new complexion that makes Jim think so! A clear, fresh, attractive skin makes even the plainest girl look pretty.

Amazing 20-Minute Treatment

What Marian told her cousin is not a real secret. Already thousands of women have profited by this remarkable 20-minute way to a new complexion. This unique 20-minute treatment was discovered by the famous health specialist, Susanna Cootc. The reason ordinary methods fail to produce results is because they treat only the surface skin—not the underneath skin, where the real trouble lies. But this new treatment gets right at the very cause of most skin blemishes. It quickly draws out all the gross garnish, freshness and beauty that lies hidden beneath even the most unattractive outer skin. The clogged pores are cleansed, purged of their poisons. Even after the first night a wonderful difference is seen. Tired lines, oiliness, enlarged pores, oiliness, bluishness, sagging muscles—all should quickly vanish.

A New Skin in 15 Days or No Cost!

Susanna Cootc's amazing 20-minute treatment is positively guaranteed to convince you in only 15 days that even a blushed, sallow, unattractive complexion can be made smooth and clear as a child's—or your money instantly refunded on request, with no questions or red tape of any kind.

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City________________________State__________

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

(Continued from page 8)

EVERLASTING WHISPER—The—Fox—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)

EXCHANGE OF WIVES, An—Metro-Goldwyn—Two couples flitting merrily with the dear old mar-riage tie. Lew Cody, Creation Hale, Eleanor Board-

man and Rene Adoree shine. (December.)

FAR CRY, The—First National—Nothing much to recommend. A good cast, Blanche Sweet, Jack

Gilford and Myron Finson. But the story is unam-justly

GREAT. (April.)

FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount.—The sev-teen graduates of Paramount's school of acting show-ing how well they studied their lessons. Good entertain-ment. (May.)

FIFTH AVENUE—Producers Distributing.—A

story of New York. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it impossibly well

for children to see. (April.)

FIGHTING EDGE, The—Warner Bros.—A

modest war film with some action, but with scores of thrills. This is not art, but it's exciting entertain-ment. The children can go. (April.)

FIRST YEAR, The—Fox—A lightly amusing com-edy of the vicissitudes of married life during the

first twelve months. Many of the incidents will strike home. Mutt Moore is funny and pathetic. (March.)

FLAMING WATERS—F. B. O. It looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked up the best scenes. (April.)

FLOWER OF THE NIGHT—Paramount.—Jo

Hergesheimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

FLYING THROUGH—Davis Dist. Co.—For M. Wilson, the stunt astoundingly beat the Book of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

FREE TO LOVE—Schoelberg.—Clara Bow as a

reformed crook does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

GILDED BUTTERFLY, The—Fox.—Alma Ruben-blushing her way through society and Europe without any money. She is very funny about your film you are not yet tired of. (April.)

GIRLS FROM MONTMARTRE, The—First Na-tional.—See this: if it is only to gaze on the fair beauty of the gorgeous Barbara La Marr once again. (March.)

GO WEST—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very in-teresting. "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine perform-ance. (January.)

GOLD HUNTERS, The—Davis Dist. Co.—A fairly inter-esting Curwood melodrama, a story of a trapper who finds a map of a lost mine. (January.)

GOLDEN COCCOON, The—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story that reaches its low point with a second-

wicker crisis. (April.)

GOLDEN STRAIN, The—Fox.—A west-wythe photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WALTER, The—

Paramount.—Photographic perfection and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is not too bad for everyone from grandpas to the baby. (April.)

GREATER GLORY, The—First National.—An excel-lent picture featuring an American family both before and after the war. One of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice. (May.)

GREEN ARCHER, The—Pathé.—A stirring chapter play with more than Jaxon Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

HANDS UP—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a

Confederate spy in the civil war. Right funny. Marion Napier and Virginia Keeler, Elsa are ad-mirable heroines. (March.)

HIDDEN LOOT—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine acting by Robin Riley. (February.)

HIS SECRETARY—M-G-M.—The story of the ugly duckling better done than ever before. Norma Shearer bewilders. It is worth fifteen cents a foot, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

HOGAN'S ALLEY—Warner.—We hate to say it—but don't we. A laugh of every story ever told made with Patsy Kelly and a broad Ann Romy all the way through. (February.)

INFATUATION—First National.—Dull and un-interesting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anywhere because it's worth anybody's quarter just to look at her. (March.)

IRENE—First National.—Colleen Moore pleases

again. George K. Arthur's work is one of the out-standing points of the picture. (April.)

IRISH LUCK—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a

compelling role as a derby-wearing detective. The

Emerald Isle itself—and Lois Wilson. (February.)

JOANNA—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mack-sill is always good, but she alone gets snowed under in this melodrama. Also, Olivia DeHavilland. (December.)

JOHNSON FLOOD, The—Fox.—A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1899. George Gaynor and Louis Hayward in a very

melodrama. (March.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, The—F. B. O.—Not

worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Myrtle

Gaston, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

KING OF THE TURF, The—F. B. O.—A dash of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love scenes and preludes. A picture that is pleasing and entertain-ing. (May.)

KING ON MAIN STREET, The—Paramount.—

A lovely story of the beautiful Mignon as a European king on a holiday in New York, And Betsy Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

KISS FOR CINDERELLA, A—Paramount—Bartle, Bray and Brown—A beautiful fantasy of the little slavey's dream of making a prince. (February.)

LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A simple love story wonderfully directed by King Vidor and acted with much skill by John Gilbert. Lilian Gish is also in cast. (April.)

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner Bros.—A

very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisti-cated play. (May.)

LAST EDITION, The—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily. Dedman is probably the best character played by the foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

LAW OR LOYALTY—Dist.—Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between law and loyalty. A story that is well acted. (February.)

LAWFUL CHEATER, The—Schubert—Clara Bow, mesmerizing as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

LAZYBONES, The Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fellow given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January.)

LET'S GET MARRIED—Paramount.—Richard Dix at his best. Plenty of laughs that come fast and furious. Also Leatrice Joy and Jobyna Ralston. (April.)

LET'S GO GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—Introduc-ing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like this. Good fighters and enough action. (February.)

LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Gold- 

wyn.—Interesting for its historical sidelights on early New York. Marion Davies does a double role. (June.)

LITTLE IRISH GIRL, The—Warner Bros.—Goldystory film from the books of a beloved author, Dolores Costello and Johnny Harson head the cast. (May.)

LORD JIM—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, you are in for a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

LOVERS IN QUARANTINE—Paramount.—The

younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may not. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

MADE MADAM—Pathé.—The first Theda Bara comedy and it's a riot. Be sure to see it. (May.)

MAKE LOVE FOR—P. D. V.—Arab, a wicked prince, an indifferent fiancée, and some monkey ex-ceptions. It is an excuse for a picture. (April.)

MAN FROM RED GULCH, The—P. D. C.—

Harry Carey makes a pretty good Bert Harte here, playing the good Samurian in the desert. (February.)

MAN ON THE BOX, The—Warner Bros.—A good evening with Sid and Marty Kravitz. (December.)

MANNEQUIN—Paramount.—Somewhat disappoin-ting as a Farsee Hatte prize story directed by James Cruze. (February.)

MARE NOSTRUM—Metro-Goldwyn—A not so

attractive story of the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." (April.)
Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

Youth and Beauty

Universal is always on the lookout for new talent, new faces and new beauty for its pictures, and among the recent discoveries is a quartet of young people who are rich in promise and who will be given every possible chance to develop.

BLANCHE MEHAFFEE, piquant and charming, who won her first laurels in "His People," will soon be seen in the leading role of "The Runaway Express," a spectacular railway drama based on the story by Frank Spearman.

JUNE MARLOWE will attract much attention not alone by her pure type of American beauty, but also by her acting in "The Old Soak," from the famous play by Don Marquis.

RAYMOND KEANE, who won golden comments as the young lieutenant in Universal's grand spectacle of the Russian Imperial Court, "The Midnight Sun," will appear in Richard Barry's big naval drama, "The Big Gun."

GEORGE LEWIS, who jumped into prominence in a day in "His People," will play one of the leading roles in "The Old Soak." I confidently predict brilliant futures for these young people and am glad to be the one to give them their first big opportunity. Keep your eye on them.

"The Flaming Frontier" is a "hit—a palpable hit" as demonstrated by the tremendous crowds at the Colony Theatre on Broadway, New York. It is American in every sense and brings back to mind and eye that gallant hero, Gen. George Custer, and his courageous men.

Be sure to see REGINALD DENNY in his comedy hits, "Skinner's Dress Suit" and "What Happened to Jones." Watch for HOUSE PETERS in "Combat," a spectacular drama of the North woods. And write me your opinion of all of these, please.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York City

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Richard A. Rowland Presents

The GREATER GLORY

The ONE STUPENDOUS EPIC
that was bound to come out
of the amazing aftermath
of WAR!

A fling of the dice! . . .
Love, hope, fortune in the balance...
A glorious woman stakes them
ALL that those she loves may live!
An epic picture!

One year in the making!
A stupendous, sweeping drama,
daring to reveal the life-struggle of a
nation in the aftermath of War!

Gigantic—thrilling. Thou-
ousands of people and a vast cast of
your favorite screen players com-
bined, in the supreme performance
of their careers.

From EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY'S novel
"VIENNESE MEDLEY"
Written for the screen by . . . JUNE MATHIS
with CONWAY TEARLE
and ANNA Q. NILSSON
and a cast including MAY ALLISON, IAN KEITH
JEAN HERMISTON and LUCY BEAUMONT
of JUNE MATHIS
Directed by . . . . . . . CURT REHFELD

A First National Picture

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Make it a Family Affair—take 'em ALL to see

HARRY LANGDON

The man who makes the laughmakers laugh in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!"

Talk about Fun! . . .

EVERYBODY'S talking 'bout this great Film Funmaker.

DON HEROLD, nationally famed cartoonist, says: "Wait until I've seen Harry Langdon in 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.' Then you'll know what pathos is . . . what comedy is!"

HARRY LANGDON'S hilarious antics have won hand-claps and bravos from Don Herold, Briggs, Sidney Smith, and a dozen other laughmakers who know real comedy when they see it.

Take their tip! . . . Look forward to a whole big evening with HARRY LANGDON in First National's presentation of his first 7-reel picture, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!"

Produced by

HARRY LANGDON CORP.

7 Reels of Long Langdon Laffs

A First National Picture

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

TRUE NORTH, THE.—Griffith Prodl.—A splendid scenic novelty of Alaska and Siberia, with plenty of thrills. (February.)

TUMBLEWEEDS.—United Artists.—Bill Hart returns to the screen in a story of the days when the American territory was thrown open to settlement. (Feb.)

UNCHASTENED WOMAN, THE.—Charlton.—The picture returns to those points of the American story that have been untold, with bad direction. (March.)

UNCHANCED HOUR, THE.—First National.—Doris Kenyon is disappointing in this tale of a young lady who sets out to capture a woman-hater, and woman-hater being none other than Milton Sills. (February.)

UNTAMED LADY, THE.—Paramount.—Unrevealing story, of the type that it stars Gloria Swanson. A total washout from beginning to end. (May.)

VANISHING AMERICAN, THE.—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. (December.)

VOLCANO.—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with Bebe Daniels as a girl who believes she has black blood in her veins, and is forced to remove her name of the white man. Ends happily. (March.)

WAGES FOR WIVES.—Fox.—A nice little comedy-drama based on the idea that Mr. and Mrs. should split fifty-fifty off husband's salary. (Feb.)

WALL STREET WHIZ, THE.—F. R. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about sense and logic. An absurd story with Richard Tal-man, in which Talman plays a boy. (Dec.)

WANDERING FIRES.—MGM.—Constance Ben-nett and George Hackathorne save this picture from the cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (Feb.)

WEDDING SONG, THE.—Productions Dist.—Don't pass up this charming musical film. Leatrice Joy is a lady of shy disposition. (February.)

WE MODERN.—First National.—If you aren't bored with happier pictures by this time, you will enjoy Colleen Moore as the English flapper. (Feb.)

WHAT FOOLS MEN.—First National.—A nice little picture with Lillian Stone. Introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES.—Universal.—A pitch of a comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and ZaSu Pitts. Lots of animation. (Dec.)

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD.—F. R. O.—Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) does her best in an unattractive role. Give Buxton in equally miscast. (April.)

WHISPERS OF SMILES.—Producers Distributing. Well worth seeing. A splendid detective story that the boys will love. Back is the old H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Elyan Talmash. (May.)

WHY WOMEN LOVE.—First National.—A good 80 story with a number of thrilling episodes. (Dec.)

WINNING STAIR, THE.—Fox.—A passable romantic melodram that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alice Rahon. (December.)

WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A.—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who comes to low to visit her uncle, with Bob Warren in her most dangerously devolating costume. (February.)

WOMANHANDLED.—Paramount.—Worth breaking a date to see. Richard Dix in a sparkling satire on the Grants. Written and directed by Oliver Hardy in it. Peculiar. (March.)

YANKEE SENOR, THE.—Fox.—Tom Mix pleases again, especially the children. Olive Berden, the heroine, is most appealing and attractive. (April.)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Where Are Renee's Fans?—Pasadena, Calif.

In all the recent letters I have read in your department I haven't heard Renee Adoree mentioned once, which to me seems a grave oversight. I have never seen any actress with the unique ability to make you laugh at her and yet feel an undercurrent of the deepest sympathy with which to temper your humor, at the same time.

When "The Big Parade" has been released to all of the fans. I am sure others' opinions will agree with mine.

May I add that the casting of "The Big Parade" was superb, and that it is the best (though that word doesn't begin to describe it) picture I have ever seen. HELEN TIFFANY.

Apple Sauce and Indigestion—Charleston, W. Va.

Here's a complaint that has been stirring in me for a year.

Why do all the critics fall all over themselves in maintaining that Charles Chaplin is the intellectual and tragic genius of the screen? They are like a lot of sheep, following one after the other, and they think Chaplin must always be spoken of as one apart. They seem afraid of being thought incapable of appreciating his artistic genius.

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THREE thousand miles from the wild roses of Virginia to the golden poppies of California—
One college built where old slave quarters used to stand—the other marking the last goal of the pioneer—
Differences of history, custom, social tradition—but everywhere the same eager heart of youth, with its longing impulse toward happiness, beauty . . .

California girls, Virginia girls—what do they do to gain the lovely, smooth complexion that is every girl’s hope and ambition? What soap do they find most helpful in keeping their skin soft and fine, radiant with health and charm?

We chose two spots as widely separated as Sweet Briar, Virginia, and Berkeley, California, for extending our investigation of the care of the skin among young American college girls.

Fifteen hundred and sixty-six girls answered our questions, giving us frank, full information.

More than half said they were using Woodbury’s Facial Soap regularly for their skin!

“My skin was in a most discouraging condition when I first started to use Woodbury’s Facial Soap. The improvement was so immediate that others noticed it at once.”

“Woodbury’s Facial Soap has wonderful cleansing properties. It has helped in ridding my skin of extreme oiliness and has given me a skin of which I am proud.”

“My doctor recommended Woodbury’s to me for acne. I notice my skin feels soft and smooth after using.”

A SKIN specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury’s is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury’s you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury’s today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days now—the new large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co.
526 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love To Touch.”

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 506 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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

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

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Here's welcome news. May McAvoy is to be a star again. May got a bad break in her first starring engagement. Forgetting her very fine work in "Sentimental Tommy" they tried to make her a colorless ingenue. But she fought back gamely. Now she gets her reward.
From gags to stellar glory. Such was Raymond Griffith's path. After creating funny stuff for other stars and watching them collect the salary, Ray did a little thinking about himself. He purchased a silk hat and won a Paramount contract. You know the rest.
Fame comes grudgingly to the character actress but Mary Alden won an immediate place for herself by her never-to-be-forgotten performance of the mulatto woman in "The Birth of a Nation." Her next picture is "The Greatest Thing."
The brilliant, and in this case, blonde Barrymore will next essay Don Juan, the gentleman of a thousand loves. At first the distinguished John played only an occasional movie but now it is reported he is won over to them to the exclusion of the speaking stage.
This is one of those moments that come as frequently to Elinor Glyn's mind as thoughts of the butcher's bill come to the rest of us. Here are Pauline Starke and Antonio Moreno illustrating the cosmic urge in Madame's next called "Love's Blindness."
More than half her life has been spent in pictures and she's only ten years old. She's Mary Kornman, Mary, Queen of Tots. She rules her regal way over "Our Gang" and has the undying affection of them all from fat Joe to Farina, the chocolate drop.
Imported screen sin, otherwise Miss Lya de Putti of Germany, imported by Paramount to generally gum things up in D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan," an ambitious screening of Marie Corelli's frenzied novel. Lya is of Hungarian birth but her film career has been centered about Berlin.
In Chicago, as in New York, salespeople in the finest stores say:

"Protect delicate garments this way"

Have you ever shopped in Chicago? In the little jewel-boxes of shops along the lake-front? Or in the magnificent department stores standing so closely within the famous Loop?

Nowhere—even in New York—will you find a more bewildering array of lovely garments—silks and woolens so fragile, so delicate that you wonder breathlessly whether they ever could be washed!

But they can! The careful, intelligent people who sell them didn’t hesitate a minute when a young woman asked them recently about laundering. "Yes," was their reply, "wash them with Ivory."

Just as in New York’s greatest stores when the same question was put, Ivory was specified often more than all other soaps together. Opinions differed about the safety of other soaps mentioned now and then; but about Ivory there was only one opinion: "It is pure and mild and safe enough for anything that pure water alone will not harm."

Typical comments from different stores

"I know this blouse will launder because a customer of mine washed one very successfully. But be sure to use only lukewarm water and Ivory Flakes. Our department head has told us to advise Ivory."—Blouse Department.

"We will guarantee this piece of sports silk. But you must use reasonable care in laundering. And by reasonable care, I mean Ivory Soap. For all fine silks use Ivory and you will save yourself a great deal of trouble."—Silk Department.

"Sometimes customers come in with complaints about streaking and fading and we discover that they have used too strong soaps. So to be safe, we have been instructed always to recommend Ivory."—Hosiery Department.

These recommendations, of course, are borne out by your own experience with Ivory. For naturally, a soap that is pure and mild enough to use on your face and on a baby’s delicate skin is safe for your finest garments.

For your convenience there are two forms of Ivory—the cake of Ivory and the Flakes. Ivory Flakes are a delight to use—so thin, so light, converted so magically by hot water into fluffy, mounting Ivory suds.

FREE!

May we send you our helpful little booklet on "The Care of Lovely Garments"? Simply address Section 45-FF, Department of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio, and you will receive a copy free, with a sample of Ivory Flakes, too.

Procter & Gamble

Safe for your skin—
Safe for fine fabrics

IVORY SOAP
Cake & Flakes
99.4% Pure
PHOTOPLAY

June, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

Once upon a time there was a magnificent eagle who reigned as king over all the animals of the forest. His rule was unchallenged for many years. But the eagle grew weary with the constant vigilance that was necessary to maintain his throne, and became very, very tired. So he went up to the top of a high mountain to take a little nap.

"Aha," said the lion to himself, "the eagle is asleep. Here is my chance at last. I am the rightful monarch of the forest. I shall assert myself and depose the eagle. With my powerful jaws and my sharp claws I shall tear off his wings. Then I shall be king."

So the ambitious lion called all the animals together and said to them: "Come with me. I am the real king of the forest. You shall see."

Eagerly they followed the strutting lion up to the mountain top where the eagle was resting. He let out a loud roar that shook the rocks, and crouched for the leap that would make him king. But the eagle had heard the roar before it was too late and the lion's jaws snapped only on a few feathers. Before he could leap again the eagle had him by the tail and the air was full of fur and feathers. The lion's roar had changed to a howl of pain and a snarl of combat. And would you believe it, my children, the battle is still on.

For, after Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's fine accomplishments of big pictures during the last year, Paramount has come back with the most astounding program of productions the business has ever known. And the concern that introduces its pictures on the screen with a lion's head as its trade mark is preparing an equally ambitious one, its roar for the coming season. The other denizens of the movie forest, First National, Universal, Fox, Warner Bros., and P. D. C., are all leaping into the fight and soon it will be a battle royal. It looks as though we are in for the greatest year of pictures.

So that after all we must thank Metro, etc. (they ought to shorten that name) for starting something. The finest result of their production accomplishments is that it spurred on every other company to greater effort.

There is a chap in this business of whom you folks who support it hear little, but who is one of the few really gigantic figures of the industry. His name is Sidney R. Kent, general manager of Paramount, and he has built a sales organization of clean cut go-getters that is the pride of Adolph Zukor and the envy of every competitor. He put it up to the production department to come up to the standard of his sales department, and that is what made the eagle grab the lion by the tail. We are going to tell you about Mr. Kent next month.

A famous motion picture actress recently died as a result of an effort to reduce her weight suddenly. Are you aware of the unfortunate fact that supposedly reputable physicians, a tiny but dangerous minority, are pandering to the mania for quick weight reduction which is sweeping the country, to an extent where they are responsible for deaths and countless cases of irreparably shattered health? It is so, and next month PhotoPlay is going to tell the facts for the benefit of millions of women, and men too, who are ignorant of the danger of violent methods of reduction, and will prove the absolute necessity of consulting your family physician before you adopt any unnatural or strenuous means of ridding yourself of that surplus poundage.

Gloria Swanson is the envy of millions of women, young and old, throughout the entire world. She has fame, and if not fortune, she enjoys the income of a person who has from eight to ten millions in investments. She is married to a handsome marquis whom she loves and who adores her. She has two children who worship her and scores of personal friends who admire her.

Yet I do not count Gloria Swanson a happy woman. The thrills of fame and the adulation of nations do not, in my opinion, repay her for the worry and heartbreak of her work. Her ambition and her artistic urge

[Continued on page 116]
Here Are the REAL Box Office STARS

By Herbert Howe

In Group I there are nine

What is a star?
So far as the innocent bystander may gather, a star is anyone whose name is spangled on a theater canopy. And the name is legion.

But so far as the man in the box office is concerned, a star is anyone whose name draws him a substantial profit above what he'd make on the picture without the star.

"What's in a name?" sniffed Shakespeare, contemptuously.

He'd soon find out if he ran a movie theater. He'd find out that his own name is so bad as to frighten off crowds from "Romeo and Juliet," thus disproving his idea that the story's the thing. Such, at least, is the contention of some alert showmen.

The fiercest war in the annals of screen bloodshed is now being waged among rival producers. The battle-cry is "Names!"

One company is being forced to the wall solely because it hasn't players with hypnotic names. Striking oil is one thing and striking star stuff another—but much the same so far as returns are concerned.

That is the reason for the mad quest for discoveries abroad and the importation this year of no less than a score of European players in whom producers hope to find some precious star material.

What Are the Necessary Qualities for a Star?

1. Acting Ability
2. Appearance
3. Individuality—personality of appearance that is so distinctive as to differentiate them from all others in marked degree—says

Joseph Schenck

Based on the actual cash receipts, which constitute the one and only unsentimental ballot of favorites, how many genuine stars have we today, and how do they rate?

You can't get the answer out of any one producer, because each will extol his own stars, no matter how he may blister them in private for losing him money.

The best authority, perhaps, is Joseph Schenck, not only because of inherent honesty, but because he is the greatest dealer in big star products, all of whom rate among the biggest money-makers.

He is the head of the United Artists, which lists Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, and Norma Talmadge, with John Barrymore soon to be added.

Mr. Schenck contends that the most important factors in the success of a picture are:

1. Story.
2. Star.
3. Personalities.
4. Director.
5. Production, i.e., setting, photography, titles and costumes.

Just what is the difference between stars and personalities?

A star is a single individual capable of drawing people to a theater, irrespective of the picture.

Personalities are players who invest the story with reality, but whose names do not attract any appreciable attendance, apart from the guarantee of good acting.

How can the drawing power of stars be determined?

By comparing the attendance of star pictures with the attendance of pictures of similar quality having no stars.
The box office—the one and only un-sentimental ballot of motion picture favorites

This, likewise, will give you an insight as to the difference between stars and personalities, or featured players. Some players who are starred in the billing cannot draw any greater attendance than pictures of equal merit without stars. They are simply personalities who are being forced into stardom, or in whom producers have the hope of developing star attraction.

The relative value of stars is gauged by comparing the average attendance records of their respective pictures.

_How can you gauge the value of the star versus the story?_

"The Song of Love," starring Norma Talmadge, earned eight hundred thousand dollars. Without Miss Talmadge it would have earned less than three hundred thousand, because it was a poor story and a par with pictures earning from two hundred to three hundred thousand. Thus Miss Talmadge's value to that picture was half a million dollars.

Given a story of great popular appeal, such as "Smilin' Through," the receipts amount to one million four hundred thousand. The value of the story then may be considered the difference between the receipts of "Smilin' Through" and "The Song of Love," or six hundred thousand dollars.

With the tremendous increase in the picture business, due chiefly to development of the world market since the war, the values of star and story have increased proportionately so that a star of Miss Talmadge's power may be worth two million dollars to a single production.

_The test of a star is the ability to carry bad pictures._

A great picture is no criterion of a star's value. A star's standing can only be computed by an average of several pictures.

"Ben Hur" is no more a test of Novarro's value as a star than "The Big Parade" or "The Merry Widow" is of John Gilbert's. But "The Midshipman" and "The Arab," both poor pictures, were tests of Novarro, as "The Snob" and "The Wife of the Centaur" were indications of Gilbert's possibilities.

Suppose that other players were given the opportunities of Gilbert and Novarro in such great pictures as "The Big Parade" and "Ben Hur," would they be stars?

"No," says Mr. Schenck. "They might excite interest for their next pictures but they wouldn't last, unless they have what Gilbert and Novarro seem to have."

_What then are the qualities necessary to make enduring stars?_

According to Mr. Schenck they are:

1. Acting ability.
2. Appearance.
3. Individuality, i.e., personality of appearance that is so distinctive as to differentiate them from all others in marked degree.

No one of these qualities is enough to make a star. We have fine actors who are not star attractions because they haven't youth and beauty, and we have players with beauty and personality who cannot hold because they are poor actors.

Mr. Schenck does not believe in character actors as stars, though they may rate high as featured players and in certain instances, as with Lon Chaney, furnish a guarantee of the type of entertainment.

_Who are the real stars of today according to the box office oracle?_

They may be divided into three groups according to their winning power in dollars and cents. They rate as follows:

**Group I.** Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin, Tom Mix, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Tom Meighan.

**Group II.** Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Lillian Gish.


Mr. Schenck does not endorse this list entirely but agrees by checking it with his daily reports from theaters throughout the country that it is as

[CONT'D ON PAGE 116]
From Kicks
Proving that Mae Murray has danced her

Julianne Johnson was just a little prologue from Denishawn, until Doug Fairbanks observed her capering before "Robin Hood" and made her a Princess in "The Thief of Bagdad."

Natalie Kingston did herself proud as a peacock in vaudeville. The movie magnates, when she appeared in a Los Angeles theater, saw they could do her prouder in productions. And that was Nat

The exquisite Dolores Costello was a chorus girl on Broadway for nine whole months before anyone had time to notice her flower-like face. Then a director came along with an all-seeing eye.

The most lively Penny of the Follies was Ann Pennington. Her dimpled knees could reviv e the tiredest business man. But Hollywood beckoned and Ann took her comeliness to Christie's, just for comedy.
to Kleigs
isn't the only girl who way into pictures

Though she was a royal protegee, American dollars looked as good as Swedish crowns to Greta Nissen. Came Broadway and Jesse Lasky. Came a contract and a quarrel. Now Greta's with Universal

Did you know Priscilla Dean danced into flickers? She was twelve and the film an early Griffith release. Here she dances with Addison Fowler

Dorothy Mackaill's fame started with her feet. Followed London, Paris, Ziegfeld, movies. Today Dot's eyebrows triumph over her arches

It was fiesta day in Mexico when Edwin Carewe started on a star hunt. Stepping sinuously to the tempo of the castanets was Dolores del Rio. Immediately First National acquired a new player
Trained Fleas

Supporting
Gloria Swanson
in her newest picture

They all come to pictures sooner or later. It is not so long ago that a stage actor was insulted if offered a job in motion pictures. That's all changed. A real Russian prince is acting in D. W. Griffith's new picture, "Sorrows of Satan," and on the next set a troupe of trained fleas are performing in "Fine Manners." Gloria Swanson's next picture. The war was not fought in vain. At last we have real democracy.

Mr. Hays, however, has assured us that he will not permit these newest of cinema actors and actresses to make personal appearances, even if Rin-Tin-Tin did make one in New York.

The trained fleas walk tight rope, do somersaults, dance ballets, run merry-go-rounds, and perform a lot of other amazing feats, but when Gloria asked their Simon Legree if they could roller-skate, he gave the star a withering look of disgust, and threatened to take his fleas out of the picture. After that they were treated with the respect becoming their art and temperament. Just to show the Marquise de la Falais de la Coudray her place the fleas kept her waiting around the set for three hours because their feelings were hurt and they were not in the mood. Even the orchestra failed to soothe their ruffled sensibilities. They are shown on the screen enlarged twenty-five times, and just to demonstrate their versatility one of them laid an egg right under the Kleig lights. One of the fleas became lost and their proprietor would not proceed until it was found. A terrier that is also working in the picture was suspected, but the wandering flea was found promenading around Eugene O'Brien's collar.
The Lark of the Month

WHEN the Famous Players-Lasky executives, stars, and sales force gathered at Atlantic City recently to prepare their program for the coming year, Adolphe Menjou was one of the shining lights. He became very popular with everyone from Adolph Zukor to the messenger boys, and his sartorial equipment was the envy of all. Clothes with Mr. Menjou are not only a personal pride but part of his professional fame, and naturally the boys looked upon him as the fashion plate of the organization.

They got a lot of fun out of watching the salesmen from the middle west gazing intently at the best dressed man on the screen, obviously making mental notes of the hang and fit of his coat and trousers, and one of them, entering the barber shop of the hotel as their model was leaving, demanded that his hair be cut a la Menjou.

For one whole day, however, the executives had him going. They formed a conspiracy to corner him at every opportunity and criticize his tailor's work, and in his presence start arguments pro and con on the imperfections of his pride and joy.

"That lapel may be all right in Hollywood, but it is not being done in New York," said Verne Porter, scenario editor, the best dressed of the studio staff. "What do you think, Tommy?" turning to Mr. Meighan.

"I wouldn't wear it that way," said Tommy.
"Rather overdone, it seems to me," added Sidney Kent, the general manager.
"Doesn't look right to me," agreed Jesse Lasky and W. C. Fields. Menjou looked worried. Then he got on.
"You can all go to h—," he yelled, as he escaped toward the boardwalk. "You are just a pack of he-cats."
LAPPERS, gaze! Rudy, the Sheik, is back! After fiddling around with Beaucaires and Cobras, Valentino's the torrid tempter once more. He's the Son of the Sheik, child of that desert dazzler who scorched the box-office four years ago. Furthermore, directed by George Fitzmaurice, who knows exactly how to put palpitant love on celluloid. Ooooh, flappers!
The Fall Guy

Is Reginald Denny going to win Wally Reid's place in the heart of the fans?

By Dorothy Spensley

He's the guy that always gets into trouble, gets dirty, gets booed out by dad but finally gets the girl. Proving that you can't keep a good man down in pictures.

Or, if he already has the girl, he hands the boss a loaded cigar, quite unintentionally, just as he asks for a raise, and the boss lights the cigar. And then the cigar—but you know the rest! And it isn't until the last reel that the culprit comes in with the million dollar contract, notarized, and gets the raise. And his wife, in a bungalow apron, kisses him and they rush off to eat biscuits in the kitchen.

He's just the eternal blundering good-natured happy-go-lucky sort of chap that we love and laugh at, and some of us, deep down in our hearts, feel a bit superior to. He is always getting into embarrassing positions—usually in a valiant effort to accomplish some great end—and, like a Hans Andersen fairy tale, he accomplishes it and glory, to boot.

And the glory hangs a bit heavy and he is very sheepish about it, until The Girl scampers up and covers his confusion with kisses—and then—fade-out.

There once was a man on the screen who could play a part like that—and play it with a sincerity that made you believe in it. He made you love his awkward errors—love the scrapes he was always unwittingly getting into—he convinced you of the reality of the trials, ant-hill size, that assumed mountainous proportions in the small life of the character he was playing.

But, greatest of all things, he wooed and won the sympathy of his audience—from woman to man and to littlest child. And you and I know what a vast chasm that bridges. What a tremendous feat of personality it is for a man—particularly a handsome man—to win the praise of a male following whose wives, sweethearts, mothers, sisters are his devout worshippers.

The only man who had achieved that uncommon distinction, I think you will agree, was Wallace Reid. Wally—since departed—who won and held the hearts of his followers, both male and female, though death erased him from their sight.

I know of Valentino. His subjugation was of women. Of the men he had few admirers. Jealousy, no doubt. And there is Tommy Meighan. There is none of the pathos in his make-up that made for Wally's charm. Milton Sills, Conrad Nagel, Charlie Ray—none of these men have felt that high crest of public feeling that swept Wally to the pinnacle—where he remained.

Of the newer screen idols there is but one who approaches the style of characterization that made Wally famous. Wally played the real American boy. The youth that is eager, overzealous, stumbling in his haste to reach the goal. The youth that you and I see on every side. Lovable—often at fault—brave—puzzled—daring. And victorious. Oh! always victorious!

The newer idols are stylists of a different type. Gilbert and his passionate appeal. Colman and his reserved fury—at-least men. And Richard Dix, whom many proclaim as Wally's logical successor, whose air is more aggressive, more self-reliant, more assured, than was Wally's. [continued on page 132]
For May Days and June
Lovely Miss Allison will wear Paris novelties

When Mat Hyland of Hyland Brothers, New York importers, started abroad last February—he goes abroad five times a year—May Allison commissioned him to do her Paris shopping.

"Buy me clothes that I can really wear," the decorative May instructed. "I don't want Paris 'creations' so startling one never sees them on a well-dressed woman, but real clothes that are practical and chic with that air that only Paris gives."

Mr. Hyland departed and explored the Rue de la Paix. But when Miss Allison rushed to his shop on his return, out of all the packing boxes not a dress emerged.

"Let me explain first," begged Mr. Hyland. "The accessory is the thing this year. The mode in gowns has altered very little. The great activity of women and their demand to stay young make the simple frock imperative. The couturières have been expending themselves on the 'little touches.'

"Thus the 'new' things, the dernier cri of this season, are the extra things, hats, scarfs, coats, and shawls. I've purchased all of those for you."

Inspired by the costume of the Druse of the desert, this evening wrap is of Persian silk. The hood, when unwanted, folds softly across the shoulders.

Russian refugees in Austria hand-crocheted this delightful summer coat of silk. The deftly draped felt hat is a Reboux model called the Montmartre tam.
Endowed with intelligence and beauty, May Allison knows that correct accessories are more important than costly frocks

"Take the scarf. Paris has never relinquished it. This year it will be wider and worn with a hat to match. See this polka dotted one—the polka dot is back in favor.

Miss Allison pulled the little hat down over her shining hair and wound the scarf around her throat. "Give me my check book," she ordered.

"Wait," said Mr. Hyland. "A single hat is about as useful to a woman as a single kiss. I've three more here you must have.

See this Reboux creation, called the Montmartre tam. I understand it was originally designed for Helen Wills. Then this turban in rainbow silks . . . " "Exquisite!"

"We'll name it the May Allison. Its colors are almost as delicate as your own. You must have a hat for evening wear. It's being done particularly in gold and silver leather. Evening wraps and daytime coats are most important, too. Shawls and coats this summer will supply color and grace. I've bought you a silk knitted coat, a deeply fringed Venice shawl and this hooded cloak."

"Ah, my poor salary," sighed Miss Allison. "Pack all those treasures quickly. I'm due at the First National Studios in half an hour."

Like Joseph's coat of many colors comes this deeply fringed, hand knitted Venice shawl, giving grace and beauty to the simplest summer frock.
Here is a story that is almost unbelievable in its overwhelming fatality.

A story of Hollywood, with a grimness that makes it read like an old-world tragedy. It is a story of a fate that befell three sisters. A fate relentless in its pursuit. Inevitable in its destiny. A fate that has shadowed the happiness of three sisters like the hair-suspended sword of Damocles. And how three times the sword has descended, taking from each of them, one by one, the most priceless thing in life—first love.

You may say you do not believe in fate, or circumstance, or destiny, or what you may choose to call it, but I think you will agree that it is a strange fate that has guided the life craft of the Flugrath sisters. There are three of them. Edna, Viola and Shirley. Three pretty, sparkling girls—they were born in Brooklyn. Dazzling Edna, of the lovely voice and supple form, went on the stage and clung to the family name. Viola and little sister Shirley were too young, of course.

But there came a time after they moved to the Bronx that Viola heard of the Edison studio, just across the sun-dappled park, where clever youngsters could earn a pretty penny during the summer vacation by acting for motion pictures—that illegitimate offspring of the stage, as
Vi's first car. Of course, Shirley and Bernie had to be photographed in it, too.

Edna, achieving fame on the boards, laughed. Summer mornings found thirteen year old Viola rushing through the park to the Edison studio with little Shirley, curls flying, scurrying after her. Viola took the screen name of Dana while her baby sister coveted fame as Shirley Mason.

Then one day Harold Shaw, who was the master director of the studio, needed a blonde girl for a roll. There was not one available.

"I know the very girl you want!" volunteered John Collins, assistant to Shaw. "Viola's sister, Edna." And he rushed married. John was then a director. He directed her in her pictures. And wrote them, too, with confiding little suggestions from Viola. How he adored her—his little girl-wife. How he adored her poised assumption that hers was the vampir type. That John should write stories for his wife so she might slither through them with the tigerish grace of a Bara.

And John humored her—and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 152]

Eavesdropping on a Conference

A STORY conference in a Hollywood studio:

Scenario Editor: We're up against it for stories for all our stars, but particularly for Chaplin right now. Has anybody any suggestions? Silence.

First Super-Scenarist, formerly drama critic: Just what type of story does he require? I've never seen him on the screen.

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly film salesman: I should think something like "The Merry Widow" would be good. They say it's breaking records.

Silence.

Scenario Editor: That's a good suggestion. Has anybody seen "The Merry Widow"?

Super-Scenarist, formerly a stock company actress: I saw it on the stage, but it's so long ago I've forgotten just what the action is. We might have the research department dig up the score.

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly Hungarian playwright: Could Chaplin do comedy? They say Lloyd's "Freshman" will clean up a million easy. We should be able to do just as well.

Scenario Editor: Has anybody seen this newcomer, or foreigner—what's his name? This chap Lloyd in "The Freshman"?

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly stock company actress: I haven't seen Chaplin either, but Valentino was great in "The Sheik." I think it is about time for another Arab picture. "The Unholy Three" is a knock-out.

Super-Scenarist, formerly fan magazine writer: I've seen Chaplin in his earlier pictures, and I think I know just the story for him if I can recall the name of it.

That's why some pictures are like that

By Herbert Howe

Super-Scenarist, formerly film salesman: Yes, but J.D. told me this morning that we've loaned Chaplin to Metro-Goldwyn for a Marion Davies picture.

Scenario Editor: That's always the way. We lend a great story and then some cuckoo executive loans the star away.

Super-Scenarist, formerly stock company actress: Maybe we could borrow Jack Gilbert.

Scenario Editor, interested: That's not a bad idea. What's his type?

Super-Scenarist, formerly stock company actress: I haven't seen him myself, but everybody's raving about him.

Super-Scenarist, formerly drama critic, sourfully: They would!

Scenario Editor: Have you seen him?

Scenario Editor: Has anybody any other suggestions?

Silence.

Super-Scenarist, formerly Hungarian playwright: Mohar wrote a very clever play that would suit Novarro, I hear.

Scenario Editor: Is he signed up?

Super-Scenarist, formerly fan magazine writer: Didn't he write "Liliom"? That was a flop, wasn't it?

Scenario Editor: No. Novarro played in Ingrams pictures.

Scenario Editor: Good-night! They all lose money.

Scenario Editor: Forth Hungarian playwright: morbidly interested: I've never seen them. What are they like?

Silence.

Scenario Editor: Well, are there any more suggestions before we wipe out and call it a day?

Scenario Editor: Finally a film fan: We might go to the movies.

Scenario Editor: in unison: Great Idea!

They adjourn in a body for the golf links.
There are fashions in Satans. Years ago you could recognize the Devil, wearing scarlet, horns, a tail and a dirty look. Today—gosh, what fatal lure! He's become a gentleman you might meet in any limousine. Look at Adolphe Menjou as he'll play this low-life in Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" and see what a good girl is up against these days.
A Man of Talents

Student, actor, artist, philosopher, linguist—
Milton Sills is a seeker of beauty in life

By Carol Bird

If you are very, very gullible you swallow all the material about the folks of the screen disseminated by over-zealous tale-weavers without even a skeptical gulp or two.

But if you are suspicious by nature, and somewhat sophisticated in the bargain, your fairy-story days are at an end, and the too hackneyed tales no longer go over with you. You would approach Milton Sills, as I did, guardedly, and on the alert, blinder off and eyes wide open.

"I won't be misled by any of this glamorous chatter," said I to myself, as I started off to keep a luncheon engagement with Milton Sills. And then—I found that he, at any rate, is really the type of movie idol who justifies publicity eulogies and encomiums.


You know Milton Sills as: The man from the great open spaces. The two-fisted regular kind of a chap. The big, rugged Westerner who hails from those unique ports where men are men. In short, you know him as the concentrated essence of Manhood.

But do you know this chameleon-man in actuality? Do you know that he is a man of intellectual gifts? A man of many and diversified talents? A Fellow in Philosophy of the University of Chicago? A linguist who spent many years studying Greek, Latin, Russian, French, Italian, German? A man who is intensely interested in the arts and sciences? Who studies biology and astronomy as a pastime? A thorough musician, an artist and a sculptor? A man to whom the Einstein theory is as clear as the crystal depths of a swan-pool?

Now do not gather from this that Milton Sills is so crass that he loses his humanity on the cold mountain peaks of intellectuality.

And please do not, if you are of a cynical nature, begin hinting that all is not coin that clinks. Milton Sills is not a man of false and imame gesture. He is genuine. He can maintain, almost indefinitely, an abstruse and bewildering discussion, on every subject imaginable. But he is decidedly not doing it for effect.

He is simply a man whose character and fine mind has many facets. They glitter and gleam because of years of a polishing process. Milton Sills is intellectually cultivated. But his erudition does not lift him to a plane above his fellow men.

His mind is an encyclopedia of information, but he does not superciliously flaunt his superior knowledge. He is too human and lovable for that.

He loves Life. He loves the glorious panorama of Nature. And he loves beauty in every conceivable form. His is a thoroughly aesthetic temperament.

But if you think this creed and this beauty-worship is simply a "sunshine and light" gesture, you are wrong again. Milton Sills is not a male Pollyanna. In fact, he is quite the opposite.

He sees the world in its dark cloak of sorrow. He sees it only too clearly. It was this clarity of vision and compassionate understanding of the tribulations of mankind which introduced him into the motion picture world. And which keeps him there. It also will prevent him from ever growing stale, or having his work pall. It is too definitely tied up with his philosophy.

A clam omelette happened to be the pièce de résistance at the luncheon where Milton Sills revealed some of the things that lie close to his heart. Perhaps a clam omelette is a mundane dish to figure in a discussion which touched the spiritual. But if it served to banish reticence—and it did—it served a lofty purpose.

Mr. Sills’ face, with its strong lines of character, and faint tracey of laugh wrinkles around the eyes, softened as he spoke of the average man and woman and their lot in life.

"Their lives lack beauty," he began. "The age of industrialism, beginning with the steam engine, has taken the joy out of life for them. I refer especially to the dwellers in our large cities. They are prisoners among drab skyscrapers, smoke, crowds of harried individuals living lives as unbeautiful as their own. Take the average shop-girl. Her working surroundings are monotonous and unlovely. After the long day’s drab work is over she goes home to a crowded city apartment, unlovely, too, likely as not, in setting, architecture, furnishings. If she wants beauty, she must go to an art gallery or a museum for a glimpse of it. She ought to have it every day of her life, woven into the things she does, wears, gazes upon. I mean beauty in an aesthetic sense.

[Continued on page 78]
CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

By Herbert Howe

Muscle Rock, California:
This being a warm spring day we'll take a ride.
Motoring out to my sea hermitage over Ventura
highway—tracing the trail originally blazed by the
crucifix of Father Serra—you are struck by the effect of the
cinema fantasy on the art and life of sunny California.
Here nature gave root to the movie, and the movie in grate-
ful return has spread her make-up over nature.
Through Cahuenga pass that debouches its traffic into the
valley of San Fernando you come upon Universal City and the
rolling Lasky rancho where location "shots" are made.
On a summit focused for sunset is the ruin of Notre Dame
cathedral, erected in the year of Our Lord 1924 by Carl
Laemmle for the estimable Hunchback, Lon Chaney.
Beyond on the floor of the valley lies No Man’s Land where the
wars of the movie are waged. Today the Civil War is on.
The Blue and the Grey are busily puffing at one another that
Dick Barthelmess may win Dorothy Mackall for "Ransom's
Folly."
You are invited to stop at the Cave barbecue for a sandwich
and glass of Tacoma brew. It is a cave of movie make-up,
perhaps created by a studio art director on the side. A boy
runs out to the car to serve you. He wears white trousers,
an orange brass-buttoned jacket, a pert orange cap, as jaunty
and neat as a bell hop at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin.
Then the circular Zulu Hut, with thatched palm roof and
imitation coconut trees towering around. It is owned by
Raymond McKee, the actor, who makes a monthly fortune by
serving chicken suppers that you eat with your fingers by the
light of candles stuck in real antique Scotch bottles. A Zulu
Negro, dressed in grass and jabbering French, opens the door of
your car, then rushes inside to do the Charleston to a jibblish of
French song.

The car rolls on past the Blu Den barbecue—then a shack
called Tut’s New Temple that serves tamales—the Hawaiian
hut run by a prize-fighter—Tut’s Neat Do Loze, with its Mexican pottery and
desert flowers—the San-a-Tog goat dairy, "drink to your
health"—Bunnymede, "the world’s most productive acre.
with hens laying white nuggets filled with gold—sparkling
hedges of geranium and cypress over which wild roses burst
in a shower of color—Anna Q. Nilsson’s house high on a hill,
reflecting the architecture of San Fernando Mission across the
valley—signs urging you to partake of barbecued beef and
Texas tamales, to have your face lifted and to attend "The Big
Parade" at Grauman’s Egyptian—then a touch of comedy
relief, a ramshackle Ford spinning ahead like a June bug with
a sign on its tail, "Nobody hurt in this wreck."
Thus fantastic, fabulous Hollywood makes California so completely her stage that you sus-
pect the sun of being an arc lamp, with Marcus
Loew sitting up there on the throne running the
whole show.

I intend to write a chapter for the Book of
Etiquette on how separated couples should act
from another. It will be based on Holly-
wood observances.
Dick Barthelmess dropped in at my bachelor
casa the other evening, with Barbara Bennett.
He tells me that he and Mary Hay have been
separated long enough now to permit of formal
calls on one another. During these tete-a-tete
teas they are as friendly and polite as before they
were married.
Friendship that can stand the test of marriage
is very worth while. So is marriage that can stand
the test of friendship. Yet Dick says: "Never
marry—it is hard enough to endure living with
yourself, let alone dragging in some one else."

Florence Vidor for tea, during which we
extolled the genius and merited triumph of her
once husband, King Vidor, whose "Big
Parade" is our current enthusiasm. But on
departure Florence blessed my monastic refuge
with; "It's wonderful to be free, isn't it?"

When I consider all the friends I've seen
gaily prance the aisle with orange-blos-
med accompanists, only to issue out of the Hall
of Justice quite as merrily a few months later with
divorce decrees on the same arms that held
the bridal hands. I'm moved to speculation.
Is matrimony a failure? Certainly not when it
starts so merrily and ends just as happily, with
only a few dull moments in between.

The most loving couples I know live in Holly-
wood—apart. When you hear them speak so
beautifully of one another you wonder why more
don't separate. Indeed Hollywood has found the
solution for happy marriages. It's separation.
Herb finds the solution to that great ever-present question, How to Be Happy Though Married—Be Separated

My philosophic conclusion is: Lead a woman to marriage and you make her your wife; divorce her and she's your friend for life.

(I'll bet some tin pan alley bird steals that for a song.)

SPEAKING of steals, Betty Blythe, whose pet word used to be "aroma," once asked me what aroma I'd like to be in my next incarnation. I said, "Corinne Griffith's bath salts."

What was my surprise to hear the same line come over the footlights one night, the only change being the substitution of Gloria Swanson for Corinne Griffith. But as I had no serious objection to the change I let it go.

A BIRD-SELLER called at my door this morning with a love bird for sale. He had startling information. He said that ornithologists had believed it impossible for love birds to exist except in pairs, but owing to the miraculous climate of Hollywood it was found they could thrive just as well apart.

"No news to me," I said drily, "I know it's a marvelous climate."

You don't have to marry to keep warm in Hollywood.

I HAD a belated view of "His People," a picture of savory atmosphere and superb acting, particularly that of Rudolph Schildkraut and Rosa Rosanova. It's a story of Jewish home life. The Ghetto appears to be the only place where you can find home life any more. All the other houses are given over to wild youth and dancing mothers, according to the screen, with no place for Dad to go except the other woman's. Something ought to be done to preserve this old home relic if only as a film "location."

MARY GARDEN has a new secret for health and slenderness. Every morning she descends from her villa on the Riviera and swims one and one-half kilometres in the Mediterranean. Then she climbs into a boat, moored for her use, and takes off every stitch of bathing suit. For an hour she lies thus in the sun.

Curiously, Rex Ingram, also on the Riviera, does the same thing.

JOSEPH VASSER, the Russian pianist, is wasting his time playing tunes. With that name he could get a million dollar job in Hollywood.

HOW To Dress To Suit Your Type is a favorite magazine topic for film stars. A far more important one would be How To Undress To Suit Your Type. Actresses set the example with the result that we have sturdy dames undressing for the evening and bulging all over the place as though each thought she were the American Venus. A few tips on just how many pounds could be unleashed artistically would make for better effects—and more room.

JOHN GILBERT'S Rodolphe of "La Boheme" was not the original Rodolphe. That gentleman was an unsightly sandy individual with bad teeth. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

A guide to the profession, and a laugh for Photoplay readers.
Once more they ain't done right by our Lillian. They've gone and pinned the scarlet letter on her snow-white bib. But, we are informed, Miss Gish picked Mr. Hawthorne's story herself, knowing she suffers swell in celluloid. So that's that.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT almost lost his classic profile when the "Shipwreck" company went on location to Mazatlan, a remote seaport in Mexico, on the coast of Lower California. The natives were like those you read about, and seldom see. Motion pictures were a mystery to them. But their lack of film knowledge was made up for by their familiarity with fistic champions.

Schildkraut was having the customary tussle with the villain. Said Joseph Henaberry, his director, to some of the gaping natives: "That black-haired fellow is Joe Schildkraut. He knocked out Bert Colina." On hearing the name of their fellow-countryman, Colina, several of the Mexicans disappeared and returned with their local champion, "Kid" Milo, who crave a fight with Colina's vanquisher. But somehow Schildkraut couldn't be persuaded into it. And the "Kid" hung around the set all day, figuring that if he had a chance to knock Schildkraut out, he would be undisputed champion.

"WALLY, I'd give a thousand dollars a week for a man who would do my worrying for me," frantically said Ed Sloman, who is a director, and directors are always supposed to do things frantically.

"Yeh! Where would you get the thousand dollars a week?" quipped Wallace McDonald, amiably, because juvenile leads are always supposed to be amiable.

That's the first thing he would have to worry about.

VIRGINIA VALIJO has a new boyish bob, which is almost as slick as the story she tells about the notice in a little Swiss inn, where she and Carmelita Geraghty stopped when they were abroad playing in a German picture.

The little chateau was perilously perched on the side of one of the towering Alps and apparently disaster had stalked before, as the stained placard on the wall read:

"Guests who attempt to scale the mountain are requested to settle their hotel bills before starting."

"YEH!" said Glenn Tryon, as he reflectively eyed the beautiful blonde across the room. "I have known her since she was a brunette."

"PLEASE, Pat! Why don't you marry me?" pursued one of Patsy Ruth Miller's swains.

"I may never get married," this from Pat, shaking her shingled head.

"Oh, Pat!" plaintively pleading the doting male. "Just think of all the men you will disappoint."

"I'd rather disappoint a number of men for a little while than disappoint one for life."

HE was a very distinguished actor. And not a small part of his distinction lay in the number of his ex-wives. Along came income tax time and the alimony checks assumed huge proportions. A brilliant idea was born.

Under the heading Bad Investments he listed "three wives"—and the amount of their alimony.

But to the government all wives are good investments and the actor had to pay a full return.

AND then there is Clarence Brown's famous remark:

"They are all actors and actresses until they reach the studio."

THERE was a grand fist battle at the Hal Roach studio when "Mickey," of the freckle-strewn face, and Jack, of the angelic countenance, two mischievous members of "Our Gang," met and tussled for the crown of Champion Wrestler of the Roach Lot.

They were deadlocked for seven minutes by the count of one of the grown-up onlookers, because Jack had "Mickey" firmly by the neck. The tide of the battle turned when "Mickey" suddenly stood on his head and flung little Jack through the air, for all the world like the rock in David's sling shot.

"Mickey" says he's going to be a wrestler when he grows up, but little Mary Korman, the beauty of "Our Gang," whom all the boys adore, has other ideas on the subject.

I WAS gossiping with Syd Chaplin the other day at Warner Brothers where he is making "The Better One," with a waifus-like mustache that certainly must be the despair of the hairdressers.

Said Syd, in the course of the conversation: "I would be glad to play the smallest bit in a picture if I thought the characterization was worthwhile and would give me experience."

"But you're a star, Syd. You couldn't do that!'' I remonstrated.

"That makes no difference. I'd waive the star thing," he replied. And I looked closer for a twinkle gleam of the Chaplin eyes. I know Syd. But there was none. Or..."
EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

Isn't Katherine MacDonald being just a wee bit chesty over her screen return in "New Loves for Old"? The American Beauty has been away from us for a long time. It wouldn't do for her to come back in a small way. But still...

else the matted hair and ambush mustache hid it. That sort of thing isn't in the scheme of things. Not in the starry scheme, anyway.

"But you wouldn't do it for ten dollars a day, would you, Syd?"

"No, of course, not! They'd have to pay me plenty for it. (Aha! The joke is played.) It's money I'm working for. And as soon as I get enough, I'll retire. But, if they paid me enough for doing a bit, I'd gladly do it."

Such frankness is stimulating. Most of 'em say they slave for "Art."

RUMBLIES come from the subterranean passages of the Hollywood Athletic Club, where the barber shop, baths and other necessary establishments to the beauty of mankind are located, that the changing trend of men's fashions has had a devastating effect on the dressing gowns of the male stars who make their residence there.

About a year or so ago our cinema heroes would swank to their favorite barber's chair in the glory of maroon dressing gowns. And other be-hauntish colors, such as brocaded black, with perhaps a gay purple coming in for eye-browed inquiry.

But the past year has dealt a death-blow to the somberness of men's intimate attire and pale pink or sky blue is coming in vogue. They do say that Eddie Burns was among the first to flaunt a pale pink pregnoir, which accentuated the raven of his locks, and not to be outdone George O'Brien, whose god-like physique is the rave of Hollywood, sauntered into the basement barber shop in a bright green, with contrasting satin collar. And the heavily-tasselled cord was bound twice about his torso, with the end flung jauntily over his right shoulder.

Baby blue is not scorned and neither is that delicate shade of jonquill yellow. I'm waiting for Bill Powell to confess to a robe in that ethereal shade of orchid.

Where are our fashions for men coming from? And going to?

"I've got a new name for my old car," declared Paul Powell, whose "Prince of Pilsen" has revealed a new director of comedy.

"What is it?"

"True love."

"Why?"

"Because it doesn't run smoothly!"

It remains for Reggie Denny to tell you the name of the fair damsel about whom this paeanic is written. He told it to me.

The girl is a well-known portrayer of flapper roles who has talked herself into and out of more roles than even Queen Scheherazade in her heyday.

Finally a director took it upon himself to give her a bit of friendly, and sound, advice.

"Look here, my dear," he counseled. "You are ruining a very brilliant career by your tongue.

"You talk too much! You wise-crack too much! You have a lot of talent, but people are afraid to hire you. You'd better stop it."

"I know! I know!" replied the girl, penitently.

"But I just can't help it. Why, I even spit on traffic cops!"

The chiepest sheik so far, Lewis Stone. The screen's shown young sheiks exclusively. But now imagine Lewis, backed up by a burnoose and a desert, poised and wise, and those fatal grey locks against his temples!

Wait and see.

ROSA RUDAMIT, now playing "Empress Josephine" in F. B. O.'s "When Love Grows Cold," sets up a plaintive wail. You see Rosa is one of the only unshaved beauties in Hollywood, now that Madge Bellamy and Lillian Rich have shorn their locks. Her hair is long, luxuriant and wavy, and Rosa, of course, takes great pride in it. That is, she did until she received a letter from an outspokefan who saw her in a recent picture.

"What's the matter with the producers?" the fan queried. "Why don't they buy you a decent wig? The one you wore in 'The Wedding Song' is frightful."

Rosa, who has the most remarkable eyes you ever saw, is searching for a new way to coil her tresses.

It was Dorothy Mackaill's birthday the other day—just which one she didn't say—and Dick Barthelmess gave her a surprise party over at the Marshall Neilan studios.

All the magazine and press representatives were there and Dorothy, who was kept in her dressing bungalow, really seemed taken by surprise—or something—maybe it was enlivenment.

There was a 200 pound birthday cake, with twenty-one candles on it and not a crumb was left, the grippers and electricians being called in to help finish it.

Then came the laugh of the party. A hobby horse, saddled and bridled, was wheeled in by Dick and Dorothy had a nice, safe ride. The Sunday before she had gone for a canter on the Beverly Hills bridal path and her mount ran away. Dorothy vows that had Jack Mulhall not ridden to her rescue she would surely have been severely injured. So Jack's a hero now.

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With most actors character acting is simply a chance to strut. Not so with John Gilbert and Roy D’Arcy, two of the screen’s finest. Look at them as twin brothers in the forthcoming “Baradlys the Magnificent.” Aren’t they fine?

AND at the Carl Laemmle testimonial dinner, Norman scored another, but with reverse English.

“When Carl Laemmle first came to Los Angeles,” said Donald Oden Stewart in his after-dinner speech, “upon the site where Universal City now stands there was an institution for homeless Germans, a menagerie and an insane asylum.”

“So he took the menagerie and the home for homeless Germans and Norman Kerry and started producing pictures.”

Of course Kerry was at the dinner and came in for an unusual amount of railing.

As he was leaving he asked:

“Why do they ride me so hard when they’ve got Hoot Gibson’s horse?”

BRYANT WASHBURN’S smallest son was making a stumbling attempt to read the titles in a picture show.

Finally he made out the word “triangle.”

“Mother, what’s a triangle?”

“Hush, son, and watch the picture!”

The scene showed the hero and heroine playing with a little dog.

“Oh, mother, I know what a triangle is,” chirped the lad. “It’s a man and a woman and a dog.”

Not bad for a lad of seven, eh?

WENT to Marion Davies’ house one evening for a dinner party and to attend a preview following. It was a wonderful party and a lot of our best people were among those present.

During the dinner lovely hot rolls were served. But there was no butter on the table. Like the king in Milne’s “When We Were Very Young”—“Nobody could call me a jussy man—I only want a little bit of butter on my bread.” So I stalled and fidgeted. So did Dorothy Mackaill, who was my dinner partner. So did several others seated near us. Then, in desperation, I ate the roll butterless. “The butter will sure catch h— later,” I thought.

After dinner I casually mentioned the butter oversight to my talented wife and was laughingly informed that it was no longer fashionable to serve butter at dinner. All fashionable folks are reducing perhaps.

Ge, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Moreno must be old-fashioned, for the lad who used to bring butter to our house confided to me one day that the Morenos were his best customers—that they use twenty-two pounds (I think it was a week). I sure hope they ask me over to dinner some time, because we’re fashionable at our house now—and saving quite a little that way, too. Wish women’s hats would go out of style.

DID you ever hear of an “honorary assistant director?”

Neither did I, that is not until I visited the George Fitzmaurice set and saw Manuel Reachi, attaché of the Mexican government in Los Angeles and husband of Agnes Ayres, occupying a chair on which was painted: “Honorary Assistant Director.”

Suppose it means he’s working for the honor of it and not for pay. Anyway, Reachi says he joined the Fitzmaurice company to make a study of the motion picture industry. He certainly picked a capable director to learn from.

HERE’S one Reg Denny told me on Ben Hendricks, who accompanied Reg on a fishing trip into Mexican waters, the trip, by the way, in which Denny and his party were reported lost in a terrible storm, which recently swept the Pacific, and were later heard.
Rudy and Pola’s only picture together. Will Pola never learn? For months we’ve been fed bushels of mushy, printed avowals of her love for Valentino, who now seems to have given her the air for a blonde Englishwoman.

Fitzmaurice, who is now doing his interiors at the United Artists’ studio, is photographing Valentino without make-up. I was admiring the still photographs they are getting on the picture and was surprised to learn that they are not only photographing the entire picture with panchromatic film, but are also using panchromatic plates for the production stills. It makes possible a wealth of detail such as we have never before seen in stills.

The ends to which these boys will go for their art! Behold Lew Cody all putted out as Cyranho, that nosey guy who died for unrequited love. Lew will look this way, briefly, in “Toto.” And Lew purported to be the be-mannequin of Hollywood.

from a Mexican port, after hope of their safety had been abandoned.

The Denny power boat was moored off an island and they were having great sport with shovel-nose sharks.

Hendricks had hooked a huge one and, after a battle lasting well over an hour, hauled the exhausted shark up to the side of the boat.

“Pull him up and I’ll shoot him,” cried Denny.

Which he did. But in the tail, instead of a vital spot.

Suddenly the shark came to life and the fight was on again.

In another battle, which lasted a half hour, Hendricks again won and again Denny offered to shoot the giant fish.

And again the bullet sped—true to his aim—into the shark’s tail.

Off again dashed the shark but Hendricks had had enough. Grabbing a knife, he cut his line and the battle was over.

THE fellow Douglas MacLean certainly is superstitious, and so is his gang. They signed their contract with Paramount on Friday, the thirteenth; began their new picture, “That’s My Baby,” on Friday and finished it on another Friday.

And still they can smile.

IN the making of “Beau Geste,” by Herbert Brenon, and “Son of the Sheik,” by George Fitzmaurice, a very interesting experiment is to be tried out. Both have a desert setting and are planning to use the same location, near Yuma, Arizona. This will make it possible to share the same extras, lights and other camp equipment to a large extent and should mean considerable saving in production costs. As both Fitzmaurice and Brenon are directors of temperament as well as great ability, there are many in the industry who are watching to see how the experiment turns out.

TALK about realism in the films!

Here’s one topic anything I’ve heard for a long time.

Talking to Pat Powers the other day about “The Wedding March,” which Eric Von Stroheim is making for him, and Pat told me he had purchased the historic coach in which Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir apparent to the Hapsburg throne, was riding when he was shot by a Serbian officer in the streets of Sarajevo, capital of Bosnia, on June 23, 1914.

It was the two shots fired by the Serb officer which started the world war.

In “The Wedding March” Von Stroheim will reproduce this fateful murder and Powers has secured the very coach and the harness worn by the horses for use in the picture, so he says.

I CERTAINLY am fast becoming an epicure. Only the other day I shared some marvelous buffalo steaks at a luncheon at the Montmartre, at which Noah Beery was host. Don’t know whether Noah caught the buffalo himself or it was sent him by an admiring fan, who knew where a herd spent the night. Any- way, I don’t care, for it was great.

Eating buffalo steak didn’t take much nerve.

It was a few days later that my courage was put to the supreme test.

I was watching George Fitzmaurice shooting some scenes with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Bánky for “The Son of the Sheik.” When the scene whistle blew, Rudy and Fitz invited me to stay for lunch with them. Needless to say I was delighted, for they are both epicures of international fame, have a chef and charming little dining room and everything at the studio.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]
The Three Vaughns. Down front is Alberta, that pert patootie of F. B. O.'s firmament. On high is Adamae Vaughn. She's the blonde. Adamae has been signed by F. B. O., too, to be featured in full length films, the first of which is "The Arizona Streak." The other "girl" is their mother. What was that about heredity?
Wicked!

The story of a cinema sinner and a small town girl

By Margaret E. Sangster

I had been enjoying, rather, the conversation of the two flappers who occupied the table next to me. I always enjoy conversations, if possible—and I nearly always enjoy them! One may learn a great deal, vicariously, by listening, especially when the conversers are young and not too cautious.

The flappers, in question, were not too cautious! Typical of their age and generation, they were—hard-eyed, hard-lipped, girls, who talked with a wisdom, a sophistication that—despite its amusing elements—at times quite terrified me. When they veered, suddenly, to motion picture gossip I rather feared for a group of people that I knew and, for the most part, loved. And yet—I listened on. It is interesting to get the outsider's viewpoint upon one's friends.

The two flappers—quite unaware of me—warmed to their talk. They went into the details of the mystery surrounding the latest Hollywood scandal. They chuckled over the latest Long Island marriage. They knew the rumors that decorated the spectacular filming of the great picture of the year—they found flaws in the season's most glistening star. And then, all at once, they stopped talking. And their eyes grew round and focused—suddenly—upon a point beyond me. And one of them forgot her veneer of breeding and pointed—pointed with a slim, cruel, over-manicured finger.

"See!" she exclaimed. "See. Do you recognize her? Coming in, at the door. In black, against the crimson curtain. Isn't she—exciting? I—I didn't even know, this with a sigh, "that she was in town!"

The girl who had not pointed ventured a question.

"I know I'm dumb," she admitted, "but I'm hanged if I can place her. Picture people look so different off the screen. Who—"

The first flapper was frankly disgusted. Her lifted brows spoke for her. It was only after a poignant moment that she answered.

"Yes—" she agreed, "you are dumb, dearie, you are! Fancy not knowing her. Why, she's the wickedest woman in the movies—" her smile curved into a mean little blur as she leaned close to her friend, and began to whisper.

But—she didn't have to speak the name aloud. Even before I turned to wave a greeting, to beckon an invitation, I had known that Marie DuGanne was coming slowly toward my table. Slowly, across the softly carpeted floor of the hotel dining room.

She had changed, so greatly, since first I saw her—Marie DuGanne. Not—of course—that she was less beautiful. The passing of phantom years will always make Marie seem miraculously younger, fresher, more radiant! But—well, the woman who came to my side, who pressed my hand warmly, before she sank into her chair—she was like a person walking in her sleep. Her lovely face was a mask—her smile a fixed thing, a warnimg, but without a spark of mirth in its pseudo gayety. Only her eyes—great, sombre eyes, darkly, surprisingly blue between their black lashes, awake. Only her eyes displayed the emotion that she felt at, unexpectedly, meeting an old friend.

"In black, against the crimson curtain. Isn't she exciting? Why, she's the wickedest woman in the movies!"
All in black was Marie DuGanne. She wore black nearly always. Her hat was large and drooping—in a day of small felt cloths it dared to shade her face with a wide brim. Her dress was tight and rather long—it had a high neck and sleeves that reached to a point, to place well beyond her slim wrists. Her mouth, boldly painted, was scarlet lure—her face a creamy, rich white. And her hair—blue black, straight, was drawn away from her face and knotted low on her neck. A strange type—but a few years ago a casting director had written it down, quite casually, as "dark Irish."

Why not? Marie DuGanne had been an extra then—and her name, upon the studio books, had been Mary Dugan. Just that—Mary Dugan!

It was as Mary Dugan that I first knew her. As a little nothing girl, working on the greatest lot for a few dollars a day. I had done the scenario of the picture in which she had a tiny part—that was how I had happened to be there, too. Between shots, the director and I talked over the next picture that we would do—and I outlined for him my plot and drew for him, in mental images, my every character.

Of course, as always, the next picture was to be written about the slim figure and the golden personality of a certain star. But—as it sometimes does happen—my interest, as the writer, had focused itself upon one of the nearly minor roles. The part of a young Spanish girl, convent reared, but possessed of a devil that tortured her soul and made her do cruel, wicked things. This role called for a person of the Castilian type—a young person ashamed with what the French call /j'en dérive/. Slim and graceful and with a curious shyness.

And yet, almost Hell-ridden by a passionate reaching toward the moon! A strange conception certainly—and one difficult to locate. A female Jekyll and Hyde—and an almost juvenile one!

"If we find the right person," the director said to me, one day. "She'll take the picture right out of the star's hands. And then there'll be the dickens to pay. Wow! But the part—it gets me just to think of it. I'll put off doing the script until I find a dark Cinderella . . ."

It was a very warm day. The sun blazed down upon the lot. Weary I passed my hand over my head. And—

"This child of my brain," I laughed, "has gotten me, too. I want to see her live. But—don't let's worry about her any more, right now. Let's worry about finishing this sequence and—"

The director chuckled.

"And taking a dip in the nearest pool," he finished, for me. And then, possessed of inspiration, he slapped a long hand upon a bony thigh.

"I've a good mind," he said, "to take the whole gang to the beach—you know the shot where there's a party at the shore? Well, we'll never have a hotter day to work in—and, perhaps, because of the heat—some of these water shysters will be in the ocean before they realize it!"

The idea took with the crowd. The extras gave the director a parched little cheer—as they hurried for the dressing rooms. Pretty soon the whole crowd were in cars, on the way to the beach. Slim young things in abbreviated suits that weren't in the least immodest, somehow, because they were worn so casually. They didn't need any urging into the surf. They rushed, hungrily, to meet the green water. The waves closed, like sensuous arms, about slender bodies. And triunphantly, the young goddesses, the bodies rose, dripping, from the foam.

It was as she leaned back, laughing, with her face to the sky—and with her black hair wetly outlining her oval face, and her eyes half closed against the white dazzle of the sun—that I really saw Mary Dugan for the first time. I almost screamed, in my delight, and turned madly toward the director. But I didn't have to speak to him. He, too, had seen the girl—and he was starting forward with arms impetuously outstretched.

I said, really saw Mary Dugan! I had seen her, before, upon the lot—many times. Then she had been only an ordinary little girl with rather fine eyes. A girl with hair fluffed about her face and with wide skirts and round necklines and sweaters transforming her lovely body into something quite commonplace. But here, with her hair off her white forehead, she was a lady of old Spain—in miniature. With her slimness bending away from the green of the ocean she was all beauty. Even her white hands were the hands of an aristocrat. And yet, still, there was the essence of childhood about her. As fresh, as lovely as a morning in early spring.

We signed her up, late that afternoon, for the forthcoming picture. She was dazed with delight, but she recovered sufficiently to throw her arms around my neck, quite suddenly, and kiss me. I felt, then, as if she might be my daughter. I felt so, still, at times.

The next day the publicity man changed her name into Marie DuGanne. It was a great joke to us all. And the still photographer made some portraits for the press—and, between us, we invented a history to form background for the latest "find."

We discarded her small beginnings—rather pitiful they were—for Mary was a little orphaned Irish child who had beaten her way up, through sheer force of personality, from a
You can't take him away from me!

city slum. We discarded her beginnings and drew her against a tapestry of flame and tears. Her ancestors had been killed duelling. Her mother had been a Spanish dancing girl. Her father French—a roué, but a nobleman. There had been a suicide pact. They were both gone. Marie had been educated by the Sisters in a tiny town in the south of France. She had run away, at sixteen—to follow her mother’s career. At seventeen—Hollywood.

The story went over with a bang. So—in my picture—did Marie DuGanne. The golden star had hysterics for three days; after the preview—but the director stood by his guns. He would not cut Marie’s part—not a foot of it!

Sometimes I feel responsible when I think back, over those first days. For Mary Dugan had been such a glowing bit of womanhood—and Marie DuGanne, have I not said that she was like a sleep walker, that her lovely face was a mask? But sometimes I think that fate dangles us, on the end of wires, as Tony Sarg dangles Marionettes. Perhaps fate—quite without my interference—would have made Marie DuGanne out of little Mary Dugan.

We chose for her an apartment—and we furnished it in bizarre shades and exotic draperies. The girl, herself, was in the golden oak period—she could not understand our choice. We bought her a Russian wolf hound—the dramatically right dog for a French-Spanish lady of quality to own. But she cried all day when the little lame mongrel, which she found on the studio lot, and kept in the kitchen, was run over by a passing car. We installed a dark browed chaperon, who taught grammar and poise, in off hours. And we made it easy for the girl to say “demi tasse” instead of “a cup o’ coffee, please—an’ make it black!” All this we did, while the publicity man manufactured

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]
WOMEN and girls will love this and when they are safely out of hearing of the boy friend admit how true a picture of the modern girl's life it is.

Sandy is a flaming youthful, who Charlestons and pets, with a code of morals quite clear to herself, if not to her parents. She marries and tries to be worthy of motherhood, though she has discovered her possessive husband an awful person. Her baby dies; she goes searching for love again and gets hurt pretty badly in the whole process.

Such is the story, not new by any means, but here so intelligently directed by William Beaudon and exquisitely played by Madge Bellamy that it is not merely another flapper film but a human document. Harrison Ford plays a very human lawyer quite perfectly.

Norma Talmadge is a comedienne now. And a comedienne of such charm and whimsicality that you are going to love her even more than you did in "Smilin' Through" and other lachrymose dramas.

She is funny and sad and gawky and gay all in one.

And once in a rare while, just to show you she still can cry, she allows you to see a glistening tear about to descend. But it's gone in a moment and the new Norma struts across the room in a form-accentuating skirt and hastily thumbs her nose at a pursuing landlady. She even slides down the banister and indulges in a hair-pulling fight with Gertrude Astor, with whom she battles for Ronald Colman's cinema love.

Norma, you see, is Kiki of the widely-seen stage success. If you do not know the story it's all about an awkward little Paris street gamin with theatrical inclinations, fanned to a fervent flame by love for a Parisian theatrical manager, admirably played by Ronald Colman. But Ronald is enamoured of Gertrude Astor, his leading lady, and before Norma wins Ronald she battles Gertrude, succumbs momentarily to the able wills of Marc McDermott, who plots with Gertrude, and finally lapses into a tremendously funny mock-fainting spell from which Ronald is called upon to revive her.

It's from the French farce by Savoir—with a script by Hans Kraley—and the cast is excellent, which means funny George K. Arthur, too.

That Clarence Brown of splendid "Goose Woman" fame directed it, speaks for itself. Invite the children over eighteen to go with you.
SAVE YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

KIKI
THE FLAMING FRONTIER
SANDY
THAT'S MY BABY
THE BLIND GODDESS
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

The Best Performances of the Month

Madge Bellamy in "Sandy"
Norma Talmadge in "Kiki"
Louise Dresser in "The Blind Goddess"
Edythe Chapman in "The Runaway"
Harrison Ford in "Sandy"
William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman"
Rin-Tin-Tin in "The Night Cry"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 136

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount

For your own sake, go see this Harold Lloyd production. It's as merry as a summer day and as clean as April and what laughs it holds!

"For Heaven's Sake" proves that Harold is just as funny as ever.

The plot, which doesn't matter in the least, concerns a man with a mansion—that's Harold—and a girl with a mission, Jolyna Ralston. Harold's so rich nothing disturbs him. He wrecks and buys ten thousand dollar limousines with equal indifference. Jolyna and her minister father are so poor every doughnut counts—for they feed doughnuts to the poor.

Harold, slumming about, burns up the coffee stand accidentally. He gives the minister a check for $1,000 for it, only to find they've built a whole mission with that much money and put his name over the door. He goes down to stop it and sees Jolyna.

Then it's all over but the fun.

Wait till you see Harold trying to eat a powder puff, thinking it's a cookie Jolyna has baked; wait till you see him recruiting a congregation for the mission, stopping at nothing short of murder to get a crowd. You'll laugh until the tears sting your eyes and the pain in your ribs force you to stop.

And if you've ever driven a car, go see what they do to a traffic cop.

The gags are all yours. The direction by Sam Taylor is intelligent, but then we've only praise for the whole thing.

Take the entire family to see it and then you won't need to spend money on spring tonics.

THE FLAMING FRONTIER—Universal

Another absorbing tale of the Old West, which is as spectacular and historically significant as "The Covered Wagon." It carries out the spirit of pioneer America.

Edward Sedgwick, who is credited with the authorship and directorship, has approached the subject with a fine appreciation of its patriotic flavor, its sweeping pathos, and best of all, its historical accuracy.

The Pony Express, West Point in 1875, the Indian uprisings and the famous battle—Custer's Last Stand—all these things are logically worked out, their details perfectly interlocked, the whole forming a splendid piece of workmanship. The picture is peopled with red-blooded characters enacted by a cast that is perfectly adaptable. Be sure the children see it!

THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount

Sixty minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean demonstrating that he is blessed with an abounding sense of humor and a fine carelessness of method that are too rare.

How we laughed from the start to the conclusion! The story is about a young man who is turned down by his sweetheart on the day of their marriage. He vows that no woman shall enter his life again—but you know that's apple sauce. Of course it eventuates into another romance and the picture is over.

Harry Earles, who was so delightful in "The Unholy Three," has a small part and he is a scare. Again he is a child and some of his mischievous pranks are as thrilling as they are amusing. All in all there is not a dull moment through the entire picture—be sure to see it!
**THE VOLGA BOATMAN—Producers Dist. Corp.**

Cecil De Mille has woven into his newest picture much that is typically artificial. As usual he fails to reach your heart and the efforts at humor fall flat. Yet the strength of the theme behind its thin story and the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the ranks.

It is the story of a Prince, Victor Varconi; a Princess, Elinor Fair, and a Volga Boatman, William Boyd.

**THE NIGHT CRY—Warner Bros.**

You need not be a dog fancier to enjoy Rin-Tin-Tin in his latest and finest vehicle. Rinty's histrionic efforts will keep you amused and make you marvel. It is plainly seen that the story has been built around the personality of this wonder dog. Rin, a victim of circumstantial evidence, outclasses his good name, saves his master's baby and kills the real enemy of the sheepfold. Excellent for the kiddies.

**RED DICE—Producers Dist. Corp.**

Adapted from an Octavus Roy Cohen story, this twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, who agrees to die at the end of a year, provided the year is made luxurious, is swift-moving and frequently amusing. Yet somehow at the end it seems cheap and improbable. Rod La Rocque is sincere as the soldier and Marguerite de la Motte sweet as the bride.

**THE CAT'S PAJAMAS—Paramount**

She isn't a Barry heroine in this. She has graduated into bedroom comedy. Ernest Vadja wrote a tantalizing comedy as only a continental can and they gave it to an American director and put Betty Bronson of seraphic appeal into the role of the pajamaed heroine. Whatever the result Theodore Roberts is back with us, Arlette Marchal is gorgeous to look upon and Ricardo Cortez is very capable.

**THE SEVENTH BANDIT—Pathe**

A splendid Western that grownups and children should not overlook. There's something about this fella Harry Carey that gets us. Harry's pictures always ring true. He's always the fast riding, quick thinking, sure shooting and hard fighting guy that always gets his man regardless of circumstances. The supporting players are good—James Morrison, Harriet Hammond and Trilby Clark.

**YELLOW FINGERS—Fox**

If this newcomer, Olive Borden, isn't one of the leading stars within the next year, then we're no judge of talent. To our liking she has everything—beauty, ability and IT personified. Her performance here, as a half-caste, is excellent. This also marks the return to the screen of Ralph Ince, formerly a director. The story—East is East, etc., y'know—old stuff but you'll enjoy it because of Olive.
POOR Pola, she has our sympathy. About two more pictures like this and as far as the movie public is concerned, she will be through. It may not be her fault, unless she insists on the impossible vehicles she travels in. Pola is still as interesting and as beautiful as ever and we are anxiously looking forward to the proposed combination of Von Stroheim and Pola. Yes sir, we'll bet that will be a picture.

THE CROWN OF LIES—Paramount

THIS William de Mille production starts with an actress and a director come from Broadway to Virginia on location, quarreling in a hotel room. An accidental shot is fired. The girl runs away, fearing trial. Rushing to cover, she meets a mountaineer, who takes her to his mother's home. Of course, love comes. Good entertainment, finely acted by Clara Bow, Edythe Chapman and Warner Baxter.

THE RUNAWAY—Paramount

HERE is a stirring story with splendid picturization values but through negligence it does not seem to gain the sympathy it warrants. It makes pleasant drama but falls short of greatness that would seem possible. This seems to be due largely to the lack of stress on the big moments. Too, the characters move around casually with no feeling whatever in their roles. Fair.

MY OLD DUTCH—Universal

A FAIRLY interesting crook drama. Nelan has done an unusual thing—instead of building his action around a number of incidents he has developed his story more by his characters. This at times becomes very tiresome and one wishes that as long as it deals with crooks, why not stage a little shooting episode for excitement? Viola Dana is good as is Bobby Agnew. Not for children.

WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist. Corp.

THIS presents the novel by Rex Beach which was popular many years ago. Since then the plot has been re-hashed from many different angles with the result that the story is looked upon as old stuff. Nevertheless the theme of the half-case always makes an interesting story (even if it is old) and through the splendid acting and some thrilling storm scenes, it makes splendid entertainment.

THE BARRIER—Metro-Goldwyn

SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.

GOOD entertainment. The spy system, as introduced in Anthony Paul Kelly's "Three Faces East," is again served for your entertainment. In this case Evelyn Brent is the woman spy and we're here to say the girl's good. Evelyn makes the most of every opportunity afforded her. John Gough is clever with his comedy antics.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]
The hot days are coming, and, like Laura LaPlante, all of us must have summer frocks, not only smart and cool but ones that can be easily tubbed. This one of linen is on trim slender lines and is finished with hand drawn work. Colors, French blue, green, peach or orchid. The sizes are 14-20 and the price only $5.95

And for hot summer nights nothing is better than voile negligees. These are adorably trimmed with embroidered net, dainty "val" lace, and a narrow ribbon belt. They come in all the lovely delicate pastel shades and cost $2.55. Sizes 11-20.

How about a swim suit like this one on Marie Prevost? A gay knitted jacquard design and a jaunty patent leather belt make the stout ones thinner and the thin ones almost too attractive. All for $7.95. In green, red or blue. Shoes to match or in black are $1.35. And the latest in bathing bags is "The Cat's Pajamas" at $2.95. The cretonne beach coat will reveal only your excellent taste. Designed in brilliant colors over a background of white, tan or gray, it costs $5.95. $4.95.

If you think of these step-ins as a graduation present, better get two because you'll want to keep one for yourself. Trimmed with wide lace and groups of dainty pleats in voile, $1.95, in crepe de chine, $2.95. All the pastel shades and regular sizes.

LET PHOTOPLAY HELP YOU SHOP
The STARS will guide YOU in Your DRESS

PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these lovely things for you. Send certified check or money order, no stamps, together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded without question. Send articles direct to PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.

If your practical, all-purpose last year's wrap is beginning to "go," regard this black satin coat on Dolores Costello. It has the very new sleeves, bits of colorful embroidery on the collar and pockets, and a crepe de chine lining in either rose or jade green. $29.75. 14-20

One expects to see Renee Adorée in frocks that reflect the true Parisian taste. Picture yourself either of them below. The crepe de chine of this type, trimmed with hand drawn work, is a bargain at $18.50. It comes in white, red, blue, green or pink. The printed georgette on Renee is on a background of tan, green or navy. The banding on the skirt and girdle are in harmonizing colors. $25.00. 14-20

If your type is anything like Dolores Costello you need this French imported frock of crepe georgette. Trimmed with motifs of delicate silver embroidery, tiny crystal beads and velvet buds, it comes in white, peach, orchid or chartreuse green. Exceptional value at $28.00. 14-20

Like the step-ins, this chemise trimmed with lace is in pastel shades at wallet at $1.95, or crepe de chine at $2.55. State size.

THROUGH THE NEW YORK STORES
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:
   
   First Prize ........................................ $1,500.00
   Second Prize ....................................... 1,000.00
   Third Prize ......................................... 500.00
   Fourth Prize ....................................... 250.00
   Fifth Prize ......................................... 125.00
   Twenty Prizes of $50 each ......................... 1,000.00
   Twenty-five prizes of $25 each ................... 625.00

2. For four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine will publish cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. $5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

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

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second Page Following This Announcement

SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.
$5000. in
Treasure buried in
PHOTOPLAY

Get out your scissors and try for YOUR share

Read the Rules on Page Facing
The hair is the mother of one little girl.
The eyes were once called, "Declasse".
The mouth is now hailed as the find of the year.
She takes after her daddy, they say.
The hair has a sister who's known to the screen.
The eyes played in circus plays twice.
The mouth was once married to filmland's new sheik.
They're divorced—though they're both very nice!

Herb Howe says the hair has that something called "charm."
The eyes almost starred with a whale.
The mouth is twice married—but slightly aloof.
And her beauty makes strong men turn pale.
The hair's from a state famed for cowboys and steers.
The eyes worked for Cecil de Mille.
The mouth is so sought by an army of swains.
It's a wonder she's unengaged still!

RESUMÉ
Two of them are blondes—and the others less light—
Two of them remain still unwed.
And two owe their fortunes to old New Orleans.
(And one was a dancer. It's said.)
And two have come up from old Vitagraph days.
And two have arrived from more recent plays.
The hair is an idol on stage and on screen.
The eyes drive a car mighty fast.
The mouth in three features (the best of the year)
Made a name and a rep, that will last.
The hair was a soldier who flew through the sky.
The eyes are now wed to a poet—
The mouth played with Norma in many a film.
His name? Oh, you’re joking—you know it!

The hair is unmarried—and not very young—
The eyes were divorced from their mate.
The mouth hailed from England, and it has been said
He can beat any man of his weight.
The hair starred with Mae and with Lillian Gish.
The eyes are as blue as the sea;
The mouth once played comedy on the legit.
Though he’s tragic, today, as can be.

RESUME—
One comes from the family best known to the boards.
And one has a real Irish name;
And two are old timers—and two are quite new
To that which is known as screen fame.
Just one has dark eyes—the three others are light—
And one made his "hit" in a serial fight.
Her name suits her more perfectly than any other screen player's—Renee Adoree.
Wise and witty for too long this lovely mam'selle was hid beneath indifferent stones
"The Big Parade" liberated her and the fans and Herb Howe, across the page, adore her.
The Genius Enchanting

Her name is Renee de la Fointe—the French named her Adoree and she is here rechristened Amoreuse

By Henry Wilson

A TINY French doll in fleshings and pink ballet fluff tossing like a rose on the back of a great white horse, in the ring of a little French circus—bounding and pirouetting on the back of the horse, then sinking to her knees, then up again and through a hoop that's held by the clown, her father. Her foot catches in passing through and she stumbles a little. The ringmaster's long whip, with a lead in the end, cuts through the air and flicks out her flesh. She winces, then quickly smiles and kisses her hand to the crowd. There is no place for pain in a circus even though you are a child and the flesh is bleeding....

Rene de la Fointe was the child's name, but the French rechristened her Adoree, Renee, the Adorable,....

Riding out of the tent to applause she springs off the horse, quickly pulls on boy's clothes and is back with a broom to police up the ring,.... She reappears at the close of the show with her sister to dance in the ballet.... Bare-back rider, trapeze performer, ballet dancer and chore boy, the petite Adoree took her beatings and smiled in her tears for applause....

Those smiling tears are still in her eyes, a dewy gleam in the blue, such as Greuze knew how to paint, surrounded by upturned lashes like the rays of the sun. Adoree is a Greuze, with an added touch in the sweetness, a tragic touch brushed on by life.

We thought we knew what love was, then Adoree came in "The Big Parade" and all the loves that had gone before appeared but cheap irritations.

Those scenes between her and Gilbert are among the finest the camera has yet transcribed.

What is the element in Adoree's emotion that distinguishes her from all other enchanters? Poignancy, concentration, the genuineness of her?

"Hunger?"—says Adoree—"Hunger. The yearning for something too beautiful to touch. Something beyond the daring of belief. That is love."

I can tell you in a word what it is. The love portrayed by Adoree is the consecrated love which is romance, the love that transcends flesh and passes into ideal. Adoree's love is adoration.

In a single glance she dedicates her soul. There is no need for gesture nor for word. She looks at her lover and sees a god. The veritable God in him. It is a look that would thrill a man even though he did not love her.

"It is respect," she says so fervently that her English takes again the colors of French. "You want to know why love is dying in the world? It is because women do not respect men. I've passed by you know that?" she flings passionately, tossing out a hand. "The modern woman does not respect man. That is the trouble with marriage. I—I respect' men"—Then a mocking laugh—"That is why I made such a success of my marriage, eh?" Her marriage with Tom Moore was ended by divorce, without bitterness or recrimination. The only reason given was that mysterious modern thing, called incompatibility. [continued on page 134]
Ladies! Look

The men will anyway and a girl ought to be prepared. Hence these pictures

No, this is not the first step of the Charleston. This is the way too many flappers stand. Careless and jaunty, they claim this slant on life. But so was the leaning tower of Pisa—and look at it now!

Legs go in the same direction and should be together. When so far apart, as above, one is apt to knock over a chair and wake mother when their owner is stealing home from a dance at three a.m.

On the other hand, or rather leg, a nice girl stands this way. Remember that line about "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet"? If there was a brook, this would illustrate it, if there was a river.

Rear elevation of same nice legs. A rule to be remembered is that a seam must always follow the straight and narrow. The only curves permitted in stockings are those that the legs supply. Given those, nothing else really matters.
to Your Legs!

She was a Sennett bathing beauty who posed and she had great understanding.

A girl who toes in, unless she lisps and keeps one finger in the corner of her mouth, never gets anywhere. In other words, if you're a cutie beautiful, try this out on your front porch.

Sweet and low, that's what these legs are. The knees have retired from public life, the feet are shy and modest. This is a pose that even the sourest maiden aunt would approve. Correct, and, wonder of wonders, also comfortable.

The riddle is changed now from why does a hen cross the road to why does a flapper cross her legs—in this manner? A Sennett beauty wouldn't sit this way ordinarily. For this picture and art she does it.

Sitting position to accompany the proper standing position across the page. Recommended before twenty and after forty, to fiancées trying out before his mother and to sweet things who can't imagine what big prices on the menu are all about.
The House that Jack Built

It took a lot of jack to do it

John Gilbert has invested the profits of his recent success in a new home, built where he can look down on everyone in Hollywood. It's on the highest of Beverly Hills. Stuccoed and tiled, it's an ideal setting for the Merry Widower.

The living room. Plainly, Jack doesn't intend to hide his light under a bushel. There's the light in center background.

That other great lover, Romeo, had a balcony. So why not Jack? Simply furnished in wicker, this one looks westward to the sea.

The Metro star really eats here and those among the lucky few who are numbered among his friends.

68

This is Jack's bed. The rest is silence.
The Lovely Young Daughter of

MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

points out that the care of the skin is an important social duty

"THERE is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily accomplished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set."

BARBARA STREBEIGH

use them yourself every single day as follows:

First Step: Whenever your skin needs cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Leave it on a few moments so that its pure oils may penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice! Repeat the treatment, finishing with a dish of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores. On retiring give your skin this same thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and, if your skin is dry, leave some of the cream on until morning. When you waken, your face will be clear, fresh, and free from lines.

Second Step: After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream except at bedtime, smooth over your skin a trifle of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives your skin, the velvety, glowing tone. And you will notice that your powder clings to your skin with a new smoothness, and that it stays on too. Used before you go out, Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from hot sun and wind and from the harsh grit of soot and dust.

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.

Free Offer. Mail coupon for free tubes of these Two famous Creams, and folder of instructions for using.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Red Hair and A Piano

By Allen Prewitt

**THIS is a story about Hollywood, shamrocks, ambition, struggle, achievement, and more particularly, about Ethel Shannon and a family piano.**

Ethel is one of the brave little girls who have stormed the gates of Hollywood successfully. If it weren’t such a terribly mixed metaphor, I would say that she did it with the piano in one hand and a lock of her luscious red hair in the other.

There is no use to try to tell you about Ethel’s red hair, for the words just wither up and refuse to tackle the job. This much I can tell you, though, that she hated it when she was a kid because the other youngsters teased her and called her Red, and shouted this doggerel at her:

*Red head, ginger-bread, Five cents a cabbage head.*

Sometimes she had to whip them for that, for she is Irish, and her anger and her joy flash up with the brilliance and speed of lightning.

Now that she has grown into young womanhood, her red hair is one of the beautiful sights of Hollywood, to be pointed out along with Mary Pickford’s home, the palm trees and roses in the winter time.

But I can tell you about the family piano. Incidentally, I think it one of the most appealing stories I have heard in Hollywood.

Ethel was seventeen and had just graduated from Woolcott’s fashionable finishing school in Denver, which city also has the distinction of being her birthplace. She yearned for a career and she yearned to make money, for the family had had financial reverses. She turned her eyes to the modern Mecca of the world—Hollywood. But mother wouldn’t listen to her daughter going off into the world. So Ethel sold the family piano. She got only $135 for it. It was worth more, but she wanted a quick sale with no questions asked.

With this money our heroine went to San Francisco, which is about five hundred miles from Hollywood. She wasn’t quite sure where the movies were made, except that they came from California. She admitted that this was stupid of her, but she was very young willing to believe that the title was literally true, in her own case. She continued to believe so until the picture was finished and she found herself unable to get any more parts, even though she had given a good performance in what she considered a minor role.

Then she became a telephone operator and learned to give wrong numbers and talk back to the customers. By economical living she managed to save enough money to buy a nice wardrobe and a railroad ticket to Los Angeles, with eleven whole dollars left over.

When Ethel arrived in Los Angeles she realized that she would have to conserve her funds, so she waited at the Sennett studio, a distance of several miles, and applied for work. Strangely enough, she found it the very first time, and was employed as an extra. Her blue eyes danced for joy, and her red hair took on an even redder and more exultant hue.

Stranger still, she was selected to play a lead opposite Bert Lytell in “Easy to Make Money” after she had been in Hollywood only three weeks. She was now Erin’s plucky little daughter tucked pride away in her make-up box and went back to playing extras, but she told herself and the other extra girls that she had no intention of staying there.

News reached her that Bill Hart was looking for a leading woman. She looked him up, and Bill told her that the part required a very emotional actress who could cry. The girl was so excited that she began to cry and let loose a lachrymal flood that was a miniature Johnstown. She got the part!

A scene in this Hart picture stated that the leading woman should jump into the river. As a “double” had been provided, but Ethel became so engrossed in her acting that she plunged into the water. The “double” (a man dressed in woman’s clothes) rescued her. They fished her out and filmed a scene of her as she lay on the neck.

[Continued on page 117]
People You Admire

Buoyant, vital, they banished their ills—found fresh joy—through one food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!


"LAST DECEMBER, there appeared a blotch of little blisters at one corner of my mouth. They gradually spread on my face and were very embarrassing. I tried different remedies but nothing seemed to help. So I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I have been (and still am) taking two cakes of Yeast regularly each day for the past four months. I can truthfully say, that, aside from clearing up the acne, it has improved my health in general. I am thankful for Fleischmann’s Yeast."

GERTRUDE SCUDDER, Detroit, Mich.

"YOU LOOK SO MUCH BETTER than we, who have had vacations, do," remarked several of my teachers today. "Is it the arduous work of summer school or prosperity that agrees with you?" The truth is that Fleischmann's Yeast has cured the constipation that sapped my strength for so long. Today I feel like a new man."

CHARLES F. WELLS, Baltimore, Md.

"AS A GOLFER and in fact in all my activities I have found it necessary to be in perfect physical condition. To this end I discovered that three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day keep me up to the mark and forestall that 'staleness' which is so often the result of over-training among athletes. I claim that my 'birdies' on the golf-links are the result of daily cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast eaten on crackers."

MERRILL ROWLAND, New York City

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today.
The Well Dressed Man in Hollywood

A few tips from the style dictator who knows

London dictated men's fashions. Then Paris tried it. Now comes Hollywood with Lew Cody as the he-mannequin. Lew here displays the spring business suit

IN Hollywood Eddie Schmidt is the oracle of fashion where men's clothes are concerned.

Schmidt sets the styles and makes the clothes for the best-dressed men on the screen and they, in turn, set the styles, not only in Fargo, N. D., and Oskaloosa, but all over the world. A list of Eddie Schmidt's clients would read like a roster of stars and leading men in pictures. He makes clothes for Adolphe Menjou, Reginald Denny, Lew Cody, Richard Dix, George Fitzmaurice, Jack Mulhall and oh! what's the use—just pick out your favorite actor and it's 10-to-1 that Schmidt is his tailor.

Here are a few hints from Eddie to the well-dressed man of today:

An essential part of present day tailoring is to build up a man to emphasize his height. This is done by shorter coats and waistcoats, which, in turn, give the fashionable length to the trouser line.

Be sure your tailor gives you a small, tight hipline on the coat, built up to square shoulders, made as broad as your height will stand. With the short coat goes the medium short waistcoat. Your trousers should be high-waisted and worn with suspenders. The trousers, which are being worn quite full, may be made either with or without a cuff, but the cuff makes them hang better.

Schmidt emphasizes that the particular man cannot be too careful of a straight tight waistline to his coat and that it should shoot up and out from the top of the waistline.

Watch out for a break behind the collar. You cannot have a well-fitting coat with this.

Never take a suit out of a tailor shop unless you are perfectly satisfied with it and are comfortable in it. You will never look well if you do not feel well.

The interested gentleman with his back against the wall is Eddie Schmidt, whose tailoring has made many a star. Kneeling before Lew's splendor is C. F. Bergman, Eddie's chief designer.
So that's it!

All of a sudden it dawned on him.

For a long time he had felt that things were being said about him behind his back.

Now—he had actually overheard it.

And said by men whom he had regarded as his best friends in the business!

Maybe they were right—he didn't know. But at least he would find out and apply the right remedy.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1 1/2 ounce. Buy the large size for economy. — Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS
Charlie
burns his britches behind him

Mr. Ray has changed from country boob to city slicker

Mons. Charles Ray, the sophisticated. Behold Charles' make-up for his next picture, "Paris." He didn't wait to live down his pure past. He burned it up. Here's to your burning up the box-office records, Charlie

It got Charlie's goat to hear he couldn't play but one type of role. So he fed the goat his hick hat and made a funeral pyre of his overalls and country shirt.
CHANTAL of Paris, created this Bridal Gown especially for COMMUNITY PLATE—the silver of brides

awnings... orchids... wedding presents, in heaps, in tiers... Where will your card lie? In a sea-blue chest that holds a pale bright service of silver for six?... Near a patrician dozen of salad forks?... Tied to the stem of a single lovely serving-piece?... Community Plate is as much a part of the wedding as the bride’s bouquet—or the groom! And where Community Plate lies, bridesmaids pause to sigh over their roses!... The chest is $37.75. The salad forks are $7.50 for a set of six. The single piece may be $2.50. All in the finest plate made.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Them wuz the Days!

"Old Ironsides" revives the stirring days of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men" in a rattling good nautical film.

The Master Gunner, who deserted from the U.S.S. "Constitution"

The "Esther" of old Salem makes ready to put to sea. Seafarin' wuz seafarin' in them days. No two things in the engine room to start—You got aloft and broke out the sails.

The Boy—he decides to go to sea.

Dark words from a dark man. "Ships with wimmin folks never come back." George Godfrey and Esther Ralston are the players.

Old Salt Wallace Beery. Them wuz the days, right enough.
Thoughts as Care-free
As the Gay, Sheer Frock You Wear!
—both under the most trying of hygienic handicaps!

This remarkable NEW way of solving
women's oldest hygienic problem sup-
plants insecurity with true protection,
offering 2 advantages unknown before,
plus easy disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

TO END the uncertainty of old ways, to enable you to live every day unhandi-
capped, regardless of hygienic problems, is the object of this new way which is chang-
ing the hygienic habits of the world.
The trying situations of yesterday become the incidents of today. You wear your sheerest frocks, your gayest gowns; you meet the social exactments of every day without a moment's doubt.
Do you wonder, then, that 8 in every 10 of women in the better walks of life now employ it? It will make a great difference in your life. It is basically different from any other way you have ever known.

Three new advantages
This new way is Kotex, the scientific san-
tary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-
absorbent Cellucotton.
It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.
It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad is deodorized by a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

There is no bother, no expense of laundry.
Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

You can get it anywhere, today
If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your view-
point, in your peace of mind and your health. 60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.
Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.
A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12, in 2 sizes: the Regular and Kotex-
Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets
in rest-rooms by
West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS — DEODORIZES

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
We Suggest

New Coiffures for the Stars

HAIRDRESSERS of filmdom are now at a loss to know what to suggest in the way of coiffures for the stars. Most everything has been tried and discarded. We hope the accompanying creations may help to solve the problem, but we do not insist upon them.

For the sad-eyed ZaSu Pitts, "The Weeping Willow"

For Rudolph Valentino we suggest "The Jockey." This will no doubt be taken up by other Latin lovers

"The Cobra" should become the exotic Nita Naldi

For Ben Turpin this charming inspiration, "The Cruller"

A Man of Talents

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

"The daily lives of all of us ought to be tinged with beauty. Beauty is the compensation for the hardships, struggles, heartaches of life.

"Of course, it is impossible for most of us to live the kind of life the ancient Greeks thought ideal—a lazy, contemplative existence in the midst of abundant beauty. Even they had helots, those bondsmen who had to do all the disagreeable work. But beauty ought to figure like the movements of a symphony through all our lives.

"It doesn't, simply because the cardinal crime of the industrial age is that it does not take into consideration the aesthetic needs of the soul and the spirit.

"So we go the swift and colorless pace. Work. Speed. Crowds. Smoke, big buildings, factories.


"Thus it comes about that poor humans seek compensation.

"They find it in motion pictures.

"The motion picture is the anodyne.

"Land of Hearts' Desire.

"Here the men and women whose lives are monotonous, common-place, frustrated, unhappy, unsatisfying, can find their counterparts—their proxies—those glad and joyous, beautiful and wealthy, brave and charming people they would like to be. Cinderellas all they watch the waving of the magic wand. And see themselves emerge metamorphosed into a beautiful, satin-clad Princess, or a handsome, uniformed Prince, a banker, a man about town, gardenia boutonniere and all, or a society girl in bizarre and elegant clothes.

"What does it matter if, eventually, the dream fades out, and they come back to actuality again?

"For a brief space, for a few hours, they have been transported to another land—the land of Make-Believe, the Land of Dreams Come True.

"Unreal and transient. But better than no dream world at all!

"When I first left college I came to New York, and was soon a leading man in the legitimate. My home was in Chicago, and so I knew well the typical life of the dweller and worker in a big city. Even New York, where I was tasting success, depressed my spirits. I felt vaguely that something was lacking and then my Destiny moved me to the Coast.

"I entered my work in motion pictures with a keen sense of responsibility. It was like getting into a game, a serious game, of Make-Believe.

"When my role called for the wearing of immaculate evening clothes, I tried to wear them (with a swagger) because that book-keeper on his high stool in the office back in New York would wear them that way. Cast as a hero, ready to die for the woman I loved, I tried to play it with intensity and daring, for the packer in that soap factory in Chicago would like it played that way.

"Anodyne! Compensation! Land of Hearts' Desire!

"I could not forget that trinity."

"The clam onelette consumed, views expressed on the Industrial Age vs. Beauty. Mr. Sills started off on a round of errands, which reflected his own way of life.

BUYING bulbs of a new flower which resembled an orchid, and which will find its way into his flower garden back in Los Angeles, where delphiniums, phlox, and lilies flourish. Looking up some wrought-iron grill-work for the new Spanish-type home which he is building, and which is to satisfy his love of the beautiful by means of colorful tapestries, soft and silken hangings, quaint pieces of carved furniture.

And, last, a visit to—a tailor! Clam onelettes and tailors! Thump! Down from the lofty heights of idealism. Down to the low plane of reality.

Even in a land where beauty reigned, clam onelettes and tailors must needs have their place.

For one must eat and wear clothes, even in the most paradisical spot on earth.
A Favorite Everywhere!

First you take a nibble—then you take a big bite—then you become a full-fledged member of the Baby Ruth candy family.

An Army of 30,000,000 candy lovers have been won over to this delightful habit. At all candy counters.
Those Charming Forties

are but the natural reward of youth safeguarded, as thousands will tell you, in this simple way

**YOUTHFUL** charm lost is the supreme tragedy in a woman’s life. For once lost, it rarely is regained. But youth retained, as experts know and urge, is quite a different matter. That can be done and is being done by women everywhere today. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. What comes in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

**YOUTH** at forty means caution at twenty, *extreme* care through the thirties... and rigid avoidance of untried ways every day of one’s life.

Thus modern beauty culture turns now to natural means, and frowns on the artificial and often dangerous ways of yesterday.

The scientific skin care of today starts with the proved doctrine of pores kept open, of the skin cleansed daily with the balmy lather of Palmolive.

It is a simple method, but *certain* in results, and what it is bringing to millions, it will bring to you.

*This is the method. Follow it, please, for one week... note the difference then*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive. And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.
Wild, Wild Susan, Stockton, Cal.—You want me to tell you what is the matter with you. I think you are just桥梁. No; that isn't a bad sketch of Anna O. How's chances of my being sketched? Your question wasn't a bit goofy; in fact, I have had several playmates asking the same one, "Fanciellino in 'The Unholy Three'" was played by Harry Earles. Harry is a midget. Now don't argue any more. Lloyd Hughes, as you say, he of the determined fame, is a tall lady. And as for Madge Bellamy and her eyes, now lady, I have plenty of work to do today and please don't start me thinking. Madge will be twenty-three on June 3oth. Did you know she had her hair bobbed for her latest picture, "Sandy?" Notice how I'm up on all the scandal. I think I have been prompt; now you be and write me soon.

STEPHANIE B.—Now what am I supposed to do—retract my statement just because your sister learned some new facts? I don't care what happened down there. I'm giving you the straight dope that Johnny Hines told me. He said he was born in Golden, Colorado, but was educated in Pittsburgh, Pa. Now that is the story and I stick to it, even if your sister's husband is a giant. I think you are trying to bully me. If you still don't believe me then write to Johnny at 135 West 4th St., New York, City. Say, I'm getting jealous of Herb Howe. All my women send their love to him. Methinks the best way to settle it will be by a duel. The next time I meet Herb on Hollywood Boulevard I'll slap his cheek with my glove. Now see what you've started.

MARY WINTERS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Alene Ray is twenty-five and Walter Miller is thirty-four. Alberta Vaughn will be twenty in June. She's not married—yet, although I can't understand how she escaped. Your question is impossible. I have been following "The Green Archer" serial and have been unable to solve the puzzle. But just wait for a couple of more episodes—it would spoil the fun if you knew from the beginning who was who.

AUDREY, DETROIT, Mich.—So you are an understanding admirer of Lloyd Hughes. Attabay! Lloyd can be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. I'll tell him now what you said—Hey, Lloyd! This little girl thinks you were great in "Irene." Of course I agree; it suits everyone does. Yes, Mary Pickford, too.

BARRY, BALTIMORE, Md.—And you conclude I like to get replies letters like yours. I think they are charming. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1883. Barthelmess is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and has dark hair and brown eyes.

D. M., HAWORTH, OKLA.—All film stars appreciate their fan mail. It is to them what applause is to the actor behind the footlights. Their fan mail indicates their popularity, so you can see no actor neglects it. Some of the players employ secretaries and in some cases a member of the family answers the star's mail. The stars usually see the most intelligent letters written to them. If you enclose twenty-five cents in your letter to your favorite you will receive a photograph. Louise Fazenda is twenty-seven. I'm sorry I couldn't answer all your questions, but think of all the other boys and girls waiting for a reply to their letters.

J. & L. SMOKE SHOP, New York City.—Glora Swanson is five feet, three inches; Norma Talmadge is five feet, two inches. I bet you know what the wager is: that Norma is taller than Gloria Who wins?

C. G. B., ONTARIO, Can.—Say, lady, I'm not an Elinor Glyn heroine. I should say my life is NOT a bed of roses. I don't think you looked very hard for Richard Dix's address. He's always at my apartment and you can always find out what he's working in at The Studio Directory. But I'll overlook it this time and tell you where you may write him—Paramount Studio, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

A. B., WINNIPEG, Canada.—I don't think you are bold, but just a wee bit inquisitive. Well, here goes for all about Leatrice. Leatrice is one who turned to comedies for her first foothold in pictures. Her stage experience covers a period of only eight months in a stock company in San Diego, Cal. She was born in New Orleans, in 1897. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. She is separated from the handsome Jack Gilbert. Leatrice is now under contract to Cecil B. De Mille. Should you care to write her, address your letter in care of the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

BOUNCING BETTY, PASADENA, Calif.—At last I am recognized—I am your screen hero. I'm thrilled to death. And you love sleep? Me? Th'm's happy wonds, lady. Now I'll have to answer your question—Richard Dix was born on July 18, 1895. You just have time to send him a birthday card at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

TONY, SADLU, Calif.—The column is conducted to hand out red hot information about the stars, not about myself. But since you insist, I suppose I will have to oblige—well I am a cross between Bull pulp fiction writer and try to figure that out. How old?—well, I was one of the crew on Noah's Ark—there's another example to work out. Are you satisfied?

E. T., HUDSON, N. Y.—Write to Gloria Swanson, at 352 Fifth Ave., New York City. If you desire a personal reply to your questions please enclose a self-addressed envelope.

DEUX SAVANTS, Bar Harbor, Maine.—I couldn't quite understand what you were trying to drive at. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, and don't doubt my word about it, either. Cora Williams was the Aunt in "Womanhandled."

ROOTS, Geneva, Ohio.—You weren't so very shy on the questions, Pass-In. Richard Dix became interested in the stage following his attendance at the University of Minnesota. He cast aside the profession of doctor and became an actor. During his early stage career he played with William Faversham and was a member of the Mobrae stock company. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., in 1804. He is an even six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He has brown hair and eyes and is not married.

LOUISE BURK, BRAMLEY.—So you like Margaret Quimby—she is cute, I'll agree. Margaret has sent me some photographs that I have framed and are before me all the time. She is working at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. The handsome George O'Brien can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

J. E. S., New York.—Jobyna Ralston has appeared in six of Harold Lloyd's comedies. Have you heard the good news about Jobyna? She was recently signed to appear in "Sweet Daddies," for First National, and in this Jobyna will have her first dramatic role. Many of the famous dramatic actresses of repute write in to me and who can tell—perhaps this will be the turning point in her career. Jobyna first saw daylight on Nov. 21, 1904. She is five feet, one inch in height and weighs 105 pounds. You can reach her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139.
THE rosin of dreams as contrasted to the drabness of reality; the ease of dreams, contrasted to the work of achievement. Few away of you girls write me on that problem. You send long letters telling of the happiness you get lying back in a chair visioning yourselves rich, beautiful, besieged by suitors, and you wonder and wonder if that is the way to go about life. It isn’t.

"Dear Carolyn," writes Betty L., "are dreams the way out of the unfairness that life seems to hold? I’m just seventeen and I find that when I dream of a party and live over in my mind what is going to happen it is always much more lovely than what actually does happen. Because of that I’ve nearly given up going out with other girls and boys. Sometimes I get very lonely. Sometimes I wish I weren’t this way. Is it wrong to live in the world of your imagination? Tell me what to do."

Betty, dear, I tell you to snap out of it. Just that. The kind of day dreams is fair and wonderful—and more treacherous than quicksand.

No person can build a successful life without imagination. Everything comes to those who dream, if they dream constructively. It is not the dreaming that counts, not the imagination that counts, but the quality of it.

Consider the cow. She stands for hours in a fair field and chews her cud. Then she lies down and chews her cud. Then she stands up again. So her days go by. Her bovine eyes are the dreamiest in the world. But look at her and her social position! Too many of us act like spiritual cows.

Nothing comes to the dreamer who dreams and dreams vaguely, uselessly and far away from reality except old age, discontent, spiritual loss and restlessness. A dreaming mind is really a lazy mind.

But you can make your dreams work for you. You can turn them into pure gold of love, romance, friends and worldly success. Here’s how. If you use your dreams to persuade yourself that you are better than this world and therefore unadapted to cope with it, you’re sunk. But if you will chain those dreams down to reality, if you will use them to figure out how you can rise out of your present surroundings, how to win the treasures on earth you desire, you will come up as inevitably as flowers in the spring.

Oh, my dear girls, train your young imaginations to be your servants, not your masters. When you have mastered yourself, you have mastered the world. You are managing life instead of life managing you. Don’t dream on your back. Dream on your feet, ready to run at the first beckoning of opportunity. Think of yourself in the future as charming and rich and wise, but meantime prepare yourself for that happy state. Mastering yourself means such

Pamphlet on Reducing

Following the announcement that I would send specific instructions on diet, skin troubles, or any other beauty problem, I have been so deluged with requests that as yet it has been absolutely impossible to comply with all of them.

The majority of the letters have asked for instructions on diet and reducing. To comply with these I have had printed a new, eight-page pamphlet, illustrated with exercises that help you reduce in a sane manner. The price of this booklet is ten cents. All other beauty advice will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

To those of you who have written me and not yet heard from me, I ask you to wait just a little longer. Not one of your letters has been lost and you will, every one of you, get a personal reply.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

Use your head. Dream in the terms of thought and action. Use your feet to move swiftly. Use your good manners to help the other girl or boy and thus establish funds of friendship. Be brave. It is better for you to suffer now than to wait until you may need them badly. Be brave. Have the courage of your own convictions, after you have checked them off against the convictions of some older, wiser person whom you respect.

The heights are yours, youngsters, if you want them. But remember, nobody ever climbed to them on a chaise longue.

An Ugly Duckling.

You are not ugly, you know. In the little photograph you sent me I see sensitive features and fine eyes. Ugliness is much more a mental than a physical matter. I could name you a long list of women from George Sand to Madame de Staël who were what the world calls very homely, and yet they won fame and fortune. George Sand, whose real name was Amadine Dudevant, had a long, heavy face, but her intelligence so brightened it no one ever noticed its homeliness. Thought, care and attention to grooming and diet can lift a girl with features as good as yours, into the "pretty" class. The mannish body has a tendency to accentuate the features and, therefore, I think it might be better for you to wear your hair a little fluffy about your face. You can wear ivory and cream white; mahogany and Negro brownes; dark, warm reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. You are not too heavy for your age, so don’t worry about dieting. Wear simple, straight line dresses in either one or two pieces. When washing your face cleanse it well around the nose, chin and forehead. These are the danger spots for almost any one and a little extra attention will go far toward effecting a blackhead cure.

NORMA, LOS ANGELES.

Your skin must be quite oily or you wouldn’t have so much trouble with blackheads. I would advise you to cut down on the use of creams and apply more soap and water. The two preparations you have been using are both excellent, although I agree with you that the first is pretty expensive. [continued on page 105]
Trim sports frocks of silk, flannel, rayon - - 
Myriad-tinted hosiery - - Exquisite underthings - -

More beautiful this year, more perishable. The care you give them is so important . . .

FROCKS of silk and flannel for sports—of course! And now a new fabric—rayon—appears. This season the coutouriers are using it in so many, many ways. Alone or skilfully combined with flannel, linen, cotton, even silk itself!

This season marks a new brilliance in color, too. Pastel shades are giving way to their brighter, bolder sisters—color is the keynote!

All the lovely new underthings of silk, crepe de chine, rayon—hosiery, too—are exquisite, unusual in coloring—various enough to match each and every frock!

And oh! how frail! You hesitate at first to purchase—then you remember Lux—and delightedly bear off the loveliest things of all!

For years Lux has faithfully guarded your fine things—your fragile silks and laces, your delicate woolens. Its bubbling, foaming suds gently cleanse the most perishable fabrics, refresh the most delicate colors without harm. That is, of course, if pure water won’t harm them!

Rayon—new, beautiful but fragile when wet

Rayon must always be washed with the greatest care. Rubbing with cake soap may completely ruin it. The safest way to wash rayon is in pure, mild Lux suds.

Monday’s laundry so costly you treat it like fine fabrics

It’s not surprising that more and more of your everyday things—now so costly—find their way each week into Lux suds. Lux works such wonders with them—lets you enjoy them so much longer. Almost before you are aware of it you’re washing all of Monday’s laundry in Lux! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

No matter how delicate, how exquisite your frocks, your filmy underthings—silk or rayon—if water alone won’t harm them Lux won’t!

Now the Big Convenient Package, too

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Soldiers of the Legion"

Beau Geste reaches the screen

The playground of the Foreign Legion. Burning sands—wastes of rolling desert with swift Arab marauders, who appear and vanish again among the dunes—this is the setting for much of the romantic adventure of Beau Geste.

Schwartz, who led the mutineers. Played by Bernard Siegel

Michael Geste, called Beau, and his brother, John, soldiers both in the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman and Ralph Forbes

Sergeant-Major Lejaume (Noah Beery) awaiting the return of deserters
Youth ~ The Power of Fragrance

A STRANGE THING—fragrance. So unfailing its enchantment; so far-reaching its subtle influence!

To those sensitive to the appeal of perfume—and everyone is, in some degree—it may conjure up colorful pictures, inspire admiration, heighten charm, or express the spirit of tremulous, unspoken thoughts.

Such is the intangible, but potent allure of April Showers, the perfume of youth. April Showers, the lovely fragrance created by Cheramy, will say to you—and to others—what cannot be put in words.

To have April Showers, your perfume, is to have an ever-present aura of beauty—the glow and the romance of youth.

April Showers Bath Salts, perfumed with lovely Springtime fragrance, $1.00. Face Powder, fine, adheres; in five true tones, light flesh, dark flesh, light brunette, dark brunette and white—75c.

April Showers Perfume—as exhilarating as a fresh April morning—$1.00, $2.50, and $4.00. Talc, delightfully perfumed—clay jars—75c. Permanent Rouge, in cream form, orange or carmine shades, 50c.

CHERAMY
NEW YORK

Cappi and April Showers

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Three Little Girls

from Paramount’s School and also from Massachusetts. They are, from left to right and in public and private life, Therma Todd, Dorothy Nourse and Jeanné Morgan. Graduates of the Zukor-Lasky Seminary, they are under contracts at $75 a week

HAS Paramount discovered where beautiful girls are most numerous?

In choosing eight girls for the Paramount school from more than 25,000 applicants, officials of that company found that three of their eight hand-picked beauties came from one state—the state of Massachusetts.

There was a blonde girl, Thelma Todd, and a dark girl, Dorothy Nourse, and a girl of medium colored hair, Jeanné Morgan, and they all hailed from the district that the Pilgrims first stepped on.

Thelma Todd, the blonde beauty, had been a school teacher, which is what beautiful girls are all too apt to become in New England. Came a beauty contest and Thelma was chosen Miss Massachusetts. The Paramount people saw her in this stately duty and immediately grabbed her for their acting academy.

Dorothy Nourse came from Boston, the town of the bean and the cod. At sixteen, she was clerking in a department store and picking up the pin-money by being a fashion model and a city winner of beauty ballots. Not yet eighteen, she is the Paramount school’s youngest graduate.

Jeanné Morgan, however, only squeezed into the Massachusetts ménage during the last six years. Prior to that time, Jeanné lived in Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies. Jeanné had played a leading part in an amateur movie and a bit in the “Vanities” during their Boston run before she came to the big Astoria schoolhouse to learn how to make her green eyes behave.

**Studio News and Gossip—East and West**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

It was only when we were seated that I learned the piece de résistance was snails. I’d often heard of people eating snails—also of Indians scaping people—a good yarn if true—but here I was right up against it myself.

I was game! Had to be, for no one could offer two such charming hosts. So I ate the snails. And honestly they weren’t half bad. And the sauce was great.

Of course I didn’t let them know this was my first meeting with a snail and a great time was had by all present.

Our military schools are a great thing to develop patriotism.

There is one, the Hollywood Military school, which is attended by the sons of many prominent picture folk and here young Bill Reid, son of Mrs. Wallace Reid, was recently enrolled.

Bill thinks going to school is great, and certainly takes it seriously.

The other day Mrs. Reid and Bill had their car parked in front of a radio store. Just as they were pulling out, the strains of “The Star Spangled Banner” sounded over the radio.

Up stood young Bill—as straight as he could, considering the top of the car—and remained at attention as long as he could hear a single bar of the selection. And he was quite enraged at his mother, because she did not stand up too. The fact that Mrs. Reid was driving the car at the time didn’t excite her in young Bill’s eyes.

CHALK up one for Lambert Hillyer.

Was over on Hillyer’s set the other day watching him direct Anna Q. Nilson in “Miss Nobody.” Sinclair Lewis, known to his friends as “Red” and to the general public as one of our greatest authors, was with me and taking a “close-up” of the industry.

Lewis had just returned from San Francisco and was telling me about a move to have another Statue of Liberty on the west coast—at the Golden Gate, in San Francisco.

Hillyer overheard it and suggested: “Why build it at the Golden Gate, in San Francisco? I think it would be far more fitting to erect it on the top of the new Los Angeles county jail.”

As prisoners have been escaping at will, picking the locks with forks, spoons or what have you, ever since the new basilisk was occupied, both Lewis and I were forced to agree that the L. A. County Jail was the place for it.

BIG Butter and Egg Men from the West are no longer in vogue with the Hollywood flappers. If you want to buy them a meal nowadays you’ve got to convince them you’re a “Big Land and Swamp Man from Florida.” Lew Cody is my authority for this and Lew ought to know.

AND speaking of Cody reminds me of an experience he had one night when making a personal appearance at a Woman’s Club Benefit. Lew, who is one of our very best little personal appearances and is much in demand as toastmaster or after-dinner speaker, entertained his audience on this occasion with some anecdotes about Conrad Nagel and his little daughter.

After the benefit he was approached by an elderly gentleman, who said: “You must know Conrad Nagel very well. I’m his father.”

“Yes,” answered Lew, “I’m very fond of Conrad. We did a picture together recently.”

“Funny I don’t remember seeing you on the screen. I go to all of Conrad’s pictures. What was the one you worked with him in?”

“Lawful Larceny!”

“My! My!” exclaimed Nagel senior. “I’ve seen that picture three times and can’t even remember your face.”

Tough on Lew for he only had the stellar part.

BLANCHE SWEET has just recovered from a serious illness, but is all right once more. Of course nobody knew anything about it until it was all over—that’s Blanche’s way.

ALTHOUGH the engagement has not been announced, there seems to be a pretty definite idea that it exists and that George O’Brien and Olive Borden may celebrate a wedding almost any day now.

You know George has been such a “man’s man” and so entirely indifferent to women that everyone was beginning to wonder if he was a bachelor for life.

But since the day little Olive Borden first came on the Fox lot all that has been completely changed. They certainly make a striking looking couple—saw them dancing together up at the Lafayette recently.

TOM MIX made a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theater, where one of his pictures was showing the other evening. I happened to be there—never miss a Tom Mix picture, myself—and he was a riot.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 85]
This Ends Oily Skins

This remarkable new way of removing cleansing cream

Lightens darkish skins 4 or 5 shades—instantly
Holds make-up fresh for hours

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below

Here is a scientific discovery that will prove, no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin... you have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

May we give you a 7-day supply, without charge, to try?

It is not a cloth, not a makeshift, but an entirely new kind of material. It contrasts the harshness of fibre or tissue methods with a softness that you'll love. It ends the "soiled towel" bother.

A scientific creation

We are makers of absorbents, are world authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we started out to perfect a thorough remover for cold cream... a right way that would remove it all, and all the pores' accumulations of dirt, grease and germ-laden residue with it.

Now that exactment has been met. We worked two years to do it. And we're told it marks one of the most important advancements in skin care known.

What it is

The name is Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—exquisitely dainty, inviting and immaculate—you use it, then discard it.

Scientifically aseptic, it reaches you white as snow, soft as down. It is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or tissue substitute.

Kleenex Absorbent Kerchiefs
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

Just make this test

Your make-up holds hours longer than before

Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent!

First
Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

Then
—pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

Then
You discard the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.

Today, largely on the advice of skin specialists, women are flocking to it. It will effect unique results in the texture and fineness of your skin; in the color and whiteness of your skin.

Combats oily skins and blemishes
You use cold cream to remove germ-laden accumulations. Old methods removed but part, rubbed the rest back in. That's where eruptions came... and those dark appearing skins.

It will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. Oily skin indicates cold cream left in the skin. The pores exude it. That's why you must powder now so often. * * *

It will double and treble the effectiveness of your make-up... will make it last hours longer than before. That's because it does what no other method can do, what no other even approximates; removes all dirt and grease from the pores.

Send the coupon

Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent you without charge.

Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer... in two sizes.

7-Day Supply—FREE
KLEENEX CO.,
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent—as offered.

Name
Address

Only one packet to a family P. H.-O.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Every tongue that speaks, but Romeo’s name speaks heavenly eloquence."

Once more the most beautiful romance ever written, the immortal story of Romeo and Juliet, reaches the screen. Universal is making it with Andre Mattoni, their new German find, and wistful Mary Philbin in the roles of the young lovers.
Her discoveries give new youth to famous faces of Society and Stage

Dorothy Gray

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the discovery of new treatments and preparations for facial rejuvenation, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

If you're beginning to show age it will be at one of these three places

The three telltale places which indicate facial age are the double chin, wrinkles and lines around eyes and mouth, thin face with flabby muscles and crépy throat.

THROUGH her years of experience, Dorothy Gray found that there are three places—weak spots—on a woman's face which unerringly reveal one's years. Correcting them makes a difference that is almost unbelievable.

Experts agree in her estimate that 67% of all women past 25 and 90% past 35 reveal one or more of these conditions.

Up to now, many women have found the battle against facial age a losing one. But Dorothy Gray's delighted clientele has found that it is no longer necessary to let these three telltale places reveal their unpleasant story.

"To look one's age is a folly," says Dorothy Gray, whose world-famous Salon on Fifth Avenue has long been the mecca for the leading women of stage and society. For the thousands who have come to her, often with the signs of heart-break in their faces, she has performed almost miraculous transformations. Dorothy Gray has become the leading exponent on facial rejuvenation.

Not by harsh surgery, not "face-lifting," not "enameling"—all so temporary and dangerous—but by scientific treatments with her own unique preparations.

Now, all can be had in your own home. You can obtain the identical results—just as if you had come to the New York Salon of Dorothy Gray.

Through her years of practice with a large and fastidious clientele, Dorothy Gray has now perfected systems for home treatment.

You can erase years from your face if you're over 30. If younger, you can prevent age lines from coming prematurely. A double chin, that first fatal sign of departing youth, can be restored to graceful lines. Droopy, flabby muscles can be "firmed"—allow skin made glowing—thin and withered skin can be revitalized—lines and crow's-feet around eyes and mouth can be eliminated, erased.

Learn all about Dorothy Gray's famous treatments and preparations. She will gladly give you personal advice. Do not hesitate to tell her your beauty problems. Write in full or use the convenient coupon below.

Dorothy Gray's preparations, with complete directions for treatments, are on sale at fine department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country. If such a store is not conveniently near you, you may order direct.

Mail the coupon or write today.

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, 43 New York, N.Y.

Please tell me how
☐ to treat a double chin.
☐ to treat flabby muscles and crépy throat.
☐ to erase wrinkles and lines around eyes and mouth.

Name: ____________________________
Street: __________________________
City: ___________________________ State: ________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
What a Circus

this will be, with Charlie Chaplin, the greatest clown of them all, in the ring! Charlie plays a pathetic ringmaster, hopelessly in love with a beautiful bareback rider. She's Charlie's new discovery, Merna Kennedy, and very likely the whole thing will be called a low-brow comedy for highbrows.
Advertising pays you!

Advertising brings to millions, at reasonable prices, comforts and conveniences which without advertising would be luxuries that only a few could enjoy.

America is an advertising nation. That is one reason why the man with moderate means here enjoys more comforts than most wealthy men abroad.

Because thousands on thousands of people ask for a certain article by the same name, which they have read in the same advertisements, it is possible for the advertiser to sell this item at a minimum of effort.

It is therefore possible to manufacture and to distribute this product at a saving which you share with the advertiser.

When you figure the number of these items in your daily life built by advertising, you can appreciate that advertising does pay you!

Advertisements enable you to buy better things at less cost
What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, INC., 3900 Mission Road.

William F. Craft directing "The Gaolhouse Cowboy" with Bill Cody.

Noel Smith directing "The Flying Mall" with Al Wilson.

W. W. Van Dyke directing "The Tenth Polo Roamer" with Gareth Hughes, Wanda Hawley, Thomas Stanwix and Anna Carroll.

Lloyd Ingraham directing "Lorel Bokum" with Edward Everett Horton and Dorothy Devore.

CHADWICK STUDIOS, 660 Sunset Blvd.

Scott Dunlap directing "Winning the Futurity" with saddle and shirt.

Production will soon start on "April Food" with Raymond Krane.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inceptive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Bobby Vernon, Walter Herr, Jimmie Adams and Neil Burns, all working on two-reel comedies.

CECIL DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City.

William K. Howard directing "Gigolo" with Rod La Rocque, Louise Dresser and Johnna Ralston.

William de Mille directing "For Allonny Only" with Leatrice Joy.

Frank Borzoff directing "Her Man of War" with Jutta Gospal.

Donald Crisp directing "Sunny Side Up" with Vera Rynokols.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 780 Gower St.

Ralph Ince directing and playing the featured role in "Bigger Than Harmun" with Ralph Lewis, George O'Hara and Viola Dana.

F. Harmon Weight has completed "A Poor Girl's Romancer" with Creighton Hale, Gertrude Short and Matt Moore.

Percy Pembroke directing "A Fraternity Mix-Up" with Alex Airdall, Gale Healy, Ella McKenzie, Joe Bonner, Will Hayes, Yvonne Howell, Eddie Harris, Al Ford and Jack Goodfellow.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Thomas Burcklman directing Tom Mi in "Dead Man's Gold" with Eva Novah.

Victor Schertzinger directing "The Lib" with Belle Bennett.


R. W. Nell directing Madame Bethany and Edmund Lowe in "Black Paradise."

Howard Hawks directing "Fig Leaves" with George O'Brien and Olive Harden.

Ben Skolot directing "The Mad Racer" another of the Van Biber series.

Irving Cummings directing "Fies" with Janet Gaynor.

Jack Blystone directing "The Family Upstairs" with Virginia Valli.

Albert Ray directing "No Shonnagahna" with Edward Ratcliffe and Charles Rogers.

Albey Ray directing "Too Many Relations" with Hartley Perry and Malcolm Cowley.

LcNeal directing "The Polar Baron" with Gladys McConnell and Gene Cameron.

LASKY STUDIOS (PARAMOUNT), 1520 Vine St.

Marshall Xiian directing "Diplomacy" with Blanche Sweet.

John Waters directing "Born to the West" with Jack Huloff and Marlene Morris.


Production will soon start on "The College Film" with Irene Davenport.

William Wellman directing "Love, the Magician" with Florence Vidor.

Vctor Fleming will direct "The Rough Riders."

CAST not finished.

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

Marcel de Sane directing "In Praise of Janes Carmen" with Hetze Adolove and Ralph Graves.

Eddie Cline directing Jackie Coogan in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

Mauritz Miller directing "The Temptress" with Grete Garbo, Antonio Moreno, Armado Ruiz, Roy D'Arcy, Antonio D'Alley and Kathleen Key.


Tod Browning directing "The Road to Munday." with Leo Cheyneys and Lois Moran.

Christy Cabanne directing "Alarms of Desire" with Mac Murray.

John Robertson directing "Annie Laurie" with Lilian Gish.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1010 La Palmas Ave.

Corinne Griffith Prod., Svend Gade has completed "Into Her Kingdom" with Corinne Griffith, and Elmer Hanson.

Robert Thoryndy directing "The Speeding Venus" with Prinilla Dean and Robert Fraser.

E. Mason Hopper directing "Almost a Lady" with Marie Prevost.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7160 Santa Monica Blvd.

Sydney Franklin directing "The Darkness of Buffalo" with Constance Talmadge.

Ruster Keaton directing and playing the lead in "The General."

UNITED STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD.

First National Prod.

Production will soon start on "Senator Davidoff" with Dorothy Devore and Charles Rogers.

Francis Dillon directing "Don Juan's Three Nights" with Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, Malcolm McDowell and Myrle Smythson.

F. Harmon Weight directing "Forever After" with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor.


Allan D. Green directing "Orichis and Ermine" with Colleen Moore.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Cal.

Frank O'Connor directing "Hearts and Spades" with Wanda Hawley and Robert Gordon.

Scott Dunlap directing "The Better Man" with Richard Thayer and Elsa Gropper.

Cliff Smith directing "The Phantom Bullet" with Hoot Gibson, Eileen Perry and Put Harmon.

Jacques Japeard directing "Cap, Fillion, Fire Puffer" with Della Fumero.

Willy Wyler directing "Lazy Lightning" with Art Avard.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Prisoners of the Storm" with House Peters, Eileen Perry and Allan Forrest.

Metville Brown directing "Her Big Night" with Laura La Plante.

E. A. Dupont directing "Love Me and the World Is Mine" with Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry and Audie Mather.

Del Henderson directing "Fighting Foundling" with Jack Hume.


WARNER BROS-LOUIS B. MAYER STUDIOS, 5442 Sunset Blvd.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Passionate Quest" with Maxa Fergusson.

Production will soon start on "The Footpad Wolves" with Jacqueline Logan and Louise Parres.

Ernest Lubitsch directing "Bilviken" with Patry Ruth Miller and Milton Hume.

Charles Reiner directing "The Better Oil" with Sid Chaplin and Doris Hill.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 687 East 175th St.

Al Santed directing "Subway Sadie" with Dorothy Marshall and Jack Muñoz.


Irwin Willik directing "Paradise" with Milton Sills and Betty Bronson.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Robert Nance Prod.

Howard Higgin directing "The Great Deception" with Alice Penfield and Ben Lyon.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City.

D. W. Griffith directing "An American Tragedy" with Lionel Hunter.

Albin Dwan directing "The Gods" with Thomas Meacham and Renee Adoree.

EUROPE

IN NICE, FRANCE.


IN ENGLAND.

Graham Wilcox Prod.

Production will soon start on "Machine Pompous" with Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno.

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 33 West 49th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 333 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barsham Prod., In-


Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Al Lichtman Corp., 1650 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.


Potto Exchange, 35 West 49th St., New York City.

Princeton Pictures Corporation, 1340 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothschild Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversity Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Herkisher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1660 Broadway, New York City.
Brickbats and Bouquets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

For Pure Yachts

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Wicked yachts—sinfulled yachts—in a word—movie yachts! Invariably they are settings for rich dissolute villains—for schemes to entice guileless heroines—for orgies ended by boiler explosions or retribution equally sensational. Why? Who are we, the fans, to know? We are only sure that if there be a yacht in the picture, no matter how beautiful—evil invests its decks. No matter how gleaming white—a baleful decadence befits her purity. There was "The Isle of Conquest," in which Norma Talmadge kept from her drunken husband's yacht into the briny deep, with her lover close at her side. This craft, with its pleasure maid, cargo, sunk—unwet and unsung—as so many have since then.

Along with yacht destruction flourish the natty sea-going heart jugglers, Lew Cody, John Davidson and other rich, devilish captains, who always die some suitably horrible death.

In their wake follow tales of flippers—led little good-girls—who threaten to plunge into the inky waters if their abductors advance "one step nearer"—and sometimes make good!

Always things of exquisite beauty—their outcast yachts—things we'd love to own and enjoy, were it not for the fear of thereby becoming persons of frightful reputations and utter moral wreckage.

Can't someone redeem a yacht?

T. M. KENIGE.

The Barber Shop Wail

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I would like Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy, Bessie Love, Laura La Plante, Alice Joyce and any one else who has an abbreviated or "freak" hair cut and who has escaped my notice, to be spirited away and kept in hiding until the mutilated locks have assumed a normal appearance and the owners look once more like charming women, which was their original state.

Wise girl is Eleanor Boardman. She realizes the gifts the Lord bestowed upon her, those of charming womanliness and appearance and she capitalizes them. No hair cuts for her.

Also, please, Miss Shearer, release your beautiful hair from that slickerack back Francis White arrangement and allow it to fall gracefully around your pretty face. That's all for the present, thank you!

MRS. P. W. H.

You Said It

Birmingham, Ala.

When is a picture show not a picture show?
When the picture houses persist in presenting so called "added attractions," such as magicians, trick players on saws and one-string fiddles, Hawaiian ukulele players, singers of mushy sentimental songs, and other items that are neither pictures nor pertaining to pictures.
Instead of trying to trick the public into the theater with such items let the producers exercise a little more care in choosing stories and players for their program features. Let them use more cleverness and imagination in producing these pictures so they will be more like entertainment and less like strings of sausages.

The picture of the photoplay, I believe, lies not so much in the occasional special feature production as in a high quality of program pictures that are shown every day.

The picture producer must show his faith in his own line by sticking to it. We don't need "added attractions." We need better pictures!

ADRIAN ANDERSON.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Send the Coupon

Let us send you a full 10-day tube. Note how teeth lighten and gums become firm when those dingy film coats go.

They've Stopped

Spoiling attractive smiles now with cloudy teeth—you whiten dull teeth and Firm the Gums remarkably this new way

HERE is a way to whiten cloudy teeth that leading dentists of the world approve. It marks a new era in tooth and gum care. It is changing the tooth cleaning habits of the world.

In a few days it will work a transformation in your mouth. Your teeth will be amazingly lighter; your gums firmer and of healthy color.

In fairness to yourself, please try it.
Just send the coupon.

Teeth disfigured by film. The health of gums imperiled

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepodont—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes that film and Firm the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

FREE Pepodont

10-Day The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Send this for 10-Day Tube

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

The Pepodont Company, Dept. 363, 1104 S. Walbush Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

Only one tube to a family

2153

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"We had lived that hour before!"

—and a strange feeling came over me that you and I—alone together—had lived that hour centuries ago in the lamp-starved silence of a vanished hall. Did you sense the mystery in the air about us? Did the same strange feeling come to you?

FROM HER DIARY:

I was the most romantic hour we ever spent together. The temple incense—that was it!

FAIR women of the ancient East used, like a spell, the elusive fragrances of temple incense to make their beauty still more fascinating. Vantine's Temple Incense offers women of today the same strangely powerful secret, to surround themselves with the glamour of romance. In six delightful odors at drug and department stores.

What mysterious charm can incense give you?
A sample of each fragrance sent on receipt of ten cents.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
(Dept. 3) 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Lois Moran, who needed only one part to make her a personage

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

SPRINGTIME, and Lois Moran! Could any other girl grace the June cover of PHOTOPLAY more appropriately than this little Irish girl, with her happy smile, her shining eyes and hair, and her sixteen years? Lois belongs to the illustrious ranks of the screen's younger stars, those remarkable young-

sters who are making mature actors and actresses watch them with amazement.

Lois has won her spurs more swiftly than any of them. A year ago she was unknown to the American public. Then Samuel Goldwyn "discovered" her and cast her for the important role of Laurel in "Stella Dallas." It was a hard role, played opposite Belle Bennett, an experienced actress, who gave a performance amounting to genius. Yet Lois' playing was almost as distinguished as Miss Bennett's.

Perhaps it was her training up to that time that helped her to her quick triumph. She has one of the wisest and most poised mothers in all filmdom. Mrs. Moran, a widow, decided when Lois was a baby that she wanted her to be an actress. But, instead of dragging the little girl wearily around casting offices, she did much better. She gave her an edu-

cation; a worldly, artistic, cultural education.

Among other things Lois learned to dance, not simply to trip around gracefully, but to dance so well that she got an engagement to be in the ballet of the Paris Opera. Paris is not given to particularly young ballerinas and an infant like Lois simply couldn't stay unnoticed.

A French movie producer observed her and signed Lois for two films. It was one of these productions that Samuel Goldwyn saw.

Lois hasn't had an idle day since "Stella Dallas" was released. Despite the gentle kidding that has gone on at Lois' expense, because of her raw vegetable diet, she has actually needed to be taken care of most solicitously in order to maintain the pace her talents set for her.

In the last six months Lois has played the romantic girl in Richard Barthelmess' "Just Suppose"; Belle Bennett's daughter once more in "The Reckless Lady"; then a lead all her own in Paramount's "Padlocked," which is yet to be released, and the latest good news of her is that she has been signed by Metro to play opposite Lon Chaney in "The Road to Mandalay."
Studio News and Gossip

[Continued from Page 80]

On the vaudeville bill this evening with Tom was a little chap by the name of Johnny Agee, rated by Tom as the finest trainer of horses in the world. He was for many years with Ringling Brothers. The two came out on the stage together and talked over old times and Agee told the following one on Tom.

He said he was in a small hotel in a small and pretty wild town in Montana, in the old days, and was sitting up in his room when Tom came up to visit him and they had a little drink. Just then somebody knocked and Agee went out. It was the hotel proprietor, who asked: "Do you know who is in there with you?"

"Why sure," said Agee, "that's Tom Mix."

"Well, there's a posse of deputy sheriffs downstairs looking for him, that's all I know," said the proprietor.

Agee went in and told Tom, and Tom looked out the window. It was a long jump. Then he shifted his gun from his hip around to the middle of his stomach and said: "Well, Johnny, I guess I better have another little drink before I go down."

Tom looked horribly embarrassed and then he said: "Say, Johnny, maybe you'd ought not to have told them. I was right young and headstrong in them days. You know I got to be a sheriff myself after a while."

WHERE UPON he topped it with the story about a colored recruit in the World War who was receiving some instructions from his captain. "Now, when you go up against those German guns, you want to run zig-zag." The darky looked at him solemnly a moment and then inquired: "Captain, suh, what is that zig-zag?"

The captain explained, and the darky said: "I see. You wants me to run crooked like." A few weeks later the captain saw this same soldier in hospital.

"Well, Rufus, this is too bad. What happened?"

"Why, captain, suh," said the boy, "I guess I run zig when I should run zag. Anyway, a bullet kacheted me."

Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, are planning a unique vacation, to be taken early this summer. They are going camping, and when they say camping, they mean camping.

"None of this de luxe stuff," said Colleen.

"We're going to rough it, do our own cooking and carry our own bed in the pack. And I'm going to wear the clothes I have in 'Ella Cinders. I think for once we'll really get a complete change and rest."

Really, I sometimes think Hollywood and Beverly Hills hostesses ought to feel a little ashamed of themselves. To let a mere man carry off the palm for the most charming and delightful parties given. But certainly George Fitzmaurice's are the very nicest and no one has yet equalled him in the art of a perfectly arranged dinner, a perfectly assorted guest list and a good time for everybody.

His dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. John S. Robertson was one of the nicest things he has ever had and certainly must have been a wonderful welcome for the Robertson's, who just got out here from the east. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Captain and Mrs. Alastair William Mackintosh (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King.

Mrs. Thomas H. Ince recently had as her house guest for several weeks the internationally popular actress, Nora Bayes.

Ankles look so different when slenderized this way!

You know how vertical lines in a dress can slenderize the figure; you can imagine how such lines in stockings can slenderize the ankles!

The twin tapering lines that meet in a point above the heel in "Onyx Pointex" stockings make ankles look slimmer—more graceful—more shapely. Ankles naturally well-molded are emphasized with a note of trim smartness; those a bit too wide are given an illusion of slender charm.

Because stockings are no longer a mere detail of costume, it is well worth while to insist upon "Onyx Pointex," with their re-inforced point. You will find them at better hosiery shops everywhere.

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below:

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight $1.65
Style 255, Service weight $1.95
Style 355, "Sheresilk"$2.75

Pure Thread Silk

Style 550, Service weight $1.75
Style 480, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands $2.75

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. Manufacturers

New York

@1926

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
For that
*BLUSH-ROSE
Glow of Youth!
* The color
men admire
and women envy....

MEN admire real beauty—color as natural as Nature herself—but more lovely.

That’s why clever women are using Tangee. It’s the only make-up they can trust to give them that warm, rich, natural glow that’s so alluring ... for it changes color to blend with each complexion.

Tangee Lipstick is color magic.
In its trim little gemmental case, Tangee Lipstick is orange—but on your lips it is blush-rose—and waterproof—rubproof—and absolutely harmless.

A Greaseless Crème Rouge
Tangee Crème Rouge has all the wonderful qualities of the lipstick—and spreads so readily—blends so perfectly—and stays on all day without fading or rubbing off.

The Perfect Rouge Compact
The same Tangee Rouge in caked powder form—with puff and mirror—to take with you in your purse, and use when you go from daylight to artificial light.

When you use these three “Friends of Beauty” you will have the self-confidence that comes from knowing your color is right!

\* TANGEE
Be Beautiful with Tangee

Introductory Offer
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous tube of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) “The Art of Make-up” written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer’s name will be appreciated.)

Dept. 54, THE GEORGE W. LUTE CO., 417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Maybe “It’s the old army game,” but it’s certainly a new camera in W. C. Fields’ first starring picture. Cameraman Alvin Wyckoff strapped this gyroscopic camera to his chest so he could photograph Fields’ continuous movements. The other chap is Director Eddie Sutherland.

Having finished a vaudeville tour, Miss Bayes went out to the delightful Ince home, in the canyons of Beverly Hills, for a rest. One Sunday, Nell had open house all afternoon and evening for friends invited to meet Miss Bayes, and the whole hillside was a mass of color and merriment.

Incidentally, it looks as though Nora Bayes, who has several adopted children of her own, had actually persuaded Mrs. Ince to adopt a little girl. There are three Ince boys, you know, Bill, Tom and Dick, but Mrs. Ince has always wanted a girl as well.

She hasn’t selected one yet, but she is looking around.

JACK CONWAY’S hillside bungalow was the scene of an entrancing party the other night. Naturally, it started out on the right foot by being a welcome home to Norma Shearer, who had just returned from New York. But the lovely part of it was that John McCormack, who has been in Los Angeles several weeks giving concerts, came in about half-way through the evening and was in a singing mood.

He stood around near the piano and sang song after song as Miss Shearer or some other guest begged for a favorite and it was an evening nobody who was there will ever forget.

THE preview of “Kiki” in Beverly Hills started a perfect riot of praise for Norma Talmadge’s work in the title role. Not since “Smilin’ Through” have the hard-boiled eggs of the picture colony showered such unstinted praise upon Norma’s work.

Nobody, they say, could have been as good. It’s interesting to hear them, for almost everyone had seen Lenore Ulric’s stage performance, and there was a great deal of discussion as to who would be the proper screen actress to play the part. Norma wasn’t first choice by any means. But she’s proved again her unusual ability to play any sort of a role just a little better than you could possibly expect her to.

WHEN Colleen called up on the afternoon of the opening of “Irene,” at Grauman’s Million Dollar theater in Los Angeles, she said: “I’m so nervous my teeth are chattering. Remember, it’s my first opening.”

And it shows the great strides Colleen Moore has made the past year to realize that her picture followed Douglas Fairbanks’ “Don Q,” and preceded Harold Lloyd’s “For Heaven’s Sake,” Big company.

Well, she didn’t need to be the least bit nervous about that opening for it was a huge success, not only in the distinguished audience that attended, but in the hilarity that followed, for everybody adored the picture, which always makes openings a lot easier.

Colleen made a personal appearance following the picture, being carried in on a large covered clothes basket of the kind she herself carries in “Irene.” When Charlie Murray called for her, she popped out, and made a graceful bow and the shortest speech ever recorded. She wore the “dear little Alice blue gown” of “Irene’s” fondest memory and looked lovely.

MR. AND MRS. TOM MIX were there, Mr. Mix in a peacock blue evening gown, held tight with sequins, and a velvet clock trimmed with sable. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd were there, and Mrs. Lloyd was in pale pink chiffon and a white crepe de chine evening wrap with ermine collar. Dick Barthelmess and Barbara Bennett were in Miss Moore’s party, and I had a glimpse of Norma Shearer, very stunning in a wonderful shade of green. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, George Pفزmaurice and Florence Vidor, all in scarlet, with a scarlet velvet coat topped by a silver fox collar; Dorothy Mackaill, Virginia Valli, George O’Brien and Olave Borden, in white and rhinestones, with a white velvet cape; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis S. Stone, Anna Q. Nilsson, in something peach-colored and very becoming, and waving a huge feather fan; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, Kathleen Clifford,
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilian Tashman), very stunning in a tight-fitting gown of cloth of gold and her new sleek hair cut; Leatrice Joy and her brother, Leatrice in softest white, which is always so becoming to her at night; Mary Astor, in black chiffon over some lovely shade of pink; Jack Barymore—Oh, everybody turned out to give Colleen a hand.

BELLING is up all over Hollywood announcing the appearance at a local vaudeville theater of Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natacha Kambora) in a flicker entitled, "When Love Grows Cold."

One can’t help wondering whether Rudy and Pola will attend.

LENORE COFFEY, who is Cecil De Mille’s latest find and wrote the continuity on “The Volga Boatman,” has a very gorgeous Persian cut, which was recently hired to play the title role with Betty Bronson in “The Cat’s Pajamas.”

The morning Miss Coffey was having breakfast and romping with the cat when the maid came in and said in a very superior tone: “The cat’s limousine has called, Miss Coffey.”

“Which is worse,” said Miss Coffey in telling it, “than the cat’s pajamas.”

A CHAPTER in Hollywood history is closed. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have gone to Europe for a year, maybe two years, and Pickfair is for sale.

Mary and Doug have reigned so graciously and sweetly and the lovely home on the hills, with its sloping roofs and charming gardens, has been so intimately associated with their happy married life, that everyone feels as though nothing would be quite the same without them.

When they come back to California again, Doug and Mary will begin work on their new home down near San Juan Capistrano, where Douglas intends to create a Spanish-California ranch and live the life of the old dons.

While they are in Europe, Doug and Mary hope to make one picture together.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, junior, who is taller than his father and getting better looking every day, was dining at Pickfair one evening.

Rod La Rocque, how do you get this way? You send us this fancy photo, calling it a straight picture, not blaming the make-up on a part or anything. Rod, cut the bracelets and monocle. You’re a nice regular guy. Don’t let the Latins kid you.

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most of the reflected glory of dolores costello's sudden fame has fallen on her dad, maurice costello. but here mother comes in for a share, as well as sister helene. "just wait till helene gets the lucky break," prophesies the exquisite dolores. "then you'll see real acting."
commission he claimed she failed to pay when he secured her a contract.

The Wampus boys agree with the critics on the score of her signal achievement, as they presented her with their silver loving cup at their annual ball—a cup which yearly is given to the most outstanding screen success of the year.

They tell me over at Lasky's that they plan to build an interviewers' room where they may meet their new quarters at the old United Studios, just purchased for a million or so by the Paramount people.

It is to be a high-walled cell, with no windows and but a single door. Deep-cushioned chairs, padded floors and softly glowing lights are to be features. Sounds interesting, and certainly conducive to good impressions by star and industry alike. Rose-colored lights are so flattering. But why no windows? And is there to be a guard planted outside that sole door?

HOBART BOSWORTH doesn't know what the young generation is coming to. The other evening, at a party in Hollywood, he pulled out a cigarette and, before lighting it, turned to the sweet thing sitting at his side:

"Do you mind if I smoke?"

The girl—eyeing him from mascara-red—replied:

"I don't care if you burn!"

THE entire motion picture industry paid a homage to Carl Laemmle at a huge banquet recently. They paid high compliment to the Grand Old Man of the Films, and paid it at the rate of ten dollars a plate, which is quite a sum for the privilege of singing encomiums to someone else.

However, many celebrities, such as Bert Lytell, King Baggott, J. Stuart Blackton, Henry MacKee, Irving Thalberg, Donald Ogden Stewart, Joseph Jackson, Edwin Carewe, Fred Beeton and countless others were there—and not on passes either—to greet the man who twenty years ago founded what is today one of the biggest film organizations in the world, the Universal Film Company.

There was present at the feast E. P. Butler, the man who, forty years ago, gave Laemmle his first job at six dollars a week, and at one end of the Ambassador dining room the original Laemmle-operated theater, "The White Front," was duplicated, from which a clever program was given, including one of Mary Pickford's first two-reel pictures.

Everyone seemed to enjoy paying homage to Mr. Laemmle—even if it was at ten dollars per.

THE man who put George Washington on a level with us ordinary mortals returned from his rambust-stirring eastern trip and the first person he met when he stepped from the train in Los Angeles was old George himself, even to epaulets and tricorn-shaped hat.

They say that Rupert Hughes, the learned individual who dared to make of Washington a mortal man, instead of a pedestaled figure of history, paled as George approached.

And George set up a terrible howl and threatened to sue for libel, but Hughes grinned as he recognized an extra man whom he had used in many of his motion pictures, and then posed for the cameraman with "George's" hand in his.

It was just one of those Hollywood pranks, but it created a lot of fun for the friends of Hughes who went to the train to greet him.

LEATRICE JOY had the most dreadful time of it at the Montmartre the other day. She was all dressed in a dainty cherry colored organdy and she just didn't know how to make it behave.

"What's the matter, Letty?" I queried. "You act as if you had never worn dresses before."

"I haven't, for five weeks. I've been wearing boy's clothing—trousers, flannel shirt and everything—for 'Eve's Leaves,' and these danged ruffles annoy me horribly!"

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An Indescribable Fragrance

Cashmere Bouquet has a lasting, dainty fragrance—a Colgate secret for generations. It is this fragrance which prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest silks and other fabric treasures.

But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

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Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel.

If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

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D. W. Griffith calls this gentleman the most distinctive individual to reach the screen. He is Ivan Lebedeff, who was trained in Russia's school for ambassadors, where the first requirement is that the boy's family be of the nobility with a century's record for achievement. ... And now he's in "The Sorrows of Satan."

And she gave the cherry-colored flounce a terrible scowl.

I must look up my "Outline of History." I didn't know they had a pants factory in Eden.

**Corinne Griffith**'s contract with First National expires in October and already producers are sending flowers to "the world's most beautiful" with tentative offers. Joseph Schenck, of the United Artists, is said to be interested in directing Corinne's future, while it is certain First National will want her to continue to reap the harvest for them as she did with "Classified", one of the greatest box-office successes of the year. Some time ago the Warner Brothers offered her a large salary, which was rejected, and then asked her to write her own ticket. It is understood that Corinne favors the individual unit plan, such as employed by First National and United Artists, but is not interested in singing with anyone until the expiration of her contract. In any event she will take a vacation of several months, probably touring Europe. Her latest role is that of the ill-fated Russian princess, Tatiana, in "Into Her Kingdom."

**Chatting** to Doris Kenyon the other day. That beautiful talented girl admitted she had a past—a past in which a plumed hat figured prominently.

It was when she was a very little girl.

It seems the youthful Doris had to wear a brace on her teeth and it was the bane of her existence. She hadn't heard of Elinor Glyn at that date nor the movies, but she was very well aware that the brace around her teeth ruined her charms for masculine eyes. She wanted to have boys walking home from Sunday School with her, and she never did. All of which she blamed on the excess dentistry.

It worried her a whole lot and she sought for other roles. Her mother, being a lady of taste, dressed Doris very simply. All the other girls at Sunday School had hats with plumes on them. All that is, except Doris. There she was with a brace on her teeth and no plume on her hat. Her sex appeal was nearly smashed to smithereens.

Then there came to the same church and to sing in the same choir with Doris and hold up the other side of the hymn book, a wonderful new boy. Doris felt she had to win him. So she saved her pennies, almost one might say, religiously. She saved till she got enough to buy a plume. And buy a plume she did and put it on her Sunday hat.

Here is the happy ending. That Sunday the new boy walked home with Doris.

**Louis B. Mayer** is so glad he's got Greta Garbo under contract that he's almost willing to give her the car she craves. The slender Swedish import proved so fine in her first American-made picture, Ibanez "Torrent," that her second, also taken from a novel by Senor Ibanez, is being made into one of those super specials and will, if rumor is true, replace "La Boheme" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Embassy Theater on Broadway.

Yet an automobile almost kept Greta from Metro. Mayer had seen Miss Garbo's work in a foreign made film, "The Atonement of Gusta Berling." This picture, incidentally, was directed by Mauritz Stiller, who is directing the second Garbo opus, and it is considered an artistic gem, but a positive flop as far as American audiences are concerned. For that
reason it probably will never be released here. Immediately after witnessing the film, Mayer got in touch with the young actress. Miss Garbo agreed to all the terms of contract Mr. Mayer offered, except one. There was no automobile in her contract. Greta explained that she knew very well all American movie stars had a private car. So she wanted a car. And it took an awful amount of explaining on Mr. Mayer's part to persuade her that the stars really purchased their limousines.

GRADUATION exercises from a film academy certainly have commencement at the little red school house locked off the boards. It was a grand and glorious party. Famous Players-Lasky threw for the first graduation class of its Paramount school of acting. They staged it at the Ritz in New York City, and the Paramount officials, the Paramount stars and the ever-hungry press were there to eat and look on.

The sixteen junior stars were seated at the speakers' table. The eight girls were on one side and the eight boys on the other, with Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor sitting between them, beaming like a pair of benign and benevolent uncles. Weighing down either end of the featural board were Adolphe Menjou and Richard Dix. Lois Wilson was the only feminine star present, but she scored by being the smartest dressed woman in the room. Her gown was enough to make the girl students weep with envy. Very short, very tight, it was cut in a princess model that let one see a great deal of Lois. The material was brocaded silver silk and it was untrimmed, except for a huge bow of material, lined with scarlet, that rested on Lois' left hip. Lois has been learning the Charleston and as the evening waxed she did her steps for the company.

When dinner was finished at eleven, they showed the Paramount School's first picture, "Fascinating Youth." Sam Wood directed it and Byron Morgan, who wrote most of Wally Reid's racing stories, created the plot. Nobody expected the picture to be much good and everybody was agreeably disappointed. For the picture has all its title guarantees, youth and naive, and, considering that the young stars have been only six months in training, some very good acting. They followed the film with a trailer made of the students when they had been in the school only three months and it was as good an argument for studying acting under competent instructors as could have been devised.

Then just to make it seem like a real school, Mr. Lasky awarded diplomas to the stars in the form of contracts for their services during the next year at $75 a week, and a guarantee that three more school pictures would be made, employing all of them. Lasky said in his speech that these students were Paramount's answer to the fan's demand for new faces. The sixteen junior stars were selected from more than forty thousand applicants.

In their six months, the youngsters have learned stage dancing, including the Charleston, fencing, swimming and general gymnastics as well as straight dramatic technique. The feeling of the onlookers seemed to be that one or two of the boys may have stellar possibilities. Charles Rogers, whom they selected to play the lead in the school picture, is already working on "Beau Geste." Last year he was still a student at the University of Kansas. He's a handsome chap and at the moment seems to have more talent and screen charm than any of the others. All the girls appear too mature and sophisticated for film debutantes.

ABOUT two hundred reels of movie films, including feature pictures, comedies and news reels, were recently donated to the leper colony in Balboa, Canal Zone, by the motion picture industry.

These prints sent to the lepers, upon reaching their destination, will automatically sever all connection with the outside world, for they can never be used outside the leper colony again.

What a boon to these benighted souls will these old reels of film be.

POLA had a small and select welcome home party for Rudy when he returned to Hollywood.

Among the guests were: Agnes Ayres and her husband, Manuel Reachi; George Fitzmaurice, Sidney Olcott, George Ullman, Valentino's business manager, and the sheik's brother and his wife.

RUDY has not returned to his Whitely Heights home with the terraced gardens, the avairy, the purple and gold bedroom and scarlet and black living room designed by Natacha Rambova as a suitable background for their married life. He has gone to the new home in Beverly Hills, where there is little to remind him of the romance that has flown.

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and your twelve months' subscription will start with the next issue.
IT was on a Warner Brothers' set. Irene Rich was the wife who had been caught flirting with a violinist. Huntley Gordon was the irate husband.

"I won't have my wife flirting with a long-haired musician!" thundered Huntley, playing Lake in the picture.

"But he's an artist!" pleaded Irene. "A real artist... hell!" lightening up Huntley, for it was a stormy scene.

"Stop!" exclaimed Irene, dramatically, and the camera ground. "I won't have you swear at me, Mr. Lake!" Then turning to Walter Morosco, the director: "By the way, it would be convenient for me to know my husband's first name, wouldn't it?"

WILL Vilma Banky of Hungary and Ronald Colman of England playing the leads in that all-American Wright story, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and with Ramon Novarro, of Mexico, as the American youth in "The Midshipman," when will they announce the filming of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with So Jin, distinguished Chinese actor, as "Uncle Tom? Or maybe Anna May Wong as "Little Eva?"

W. GRIFFITH made up his mind and then changed it several times about what actor should play the role of Satan in Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan," which he is to make for Famous Players. George Bancroft, Lowell Sherman, Lionel Barrymore, Ernest Torrence and Arthur Edmund Carew were all seriously considered for the role.

And then Adolphe Menjou got it. Adolphe is not skipping around the studio for joy over it. He would much rather go to London with Mr. St. Clair and make Michael Arlen's "The Ace of Cads," as was the original plan for him. But now he has to be devilish for D. W.

Carol Dempster and Geeta Nissen are cast for the feminine leads in "The Sorrows of Satan."

"I WILL support a feminine star but not a leading man!" was Lowell Sherman's ultimatum when he walked off the "Dancer of Paris" set. It came about in his way:

Al Santell, the director, stopped the action of a scene to consult with Conway Tearle on a change he wished to make. Mr. Sherman picked up his ears and inquired what Mr. Tearle had to do with making a change in the story. Mr. Sherman was informed that according to Mr. Tearle's first National contract, he had the right to o.k. the stories he appeared in.

This was too much. Five minutes with the executives further revealed to Mr. Sherman that it was Conway Tearle and Dorothy Mackail who were being featured in "The Dancer of Paris."

So Lowell walked out of the studio, very angry, and a week's work on the picture had to be retaken with Robert Cain in the rôle vacated by Sherman.

It is believed that William de Mille, when he leaves Famous Players-Lasky this year, will join his brother, Cecil B. De Mille, in production activities at Culver City. It is not quite a year since Cecil De Mille left the Lasky Studio.

ORNA AMBLER, the young Australian actress who was named by Geraldine Farrar in her divorce suit against Lou Tellegen, has announced her engagement to Geoffrey Harwood, stage actor.

A year ago when the public learned Tellegen was secretly married following the Farrar divorce, Miss Ambler declared her love for the actor had grown cold.

"They say he's a great lover," she said. "Well, he may be that to some but he never even gave me a thrill."

HE'S a darned nice guy, this Buck Jones. Buck stopped off in New York a few days on his way to Europe, and Fox had the newspaper folks in to meet him. They'd
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Covers out all the hidden particles of dust and dirt—leaves the skin immeasurably clean, smooth, protected—and makes out the "tired look" about eyes and forehead. This remarkable face cream contains the latest scientific achievements in skin treatment and, at the same time is the only cleansing cream beneficial for all skin conditions. A preparation for sensitive, acne-sprone skins. Creates a charming, youthful smoothness and also serves as an excellent powder base. 4 oz. 1.25; 3 lb. 2.20; 1 lb. 3.50.

For blackheads—open pores

VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS

A marvelous wash, used instead of soap. Dissolves all the pore-clogging impurities—removes blackheads, whiteheads, greasiness and retires coarsened skin, creating a delicate, smooth, line-less conditioned complexion. 1.50.

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By neutralizing the violet rays of the skin this remarkable cream protects the skin from sunburn, tan and freckles. Apply before outdoor exposure. 1.40.

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Helena Rubinstein

46 West 55th Street, New York
Girls’ Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

SPARKY

My dear, you are a victim of that popular ailment, an inferiority complex. Don’t let it get you. Your letter shows a hard, clear, honest mind, and with that asset nothing can really stop you. You say I can’t give you personality by advising vaseline. Quite right. No one can give you personality by advising some external substance, but you can give yourself personality and make no mistake about it. Don’t feel so inferior and shy around your lovely sister and your friends. If you’ve learned to dance, fine. Keep it up. Since you know you look awkward when you run and whistle, stop it. Be yourself, that is, be natural. Devote your mind and wait your chance. It will come.

Beauty can grow monotonous, but intelligence never does. Are you sure the way you are wearing your hair is best for you? Bobbed, unpinned and banged is a rather harsh line for most faces. You can wear white, relieved with some color; pale pink and soft rose, bronze, blue, gray, certain soft greens, darkest purple. I would wear simple clothes of solid color materials, like heavy crepes, satins, and in the woolen fabrics, kasha and tweeds. Try for line in your purchases rather than trickiness. Those will suit your personality best. And don’t forget that you’re still very, very young.

NATACHA N.

The colors you have been wearing are excellent for you. You can also wear pale pink and old rose, bronze, golden brown, and white. You are a little heavy. I think you could lose seven pounds to advantage. You must diet to lose weight unless you take some patent medicine. Walking the two miles to and from school will reduce you somewhat at first, but it will not act as your reducing remedy for long unless accompanied by dieting. The muscles soon get accustomed to a certain amount of exercise and then unless the food consumption is kept down, the fat piles up again. However, if you’re a growing girl—and I judge you are—wait until you have attained your height before you start dieting. Right now if you let the sweets alone that will be sufficient. The same thing follows for your brother. Superficially I would say he was slightly overweight, but if he’s under twenty he doesn’t need to worry about it.

VIRGINIA M.

Virginia, you need to be scolded. You say “I know I am quite attractive when I smile, which I seldom do”—and then you ask me why you fall flat. Tall and slim and blonde with lovely hair—what more do you want? Really, I think you are just a foolish girl to feel so terribly shy all the time and to place yourself at a disadvantage. Your nearsightedness is a product of this same thing, you know. You don’t really want to see people so you make your eyes fail you. Stop “putting on a bored expression.” Don’t act. Nothing kills popularity more quickly than that. If you are afraid when boys come around you it is better to tell them so. Men like to be protective. Simplicity, sweetness, a willingness to comply with the crowd, being a good sport in other words, daintiness in personal appearance, these are the touchstones to friendships.

M. H., CHICAGO

Did you make a mistake in your letter? You wrote me that you were seven feet and a half inch tall—and I can’t believe that. You’d better write again.

IOLANDA

All the stretching exercises tend to make one taller. Lying on your back upon the floor—not on a soft surface like a bed—extend your arms over your head and then raising your

"The Djer-Kiss" INTERPRETED BY NICHOLAS MURAY

I have requested the great artists and portrait photographers of the world to express what "Djer-Kiss" means to them. The idea of Nicholas Muray! "She is so exquisite, so adorable, the lady who uses your Djer-Kiss, she cannot withhold homage to this vision of her lovely self!"

(Signed) KERKOFF (Paris)

Like a Shower of Kisses . . . . .

POUDRES so fine that their use is a care! Made by Monsieur Kerkoff in Paris, created for rare feminine distinction, and laden with that ineffable odor known to smart women—Djer-Kiss.

Lovely and delicate, Djer-Kiss Poudre Taille in cool, moss-green cans for travel use; in dainty crystal for one’s dressing table.

Matching various complexion perfectly, Djer-Kiss Face Powder—whether Blanche, Rachel or Chair (Naturelle)—is so notably soft and fine that it blends almost invisibly with one’s coloring.

Flawlessly to express Fashion’s Law—the fastidious woman insists that Extract, Taille, Face Powder, Sack, Toilet Water, Rouge—all must give forth the one precious odor:

Djer-Kiss

Kerkoff Parfum

Taille Djer-Kiss in cool moss-green can
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upper body, try to touch the tips of your toes with your fingers and place your face against your knees. Do it about 32 times each day. Standing with the heels together, knees stiff, touch the finger tips to the floor and in bending back, after returning to an upright position, keep the arms at full length, as you try to bend so that you can see the wall behind you. Do that 32 times also. Lying on your back, bringing both legs together, knees stiff, and try to bring them last over, so that you form almost a complete circle. 32 times for that. Rotate your arms in circles for slim shoulders. You may grow some more, but if you don’t, comfort yourself with the knowledge that most men are attracted to petite women.

ANNA D.

Won’t you write me again and tell me a little more about what studies you have had at school, the things you like, and what you think you would like to do best of all? I can better advise you then. No, I don’t think you are too young to go to work if you get work that is interesting and suited to you. It’s quite a fine thing to work if you love your job, and it is wonderful for a girl to be economically independent. Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to write you personally.

ANNETTE.

Yes, this boy that you say you are in love with does owe you an apology. A man who, under the influence of liquor, is rude to a girl owes her as deep an apology as he can offer. You must not, for your own sake, resume your friendship until he has proved to you that he regrets his ungentlemanly conduct. A wise girl, and one who wishes to be happy, will never permit a man to place her in a position of social embarrassment.

M. H., ILLINOIS.

With your ambition to write, your method of doing journalistic bits for your local paper is the very best method you could have chosen. If it is possible for you to get connected with a writing job—I use the word "job" advisedly—a place where you have to write six days a week in a business-like manner, you will learn more about writing than any correspondence school or college course in writing would ever teach you. Getting in the motion picture scene game is almost hopeless. I doubt very much that you can do it at long distance. Even in New York and Hollywood it is extremely difficult. Stick to your home town paper and get as much experience as possible in this work you have chosen, and, after that, try your wings.

BONNY E. L.

Some girls attain their height more quickly than others. Since you are 5 feet, seven inches and only fourteen the possibilities are that you will grow a little more. Don’t worry about your weight, because at your age girls fluctuate in poundage very greatly. You can wear white, relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue, laced by your home paper and get est purple; no red; pale pink; soft rose and bronze. The very familiar type hat known as "cloche" made in soft felt, ought to be most becoming to you.

E. B. C.

Don’t be an unwise little girl and leave home. You aren’t young. I doubt you know what love is. You must take more than gossip as information about your friend. Is there no way that you can find out authoritatively whether or not he is married? Do be careful and discreet in this matter. Although you are fifteen and working you’re little more than a child. It will be better for you to do as your mother advises, for a year or two, than to follow the dictates of your emotions.

PUZZLED, WISCONSIN.

A girl doesn’t have to be “tough” to be popular. Neither does she have to be pretty, but she has to be tactful, charming, energetic and poised—all of these things. Emerson said that the greatest tactful people are not popular. I have never known a genuinely friendly person to be lonely, and I think that is the best rule to follow.

F. K., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The style advices for spring and summer are that the familiar woolen fabrics like serge, tweeds and cashmere and all the silks will be worn. Coats again this year will be daintily matched to the dresses worn under them, like the ensemble suit of last spring. Green and gray are most prominent of the newer colors. All the light shades, beis de rose, yellow and pale pink, will be worn for summer, and all the old stand-bys, navy blue and black. Nothing seems able to shake the popularity of the soft felt hat and I feel you are safe in purchasing as many of them as you can afford.

REGGE T.

The new three inch heels are very smart as evening slippers or dress shoes. I do not approve of them on pumps, in which you expect to do much walking. Not only are they bad for the health, but they cause the foot to "rock," and it doesn’t give a nice appearance to one’s walk. Earrings are worn by many of the smartest women and girls, but they tend to make one appear older and you should consider that when you are buying them. You will have to screw them into your ears tight enough to hold. I certainly wouldn’t get a bobby bob just to try it on. They reflect cut and takes quite a while to grow back again if it isn’t becoming. Consider your features before submitting to the barber’s shears. Only girls with finely chiseled features can wear this bob becomingly.

TOOTS OF INDIANA.

At fifteen years and five feet tall you should weigh 115 pounds. However, do not worry about your weight if it is ten pounds under or over that amount. For an undeveloped neck and chest swimming, tennis and any form of exercise that brings the arms into play is highly beneficial. Listerine will remedy dandruff. Dark, rachel powder and rouge, either in a medium red or a light pink tint, would be most becoming. I would experiment with these two to see which is the better.

CASEY, FRESCO, CALIF.

Why doesn’t your mother approve of this boy friend of yours? That’s your question. Casey. If he is a nice boy, I don’t see why she won’t let you write to him or why his mother won’t let him write to you. If he is a boy, his mother has some good reason for not liking. I think the best thing for you to do is to forget him immediately. In spite of the flapper movement, mothers still know best.

JESSIE.

There are many pros and cons regarding the use of water on the face. It depends greatly on the skin condition. Since I have but one face I have to be careful. The finest complexion I have seen have been those that use water in this way—a daily bath and thorough cleansing with a good soap, and a good cold cream or oil for night. Water use in conjunction with a careful diet and the skin sensibly protected from too much dust and dirt. You can wear white, relieved with some other color: golden brown; blue, laced by your home paper and get est purple; no red; pale pink; soft rose and bronze. The very familiar type hat known as “cloche”, made in soft felt, ought to be most becoming to you.

Mrs. T. C. S.

I am mailing you under separate cover directions for dicting and reducing. For other "I", I must plan to go with Lucille. I cannot find one from this list for your twin baby. Louise, Lydia, Laurel, Laura, Lois, Leonora, Lilian, Beatrice, Luella, Linda, Luella, Leah, Lucy. Yes, I do think Lucie and Lucille are too similar.
ALABAMA GIRL

You should gain approximately ten pounds in weight. The easiest and best way is a thorough change in diet. Eat the energy foods—fats, starch, sugar, butter and oil. Drink milk every day, either hot or cold; mailed with chocolate or egg. Eat all the raw fruits you can. Potatoes, tomatoes, beans, spinach, onions, beets, asparagus are the vegetables for you to eat in combination with cream soups and fat meats. Do deep breathing every morning. Take enough exercise to get a good appetite but not to tire you.

JOANNA.

You're a foolish child if you think you can't get fat naturally. The trouble with most people is they get too fat too naturally. If you will read the advice I have given to "Valanna Girl," above, I am sure you will benefit by it.

MARY LOU.

I simply think you don't know what you're talking about. There is much more to having a baby than cuddling it in your arms. Every real woman adores them, of course, but there are many moments when the loveliest baby becomes a persistent, though adorable, nuisance. Babies need thought, constant care, constant work, a planning for their future without which comes not alone from a certain maturity of years but a definite maturity of viewpoint. You may dream romantically about a child, but if you are to be a good mother you must bring it up with fine realism. Get married first, Mary Lou. After that there will be lots of time to dream of your babies.

L. H. R.

For permanent relief of superfluous hair there is nothing as effective as the electric needle. The so-called electrolysis treatment must be done by an expert; however, and it is quite expensive. In cases not as extreme as yours bleaching by peroxide has been found effective. I wouldn't advise you to continue using depilatories. I think you better look up a good specialist and consult him.

LAURA LEE, CALIF.

As far as I know there is nothing that can be done for a bust that has developed too heavily. Wear a light brassiere and carry yourself very erectly. I would advise you to wear straight line dresses and probably when you get a little older the rest of your figure will develop in proportion.

MARIE D., CHICAGO.

Stop using glycerine on your face at night. Use more warm water and good soap and finish your cleansing with a rub-down with ice. You are giving your skin too much grease and oil at present. You may need a change of diet. With the coming of spring eat all the green vegetables you can and drink lots of water.

PATSY T., CHICAGO.

Let your mind be at rest—you're not the least bit over-weight.

G. M. S., CHICAGO.

If you will read the colors I have given to "An Ugly Duckling" you will find these are your colors, too. Here is an excellent tonic for the eyebrows and eyelashes: Yellow vaseline, two ounces; oil of lavender, 15 drops; oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. After you wash your face at night brush your eyebrows with the tiny brush upon which a few drops of the tonic has been placed. Particular pains must be taken if you apply this tonic to the eyelashes, as it will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them. To develop the natural wave in your hair buy good wave combs and put them in nightly. Also brush your hair a lot and do not have it artificially curled. In a short time your natural waves will be very prominent.

ANNA LOUISE B.

I hesitate to tell so young a girl as you to go on a reducing diet because a couple more years...
may take care of this excess weight for you. You might stop eating candy, and get as much exercise as you possibly can. You're using cream and hot towels for your blackheads is all very well, but you must close your skin afterward by a rub-down with ice. I think that will remedy the condition.

E. F., Bridgeport

Since the nose is a combination of bone and cartilage, it is quite difficult to change the shape of it at maturity. It is true that even though the shape of one's nose may not appear perfect, it is suited to the rest of the face. You can wear golden yellow; buff; pale and peacock blues; silver gray; no purple; cardinal and clear red; yellow in every tone; coral; old rose, and flesh-pink; weight line stresses would be most becoming to you. As a matter of fact, they are always smarter than those with frouncies.

J. E., Michigan.

If you have gone to the best photographer's for your picture, I cannot understand why you do not take a satisfactory one. Perhaps it is that you feel rather artificial when you go there, or that you have your hair done in a manner unlike your usual way, or wear unfamiliar clothes—things that cause a change in your appearance. A good photograph should be as natural as possible. It is better to go to the photographer's wearing old clothes and comfortable with what you are, ask yourself, than new things which give you an uneasy feeling. Don't worry about your little boy's cur's. He will be glad when he grows up that he lost them. Did you ever know a man with curly hair who didn't hate it?

Betty L., Harrisburg, Tenn.

Ninety-eight pounds is rather slim, even for a short girl. You seem to be taking a great deal of exercise—quite enough to get real benefit from it. What you need is a good diet. Drink at least a quart of milk a day and eat plenty of fattening foods such as potatoes, macaroni and cereals. Only eat meat once a day at the very most and get plenty of sleep. If possible, rest for a half hour or more after every meal. And don't drink either tea or coffee—for a while anyway. I think you'll find that your complexion will be much improved if you give up coffee and meat and make milk and vegetables your chief foods.

Jayne, Portland, Ore.

Thank you very much for your frank and friendly letter. I think that blue would be very becoming to you for your day dresses. In the evening, you can wear powder blue, pink, or lavender. As you say, I think "the faintest touch of lipstick" would be quite the right thing for parties. Properly used, it improves the appearance immensely. Use a light shade. The practice of telephoning the boys is not a good one and, as a rule, the boys don't like it. But if you have anything important to say, certainly telephone the boy. But remember that the telephone is only a convenience. Don't make the boy feel he must always be on hand to have boy friends, provided you keep all your friendships on a sensible basis. But as for romance, you are rather too young for that. If you want to secure a loyal friend, ask your mother if you may invite him to dinner. And after dinner, you might invite another congenial couple to join you. As for your other question: don't eat any good looking things, ask them point blank what you don't like. There are hundreds of other ways of letting them know your feelings. But fault-finding never yet pleased a man—no matter what his age.

P. R., Oil City, Pa.

My dear, in this day and age, there are no such things as "love poisons." As the young man seems to be too much occupied with business to have time for romance, I think it might be well if you adopted the same attitude. Obviously, he is the sort of man who needs a sensible wife if you can prove to him that you are that sort of girl, I think you will win him. He seems to be a very steadfast friend and you must not spoil the friendship by forcing him into a romantic situation. Probably, in good time, he will speak his mind. Take an interest in his business and make him feel that you have his best interests at heart. But don't expect a business man to play the role of Romeo.

Dorothy, Mexico City.

There is only one thing for you to do—overcome your self-consciousness. All sorts of little details that you have nothing to do with the case seem to be worrying you. Popularity usually comes to those who are friendly, natural and unaffected with others. Gay, cheerful and kind, those who are deeply bothered by their own little troubles, are the ones who are never lonely and never neglected. Try forgetting yourself and try thinking only of others. Some girls who are popular are just the ones who try to pretend that they do nothing to make themselves attractive. But, if you'll look close enough, you'll see that even the most popular girls never relax in their efforts to please the men.

Rosalie, Cleveland

The preparation you mentioned is a good one. All the preparations advertised in Photoplay have been tested.

Miss Francis, Oakland, Calif.

If you will consult the advertisements in Photoplay, you will find some excellent treatments for removing superfluous hair. And you will find some that are for enlarged pores. Be sure to rinse your face thoroughly with cold water or rub your face with ice after washing.

Eleazar F., Kansas City, Mo.

As you are tall for your age, your weight is about right. You will probably gain eight or ten more pounds as you grow older. Your routine for the day seems very sensible and will be repaid in good health. Try a brunette powder and a dark rose rouge. If you are tired of red roses, why not change to orange or green? It is correct to wear a shoe with a medium high heel. I know of many women who are uncomfortable in a low heel shoe. However, they do not wear the extreme French heels with your everyday dresses.

M. M., Roselle, N. J.

You ought to lose a little--twelve or fifteen pounds, and the best way is to eliminate all sweets and starchy from your diet. Avoid fried foods and those rich in oils and fats. Beware, too, of the tempting "second helping" and the little treats between meals. You are too young to consider dancing as a career, especially as it means a great sacrifice for you. I am sure that your school gymnasium can give you a great deal of helpful athletic training, and, after a year or so, you can make up your mind definitely about your career. However, the course you mention is said to be excellent. However, the course you mention is said to be excellent. However, the course you mention is said to be excellent. However, the course you mention is said to be excellent. However, the course you mention is said to be excellent.

Ruth D., Detroit, Mich.

Premature grey hair seems to run in some families. It is difficult to combat. The best thing to do is to go to a good hair specialist and have her recommend a treatment, as you do not wish to dye it. As for your other scalp troubles, I should advise hot oil shampoo. Some shampoos also give an iodine treatment that is excellent for the hair.

Arden, Long Beach, L. I.

If you have dramatic talent it will be good for you to go to dramatic school and develop that talent. Of course, poise and savoir faire will come to you as you grow older, but stage experience, even though amateur, does help give you a manner and an air.
MRS. W. J. K., VIRGINIA, MINN.
Yes, yellow should look very well with your hair. Wear all shades of gold and brown, lavender, mauve and pink.

YVONNE, WOODSOCKET.
Your weight is about right. Do not wear your hair high, for that will accentuate the length of your face. Pastel colors are best for your fair skin and light hair. Massage the scars from smallpox with cold cream.

BEE, MONTREAL, QUE.
It is a very simple matter to have a mole removed from your face if a reliable surgeon does it. It can be cut off, leaving a slight scar which, in the course of a few months, disappears almost entirely. Or you might try the mole removers advertised in this magazine; they are quite safe. If you care for the man and there is companionship and understanding between you, your marriage should prove to be a happy one in spite of the difference in your ages. But think well. A marriage without love and respect cannot last long. Think of your own happiness and his. What do you really want to do?

VIVA, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.
Many girls grow suddenly very tall and their hands and feet seem much too big, but their bodies gradually take on correct proportions. You will find that that is what will happen to you so you need not worry, for you have three or four years yet before you will be fully grown. Don't wear your dresses too long. Wear colors that suit a dark skin best—green, rose, tan, brown and white. Wear your hair straight if it looks well that way. You must take care of your nails; nothing makes a girl look more unkempt and untidy. By all means finish your schooling and see what a good record you can make. It would be too bad for you to leave school now when you are at the head of your class.

NANCY, CHARLESTON, W. VA.
Perhaps you put on too much rouge and lipstick for your coloring should not be hard to match. Try very dark rouge and lipstick, but use them sparingly. Wear tan and brown and yellow in all shades. Yes, indeed, if you play tennis and swim every day this summer you will be astonished to see how much you will lose. That is, if you eat only a moderate amount. If you allow your increased appetite to run away with you your exercise will not do much for you.

CAROLINE, THOMASVILLE, GA.
You will find that sport clothes are the most convenient and smartest looking things to wear on a boat in the day time. Take an evening dress or two also.

E. E. W., FORT WASHINGTON, PA.
Surely you realize that it is up to you to take yourself in hand and stop being sarcastic. I think the most effective way to cure yourself will be to imagine yourself in the other person's place. You know how you are hurt when any-one says something cutting and thoughtless to you. Before you make some biting remark stop long enough to wonder how you would like to have it said to you. This is a dreadful fault which you must overcome at once. You are on the right track for you realize your fault and do not have to be persuaded of it.

ASITHE GILF, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
Yours is indeed a problem and it worried me when I first read your letter. But I don't think you are in love with this man if you can doubt him. All through your letter you keep referring to things he has told you which you do not believe. If you really loved him, it would never enter your head not to believe him. If your mother and father are so good to you it isn't awfuly sporting to deceive them, and they doubtless know what is best for you.

4 out of 5
wait too long!

As you mingle with crowds remember that four persons out of every five who pass the age of forty may contract dread pyorrhea either through carelessness or ignorance.

At the first sign of tender bleeding gums go to your dentist for an examination and start using Forhan's for the Gums.

If used regularly and used in time Forhan's will prevent pyorrhea or check its progress. Ask your dentist about Forhan's for the gums. He will undoubtedly recommend it as your regular dentifrice. It contains a percentage of Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which has been used by dentists for the last 15 years in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It cleanses the teeth and at the same time protects you against pyorrhea which claims four people out of every five.

You can't afford to gamble with your health and happiness. Don't wait for pyorrhea's symptoms. Stop at your druggist's for a tube of Forhan's and start playing safe today! All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

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MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE \ IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

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Gray Hair

Brought Back to Its Original Shade

Is your hair fast becoming gray or streaked? No matter to what extent or the cause, Kolor-Bak will quickly bring back the original shade—whether black, brown, red or blonde. Wonderful also for keeping scalp clean and free from dandruff.

To go your druggist today and get a bottle of this clean, colorless fluid. No testing with samples of hair necessary. As easy to use as water. Thousands of men and women have quickly made themselves look ten years younger with this thoroughly tested and dependable preparation. Over 2,000,000 bottles sold. To be had with an absolute money-back guarantee—at all druggists and stores handling high-grade toilet aids.

Brickbats and Bouquets

The Movies Have Arrived

Astoria, Long Island.

It is high time that some one came to dispute the self-asserted right of the intellectuals in degrading the cinema as an art.

So up to a year or two ago, lampooning the movies was a favorite and quite diverting indoor sport of practically everybody. Adverse criticism was then justified only to a certain degree. But with the advent of certain pictures that have been unreced in this country recently, one is obliged to acknowledge the fact that the motion picture industry is no longer a coming one, but has quite definitely arrived and is doing nicely.

The drama, a very much older sister art, cannot honestly be mentioned in the same picture now. The young protégé shows promise of becoming not only commercially and aesthetically an equal, but in originality and artistry, the superior of the other art.

HERMAN WEINBERG.

A So What Would


"Kenilworth" for Screen

Ashby, Mass.

Since Cal York and others have spoken right out with suggested picture subjects, may I add the following:

"Kenilworth," with Clare Eames as Queen Elizabeth. Her vivid portrait of the "king in petticoats" of Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon" remains the outstanding feature of the picture.

In "Kenilworth" Miss Eames would find opportunity to complete the characterization—to show the lovely, embittered woman behind the mask of majesty and ironic humor.

E. M. Stone.

The Screen's Bernhardt and Duse

Dover, Delaware.

I have read to the end of Mrs. St. John's article on Norma Talmadge, and while she has said some very true things, I cannot agree with her in regard to Norma's supremacy.

Miss Talmadge is one of the two foremost stars of the screen; the other one is Gloria Swanson, not Colleen Moore.

In the first place, it is about five years too soon to discuss this question, but as it has been brought up, I should like to express my opinion. George Bernard Shaw and Adela St. Johns are the only critics I have known to dispute the greatness of Bernhardt as an actress.

Evening says has to be taken with a pinch of salt. It would seem now that the same will have to be applied to Mrs. St. John.

Duse was perhaps a greater actress and a finer character than Bernhardt but, nevertheless, they were both marvelous actresses and great women.

Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge hold parallel positions on the screen; the former a disciple of Bernhardt and the latter a disciple of Duse. Bernhardt was one of the highlights of the world of art since her death first appeared in London and captivated English society by her flaming genius, to the day she was drawn down the Rue Royale on her last journey. I predict the same career for Gloria Swanson. She has been in the limelight since she appeared as "Zaza" and in "The Humming Bird," and, although her doom has been foretold many times in the last few months; she is rising steadily and surely. Who shall say that the glory that was Bernhardt's has not descended on this lovely lady?

Norma Talmadge, though more beautiful, looks somewhat as Duse did thirty years ago, and she appears to lead the same secluded life. Duse's motto was "live fully," and she certainly did not know whether Miss Tal- 

mudge does this, but she can lay greater claim to being the Duse of the screen than can Lillian Gish, who has been placed properly by Mrs. St. Johns.

In naming the great artists of the screen some mention should be made of Nazimova and Pauline Frederick, both admirable actresses who seem to have been lost in the storm.

K. K.

Bouquet for Betty

New York City, N. Y.

I want to express my admiration for Betty Bronson. She is my favorite and every time I see her (nine times in three pictures, so far) I feel just so much more satisfied with my choice. Believe me, Betty, I wish you every bit of luck.

B. C.

More Power to Marmont

Norfolk, Va.

Ever since I could be interested in anything, I have studied drama and acting, to me the greatest of all arts. I have thrilled over talent on stage and screen, but never before I have seen the genius that is brought out in the work of Mrs. M. Marmont.

"The Light That Failed" was the first play that attracted my attention. Those following were far inferior to an actor of his ability. Then came another good one, "If Winter Comes," which was in some ways worthy of him. When "The Street of Forgotten Men" was released in New York, I saw it three times and believe it to be a great picture, well cast and well directed.

In his work Mr. Marmont never fails to act up to every situation, yet never one gesture, a facial expression, a movement is incorrect. How well he carries out Hamlet's instructions to his players.

It is rare to find perfect technique combined with the depth of feeling that only is seen in Mr. Marmont's work.

A VIRGINIAN.

Away with the Sheiks!

Snyder, Calif.

I'm sick and tired of hearing people call Douglas Fairbanks, Tom Mix, Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray show-offs. They are all top-notch players and deserve a grand bouquet. It is about time that Valentino and those other sheiks were given the back seat, and I rejoice at the success of Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix and Richard Barthelmess.

Great Men Make History

Franklin, Tenn.

I noticed H. J. W. and "Lou and John" criticizing Conway Tearle and milton Sills, even going so far as to say that Mr. Tearle was past his prime. Dix, I think that it takes great men to make history.

I like the young actors very much, but who of them could play the roles that Frank Mayo, Conway Tearle and Milton Sills do with such ease as many as these three stars?

I want to thank every actor and actress and every director for the amusement they have furnished me in past years. Also I wish to thank Photoplay for the entertainment I get in its pages.

JACK.
More Praise for Pauline

Tutioa, Wash.

I differ so decidedly with that charming woman, Adela Rogers St. Johns, on our greatest actress. I have always thought of Norma Talmadge as a typical stock actress, never rising to any great heights. She is surely a capable actress, but then so are several other screen luminaries. Granted that she can "emote" with the best of the bosom-beauties, but that is only one essential.

Where is her versatility? To me, at least, she seems an actress lacking humor. I believe Pauline Frederick could play the roles Mrs. St. Johns lists with real artistry and make Norma look like a struggling extra, with the addition of "polyanna." Miss Frederick is in her forties. Norma, when she is at that age, could no more play Polyananna than Samuel Goldwyn.

Versatility is merely a part of great acting. Few actresses can be called great and Norma Talmadge is not one of them.

I have seen all of her pictures and have never seen her reach the heights Frederick did in "Madame X," or that Lilian Gish did in "Broken Blossoms."

Why did Mrs. St. Johns ignore Pauline Frederick, the one great actress of the screen, when making her comparisons?

Joan Clayborne.

A Censor Cure

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Recently I read an article wherein most of the moralizing flapdoodle of the movies was laid to our innate censors. Now, as one who greatly enjoys moving pictures and who has often shuddered at the things done and said, I may say that these innate censors, I bear them no love. But the whole blame can’t be thrust upon them.

In the "Great Duchess and the Waiter" there is champagne, sophistication and sex—which things the censors delight to pounce upon. Yet it is so perfectly directed, acted and handled throughout, that no censor, unless a moron, would cut it.

The most squeamish critic could not fail to call it art.

Most of the "flapdoodle" of the movies goes right back to the studios. With more directors like Mal St. Clair, Herbert Brenon and Lubitsch, more pictures with the finesse of "Stella Dallas," "The Big Parade" and "Lady Windermere’s Fan," more actors with the intelligence of Adolph Menjou, John Gilbert and Florence Vidor, censorship will die of sheer exasperation.

Soon it will be just as sacrilegious to "mangle" first class pictures as to turn loose a gang of small boys with paint buckets in the Metropolitan Museum—and just as unnecessary.

J. E. Hawkins.

He’s All of That

North Troy, New York

Sheiks may come and sheiks may go, but the good old characters will continue forever. These dapper young men that thrill us for the moment can never leave a lasting remembrance with us, as do some of the fine types of men who have been actors for many years. All the praise and applause these days go to the younger fellows, but here’s a bouquet for a "real actor," Mr. Alec B. Francis.

Mr. Francis, in my estimation, is one of the finest actors on the screen. As the padre in "Thunder Mountain," Mr. Francis was excellent, but in "Thank You" no mere words can express his ability.

What a wonderful man Mr. Francis must be in real life.

Helen Quinn.
The Powder Beauties Use

By Edna Wallace Hopper.

We on the stage and in the movies use exquisite powders. We don’t care what we pay. Beauty is our chief asset, and fine powder is an aid to beauty. I used to pay $5. per box for my powder. So did most of my friends.

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You will never realize how face powders can differ until you try my kind. You will never know how much the right face powder adds to one’s appearance.

This powder comes in two types. I use a heavy cold cream powder, because I work and stays. That costs $1.50 per box. But the same color comes in the light, fluffy type at 50 cents per box. And both come in shades.

LEt me send you samples in stationed dignity boxes. You will be delighted. You will learn for the first time what face powder means. The French bring the samples, also my Beauty Book. Clip it over. I believe that never again will you be content with ordinary powders.

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We Give Up

Raleigh, N. C.

When will ZaSu Pitts have a chance—when will she be given an opportunity to show us what she can do? When will she get to wear the beautiful gowns, sit in the front row, be seen with her? When will she have the chance to play the rôle thousands of less beautiful actresses have had? How much longer must those who have been over looked by the directors and movie folk? Shall those artistic hands always belong simply to the poor little imbecile that she is forced to portray? The writer is wondering if ZaSu Pitts will ever be given an opportunity to come into her own—to show us what she really can do. Truly she is as tragic and appealing as the wistful Lillian Gish, but, more beautiful. For years she has been denied the chance of her life, and after "Mannequin" I cannot refrain from asking if ZaSu’s lot shall always be that of the ignorant servant.

BARBARA GRAHAM.

Rudy, Be Free and Wild!

Obispo, Cal.

A word about Valentine. These are the reasons I think his popularity has waned since "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik." In the above named pictures Rudolph showed us the gay, passionate Latin lover—a juggler of women’s hearts—ruthless, perhaps, but oh, how fascinating!

Now, only Rudolph’s perfect manners save him from being completely Americanized. Either his personal life will change or he is showing us a less interesting facet of him, for ever since "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik" he has been the wistful, lovestick boy. We do not want to see Rudolph enslaved by Dagmar Godowsky or even Nita Naldi; we want to see Nita and Dagmar enslaved by Rudolph.

VICTORIA CARTER.

A Whole Praise Garden

Alberta, Canada

My finest bouquet goes to Milton Sills for his splendid portrayal of characters, his ability to act naturally, and for his fine personality, especially in "The Spoilers," "The Making of O’Malley," "Melody." I would like to see a little more of him and a little less of Tom Mix and Buck Jones, for we who live in the West see these kind in our every day life. We naturally prefer something different.

Harrison Ford is another favorite of mine. I must throw two nice big bouquets of equal size and beauty to Thomas Meighan and Tony Moran. I have been a Meighan fan ever since I saw him in "The Bachelor Daddy," and Tony since he played in serials. Also a handsome bouquet for that grand old man of the screen, Theodore Roberts. And please, if you send a bouquet yourself, PHOTOPLAY, for being the very best of all Screen Magazines.

MRS. MARGARET MOORE.

Cooling Arlen’s Ador

Indianapolis, Ind.

I am almost hoping that no more of Michael Arlen’s stories will be filmed if they will all be as poor as "The Dancer of Paris." The lovely, intangible charm of Mr. Arlen’s story was utterly lost in a mass of half artificial flat acting. It is evident that the lighting was wretched, poor Conway Tearle is ready for the shelf. As Miss Mackaill’s leading man in the picture, he appeared heavy, worn and old. His face was still pressing and helped to show the many wrinkles around his eyes and his general appearance was pitiful. Off with him! I think Connie Bennett and perhaps Richard Dix would have done it much better but it would have taken a "deal of finin’" to make a real picture of it.

D. S. K.

Oh, Irene, Here’s a Bouquet

Austin, Texas.

At last I saw "Lady Win demere’s Fan," the great picture, the unforgotten picture which gave us a new artist, the magic picture which gave us a new Irene. From beginning to end "Lady Win demere’s Fan" was a charming picture, directed by a master mind.

Bert Lytell, Ronald Colman and May McAvoy were wonderful actors, and they did not convince me; but this did not matter, because what I wanted to see was the new, beautiful Irene. "Our Irene" and all through I saw the picture. Despite I did not tire watching her in this, her masterpiece, because in it I was seeing, not the good wife who stayed at home while her husband was out, but a new every woman’s woman—something different and most bewitching Irene...

When I came out of the theater, the moon was already sending its silvery and noiseless rays over the world of dreams, and I felt a wondrous dream, having in my mind a delightful and only desire—that of seeing again the Irene Rich and Lubitsch combination.

AMBROSE ROVO.

She Says Dick’s Bowlegged!

Hollywood, Cal.

What on earth is ailing Richard Barthelmess? I saw "Just Suppose" last week and was disappointed. It isn’t nearly as good as he used to make. I noticed he had the prince’s uniform on he was slightly bowlegged. That was the thing that spoiled it for me. I heard people behind me say they liked Tony in "Redemption." Didn’t Dick Webb over "Soul Fire," "The Beautiful City," etc. et cetera, and "Shore Leave." Any actor could act that part. Richard is one of the best actors we have and we don’t want to see him in comedies.

Anybody who is Valentino crazy is nutty, but I don’t blame them for liking Ronald Colman. I would like to see "Monte Cristo" again. Will it ever be shown?

MARGARET DUNLAP.

Maybe You’re Right

Rising City, Neb.

One huge bouquet for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation if they refuse to reissue Wally Reid’s pictures.

We don’t want Pola Negri’s pictures back. Our Wally is dead. Do, please, let him rest. We don’t want to see his boyish face flashed across the screen again, when we know—we well, we know he’saying somewhere cold and distant, and not here on earth. Don’t bring him back.

Even the idea is repulsive.

We want to remember him as the lively, lovable, wistful, and tender boy, and we want him forever in the movies as the boy that was just so good. I’ve answered the call, but to see him as such again —well, somehow it’s different.

LILY WALL.

Speaking of Geese

Florence, S. C.

"The Goose Girl," produced sometime ago, was a very interesting picture. "The Goose Hangs High" proved to be one of the finest pictures of American home life ever produced. Now we have "The Goose Woman," with Louise Dresser in the title role, who gives one of the finest characterizations of the screen, as the woman who has fallen from power and popularity and resorts to geese raising and gin drinking. A director who can make a part intensely interesting deserves the highest praise.

But speaking of geese, as this bird, or fowl, seems to bring good luck, I would be able to quote a number of films we have viewed recently.

MRS. C. O. STILL.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Adela Always Starts Something

Selma, Ala.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, deliberately attempted to increase or create a rise in the falling stock of Norma Talmadge's popularity! To proclaim Miss Talmadge, Our One and Only Great Actress is ridiculous! Personally, I shall not make a bitter attack upon Miss Talmadge, but Adela Rogers St. Johns has left her open for just such necessary criticism, that is bound to arise. It will cause a lot of dirty digs for Miss Talmadge, when Mrs. St. Johns should get them!

Why do they pick on Mae Murray? One mean cat admits that Mae Murray has a following and goes on to jump on them. I have this to say for Mrs. Murray's fans, they never fail her. Let the Dogs Bark!

If Mary Pickford were not a good business woman, and was still working for Famous Players (in Mrs. St. Johns reasons) that would simply mean she could not reach the heights. I agree with Mrs. St. Johns about Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, but her unmerciful attack upon Lillian Gish, should cause a storm of protest. After seeing the "White Sister" box can anyone have the nerve to come out and boil with ungovernable rage when she is praised? I shall never forgive Mrs. St. Johns for the things said about Miss Gish.

To me Nazimova is a very, very great artist. She has given us everything that Mrs. St. Johns was shouting about and she did not even say anything about her. Do you think that Nazimova was wonderful in 'My Boy'? It was a small part too!

Adela Rogers St. Johns may have courage but she does not sound convincing when she placed Reginald Denny among the ten most handsome men.

Champ Clark.

Tempo Triumphs

Cleveland, Ill.

I am a musician and like to think of pictures as the visual expression of music. Hence all my bouquets go to the directors who understand that mysterious time element of a picture called tempo. This innate musical sense is the instinctive safeguard of a director and it is revealed in the first few minutes of a picture. Too many directors rely on pictorial values which in the end produces boredom as nothing can take the place of the vital time element.

But a director like King Vidor or James Cruze, is given to rhythm and a creative quality that still vibrates months after the picture is seen and gives it immortality. This rhythmic vitality is the explanation of the dynamic element that makes the "Big Parade" and "The Covered Wagon."

Malcolm St. Clair is also blessed with this musical instinct and created true cinema art in "Are Parents People."

Henry L. Belmont.

The Lure of the Irish

Middletown, N. Y.

I have often wondered why the Irish lads and lassies on the screen (and off for that matter) are such wonderful successes in all that they attempt. Why is it that Colleen Moore, Thomas Meighan, Jackie Coogan, and many others from the auld sod have the world at their feet?

After thinking it over carefully I've come to this conclusion: When the angels were making the different nationalities, they took a great lump of determination and made of it one nationality. They made another of intelligence, another of charm, another of generosity and still another of sympathy and tact.

Finally they thought they were finished but looking around they found they had a good sized piece of each material left. So they mixed them all together and called the result Irish. Miss Alta M. Toep.
A Slam at the Answer Man

New York City

I have been an interested reader of Photoplay for a number of years—I have enjoyed reading it on the whole; however, once in a while I have felt like writing in a criticism. This is my initial effort for your columns. I have seen Alma Rubens in "The Winding Stair" and some good friend should tell me why she cannot dance. She is awful and when she kicks her legs it is the most ungraceful woman on the screen. I saw her with George O'Brien in, I think, "The Dancers," and she danced a great deal. What is the trouble with this lovely lass? Can't she see she is no dancer? Also I read Tom Mix's life in your magazine. In it he said he saw service in the Philippines. That was about 1898 and his age is given above by a few months. I am the most indelibly impressed by this, as it was at the tender age of 4 years at that rate. Why don't you stop giving ages if they cannot come anyway near the truth? It is really insulting the intelligence some of the ages given for some stars.

BETH BERRY.

Slamming "The New Commandment"

Los Angeles, Calif.

For a maudlin melodramatic-slapstick mixture we've seen nothing to equal First National's "The New Commandment." Coherence and this cinema have as much in common as a humming bird and a clown. It is a masterpiece of the kind capable of something bigger. Blanche Sweet, Ben Lyon, Holbrook Blinn, Dorothy Cummings, Pedro de Cordova, and Effie Shannon are not to be snifed at.

There were so many vital points left dangling in mid-air. The average audience is willing to meet the writer half way, but there are limits. Here are a few of the things that irked us. What happened to the book Renée's father was so anxious to publish, that was so very important in the beginning of the story? How did Billy's father release from French jail so easily? When did the mistress of Chateau Reves invite the heroine to make a permanent home with her? How did Billy join the French army? How has this hero's father recovered from the wreckage? How did Billy recover his sight when we were lead to believe he is totally blind?

Are we expected to digest this stuff that cries for the cutter's scissors and a scenarist who "knows his stuff"?

EBBA MARIE THOMSEN.

New Sheiks for Old

Milwaukee, Wis.

Everybody is busy picking the prettiest girls, the girls with most talent and the handsomest men on the screen. May I give my list of the group of men who desire bigger parts and better salaries?

Roy D'Arcy was the highlight of "The Merry Widow" and "The Masked Dancer" as far as I was concerned. With all due credit given John Gilbert and Mae Murray, I fell in love with Roy D'Arcy because of his wonderful performance.

John Patrick can make the worst picture fulfill a dream, simply because of his personality. He has a different style from all the other actors. I really wish he would appear in every third or fourth film.

I would like to see a lot more of Harrison Ford. He is a splendid, convincing actor. Remember him in "Proud Flesh," "Fanny!"

Clive Brook is one of the few actors who can make me see a poor picture because of his presence. I will go every single time I see his name in the cast.

Here are a few of the newer actors I hope will become better known. They deserve it. They are William Haines, William Boyd, Robert Ames, Larry Gray, Gilbert Roland and Donald Keith.

LUCY BARKER.

Yes, Corinne Needs Better Stories

Washington, D. C.

Merely to look at her (Oh—Corinne Griffith, of course) is a positive joy and delight, for the possesses that quality of beauty which shines from within. Surely even the proverbial "who runs can read" the charm, the true culture and refinement that is indelibly stamped on her beautiful features.

Now when, in addition to this loveliness, she displays that "fan-goodness" acting,—as witnessed "Clashed" why in the name of the great D. W. do they hand her such piling myths as "Intimation?"

It only served to recall, however, the charm which caused me to stay to the bitter end.

But, since "hope springs eternal," I shall continue to go to her next—and next—and hope—and hope—for a story that is worthy of her ability.

M. M. L.

We Agree Heartily

Glenside, Pa.

A Chicago lawyer recommended that "hanging" be shown in motion pictures as a deterrent to crime. He might have further suggested that picture of the crime be first shown! What an entertainment picture it would make to see a person killed, then see the re-creating his victim, in the next scene witness the murderer dangering on the end of a rope! Nice thoughts for the children, I suppose, particularly if it was accompanied by a sub-title on the following order:

"He was a born 'cut-up' they said. They must have had the right 'dope.' He never once lost his head. 'Till he got to the end of his rope.'"

What a crime that would be! Normal or abnormal persons are benefited by the right kind of pictures, and they would have this wholesome effect, even on a would-be criminal than the morbid or gruesome type.

HARRY HILPERT.

Mix Fans, Lookit This!

Akron, Ohio

Tom Mix is slowly losing his grip as the most popular Western actor—old champ's time is tottering. Who will be the new Monarch of the Western films—Charles Jones, Hoot Gibson or Jack Hoxie?

Of the latter named three, I believe the battle will be chiefly concerned between Buck Jones and Hoot Gibson. Hoxie's chances look slim.

Tom Mix is staging his losing fight valiantly and when he goes down he will always be remembered as the man who started the "wonder horse" craze.

Seems like a Western actor's wardrobe is incomplete without a wonder horse along—there's Rex, Silver King, Lightning Tanza and a load of others now being paged via the silver sheet.

JOHN PEDA.

Ralph and the Drayma

Detroit, Mich.

Why such a likeable, clever chap as Ralph Graves should be playing in slapstick comedies and profess to like it—is more than I can understand.

When I think of the splendid work he did as leading man in "Dream Street," "Yolanda," Dorothy Gish's comedy-dramas and then run into his get of Jack-Sennett-ers'—I revol! How can they let such laurels go to the winds? Never! The fans would prefer seeing you in leading men's roles and feature plays and we beg you not to continue in comedies.

Please, Mr. Graves, don't you understand—you have the talent and ability—you should be doing better, bigger, finer things! We want you in feature pictures, the fans demand it, won't you acquiesce?

JANETTE RAYBOULD.
The O'Brien Blues

Astoria, Oregon

In the February issue of Photoplay, Millicent Hartman is very much concerned about George O'Brien. She wants to register a complaint along with her. Please let us on Richland Dix, John Gilbert and some others to whom your magazine is seemingly so partial (we are almost suffocated) and give Mr. O'Brien a chance. Don't you think we ever get tired of the same one all the time? Mr. O'Brien is a splendid young actor who is coming to the front rapidly. He has beauty and personality as well as good looks. All he needs is a good director and stories suitable to his type. So come on now, all you O'Brien fans, let's start boosting our favorite and combat this Dix epidemic.

As for the ladies, Pola Negri and Corinne Griffith are the only ones on my horizon. Pola has hypnotized me, she is superb! Miss Griffith is neither beautiful nor a wonderful actress, but I think if she snapped out of her apparent lethargy she could be "classified" and became one of that. Don't ask me why I like her, may be she has Elmore Glyn's IT. I get a huge kick out of Vivian O'Dell. I'd rather watch her than Gloria Swanson! Give her some space in your magazine.

Three cheers for Photoplay! Miss A. Thompson.

New Zealand's Sweetheart, Too

New Zealand

I have been reading articles lately about the fight for the crown between Pola, Gloria and Mary. Wonderful Pola and Gloria may be, but they are not to be compared with "Our Mary." She is the greatest actress of them all. Here is a paragraph from an old issue of Photoplay: "Mary Pickford has become in twenty years what ordinarily takes one hundred—a tradition. Greater actresses may arise around her but Mary will never know a rival, for she has become a symbol of love to the lonely soul of the world." Yes, give me Mary of the sunshine and curls, breathing of youth and spring-time from the depths of her beautiful soul. I would like other fans to join me in this expression of confidence in "Our Mary." Can we allow the world's Sweetheart to be dethroned without lifting one hand to help her? Never! The world cannot do without her! Miss Marie M. Ansford.

Peter-Panning Betty

Omaha, Neb.

I offer sincerest praise and congratulations for the most fascinating and logical picture that I have seen in a long time—"Three Faces East." The main target of my felicitations is the amazing Jetta Goudal. Having always nourished a grudge against the mysterious Jetta I was completely bowled over by her acting in the war drama.

Miss Goudal is THE actress. It would be for their everlasting benefit to the present crop of beauteous automatons, who are trying to win unmerited praise, to study Jetta's method. It's sure-fire. Here is the type of work that one never forgets. More power to her!

Now, a little cold air... How old is Betty Bronson? Ever since the petite Peter Pan elled her way into our hearts, we have been deluged with floods of "youthful" publicity. Here's the point:

We have been told, over and over again, that Betty is "just a kid." Scribes have written cute stories about Betty's little jaunts, and the few "dates" she is allowed to have, her extremely youthful clothes.

I'm not a crank, but when it becomes a habit for the publicity to repeat over and over again the same exaggerations, I get weary. Betty is a favorite of mine, and I dislike to see her press agent try to put her in pin-striped or little girl slippers when I know she must be quite a delightful young lady.

Florence A. Stewart. [continued on page 121]

To keep fresh the beauty of girlhood is the duty of every woman.

THERE is no place in the modern scheme of things for the woman who is indifferent to her personal appearance and allows herself to grow old. It is the age of youth—but no woman can look younger than her skin.

Perfect cleanliness with the right soap will keep any woman's skin younger than her years. That is why daily increasing numbers of fastidious women are relying on Resinol Soap to preserve the freshness of their complexion. They know that it satisfies every need of the skin because:

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- It contains no free alkali or other harsh properties, and is absolutely non-irritant to the tenderest skin.
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- It rinses easily and leaves the skin so soft and velvety, refreshed and invigorated that you know it has been cleansed to the depth of every tiny pore.

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drive her beyond her capacity, and every picture she makes is a travails of harassing episodes. Despite her enormous salary her expenses are a nightmare, and I doubt that she has had an hour's relaxation outside sleep in years.

AND now she is taking on more troubles. She is going to produce her own pictures. "Fine Manners" is her last under her present banner. Then she becomes an independent producer as one of the United Artists.

Well meaning friends pointed out the promised land of artistic independence as anything can be tabulated.

For instance, Tom Mix occupies a peculiar position from the box office standpoint. He draws crowds equal to stars in the first class, but no one of his pictures would gross as much money as a picture starring Fairbanks, Chaplin, or others in the group. The reason for this is that Tom Mix's produce is in small theaters where less admission is charged and smaller attendance is obtained. He has to play a lot of small theaters to bring returns up to the amount that Barthelmess or Denny would get in larger houses. But he makes more pictures in a year than any of the stars in the major group, so I rate him among them as a popular big money-getter.

LILLIAN GISH is another star difficult to classify. In big pictures Miss Gish's drawing power is equal to that of one of the top group, but in small features she would rate with Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer and Colleen Moore.

Mr. Schenck lists Valentino in the first group. His popularity is waning so rapidly, however, that it is doubtful if he will remain long. "The Eagle", however, drew big returns. "Cobra" did not.

Pola Negri depends almost entirely upon her foreign following. Her popularity in Europe is great enough to make her financial profit to her company without consideration of her American clientele, which is small.

"Thomas Meighan has a following that is notable for its stability, regardless of poor pictures", says Mr. Schenck. "And he will always have the personality of the big brother, the friend, and that is the lasting sort."

John Gilbert's following is of the sex-attraction genre. "The Merry Widow" did more for him, in Mr. Schenck's opinion, than "The Big Parade", though his acting in the latter was finer.

Novarro attracts affection, but not of the fervent variety. He has a romantic appeal for the imagination by his very appearance, and he has proved to be an inspired actor.

Among women, Norma Shearer is regarded by Mr. Schenck as the most promising of the newcomers. "His Secretary" proved her drawing power as a star.

Colleen Moore has had the best break of any young star and has made the most of it. Corinne Griffith, on the other hand, has proved her strength by staging a long procession of bad pictures. "Classified", her first good one, reveals what she can do if given fair material.

JOHN BARRYMORE is not yet established as a top star. Though he will be after the general release of "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan". His attraction in the large cities is through his stage following.

Are stars unreasonable temperamentally? I ask the question because it plays a part in the permanency of their drawing power.

"No," says Mr. Schenck. "They have their reasons, though they may seem unreasonable."

"There is just one thing needed to handle players successfully, I've found, and that is the truth."

Producers make the mistake too often of telling their stars the pleasant things. The stars get an exaggerated idea of their value, and the producers can't live up to it.

Producers who come up swiftly to success may get the swell-head. Their associates notice it first and start drawing away from them. Those who have been their friends come to cooperate, and no one person in this business is self-sufficient. Then, eventually, the public senses this superiority feeling and begins drawing away. I have not encountered this problem very often. Where I have I simply have parted company with the person. I recognize the right of every man to his opinions of himself, even if I disagree."

Turning to the rarest thing in the business—real friends—Mr. Schenck asked a question. "You have been accounted for Mr. Schenck's success in managing players. "Equity," said Doug Fairbanks. "You can disagree with him without ruffling his vanity. Producers sometimes get the swell-head as well as stars. Joe will change his mind if he can be convinced he's wrong. And he tells you the truth. That's about the rarest thing in the business—the truth. When you find a man who will tell it to you, you have found a friend."

Therefore submit this list of box office stars as the most truthful rating that can be given. It is not infallible, not invariably; some who are up are doomed to come down, and some who are down will be up in a year or two.
Red Hair and A Piano

(Continued from page 79)

"That was the best acting I have ever done," she told me, with a twinkle in her eye. "I was unconscious."

Ethel had the title role in "The Girl Who Came Back," played opposite Charles Ray in "An Old Fashioned Boy," and was one of the daughters in "Daughters of the Rich." More recently she has been seen opposite Silly Chaplin in that riotous comedy, "Charley's Aunt," and in another mirth-provoker, "Stop Flirting."

She is now reaching the climax of her career, for she has just signed a five-year contract and is in New York making "The Cherry Tree," the first of her new pictures. It's her first visit to the big city. She writes that, owing to the high prices, she will probably have to sell the family piano to get out.

Close-Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 43)

Mr. Gilbert did not reproduce the original, but he did create an original and fascinating fellow of high volatility. He was convincing in all his ferocious Gestalticism.

The idea of a homely hero winning the love of a screen heroine is manifestly incredible. "But why?" interrupts Musette Adorée. "In life women love homely men. I—even personally—detest handsome ones, as a rule."

"To which our only reply is—"Goody, Goody!"

I'd like to see Renee Adorée and John Gilbert in another love match with King Vidor as referee. They wouldn't be Romeo and Juliet exactly, but a team like that doesn't need Shakespeare. Considering the temperature of their emotion his old wooden balcony would be condensable. What they need is a fire-escape.

Speaking of great directors, where are they? King Vidor stands unchallenged in the lists today, save possibly by Lubitsch. D.W. Griffith has gone stale. Cecil De Mille is wandering some place in the dark ages with his flash-backs. Von Stroheim is uncertain, and Rex Ingram is sunning himself on the Riviera while gaily thumbing his nose at the bosses back here.

Everyone has been given credit for "The Big Parade" except King, to whom it belongs. True, he had the cooperation of two exceptionally creative players, as well as Irving Thalberg. But it takes a great artist to recognize cooperation. Griffith used to have a circle of original minds from which he took ideas. So did De Mille. So did the lesser chief, Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte. But directors, as well as players, invariably reach the point where they feel they can go it alone. Like the late Kaiser, they murmur—"Me and God."

King remains humble. He has his ideas, but he can accept others. "The Big Parade" germinated from a simple idea. Examine the full-grown product and you'll find that the characters and situations make the entertainment. They are gems on an old cotton string.

The above is no argument against stories. It is possible for a director of story-telling talent to develop a play as he goes along. On the whole, however, a strong, detailed script as a starting point will save a lot of re-takes.

I'm sick of those "little touches" for which directors are being extolled. "The story is trite," we read in the reviews, "but director Abracadabra's little touches make it."

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White lipped, dry-eyed, the girl on the floor looked up into the dark, passion-swept face above her. And then she spoke. "I told you I'd marry Alan," she whispered.

"If I'd known before I left, I wouldn't have let him come out here... Don't you understand? He's got marry me... I can't live without him.

All at once she had toppled over into a limp little heap.

Across her body Marie DuGanne's eyes met mine. "For a moment she didn't speak. And then—"

"Better send her to a hotel," she said. "My maids can take her, in a taxi. Say—life's funny—she'll be back in the next ten minutes, won't she? You see, she did understand—quite perfectly.

And, that night, she wrote a letter to Alan O'Hara. I sat beside her, at her desk, as she wrote it. I can tell the contents of the note to you, word for word—and with no breach of confidence. For the whole world knew it, a day after it was penned! This is what she wrote—"

"My dear Alan:

It was all a mistake—and I guess it's time to tell you that I'm through. I guess you don't know who that has made maybe I never will know. You'd better go back home, away from here. Maybe there's some girl waiting for you and I'd better marry her— and forget—Marie."

A stilled, badly worded, but gallant little letter. Sent by a blazed messenger, after Marie had kissed the envelope with a passionate, quivering mouth.

A stupid, small letter. But when it was found, the next day, the red stains upon it had disintegrated— and made a gruesome classic of it.

For Alan O'Hara, blew his brains out, above that poor little note of dismissal. Thereby proving, to those of us who were skeptics, that he had loved her, after his own fashion!

YOU can imagine, of course, what the papers said. One headline, especially, was vivid. "Vampire's Latest Toy Ends Life," it read.

"A broken heart and a column of washing by Screen's Wickedest Woman, Commits Suicide." Marie read the newspaper reports—all of them. She didn't cry, not a tear. Her face had already, I think, washed by those that have made like it a lonely mask. She avoided reporters—making no single statement in her own defense. What could she say, after all? Only a certain girl could have cleared her name of the charge of supreme cruelty—and that girl had disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared! There were moments when I—forborne—doubted then the truth of it all. But I knew Marie never questioned it. Indeed, her only remark in regard to the tragedy—her only comment, mind you—concerned the girl. "It was a poor kid," she said, "she was crazy, about him too. This must 've knocked her— as hard —she didn't finish that sentence, but, after a moment, she spoke again. "I wish I could see him again, they're still pretty shabby—she looked hard up. And she'll be needing money, before long..." That was all.

Marie DuGanne didn't cry—no one ever saw her cry, again! No one ever saw her laugh again, either—unless she was doing it for the watchful eye of the camera. She has no intimates, and attends strictly to her own business, when she isn't on location. And she wears black always—a strange whim, they say. And young girls shudderingly flock to see her ever again. She's good for a page of publicity any day— the press agents adore Marie DuGanne— when news is a little scarce... There are stories, too, about her. When the rumors grow a bit thick, the smaller theaters feel that they must bar her pictures.

START right now, working on PHOTOPLAY's Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, and win your share of the $5,000 in prizes.
Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115]

That So Dear Publicity

Tacoma, Washington

I wish to offer a prize through your magazine to every dear young thing who raves about her hero's smile, his eyes, his "finger," etc. Said prize being a lovely bottle of chloroform, with full directions as to drinking heartily.

Then, I wish you would tell some of our brightest stars to guard some of their vital secrets more carefully. Take Jack Mulhall for instance—I saw him in a pair of tight once—how I wish he had worn balloon pants! And another young actor tells the world too much about his matrimonial troubles. What would marriage be without a perfectly corking fight every once in a while? But why tell the world about it?

Two of our finest male leads insist upon smiling in every closeup. The suspicious-looking lines we see at a distance burst into a group of glorified soup grooves. I find myself wondering if the film has suddenly turned into an educational feature and that I am gazing at a relief map.

Still we have something to be thankful for—the ever lovely Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Norma Shearer. As for the men, the magnetic Colman, Jack Gilbert and Richard Dix. May they all guard their frailties (if they have any) carefully!

P. R. Squire.

Gee, We Liked the Girl

New York, N. Y.

I have just seen Norma Shearer in "His Secretary." Why must producers constantly place these strains on the credulity of their audiences? Not only is the idea absolutely threadbare but bears not the slightest relation to practical experience. No beauty parlor in the world could work so great a transformation in one visit.

Not only was the secretary terrible in appearance, but she was also a prude of the deepest dye. Certainly seeing her employer overcome by the charms of another woman could not have been so great a shock to her as to make her suddenly drop on her savings (and she appears to have been as long on economy as she was short on charm) and invest in a set of costumes that very evidently came from some shop not generally patronized by girls who bring their own lunch.

No, changes don't occur in a second. They take time. This girl's whole personality and make-up couldn't, even if she had willed it so, have been changed by seeing her flirtatious employer's attentions to another woman, or even by hearing the man she was in love with say that he would not kiss her on a bet.

Francine Galwey.

That Finishing School Finish

Hinton, W. Va.

Pictures are improving to such an extent that even the so-called "intelligentia" are dismaying from their high horses to make favorable comments. My sister was in boarding school several years ago, when attending movies was strictly prohibited, but I am now attending the same institution and we were encouraged by the school to see "The Freshman," "The Midshipman," "The Vanishing American," "Ben Hur," and several others. It's a strict old southern school, too, and the putting of its mark on approval on the films means something—to its students and alumnae, at least.

We hear about Alberta Vaughan, but not so much about Larry Kent; he's a dear—collec-tate is the word?

Mary Ellen Dars.

The Telephone at the Centennial

One hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the infant telephone was first exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition.

Since the dawn of civilization, mankind had sought some means of communicating over distances which unaided human speech could not bridge. Drums, signal fires, runners, the pony express, and finally the electric telegraph were means to get the message through. It remained for the telephone to convey a speaker's words and tones over thousands of miles.

"My God, it talks!" exclaimed the Emperor of Brazil before a group of scientists at the Philadelphia Exposition, as he recognized the voice of Alexander Graham Bell, demonstrating the new invention.

Today, after a brief half-century, the telephone lines of the Bell System have become the nerves of the nation. The telephone connects citizen with citizen, city with city, state with state for the peace and prosperity of all.

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New York City

The great vogue and popularity of Jack Gilbert are amazing to me—I do not like him. He does not interest me in the least. His personality is so ordinary, one, and so dominates his acting; that, although I have a great talent, I could never enjoy him on the screen, and it is hard for me to understand how others can. I have seen "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow," and enjoyed them, but not because of Mr. Gilbert,—in spite of him.

But, of course, "every one to his own taste." But I am so tired of seeing all the extravagant praise of Mr. Gilbert, that I want the world to know that there is one person who hasn’t fallen for him.

Mr. Gilbert is called dashing, brilliant, the most charming, and the best actor the screen has ever known! In my opinion, there are no dashing actors on the screen; there is one brilliant one—Adolphe Menjou if I saw him in person the other night and he is acting well; only three really charming ones, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess and Ramon Novarro. These three, of course, have talent. Mr. Barthelmess, in my opinion, being the most versatile and Mr. Colman the most attractive. The best actors on the screen, in my opinion, are Emil Jannings, Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney (lately), and Mr. Menjou. Charlie Chaplin, of course, stands alone—the most interesting person on the screen and the most appealing.

MARY STOUT.

Tommy Meighan, Please Note

Ashley, Mass.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the habits of stardom are peculiar.

Milton Sills wins stardom honors for not all his performance in "The Sea Hawk." Qualified to play middle-aged adventurers in picturesque, swift-moving tales, he suggests roles like Sir Percy Blakeney ("The Three Musketeers"); only three really charming ones, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess and Ramon Novarro. These three, of course, have talent. Mr. Barthelmess, in my opinion, the most versa-
tile and Mr. Colman the most attractive. The best actors on the screen, in my opinion, are Emil Jannings, Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney (lately), and Mr. Menjou. Charlie Chaplin, of course, stands alone—the most interesting person on the screen and the most appealing.

NEW YORK

HONEST, SHE DISLIKES JACK!

"Blossoms for Barrymore!"

Montreal, Que.

How I wish for the pen of an inspired poet that I might lay a glowing bouquet of words at the feet of the greatest actor of either the American stage or films—John Barrymore.

The actor has been accused of bouquets—but he deserves them all.

His pictures are always worth going to see and his acting is never mediocre. No back-
sliding for him. Before the end of his career he will have created the role of a lifetime, perhaps the greatest role of his long time. When he changed from the ambi-
tious, handsome, laughing Abbe to the surly embittered Abbe, who lost his leg—a little bit of my heart died and didn’t revive till he came into his own again. . . . and yet I go to the movies at least three times a week!

I’d love to see him in a straight role where he remains in your hand from the end to the end could you people do anything to help this along?

MURIEL HOVEY.

Watta Bouquet!

Woodford Wells, England

My biggest bouquet goes to Constance Ben-
nett, the loveliest screen creature. She is not only beautiful, and by far the best
actress I have ever seen, but she also has re-
al ability. Are there stupid enough people who see that she cannot act her way out of a real find and most emphatically do I say that she is a wonder. I have pleasure in being able to say that I have not missed a single one of her pictures and have composed the conclusion that Miss Bennett is steadily improving. "Into the Net," "Cytherea," "My Wife and I," "Code of the West," "My Son" and "The Goose Hangs High," are not all these pictures proof enough that she is just fine?

I do not suppose that anyone who saw her in Nazimova’s last screen offering can forget her portrayal of the role of Patricia "Greed," all of her pictures, which the fair Miss Bennett enacts, are real, they are human, not mere puppets. Her luck nothing and have the mark of individual-
ity, which is so essential, whereas, those of our other stars are rendered too theatrical to make the modern woman convincing.

May Constance Bennett be always remem-
burred as the most beautiful and the most
artist who differs with me about this brilliant young artist, let him stand up and say so. I believe there is no one who can hold a candle to this charming and graceful young lady.

M. RICCARDO SALCedo.

They Were Marvelous


Scenes I shall never forget:

Ronald Colman and Lilian Gish, saying fare-
well in the first part of "The White Sister";

Norma Shearer’s sweet cordiality to her coun-
try-Dutch mother-in-law in "The Snob"; the sleigh scene from "His Hour"; Marcus and Meighan on the stage in "The Great Gatsby";

"Greed"—Carlo Dempster waiting at the foot
line in "I Ain’t Life Wonderful!"; Gloria Swan-
son’s imitation of Charlie Chaplin in "Man-
handled"; Charlie’s role of "Old Rush"; the pastoral scene from "The Wanderer"; the dinosaur walking through the streets of London in "The Lost World"; John Barrymore as "Bosco Brown", marrying "the Ex-Serviceman" (E. H. Sothern); "Blood and Sand" by Gilbert and Sullivan; "Capitaine glorious" in "a" Corinne Griffith on any screen; Corinne tele-
phoning and picking up rides in "Classified"; Mary Philbin grading the carousel-organ in "Merry Go-Round."

It is scenes like these which have raised the motion picture to the highest level of art and entertainment. May they have many suc-
cessors!

MRS. ALFRED B. GENDRELL.
Romance Wanted

St. Louis, Mo.

Is Romance in motion pictures disappearing? This is the big question concerning today's films. Formerly, one was carried by the beautiful theme into the realm of Make-Believe Picturesque scenes formed beautiful backgrounds for the players. These days most of the films are of hectic life, gin and motor cars. The girls wear frowsy furs and few clothes. Musical revues are being made into film stories and musical comedy acted out on the screen in picture studios. The result being a great number of mediocre film presentations.

Reel life is made to coincide too closely with real life. A film which I enjoyed very much was the "Dark Angel" presenting to us the foremost portrayals of dramatic romance, Ronald Colman and beautiful Vilma Banky, who is more nearly the ideal American than is the jazzy flappers of our own country.

JEANNE BOARDMAN.

So Do We

Portland, Oregon.

You have got to hand it to Charlie Ray. He has shown us folks that he can act successfully other roles than country ones.

"Member those good old pictures when you just wished you were Charlie, with his bare feet, tattered hat, his fushin' rod in hand, off for the 'l old swimmin' hole?"

We all enjoyed him then, and now he comes along as Bobby Wharton, millionaire son in "The Auction Block" and he certainly "steps right out." Eleanor Boardman, the heroine of the story, deserves a great deal of credit. Ever since her great success in "Souls for Sale," this young lady has succeeded in giving everyone enjoyable entertainment. I wish a great deal of luck to these two and hope they continue their good work.

Lola Miller.

Fancy This!


All interest and endeavor of the fan public is quite a thankless occupation and non-considerable so far as producers are concerned. How many countless fans have been clamoring for the revival of Wallace Reid's films and the come-back of Ethel Clayton? But—has the wise producer heeded? No!

And all this beauty contest stuff. Those fortunate twelve make me "IFF!"

I only could name one thoroughly beautiful actress among them all. She is Kathryn Williams. In Miss Williams the screen has all the qualities it can ever possess. Others may iritate, but Kathryn Williams down through all her long years as a screen luminary stands alone.

H. E. Walker.

Woof! Woof!

Chicago.

Please tell me why some of the old men of the screen don't retire and let some of the young sheiks come up? For instance, Huntley Gordon, Lowell Sherman and Milton Sills, old enough to be grandads.

Who wants to see two old people like Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills make love? Another silly couple, young and old; Ben Lyon and Anna Q. She's old enough to be his mother.

Why all this silly stuff of Aileen Pringle and Robert Edeison as the villain? Why not clean American stuff, more of Richard Dix, George O'Brien, George K. Arthur and Ramon Novarro; not Milton Sills, Conway Tearle and Huntley Gordon.

Give us young girls, such as Esther Ralston, not Aileen Pringle; Mary Brian, not Florence Vidor. We want young, American girls—not divorced women.

Gray Eyes.

Dear Lady

Won't you try—FREE
this aid to loveliness which distinguished women call their favorite

The editor of a great magazine recently asked a group of women-celebrities what was their favorite luxury. The great majority answered, "the perfumed bath of softened water."

That answer merely reflects the greatest development of the past five years in the realm of the toilette.

Today fastidious women everywhere are realizing that the bath may be more than a routine duty—that, instead, it may be a rare delight to the senses and a veritable fountain of youth and daintiness.

Of all the preparations for the bath, Bathasweet is the most delightful and effective. Just a sprinkle of it in your tub scents the water and the air about you with a delicious perfume. The water becomes soft and limpid that just to move about in it, to feel its silky touch upon your skin, is a joy to the senses. But more than that—the Bathasweet bath washes deep into the pores, cleansing them of every impurity, and giving the skin a healthy, unblemished vigor that adds immensely to your feeling of well-being. At the same time it leaves about you for hours an almost scentless fragrance—subtly suggestive of recent bathing, of daintiness and spring-time freshness—a charm that "keeps you lovely all day long."

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Madame Blanche Arral, Renowned Opera Star, Tells How You Too Can Reduce Excess Weight Quickly!

This distinguished Opera Star had her own experience in carrying a load of excess fat, which came near ruining her stage career but she tells in a delightfully interesting little book, how she found quick and positive relief from fleshiness in an easy and natural way. She had tried every advertised fat reducer without any satisfactory results. She struggled, dieted and exercised without getting any permanent relief. She grew so fat she had to give up her professional engagements. Then, in the course of her travels in the Orient, she was induced to try a method by which the high caste women of the Orient always manage to retain their youthful, graceful figures.

She Tells Her Own Story

What this wonderful method did—how she reduced 34 pounds in a single month—and describes in detail, her experiences and travels in the Orient. For a limited time, only, a copy of this book will be sent free for the asking to those interested in reducing their weight. Just send your name and address to Blanche Arral, Inc., Dept. 405 E. 53rd, New York.
Isn't it the Truth?

New York City

What beautiful thoughts of life and love are revealed to us in the movies and how splendidly such roles are portrayed by John Gilbert and his former wife. Leatrice Joy! But no story in real life could be so full of pathos and heart thumps as the real story of these charming stars.

I was fortunate enough to secure a seat directly in line of the opening of "The Big Parade" and witnessed a touching and sweet sight to see them sitting there—holding hands! Imagine the joy of being still in love and devoted to each other, although divorced and parted!

I am rooting so hard for Leatrice and John to again become united as I don't think there is a sweeter, truer pair of people than these two, and with their charming little daughter, Leatrice 2nd, I am sure they would find worlds of happiness together.

Birdie Baker

Why Do They Do It?

Mt. Vernon, New York

Here is a bouquet with a brickbat inside. Last week I saw "Sally, Irene and Mary." I enjoyed the picture immensely and think that Sally O'Neill is just as sweet and cute as she can be. BUT, with producers spending large sums of money and travelling to other countries, why did the one responsible for the death of Irene, who was on her way to Greenwich to be married, have the train that struck her drawn by a steam engine? I live in Westchester county, New York, which is the direct route to Greenwich from New York City. Any school child can tell you that the only railroad that runs from New York to Greenwich is an electric road. Also the road to Greenwich is the famous Boston Post Road and not once between New York and Greenwich does a railroad cross the road. How come, Mr. Goulding, how come?

Betty Drum

Oh, Poor Lou

Milwaukee, Wis.

It seems too bad that Lou Tellegen cannot "act his age" and let some of the younger and newer stars have a chance. Nothing is more disgusting to me than to see him playing opposite Elaine Hammerstein and trying to act "kittenish." He must remember that "every dog has his day" and he has had his.

Mrs. Catherine Wilson

Broadway Loves Leon

Bridgeport, Conn.

Whoever heard of Leon Errol as an actor? He belongs in a hospital instead of on the screen, and what has happened to Nita Naldi's cleverness? For her to appear in such an impossible picture as "Clothes Make the Pirate," with such an impossible actor as Leon Errol, is an insult to the public's good taste. Why waste the public's time on a picture like this when John Gilbert or Gloria Swanson could be using the screen to such good advantage.

James Morrissey

Bessie's Love

Rogers Park, Ill.

I would like to throw a big bouquet to Bessie Love. People are always writing and saying who the perfect type of American boy is—why is there ever any said about the perfect type of American girl? I'm sure if some of Photoplay's readers would think it over they would think that Bessie Love comes closest to it. I think she acts so very natural and unaffected, and that's more than most of our younger actresses do.

The two pictures I liked best in were: "New Brooms," and the "Song and Dance Man." I love the picture of her in the February issue of Photoplay. Let's have more like it.

M. H.

Grace Notes

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here are the songs stars suggest to me:

"You Can Never Tell What a Red-headed Mamma Will Do."—Gloria Swanson.

"Sweet Alice—Ben Bolt."—Alice Terry and Ben Lyon.

"Hot Lips."—Mae Murray.

"Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry."—Betty Bronson.

"Oh, You Beautiful Doll."—Claire Windsor.

"My Beautiful Dumb Dora."—Corinne Griffiths.

"Russian National Anthem."—Pola Negri.

"O, Sole Mio."—Ricardo Cortez.

"Indian Love Call."—Richard Dix.

"Sweet Adeline."—Lois Wilson.

"Boy of Mine."—Richard Barthelmess.

"When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy."—Rene Adoree.

"Mother O' Mine."—Ruby Lafayette.

"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."—Thomas Meighan.

Mrs. P. W. H.

Some Brickbat

Greene, Maine

I am aiming a whopping brickbat at Leatrice Joy. She is trying to start a new fad by changing her personality. No one can change their personality. I think she is horrid, and I simply detest her newest bob.

I throw another brickbat of the same dimension at Mae Murray and fully agree with her. Spence of Buffalo, who wrote the letter in the February Photoplay. All the movies are nearly the same, because in every one there is at least one scantily dressed girl lounging around in your face.

I think that "Sally, Irene and Mary" is in danger. If only there were more movies with decent acting.

Disgusted June

They Were Great!

San Francisco, Calif.

As long as we have pictures directed as well as Janez, "The Torrent," with its blending of beauty and truth, we need not fear for the fate of the motion picture industry. In particular, two notes stand out in its relief: the one where the heroine sees the hideous tragedy of what the years have done to her lover, whom she has visualized as remaining young and charming, unscathed by the mediocrity of his life; and again the final note where the poor woman, reaching a glorious climax, is surrounded by the things wealth can buy, remarks, "She must be happy, for she has everything she wants." A touch of O. Henry in its satire of life, finery, and wealth.

And again look at "The Big Parade." The thing haunted me for days—that tramp through the woods—it was immense. Let us have more like these.

Aileen De Villez

For Gloria

Winnipeg, Man.

I am an ardent booster for Gloria Swanson and of the film I think she is the best star, also the best artist in the movie world. She is a most fascinating personality with those gorgeous gowns and most expensive dresses of hers, but believe me she surely did let us fellows know what she was made of in "Stage Struck," and I hope she appears as much as possible.

Therefore, three hearty and welcome cheers for our Great Gloria, who so successfully won the hearts of all people.

Mr. Edward Lepere

Short, But Not Sweet

Chicago, Ill.

Here is a brickbat for each of these three. In my mind they are the worst on the screen. They are Gloria Swanson, Lon Chaney and Carol Dempster. Her "Sally of the Sawdust" was awful.

Nancy Lesh.

For fastidious women and well groomed men

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He-Men Wanted

Newark, N. J.

Last night I went to see "Winds of Chance" and "Flower of the Night!"—the latter, I understand to be written by Hergesheimer for the fair Pola Negri. If this picture is supposed to be art—then give me death.

The acting was terrible. Ye gods! Pola makes love to the hero, who seems to be wondering what it all is about, and Pola's acting verges on the maudlin sentimentality. Rude- dianes, silly and very disgusting—I would say.

The audience? They were disposed—there were snickers and guffaws when Pola makes love to the hero, for who wants to see a woman making love to a man? Boss! The man witnessing such a scene is filled with contempt for the hero—the woman, well, it goes against her grain—it just isn't done.

This is the second picture I have seen that has maudlin making love to a man. In "Alien and Maid," there were grunts of disgust from the men in the audience and the women laughed contemptuously. Why? The heroine makes love to the man, whereas he lies nonchalantly stretched out on the "sotic." Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?

Cut out maudlin sentimentality pictures—just doesn't take—it disgusts the audience and they are quick in voicing their disapproval.

Miss Cecile Newman.

William's Kisses

Swampscott, Mass.

In the December number of PHOTOPLAY Alexis Reidmann remarked on the perfect kiss of Reginald Denny and Mary Astor. Well, if that was perfect what about William Haines' kisses? Those who saw "The Tower of Lies," "The Denial," or "The Midnight Express" may recall William Haines in his love scenes. Why doesn't someone "discover" William? He is an unusually fine actor but has been miscast in nearly all of his pictures.

The scene in "The Midnight Express," where the British villain encounters William Haines in a lonely shack on the mountain side, was remarkably well done. Instead of holding up the villain to the light, the hero tries to run away and shows his fear plainly. In this part, Barrymore, Valentino or any other actor could not have done better.

I hope some director will hear my plea and give William Haines some rôle suited to him—and an important one. I have seen nearly every picture that he has been in since "Three Wise Fools," and, in spite of the fact that he has never sent me his picture, which I have written for at least a dozen times, I shall continue to see all of his pictures.

Betty Carpenter.

Beauty and "The Dark Angel"

Miami, Fl.

A picture has been presented to the American public which contains beauty. A million eyes have seen it as "The Dark Angel."

As real beauty is always scarce, so is this type of play. It was not flawless. Perhaps, what is good. The great masses welcome, if ever, for the cold splendor of perfection. Much credit is due to our amazingy good comedies but the truly beautiful picture is a very welcome addition to the screen.

A hint of the unknown quantity arrests one's attention when Vilma Banky is first seen. There is something about her which commands interest. It seems to tell you that here is a personality which will either achieve greatness or make a tremendously interesting failure.

Not a great actor, yet one who never makes you conscious that he acts, who always invests his rôle with charm; that is Ronald Colman.

To the combined efforts of the producer, cameraman, and actors belong the laurels of this lovely production.

Peter Curtis.

[Continued on page 127]
BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.

A GRIPPING melodrama against the background of the sea. The talented and beautiful Dolores Costello is the chief claim to your attention and again she gives an excellent performance. There are splendid characterizations throughout the picture by Tyrone Power, Sheldon Lewis and Otto Matieson, but at times they become gruesome. However, at the opportune moment, a dashing young American (Johnny Harron) appears on the scene and relieves the monotony.

DESSERT GOLD—Paramount

A MELODRAMA of the great open spaces. Adapted from a Zane Grey novel, will not stand minute inspection, but is mighty good entertainment. Shirley Mason is a sweet senorita who is desired by the wicked villain (William Powell). She is rescued by Neil Hamilton and Robert Frazer, the former doing the noble act of giving her up because she loves the latter. How gallant our movie heroes are getting!

BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Distributors

THE title has nothing to do with the story, so don't let it fool you. The story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama, though it assays both. It's an obvious attempt to do another "Bat" comedy-mystery. Instead of being funny, it's merely cukoo. Rod La Rocque, as an English lord, is pretty sad. Elinor Fair, DeMille's new discovery, acts as though Cecil had better look again.

THE NUTCRACKER—Associated Exhibitors

NOT all that it's cracked up to be. The story itself is amusing and had it been developed properly, this would have been a perfect riot. Instead, it just rambles on, furnishing a few smiles now and then. It's all about a henpecked husband who takes loss of memory to get away from his wife. But just try and fool a wife! Edward Horton and May Busch are fair.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE—Universal

A N excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngsters will find this enjoyable. Jack Daugherty is the hero who perfects a device whereby the poor folks will obtain as much amusement from the radio as the wealthy. The Villain and his gang are anxious to obtain this piece of work—but do they get it? See it, it's great!

SIBERIA—Fox

HERE are Russians rushing all over the place, trying to start a revolution every five minutes. It deals with the efforts of the down-trodden to throw off their imperial shackles and pictures the fate of those leaders who were so bold as to champion the cause of freedom. The picture is fairly interesting and boasts of a well-known cast, Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Lou Tellegen, Lilian Tashman and Tom Santschi.


TRY if you can to laugh at this, for it's supposed to be a comedy, but in an effort to get it up a great deal of the humor is lost and the picture becomes tiresome. The only saving grace is the presence of Anita Stewart in the cast. We wish Anita wouldn't neglect us so, by her disappearance every now and then. The remainder of the cast is composed of George Sidney, Allan Forrest and Myrtle Stedman.

THE HIGHLINDBERS—Associated Exhibitors

WILLIAM TILDEN as an actor is a better tennis player. Evidently the producer thought his name tacked on to a picture would draw the curious to the box-office. It is a thinly woven plot that puts you to sleep and when you awaken you still know what it's all about. Tilden is by no means a photographic study and he's awkward as an ox. A word to the wise is sufficient—use your own judgment.

THE SAP—Warner Bros.

AND the sappest picture we have ever seen. The plot is very stupid—a boy, brought up on his mother's apron strings, is erroneously decorated for bravery during the war. The town turns out to welcome him on his return, but through several incidents they find he's a 'wuss.' The boy fights cowardice to win the girl and again becomes the town idol. Bring on the newsreels, they're more interesting than this!

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE—Associated Exhibitors

WELL, it will be a miracle if you are able to sit through this. It is one of those obscure themes—the least said about the better.

THE FIGHTING BUCKAROO—Fox

EVERYTHING that is expected of Buck Jones can be found here. Fights, thrills, laughs galore and whatnot! The story is woven around an Arizona buckaroo who races across the continent to close an option—only to find that the owner was the girl he loved. The boys will love this, for Buck, in a careless little way, starts the laughing muscles to be limbered up again.

RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox

BELIEVE it or not, Cupid in this case is cov thieve. Now who could be sweeter and more romantic? George O'Brien and Anita Stewart are the lovers who are parted when his father is accused of cattle rustling. But there's a family skeleton in her closet and eventually everything is made known. The scenario is beautiful.

THE FIGHTING BOOB—F. B. O.

A NOTHER boring Western. Not one of the rare old tricks is left out. It contains everything from a stagecoach holdup to the humping of the gal. The whole thing is terribly muddled. Bob Custer and Violet Palmer have the leads, if that's any encouragement. Even the kids will turn it down.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

Blondes!

Don't Let Your Light Hair Grow Dark

Don't let your hair turn dark, faded or streaked. Keep it light, fluffy and golden always. If you see your hair changing color, growing dull and unattractive, losing its pretty golden sparkle and charm, try Blondex before it is too late. Blondex is a new Swedish light hair shampoo, made especially for blonde and light hair, and it will bring back all the shining gold and keep your hair looking beautiful. Blondex is not a dye and it is not injurious in any way. Over half a million users. Fine for children's hair. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Rules for $5,000 Prize Contest on page 58
Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125]

She Likes 'Em Imported

Shreveport, La.

In that interesting picture, "The Torrent," it is gratifying to see that Minta Bell is keeping up the good work. Greta Garbo is a splendid actress and a very beautiful woman. I'm looking at the stellar heights, but retains the simplicity and spontaneity that distinguishes her acting.

Vilma Banny and Greta Nissen are two other "importations" who are splendid. Miss Nissen is especially lovely to behold and let the weary sophisticate who says there is nothing new under the sun see her charms and weep for his shattered illusion. And God preserve Adolphe Menjou for years to come.

JEAN.

She's a Darling

Oberlin, Ohio

I want to say fully and frankly what I think about Esther Randolph. She is not an artistic actress, but she has a certain realistic, quiet, quaint charm about her which attracts the public. The first picture I saw her in was "Peter Pan." She made a lovely mother. I am glad now she can play in younger parts.

"The Lucky Devil" and "The American Venus" were good pictures.

To Miss Randolph goes the bouquet for her performance she has had during her screen life. I hope she succeeds to take big her steps to stardom. I would like to see Miss Randolph in quaint pictures, such as "Robin Hood." "The Thief of Bagdad." Congratulations and may many lovely feelings to my favorite star—Esther Randolph!

LILLIAN Mae MILLAN.

New Faces

Dannville, Ill.

I am much interested in these new personalities which are continually cropping up on the screen. They challenge attention, these young stars—some of them aren't very young, at that, are they? There is Sally O'Neil, that charming bit of the Emerald Isle. She is so fresh and vital. And Joan Crawford—she seems to typify so perfectly Irene in "Sally, Irene and Mary"—she seems just that sort of a girl. Douglas Gilmore is a very interesting young man. He seems to have something of the fatal fascination of Adolphe Menjou. Then, there are Constance Bennett and John Patrick, who aren't so new to the screen, but who seem to have acquired new popularity.

Roy D'Arcy. He is the most interesting figure on the screen today, in my opinion, with Vilma Banny as his feminine rival. I haven't seen Louise Brooks as yet, but her picture looks perfectly delectable. Too, we have those charming blondes, Joyce Compton, Dorothy Seastrom and Gwen Lee and that handsome youngster, Raymond Keane. What do they promise? Are they the Gloria Swansons, Norma Shearer, Valentinos and Novarros of the future? It is interesting to watch.

ALICE Lee DOUGLASS.

Why, Olives!

Quanah, Texas

Why does Corinne Griffith insist on keeping her mouth open every minute? Why doesn't Conway Tearle get a pleasant look on his face? Why do they allow Mary Pickford to play on the screen? Why doesn't some one put ground glass in Thomas Meighan's coffee? Why don't people like Rudolph Valentino? He's wonderful and a supreme artist.

OLIVE SNYDER.

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on your skin becomes your own perfume because some of its twenty-eight flowers combine with the oil of your skin, making an individual perfume that expresses you.

Try Mystikum on the skin of five of your friends and have some one guess the perfume used on each! No two can be the same.

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sent on request. Ask for my "no-hassle reduced" offer. I have personally reduced thousands of pounds, without starving diet or burdensome exercises, often at a rapid rate, and I can help you. Mail coupon below today! MONDAY—SUNDAY 2:45 to 6:00 P.M.

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Paging Jackie's Barber

Yonkers, N. Y.

Do you suppose anyone could induce Jackie Coogan to wear his hair to denote his sex? An American born boy of his age with a bang! It is inconceivable. This type child is a hybrid and his head indirectly has the appearance of a "Jap" baby.

Mr. Eugene O'Brien should be relegated to the middle aged players. Favored as the young American in "Grandstar" he was a joke; while Miss Talmadge is old for the character she assumed, Eugene appeared like a stepfather walking in a harem with Constance Talmage, O'Brien's and a few others would vacate as youngsters and give the genuine ones a chance. Kenneth Harlan, Ronald Colman are excellent; Bert Lytell also. I don't know his age but Mr. Lytell at least registers and appears the part of being young!

F. W. SLOANE.

Good Luck to Yourself

Kansas City, Mo.

Thanks to sensible authors and intelligent producers, our movies are practically worked. They entertain, educate, and inspire, with various other results. "The Live Wire" made me laugh. "Little Annie Rooney" made me cry. A Kiss for Cinderella" made me dream and wish.

"Graustark" thrilled me with romance and adventure.

The Lost World" filled me with pride to think that I am fortunate enough to be living in an age when men of science reach such heights of knowledge and daring.

The Phantom of the Opera," began beautifiilly with COLORED pictures MOVING, but too exciteing for the finishing.

Lewis Stone, James Kirkwood, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer and Betty Bronson are particularly to my liking. Each of them seems to have a very charming personality.

Good Luck to the makers of the reels, they're real.

MRS. H. R. LINDBERGER.

Cataloguing the Favorites

I have my March issue of the Booklet through from "kiver to kiver" and want to say that I think it is the best number in a long while.

Just observe why the titles and stories are changed on the screen, and especially glad to know why "Graustark" was so changed. I was greatly disappointed in it, but now I know why; it was screened out at estatic hour. They contain real tenderness, a quality greatly to be desired, but sadly lacking in most love scenes.

The sinuous, sly, and shlek-like embraces, so popular a few years ago, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with Douglas Fairbanks' bubblingly joyous, effervescent love scenes. Why aren't there more love scenes like Doug's?

MRS. CAROL FRENCH.

Down with the Censors!

New York City, N. Y.

Until recently I was "on the fence" as regarded censorship of the films. But the treatment accorded "Sally, Irene and Mary" has changed my opinion. Now, I am definitely opposed to censorship. I first saw this picture at the Capitol and thoroughbought the complete story. Later it played at a local theatre and I went with friends, promising them good entertainment.

To my utter surprise the picture had been censored, with entirely new and unsuitable substituted, and important scenes cut.

The performances of Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford were ruined. By the sugar coating of the action the audience presumed that they were overacting.

The picture was handed to Sally O'Neill since she was fortunate in her non-censorable role.

Such censorship has its tongue in its cheek. Every normal, intelligent person will see the truth significance of the story. Thus a picture becomes doubly suggestive.

And such censorship is too personal, permitting of partiality, to make or break actors and directors.

Indeed it should be abolished.

AUDREY BASIL.

For Unusual Entertainment

Chicago

After reading over all your letters in the last issue, I've come to the conclusion that not only some people are crazy, but that some are more than others.

When I read of some child expressing an opinion, I try to be tolerant, but when some supposedly intelligent adults take it upon themselves to pan actors and actresses it burns me.

In my opinion pictures are to be considered from every available angle, before criticized. If everybody expresses a different opinion about everything how is anyone ever going to find out just what the public wants, when the public doesn't know it's own wants.

If our magazine is thoroughly enjoy able to me because I give a little more consideration before I criticize anything. If everyone did this there would be more bouquets and less brickbats.

MRS. E. M. RYAN.
To my mind Renee Adorace is the most charming and talented actress on the screen today. She has played everything from tragedy to comedy, been by turns a fashionable French vamp, a humble peasant girl, a rogue, and a saint. She can play anything! And get away with it, too! She's got brains! And she's got a face one loves to watch—dashing without being of sugary prettiness, fascinating in its rapid change of expression, in its eloquence, in its tears and dimpled smiles, its coquetry and archness, its eminence and vivacity, its tragedy and its joy. Long live Renee! And may she rise to the highest heights—her proper domain.

**CANADIAN AMERICAN**

Looking Backward

Chicago

I wonder why, when speaking of revivals, no one mentions D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East." In my opinion, that is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen. I'll never forget its excellent photography, where every bit of scenery was a work of art—its tremendous story interest—its excellent cast of characters. Who can forget the drive-way farm scene, where even the cat was caught dozing away—the pathetic waltz of the hero and his mother—the unfortunate heroine's tragic realization of her baby's death—the "howling" gossip, only too anxious to convey every trivial bit of news to the sewing circle—the storm—the field of daisies by the brook—its com as well as all its tragic incidents? I am enthusiastic in its praise. It will live in art, as a Beethoven Symphony or a Rembrandt painting. I'd be willing to see it again.

Now, as to the best acting I've seen on the screen, I have to hand the bouquet to Pauline Frederick, when she acted the mother's part in "Madame X." She made me shed a tear, but that was several years ago. I wonder if she could make me cry again. Where is she hiding now, that we do not see her anymore?

Edward Jackem.

**SURE, SO DO WE**

Harrisonburg, Va.

Please do not get the impression I am a grouch, crank or calamity howler. I like motion pictures very much. I think that, despite their wonderful advancement in recent years, there is a more wonderful future for them yet.

There are, however, a few things I, as one individual, dislike. First, imitation. If a producer makes a picture that takes well with the public, there are at least a score of imitations. Second, I dislike the tendency on the part of some stars to "hog the limelight." Third, I hate to see a picture advertised as having been made from this or that story and find the finished version nothing like the story. What would the general public say if a stage play was booked and when the audience got to the theater an entirely different play was produced? I think screen stories will gradually have a technic of their own. They will be written by trained, well paid individuals who think and devise plots in terms of the picture only. When that time arrives, I think pictures, as a whole, will be even better than the best we have now.

Frank G. Davis.

She Does Pretty Well, Though

Marshfield, Oregon

Cannot we have less of Mme. Elinor Glyn and her outlandish ideas on love and sex, which do more to corrupt our ideals, than to inspire us to "greater heights of young man or womanhood"?

It is a consoling thought that she may fool some of the people some of the time, but she can't fool all the people all the time.

R. A. F.
Dance to the Carryola Master

TAKE your music with you wherever you go! Step out to Jazz that’s a joy! Let the Carryola Master be your orchestra. Enjoy music that you can hear, that pours forth, erlap and snappy, with all the richness of tone, all the rolling volume of a big machine.

The Carryola Master is the ideal “portable.” Carry easily, plays easily. Holds 10 full-sized records. Plays all makers, comes in four attractive colors. Wait until you see how your family will hold with T. E. Embossed Art Cover and Record Album. Sold at the better music stores.

CARRYOLA CO. OF AMERICA, 445 Concord Ave., Boston, Mass. Write for this attractive folder giving data on the Carryola Models.

No Indigestion!

He used to suffer after eating—but not more! He carries Stuart’s in his pocket. Hearty enter—hard smokers—high liver—find Stuart’s a boon and blessing! Why have gas—your stomach—or bad breath? One or two tablets, and your stomach has the alkaline it needs for smooth, Easy digestion.

Full Box FREE!

Every druggist has Stuart’s tablets, 25c and 60c. Or, a full box free if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 184, Marshall, Mich. Get a metal box of Stuart’s for the pocket—and keep it filled! It’s instantaneous relief.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Face Your Destiny Number

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65)

numbers 4 or 5 you will have a leaning toward the physical side of life. But if you attempt to attract creature comforts with the destructive side of the plane, you will inevitably come to grief. With these numbers in your destiny number, a showing some work as will keep you on the physical plane. You will make a good architect, or an engineer, or a business man. It will make you attentive to details and give you physical endurance.

But if you envy some job out of your line and select one that will take you into intuitive lines solely, you will be plunged eternally into such soul conflicts as will wear you out and greatly retard your success.

The EMOTIONAL plane will lead you to start off on fantastic temperamental tangents that can only be traced at the side of your profession, instead of boasting of your temperament. A young woman, who is constantly wondering why she is fated to be a storm center in life and always in some emotional scrapes, probably finds always exciting her bursts of temper because of her “artistic temperament.”

It has cost her several excellent engagements in the world of pictures.

“But I am such an emotional creature,” she will tell you plaintively. “I am really a victim of my own emotional nature. People never seem to understand or to make allowances.

She plunges herself—and her unhappy friends—into emotional orgies on every possible occasion. She will rend her soul to rinders over a chance remark of one of her associates. She sees every trivial incident with the false reasoning of her own emotional character and is continually involved in misunderstandings and explanations with her friends.

She is constantly caught in the trap of her own reactions. And she wonders why she is so frequently depressed and so beset with such volcanic experiences. As far as the artist or the actress is concerned, the ones who take the greatest pride in giving way to their temper under the excuse of an emotional temperament and attempt to find in the long run that lack of emotional control destroys not only their work but their ability to put it across. Emotion is an excellent revealing quality, but a sure destruction of talent. But it should be guarded as carefully as fire and never permitted to get beyond control.

The INTUITIVE plane is that of inspiration. It belongs to the 5 and the 7. It gives the key of knowledge without reason or study. If you are intuitive, you know things without realizing how or why you do. It is the cryptic link between that which we know and that which we desire to know. It is a power in any line of work and, with this assistance, you need have no fear of failure in any job. It will take you through any difficulty, if you trust to its power. Properly balanced with the PHYSICAL and the MENTAL planes, it will lead you to phenomenal success in any line. It is the one plane that is an equal of every branch of business, and another, for it gives you ability that is sometimes known as “magnetism.”

The MENTAL plane has for its symbol the numbers 1 and 6. This is the plane of logic and will reason. If your destiny number is either 1 or 8, you may choose any calling in which you will have an opportunity to develop your power of reasoning. You can make a good judge or head of a large organization. Anything that has to do with a wide field of financial and business endeavors will give you an ideal opportunity to get ahead. You should work in a place in a large corporation—and then head for the top. You should choose not only your vocation, but all your friends and associates from this influence. It gives you an ability not only to master facts, but to administer business affairs.

CAREFULLY study your destiny number when choosing or changing a vocation. Therefore, if the PHYSICAL or MENTAL numbers predominate, you cannot go wrong in any business where buying and selling are done, or where you may have the opportunity of making large plans in contracting or promoting. Putting your entire energy into your job, once chosen, and using only your constructive influence, will land you on the top rung of the ladder of success.

If you have a destiny number on the INTUITIVE plane, then go in for art in some form. You will win as a sculptor, writer, actor, or musician. Led by your intuitive power in its highest and best form, there is no limit to your success.

Having changed or chosen your vocation according to your law of numbers, you can endure any trials that may come to you with an assured mind. No one will be entirely happy without the few hurdles to face. A monotonous round of success would be as unbearable as a climate that never varies from day to day. So with the knowledge of your numerical power to help you, you can live a life as a great help to you in serial form—one that can be depended upon to give sparks at any point of contact. It is like the old days at school. In all the grades, to get the promotion; and we manage to extract a heap of fun out of the process.

Let us look now at the destiny of two of the famous screen personalities:

Betty Bronson

November 17, 1906

Idealists 8

Aids 7

Destiny 8

1926 Law 1

This name gives its owner an individuality of 8—a motivating power that will always make her ambitious for money and honors. It brings her, at the same time, a sense of complete justice, a fairness with those who deal with her; and she is practical and can be well balanced in every way. It bestows upon her a contempt for petty ways and petty plans or people—she likes to deal with large ideas, which will, however, be well controlled, for she never has the jealousies that will be difficult to handle, coming from friends who secretly resent her successes. Her best remedy in times of difficulties of any kind, either mental or physical, is music—it will have a real remedial power for her.

The conditions surrounding her will make her a good listener, a sympathetic friend; but inclined, to talk about her own inner affairs and thoughts. Her destiny number being the same as her idealism, she will find few obstacles to the majority of people in attaining her ambitions. In any emergency she should use her reasoning, rather than her emotional qualities; that is, if she unconsiously work with the law and get in the current of success. This destiny number calls on her to work with a wide horizon—to help many people. The moment she fails to give of her own abundance, that moment her material supply will begin to dwindle. She will be a careful administrator and has the art of delegating detail work to others. She must learn to be willing to give much and to demand from those surrounding her the same loyalty she gives her self.

She will be required to exercise much faith in her work with others and will carry with her all her confidence and courage.

Her law for 1926 will be that of the 1. This will take her in new paths of endeavor, either changes in viewpoint or environment or work
Best Rinse is Lemon

Try It On Your Bob
As I Do—by Lillian Rich

"I've heard many women say, 'Oh dear, I didn't get the soap out of my hair.' That's true in every case where just plain water is used for the rinse after shampooing.

"For soap, I know, always leaves a curd, no matter how many times you rinse it with plain water.

"Now I use the California Lemon Rinse. The mild, harmless citric acid of the lemon cuts the curd and removes all traces of it. My hair is then really clean—lustrous and soft. It isn't limp and sticky, so a curl or wave remains.

"Most of the moving picture stars of Hollywood that I know use this rinse. All beauty shops in California advertise it. And now millions of women, I understand, who wash their hair at home employ it."

Lillian Rich
Well-Known Motion Picture Star

How To Do It

Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 qts.) and rinse with this, following with thorough rinse in plain water.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
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Please send me free book, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the sake in moisturizing and in beautifying the hair.

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We come to Reginald Denny, the guy that always gets into trouble—just like Wally did. The guy that always gets dirty—just like Wally did. The guy who gets booted out by dad, but finally gets the girl—just like Wally did.

Maybe it is chance selection of stories by Universal, to whom Denny is contracted. Maybe it is a predetermined. But if you will look back over the recent years of Denny’s career you will find stories such as “California Straight Ahead,” “What Happened to Jones,” “Skinner’s Dress Suit,” “Rolling Home.” Stories of the guy who always gets it in the neck—until the last reel.

REGGIE is rapidly achieving a fan following that is similar to Wally’s. Men, women, children. They follow in the wake of the guy who always gets into trouble. Read Denny’s fan mail. Look up the Exhibitors’ reports on Denny pictures. Look at the booking sheet in the Universal Exchange. Denny is ringing in money for his company. And they know it.

I am not saying that Reggie has taken Wally’s place. He has not. You see, it is in the scheme of things that one man shall be an exact reproduction of another. Nor has Reggie exactly the same screen characteristics of Wally.

But Reggie has that wholesomeness—that charm—that happy-go-lucky personality that is universal in its appeal. He embodies all that Wally did in Reggie’s own way. He is youth emerging triumphant from its apparently overwhelming tribulations.

“Once,” said Reggie, crossing his white-knuckled legs, and drawing his lips into a humorous line, “I played in Chicago in a show that was so bad that Percy Hammond, in reviewing it, said it must have been written by Lydia Pichler.”

And then he grinned, for Reggie was telling me about himself.

“And I have played in India, but that was before I became an aviator and drew for Britain.”

“It was in 1912 that I came to America with ‘The Quaker Girl’—quite a jolly little show. But I didn’t stay long because of the war.”

Reggie can’t lose that Surrey accent. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, a bit over three years ago. His father’s name is known. “Regie went back to England two years ago,” recalled Reggie. “She was tired of America. Wanted to see her home again... dreadfully lonesome—longed to be back in the place I loved.”

Reggie is tall and bronzed. Particularly bronzed the day I saw him, for he had just returned from a fishing excursion along the coast of Lower California. The expedition had encountered a terrific storm and had crammed the papers with news of their loss at sea.

REGGIE’S exploits often make the front page. Occasionally the white roadster that he drives along leaves the road—wth Reggie in it—and Reggie spends several weeks mending a collarbone.

He is vital. He does everything with enthusiasm.

The same way with his fishing exploits. Reggie takes the “Barbarine”—named for his ten year old daughter, Barbara—and his wife—and goes out on a shark or two. And it’s no parlor yachting party that sails the deep in his thirty-four foot boat.

“I went into pictures in 1914. And there were The Leather Pushers—I played in them too!”

Reggie smoothed his abrupt blonde pompadour with a tanned hand that Madame Glyn would label “vivace.”

And then Reggie grinned—that nice boyish, splendid grin. And I thought of Wally—who had a nice boyish, splendid smile—and I was glad, somehow, that it was Reggie who was playing the parts that Wally left behind.

laughed at her, and wrote them—modifying them, of course, to suit the talents of Viola, whose small stature and piquant ways called for comedy as light as thistle-down. Edwards by that time had succumbed entirely to the lure of the studios, abetted by the charm of that Tennessee gentleman, Harold Shaw. And Shirley, tiniest of those small-sisters—not one of them is undersized—was learning the language of love, for handsome Bernard Durning, also of the Edison studio, had discovered an all-consumptive devotion to the “kid” sister of the Flugrath girls.

Shirley was only thirteen when she found love. It was romantic, the way it came. They were staging a wreck scene and in the smoke and debris of the catastrophe they wanted a slim arm to wave. Shirley was chosen, for being at that uncertain age of thirteen, arms are usually meager.

Shirley’s girlish arm waved and waved, and waved above the smoking wood. And then it sank, for Shirley was becoming faint from lack of air. It was then that big Bernard Durning dashed in and rescued her. It is usually at a time like this that romance is born. It was in this case. A lusty romance that culminated in marriage when Shirley was sixteen.

Six months before Shirley married there had been another wedding in the Flugrath family. From faraway Johannesburg, South Africa, came word of the marriage of Edna to Harold Shaw. Echo of that romance born when they met at the Edison studio. Shaw had gone, like a pioneer, to England in 1913 to found the first British film company and had sent for his troupe, which included his leading lady, Edna Flugrath.

All three of the Flugrath girls married. All three married to the men who guided their film destinies to the heights. Happy Gap. Contented, Edna, Viola and Shirley whose happiness was to be so short-lived.

Viola, with that strain of occultism in her being, was the first to be touched by the shadowy finder of tragedies—Viola, whose John was going to war. Bernard was going to war, too, but when Viola looked into his face to save

Romance
and Youth
are aglow on each itching curve of her radiant cheek. The clear warmth of her flush holds the ardent spell of moonlight and the colorful glamour of roses in June.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
good by at the Pennsylvania Station it did not change into a ghastly skull as bad John's.

Viola, sorrow in her heart like a grim, fateful pain, did not tell John, or Shirley, or Bernard what she knew. She smiled that brave smile that the Flughurt girls had learned to give when their hearts are twisted by sorrow.

The next day they brought John home from the training camp. At a level of 18 degrees, Flu John lived five days. Viola a widow. She collapsed, too. Flu contracted by nursing him.

A train leaving for the West in several weeks took a woman, but smiling Viola to Hollywood. She was to play a comedy role as light as thistle-down in "Satan, Jr." that John had written before he left... to go to war.

A comedy. Laughter. Life. Gaiety. Viola laughing. John would have her. John had seen her laughing in the part. John who laughed when told to her that she wanted to play vampire roles. And had written in comedy, light as thistle-down.

Viola went smiling on.

The number of years passed. Six, to be exact. Shirley and her husband were going to New York. Bernard was to put that money-making couple, Gallagher and Shean, into pictures. Shirley they were to have glamour; Bernard they were to have the East! And "Berny" had received glowing tributes about his work.

Then "Berny" became ill. The papers said it was pneumonia that took him, but it wasn't. He was typhoid. Snatched him away in less than a week.

Shirley a widow.

Shirley, calling long-distance from Hollywood, heard the brave voice of her "kid" sister, faint, faraway, but courageous:

"I'm all right, Vi!"

"I know, Shirley dear. Remember—I went through the same thing."

SHIRLEY went back to Hollywood and the studio, smiling, too, for Shirley was the flapper of the girl who turned—pictures of Shirley a widow at twenty. Viola a widow, too.

Nothing could happen to Edna and Harold. They had braved the perils of German air raids in London, had hob-nobbed with the Bolsheviks in Russia, had stolen bread from the Germans in revolt in Berlin to sustain life, had wit and the wind beneath the South African sun to bring, triumphant, from the void a film of the winning of the continent.

There had been those long days spent by Harold conversing the natures of the harmlessness of the rifles to be used in the hands of the Dutch colonists—the Boers. There had been the day of the great scene with cameras cranking and the bears driving blooded, shouting gravel and showering death and injury on the natives, with resultant revenge by the blacks.

There had been many, many hazardous undertakings by Harold Shaw and Edna Flurlash Shaw. The fate that haunted Viola and Shirley could not visit that intrepid couple.

Edna and Harold returned to America three years later. In several Metro pictures. Edna, retired from the screen, opened a little beauty shop on the boulevard. Life noodled along.

Then one afternoon about four months ago a newsboy shouting: "Extra! Film Director Dies in Auto Accident!" In that raucous voice that only a newsboy has. Then Shirley, driving busily to the shop, paper in hand, and the dying bewildered Edna into her car and to the hospital. Too late. Harold Shaw of the perilous expeditions felled when his speeding motor was struck by another speeding car.

Edna a widow.

And Viola, calling from the High Sierras where she was on location, saying: "I know, Edna dear. Remember—I went through the same thing."

And now there is Edna who must go smiling on, for in her little shop she must daily meet her patrons with a smiling face. Gloom would dispel her trade.

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MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS. SOLD BY DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE.
Viola, however, has defied the fate that broods over the Flugrath girls. About a year ago she married "Lefty" Flynn, dare-devil actor of Western pictures.

"Aren't you afraid, Viola? Afraid that 'Lefty,' that idiot friends ask.

And Viola, answering their unvoiced inquiry, shakes her brave head gravely and replies: "Nothing can hurt 'Lefty.' He was a Yale football star for years and no one has ever touched him. Nothing can harm him now!"

But Shirley, the "baby" sister, is not so sure. Rumor had her engaged to Harold Fenger, auto racing ace. A wreck at the Indianapolis 500 had torn him into a hospital, where Shirley dished from Hollywood to his bedside. When he returned, a long convalescence, he invested in a garage—it was said at the pleading of Flugrath, who legged him to abandon his hazardous career.

Recently Fenger started building two new racers, and intimate friends of Shirley say there is a coolness between Shirley and Harold; it was his decision to return to the race track. A coolness caused by the fate that nemesises—haunts the Flugrath girls.

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The Genius Enchanting
[Continued from page 63]

Adoree is the explanation of the hundred-and-one-thousand marriages between American soldiers and French girls. She is the French girl at best with her very special allure.

MADENOISELLE has been depicted a vampire, hovering at street corners or fluttering boldly at a bar. Nothing is further from truth. Gentleness, shyness, a maternal sweetness, these are the charms of the Frenchman which are to be found, in moitee at least, even in the demimondaine.

The French girl is reared for marriage and to please. Invariably you find her more touchy and maternal sympathy which every great charmer must have. And a concentrated, wholly enveloping interest. When you talk to her she gives in a way that is so tender and sweet her to a cafe she does not glance around at the other tables or wiggle her fingers in the air, squabbling:

"Hello, Bill! How are you, Tom? Call me up sometime, Lew!"

The American girl may scoff at this subserviency, but in the end it's woman's triumph. France is a child and it is quite natural that every French man will tell you that woman is the substance and the saviour of France.

In Adoree's work there is a great-hearted vitality. Stately, quiet, and irresistible, with a tenderness and then a bravado jauntiness, an occasional bird-like swagger.

Her conversation is a sparkling embellishment. She makes a moody, inexhaustible stage and takes flight in the air. They beat her breast. They alight defiantly on her hips. They fly in distraction to her head, with a smothered "Ah! mon Dieu!"

She has a manner, too, of tossing her eyes to one side, and upward, as though abashed, then, suddenly, quizzically and intimately into yours.

In her eyes and this expression of them you recall the divine Sarah.

Adoree is Bernardinise. She has the nervous-charged intensity, over-ripped with humor.

It has been said of Bernardine that she was always Bernardine. It was said of Duse that she was ever Duse. They are saying of Adoree that she is always Adoree. And all quite true.

The work of the great artist is a refection of self. The greatness of an artist is in proportion to the greatness, the breadth and depth, of that self.

"Don't call me an actress, please," pleaded Adoree the French girl. "About her, I do not act. I just do things."

The word acting has for her a shuddering touch of artificiality. She confines that there is no such thing in the heart. The put-on, the medium. The mind, it brings forth what is in the heart. What is not there can not come out.

"It is true of all art. You a writer, you a painter, you a sculptor, can you express that is not first of the heart? Outbertly, you may see something and paint it, you may hear something and play it, you may view something and write of it—so with an actor—but, unless you feel it, unless you have resolved it in your heart you can give nothing more than an imitation. And why give an imitation? Why not create, to be you, and why not be you, and why not add some new meaning by interpretation?

"Do you realize that in "The Big Parade" there were none of what they call 'clinches'? Only once he took me in his arms."

Adoree explains the poignancy of the love moments very simply.

"It's all. That is all. We both had experienced love very deeply. Never toward another, but that does not matter. We had loved.

"Another thing, Jack and I are old friends. I had played with him in several pictures, and so I was not embarrased. You may not believe me, but it is very difficult for me to do things I am not used to. I would have told you that Adoree is shy they would laugh at you, 'What, Adoree shy?' But it is the truth."

Social trouble with screen love-making is too much outward gesture.

"That is the trouble with all our screen work," says Adoree. "Acting—just that. On the stage you may act, on the screen you must be."

Even on the stage the greatest acting has come close to being. George Bernard Shaw has written in "Major Barbara" calling for deep embarrassment. Her performance in that single moment served to reveal why she did not wear make-up. Slowly the blood crept into her cheeks. She glowed. She seemed to turn her head to hide her embarrassment.

Finally she put her hands to her face—she was actually blushing.

DUSES of the screen do not have to be moved so actually. They can blush in technicolor. Why not, since they cry in glycerine? As for registering embarrassed blushing and other such things—take two, three, two eyes to the side, eyes down, three flutter of the lashes and voila! embarrassment! Expressions as standard and available as their make-up which is sold by No. 1's. They are not to be blamed, these pantomimists. As I tell the charity solicitors, "What I ain't got I can't give."

All art is autobiographical. Your capital in drama is your own dramatic experience. Duse was born in a wagon of strolling players, and she remained to the end a sad little strolling player of this earth.

Renee de la Fonte was born to the circus. Her father, a Spaniard, was a clown. Her mother, French. She did not perform, but she always helped with the company. The typical French mammy, with an argus eye upon her three children, two girls and a boy.
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE? Turn to Page 143

I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

—Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play the piano by that method. You are silly to even think about it.

That is how your husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music.

But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come true. Others could entertain their friends. But I was a mere listener.

For a week I resisted the temptation to look at the ad again, but finally, half-frightened, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music — without letting Jack know.

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found it was easy as A-B-C. A mere child could master it!

I supply you with this beautiful melody.

My progress was so rapid that soon I was rendering popular and classical selections. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, time-consuming parts of music have been elimin-

ated.

Finally I decided to play for Jack. He was aston-
ished. Why, why he found I was the one. And what did Jack do but start learning the piano.

Now our musical evenings are a marvel-

ous success, and we are always flocked with invit-
ations.

Your's in lieu of Popularity! Fun Happi-

ness.

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they had musical ability until it was revealed to them by our 'Musical Ability Test.' You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument thru this short-cut method. Send now for booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and free Demonstration Lesson. Supplies equipped when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 546 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Castes of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"KIKI"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the stage play by Andre Picard. Screen story by Hans Krasno directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Kiki, Norma Talmadge; Ronald Reagan; Conrad Nagel; Jean Hersholt; Mary Boland; Peter Lawford; Edward Arnold; Robert Young; Louise Closser Hale; Fredric March; Ruth Hussey; Richard Arlen; William Tabbert; William Tabbert; Frank Orth; Charles Tannen; John Carradine; Roger Pryor; Susan Peters; Ralph Morgan; Sydney Bracken; Edward Brophy; Jack Mower; Reginald Owen; Frederick Worlock; Alexander Kirkland; John Dierkes; George Zucco; Albert Burnell; Virginia Valli; and others.


"SANDY"—FOX.—From the story by Eleanore Meherin. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: Sandy McNeil, Madge Bellamy; Douglas Keith, Leslie Fenton; Ruman Worsh, Harrison Ford; Judih Moore, Gloria Hope; Ben Murillo, Bardson Bard; Agnes McNiel, David Torrence; Isabel McNeil, Lillian Leighton; Timmy, Charles Farrell; Allee McNeil, Joan Standing.

"THE BLIND GODDESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Arthur Train. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by Alfred Gilks. The cast: Hugh Dillon, Jack Holt; "Big Bill" Devos, Ernest Torrence; Marie Devos, Esther Ralston; Mrs. Abby Duncan, Helen Clayton; Tracy Bedd, Ward Crane; Henry Kelling, Richard Tucker; Taylor, Louis Payne; District Attorney, Charles Clary; Chief of Detectives, Erwin Connely; Judge, Charles Lane.

"THE FLASHING FRONTIER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick. Adapted by Edward J. March. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: Bob Langdon, Hoot Gibson; Betty Starwood, Anne Cornell; General George A. Custer, Dusty Farnam; Sam Belden, Ward Crane; Lucietta Belden, Kathleen Key; "Jessey," Eddie Gibbon; "California Joe," Harry Todd; Lawrence Strong, Harold Goodwin; Fascination, George Fawcett; Sitting Bull, Noble Johnson; Senator Hargess, Chas. K. French; Cyrus Penfield, William Steel; President U. S. Grant, Walter Haggard; Ed Wilson, Rain-In-The-Face, Joe Bonomo.

"THAT'S MY BABY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George J. Carney and Wade Boteler. Adaptation by Joseph Franklin. Poland. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by Jack MacKenzie. The cast: Alan Bond, Douglas MacLean; Helen Kay; Margaret Morris; John Raynor, Claude Gillingwater; Mrs. John Raynor, Eugenie Ford; Dave Barton, Wade Boteler; Skirker Van Loan; Richard Tucker; Murphy Francey; Baby, Harry Earl; Dora, Clark; William Oramondo.

"THE VOLGA BOATMAN"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—From the story by Konrad Bercovic. Adapted by Leonore J. Coffie. Directed by Cecil De Mille. Photography by Arthur Miller, Beverly Sherley, Fred Wisterberg. The cast: The Commander, William Boyd; Tura, Elton Fair; Prince Nikita; Robert Edelson; Prince Dimitri, Victor Varconi; Mariushka, Julia Faye; Stephen, Theodore Kosloff; Vuili, Theodore Kosloff; Babushka, Robert Edelson; Mihail, Walter Pigeon; Prince Michael, Carl Esmond; Heiko, John Ireland; Savitch, LaVerne Hegg; Zdenko, Roy Acord; Prince Leo, Philip Trent; Mr. Krok, Charles Hayter; and others.


"RED DICE"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—From the novel by Octavius Roy Cohen. Written by Jeanne MacPherson and Douglas Dwyer. Directed by William H. McGowan. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: Alan Beckwith, Rod La Rocque; Beverly Van, Margaretkeeps, Mrs. Van, Josephine Josephson; Johnny Van, Ray Haller; Andreas North, Gustave Von Seyffertiz; Scint Quiggin, George Cooper, Nick Ilff, Walter Long; Mrs. Garrison, Edythe York; Lavelle, Clarence Burton; District Attorney, Charles Clary; Couray, Alan Brooks.

"THE CAT'S PAJAMAS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis Litchin. Directed by William Wellman. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: Sally Winton, Betty Bronson; Don Cesare Greco, Ricardo Cortez; Mr. Whilton, Theodore Roberts; Harry Carev, Arline Darion, Arlette Marshal; Mr. Briggs, Tom Ricketts; Dave Baldwin, Gordon Griffith.


"YELLOW FINGERS"—FOX.—Story by Gene Wright. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Sina, (live Borden); Brute Shank, Ralph Ince; Nora, Claire Adams; Konig Ll, Edward Piel; Kario, John Trilby; John, Claude Gillingwater; Sund, Louise Hope; Yolande, Airline Mclver; Thomas, Jack Marlowe; Fred, Donald De Brulicke; Derices, Arland Kalig; Pegs Lofarge; John Wallace; Higgins, Charles Newton; Mrs. Von Kron, Josephine Crowell; Anninae, May Foster.

"THE CROWN OF LIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Hope Loring, Louis Litchin. Directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: Olga Kriega, Pola Negri; Count Mirko, Noah Beery; John Knight; Robert Ames; Karl, Charles Post; Fritz, Arthur Hoyt; Forski, Michal Vanwicht; Leading Lady, Ciess Fitzgerald; Landlady, May Foster; Actress, Frankie Bailey; Leading Man, Edward Cice; Stage Manager, Erwin Connely.


"MY OLD DUCH"—UNIVERSAL-JEWEL.—Story by Arthur Shirley and Albert Chevalier. Adapted by Lawrence Trimble. Directed by Lawrence Trimble. Photographed by Edward Cherkov and Gene Roy. The cast: Franscico, Max McAvoy; Joe Brown, Pat O'Malley; Herbert Brown, Cullen Landis; Ebb Ogins, Jean Hersholt; Mrs. Spud, Anne Steele; Mrs. Smirf, Patsy O'Byrne; Bill Speake, Edgar Kennedy; James Croxford, Frank Clark; Al Rolfe.
Sadan; Mary Astor (age 14), Violet Kane; Herbert Brown (infant), Kathleen O'Malley; Herbert Brown (age 8), Sheila O'Malley; Herbert Brown (age 12), Newton Hall; Mrs. Astor, Lana Zeneria; Blain Crowe, Jane Watson; World's Fair, St. George Siegmund.

"WILD OATS LANE"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING. From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kesson and Donald Kyes. The cast: The Girl, Vida Dana; The Raw, Robert Agnew; The Priest, John P. MacSweeney; The Mother, Margaret Selkoon; The Father, George Barnum; The Duke, Merry Miller; The Detective, Scott Welch; The Kipperman, Robert Brower; The Guard, Eddie James; The Bum, Mitchell Lewis.

"THE BARRIERS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. Story by Rex Beach. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directing by George Hill. The cast: Mrs. Barrett, Norman Kerry; Gale, Henry B. Walthall; Stark Bennett, Lionel Barrymore; Nocia, Marceline Day; Sergeant Murphy, George Cooper; No Creek Lee, Bert Woodruff; Allama, Princess Noela; Polone, Mario Carillo; First Mate, Pat Harmon; Nocia's Indian Mother, Sharon Day.

"SECRET ORDERS"—F. B. O. Story by Martin Justice. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Chet Withey. Photographed by Roy Kaffki. The cast: Eddie Dolom, Harold Goodwin; Bruce Corbin, Robert Frazer; Janet Graham, Evelyn Brent; Spike Slavin, John Gough; Mary (Janet's Friend), Marjorie Bonner; The Butler, Brandon Hurst; The Cook, Frank Leigh.

"THE BRIDE OF THE STORM"—WARNER. From the novel by James Francis Dwyer. Adapted by Marian Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. Photography by Nick Musuraca. The cast: Faith Fitchigh, Dolores Costello; Dick Wayne, John Harroon; Hans Kroun, Otto Matissone; Piet Kroun, Sheldon Lewis; Jacob Kroun, Tyrone Power; Faith's Mother, Julia Swayne Gordon; Faith at 8 years of age, Evon Pellicher; Hetnae Kentz, Ira McPhail; Funeral Home, Tutor Owen; Spike Mulligan, Fred Scott; Angus McLean, Don Stuart; Ensign Clinton, Walter Tennyson; Commander of the U. S. Baltimore, Larry Steers.

"DESSERT GOLD"—PARAMOUNT. From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by C. Edgar Schoenbaum. The cast: George Thorne, Neil Hamilton; Bertha Castaneda, Shirley Mason; Dick Gale, Robert Frazer; Lander, William Powell; Sebastian Castaneda, Josef Swickard; Richard Stanton Gale, George Irving; One Round Kelly, Eddie Gibbon; Yaqi, Frank Lockaventer; Sergeant, Frank Dow; Holly Herder, Bernard Siegel; Verda, George Rigan; Halfpenny, Ralph Yeates; Mason's, Aline Goodwin.

"BACHELOR BRIDES"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING. From the play by Charles Horace Malcolm. Adapted by Garrett Fort and G. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by William K. Howard. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: Percy Ashfield, Rod La Roque; Lady Ashfield, Eulalee Jensen; Mary Basing, Elmer Fair; Henry Basing, George Nichols; Patti, Julia Faye; Beasham, Lucien Littlefield; Macl, Sally Rand; Glasgow Willie, Eddie Gibbon; String, Paul Nicholson.

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Questions and Answers

[continued from page 81]

MILDRED GILBERT, TOLEDO, OHIO—I'll agree with you, Jack Hoxie knows how to ride a hoss. And he's not so shy on the love, either. Watch him in his next picture—that's where I've been taking my lessons. Jack was born in Oklahoma about thirty-two years ago. He is six feet, two inches in height and weighs 170 pounds. I should say he's a big boy. His hair is black and his eyes dark blue. Jack married his leading lady, Maria Sais, in 1921. And in 1926 they are still happy.

THOMAS H. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—What a question box you are! Mary Astor played opposite Doug in "Don Q." Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien were the leads in "The Iron Horse." Eugene O'Brien appeared in Norma Talmadge's last picture, "Graustark." Carl Miller was Oscar Pettit in "We Moderns." Yes, Vilma played in "The Eagle," and she also played with Ronald Colman in "The Dark Angel." Grete Nielsen played opposite Buster Collier in "The Wanderer." Any more? Hurry up, shoot 'em!

CHESTER LANDON, URBANA, OHIO.—Ruck Jones is working at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Doughts Fairbanks is traveling in Europe now and won't be back to the States for a number of months. Perhaps if you write his studio they will forward the letter—Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Richard Talmadge does his stunts at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

BRONSON, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Write Betty at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Buck's address is just ahead.

L. C. O., LOUISVILLE, KY.—So William Boyd went over big with you. Well, I can't blame you a bit for Bill is a prince. Since "The Road to Yesterday" I have received a number of letters from fans who were impressed with him. And don't think for a minute the girls in Hollywood overlooked that fact. Dainty Elinor Faire, who plays opposite him in "The Volga Boatman," has just become Mrs. William Boyd. The aforementioned picture was their first engagement together. William liked Elinor and she liked him, and all of a sudden they started talking about weddings, and what one should wear, and how one should act, until simultaneously the personal marriage idea struck them both. But getting back to facts, William measures six feet, one inch in height. Jack Gilbert has completed "La Boheme" and is now working on "Bardey's the Magnificent." Ronald is not divorced, although he is separated from his wife. Anything else?

B. O., CHICAGO, ILL.—Now don't take me too seriously. If you are really interested read Anita Loos' latest book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It is delightful. You can write to Kin-tin-tin at the Warner Bros. Studio. Dick Barthelmess is separated from Mary Hay. Call again.

DISPLEASED, OXFORD, N. Y.—I really didn't think that such conditions existed in any city—or no matter how small it is. However, I am sorry I cannot help you, but I would advise you and some of your friends to speak to the manager of the theater and explain the type of picture you desire to see. At present Ruth Roland is dabbling around in real estate in Hollywood, having forsaken the screen during the past few months. But she'll be back again with us shortly.

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GLENSE.—You certainly do like George O’Brien, don’t you? Your hero was born in 1900, but how big his feet are I don’t know.

MISS T. E. O., PITTSBURG.—Yes, Billie Dove played the lucky lady opposite Tom Mix in “The Lucky Horseman.”

M. G., DENVER, COLO.—Jack Holt is thirty-seven years old. Married to a non-professional—Billie Dove, Didie. She’s married to Irvin Williat, the director.

B. G., IRON RIVER, MICH.—Clive Brook’s first name is pronounced with the “I” as “eye.” He’s married. Mr. Brook is thirty-four years old.

B. MCG., OTTUMWA, IOWA.—If you watch, I wouldn’t be surprised if you wouldn’t see a nice picture of Colleen Moore very soon in Photoplay. Her latest picture is “Irene.”

ROSE M., WEBSTER GROVE, MO.—I’ll answer all the questions you ask but I refuse to let you have my photograph. I know you’d never write me again, that’s why. Norma Shearer is working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. She was born on August 10, 1904. William Haines is twenty-five. Neither Haines nor Shearer is married. William works at the same studio as Norma.

JANE E., EGGLESTON, CALIF.—Norma Shearer is not Norma! It looks like you’re only a little bit high that she was the “Phyllis” you saw at Catalina. Probably just another case of a movie star with a double. Norma’s hair is not bobbed. Address Rudolph Valentino at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.


M. C., UNION CITY, IND.—The lady who played in “The Shock Punch” was Frances Howard. She has since married Samuel Goldwyn. Address her as Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. She’s not playing in pictures any more.

HELEN, OMAHA, NEB.—I suppose girls want to go into pictures or on the stage because they have a dream beyond the work is or how heart-breaking it is to get a good start. You see, in spite of all that has been written, they only think of the bright side. I daresay they would look at the drawbacks if they had to deliver their lines by mail. Introductory offer limited to those in territory untraveled.

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